

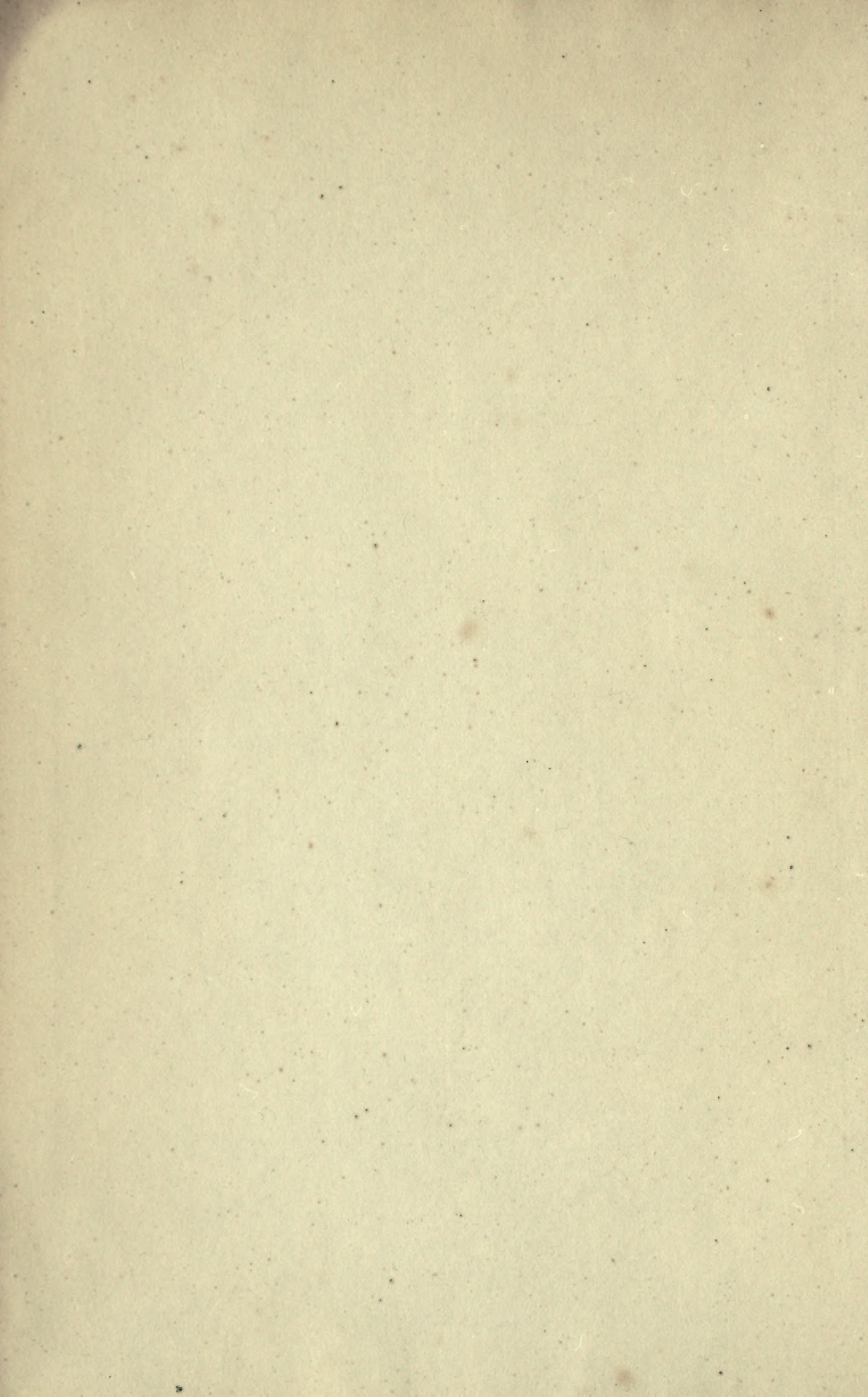


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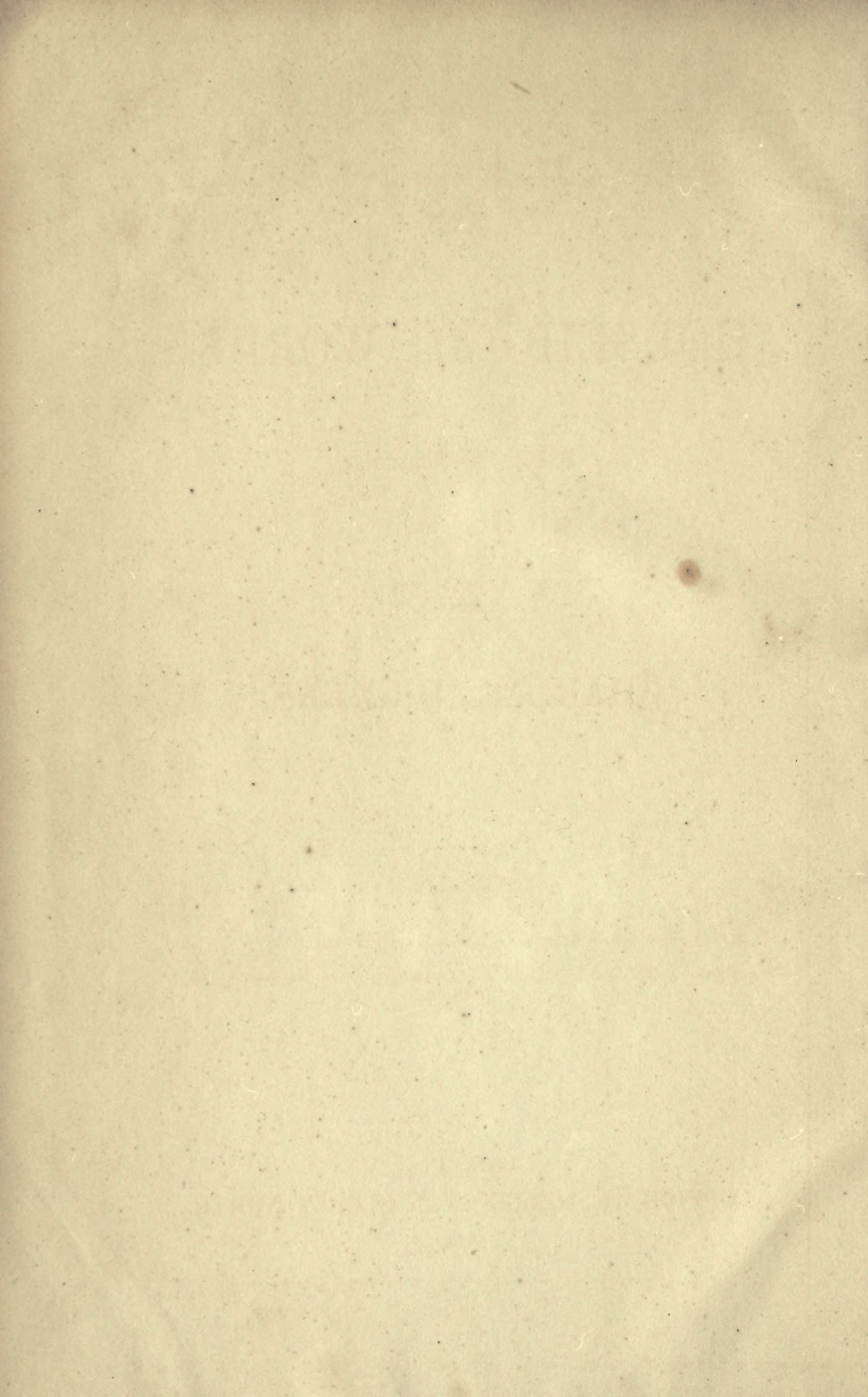
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HOUSEHOLD WORDS

A PAMPHLET

CHARLES DICKENS



"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME XII.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 280.]

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THE GREAT BABY.

HAS it occurred to any of our readers that that is surely an unsatisfactory state of society which presents, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, the spectacle of a committee of the People's representatives, pompously and publicly inquiring how the People shall be trusted with the liberty of refreshing themselves in humble taverns and tea-gardens on their day of rest? Does it appear to any one whom we now address, and who will pause here to reflect for a moment on the question we put, that there is anything at all humiliating and incongruous in the existence of such a body, and pursuit of such an enquiry, in this country, at this time of day?

For ourselves, we will answer the question without hesitation. We feel indignantly ashamed of the thing as a national scandal. It would be merely contemptible, if it were not raised into importance by its slanderous aspersions of a hard-worked, heavily-taxed, but good-humoured and most patient people, who have long deserved far better treatment. In this green midsummer, here is a committee virtually enquiring whether the English can be regarded in any other light, and domestically ruled in any other manner, than as a gang of drunkards and disorderlies on a Police charge-sheet! O my Lords and Gentlemen, my Lords and Gentlemen, have we got so very near Utopia after our long travelling together over the dark and murderous road of English history, that we have nothing else left to say and do to the people but this? Is there nothing abroad, nothing at home, nothing seen by us, nothing hidden from us, which points to higher and more generous things?

There are two public bodies remarkable for knowing nothing of the people, and for perpetually interfering to put them right. The one is the House of Commons; the other the Monomaniacs. Between the Members and the Monomaniacs, the devoted People, quite unheard, get harried and worried to the last extremity. Everybody of ordinary sense, possessing common sympathies with necessities not their own, and common means of observation—Members and Monomaniacs are of course excepted—has perceived for months past, that it was manifestly impossible that the

People could or would endure the inconveniences and deprivations, sought to be imposed upon them by the latest Sunday restrictions. We who write this, have again and again by word of mouth forewarned many scores both of Members and Monomaniacs, as we have heard others forewarn them, that what they were in the densest ignorance allowing to be done, could not be borne. Members and Monomaniacs knew better, or cared nothing about it; and we all know the rest—to this time.

Now, the Monomaniacs, being by their disease impelled to clamber upon platforms, and there squint horribly under the strong possession of an unbalanced idea, will of course be out of reason and go wrong. But, why the Members should yield to the Monomaniacs is another question. And why do they? Is it because the People is altogether an abstraction to them; a Great Baby, to be coaxed and chucked under the chin at elections, and frowned upon at quarter sessions, and stood in the corner on Sundays, and taken out to stare at the Queen's coach on holidays, and kept in school under the rod, generally speaking, from Monday morning to Saturday night? Is it because they have no other idea of the People than a big-headed Baby, now to be flattered and now to be scolded, now to be sung to and now to be denounced to old Boguey, now to be kissed and now to be whipped, but always to be kept in long clothes, and never under any circumstances to feel its legs and go about of itself? We take the liberty of replying, Yes.

And do the Members and Monomaniacs suppose that this is *our* discovery? Do they live in the shady belief that the object of their capricious dandling and punishing does not resentfully perceive that it is made a Great Baby of, and may not begin to kick thereat with legs that may do mischief?

In the first month of the existence of this Journal, we called attention to a detachment of the Monomaniacs, who, under the name of jail-chaplains, had taken possession of the prisons, and were clearly offering premiums to vice, promoting hypocrisy, and making models of dangerous scoundrels.* They had their way, and the Members backed them; and now their Pets recruit the very worst class of

* Volume the First, page 97.

criminals known. The Great Baby, to whom this copy was set as a moral lesson, is supposed to be perfectly unimpressed by the real facts, and to be entirely ignorant of them. So, down at Westminster, night after night, the Right Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewhere, and the Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewhereelse, badger one another, to the infinite delight of their adherents in the cockpit; and when the Prime Minister has released his noble bosom of its personal injuries, and has made his jokes and retorts for the evening, and has said little and done less, he winds up with a standard form of words respecting the vigorous prosecution of the war, and a just and honourable peace, which are especially let off upon the Great Baby; which Baby is always supposed never to have heard before; and which it is understood to be a part of Baby's catechism to be powerfully affected by. And the Member for Somewhere, and the Member for Somewhereelse, and the Noble Lord, and all the rest of that Honourable House, go home to bed, really persuaded that the Great Baby has been talked to sleep!

Let us see how the unfortunate Baby is addressed and dealt with, in the inquiry concerning his Sunday eatings and drinkings—as wild as a nursery rhyme, and as inconclusive as Bedlam.

The Great Baby is put upon his trial. A mighty noise of creaking boots is heard in an outer passage. O good gracious, here's an official personage! Here's a solemn witness! Mr. Gamp, we believe you have been a dry-nurse to the Great Baby for some years? Yes, I have.—Intimately acquainted with his character? Intimately acquainted.—As a police magistrate, Mr. Gamp? As a police magistrate. (Sensation.)—Pray, Mr. Gamp, would you allow a working man, a small tradesman, clerk, or the like, to go to Hampstead or to Hampton Court at his own convenience on a Sunday, with his family, and there to be at liberty to regale himself and them, in a tavern where he could buy a pot of beer and a glass of gin-and-water? I would on no account concede that permission to any person.—Will you be so kind as to state why, Mr. Gamp? Willingly. Because I have presided for many years at the Bo-Peep police office, and have seen a great deal of drunkenness there. A large majority of the Bo-Peep charges are charges against persons of the lowest class, of having been found drunk and incapable of taking care of themselves.—Will you instance a case, Mr. Gamp? I will instance the case of Sloggins.—Was that a man with a broken nose, a black eye, and a bull-dog? Precisely so.—Was Sloggins frequently the subject of such a charge? Continually. I may say, constantly.—Especially on Monday? Just so. Especially on Monday.—And therefore you would shut the public-houses, and particularly the suburban public-houses, against

the free access of working-people on Sunday? Most decidedly so. (Mr. Gamp retires, much complimented.)

Naughty Baby, attend to the Reverend Single Swallow! Mr. Swallow, you have been much in the confidence of thieves and miscellaneous miscreants? I have the happiness to believe that they have made me the unworthy depository of their unbounded confidence.—Have they usually confessed to you that they have been in the habit of getting drunk? Not drunk; upon that point I wish to explain. Their ingenuous expression has generally been, "lushy."—But those are convertible terms? I apprehend they are; still, as gushing freely from a penitent breast, I am weak enough to wish to stipulate for lushy; I pray you bear with me.—Have you reason, Mr. Swallow, to believe that excessive indulgence in "lush" has been the cause of these men's crimes? O yes indeed. O yes!—Do you trace their offences to nothing else? They have always told me, that they themselves traced them to nothing else worth mentioning.—Are you acquainted with a man named Sloggins? O yes! I have the truest affection for Sloggins.—Has he made any confidence to you that you feel justified in disclosing, bearing on this subject of becoming lushy? Sloggins, when in solitary confinement, informed me, every morning for eight months, always with tears in his eyes, and uniformly at five minutes past eleven o'clock, that he attributed his imprisonment to his having partaken of rum-and-water at a licensed house of entertainment, called (I use his own words) The Wiry Tarrier. He never ceased to recommend that the landlord, landlady, young family, potboy, and the whole of the frequenters of that establishment, should be taken up.—Did you recommend Sloggins for a commutation of his term, on a ticket of leave? I did.—Where is he now? I believe he is in Newgate now.—Do you know what for? Not of my own knowledge, but I have heard that he got into trouble through having been weakly tempted into the folly of garotting a market gardener.—Where was he taken for this last offence? At The Wiry Tarrier, on a Sunday.—It is unnecessary to ask you, Mr. Single Swallow, whether you therefore recommend the closing of all public-houses on a Sunday? Quite unnecessary.

Bad Baby, fold your hands and listen to the Reverend Temple Pharisee, who will step out of his carriage at the Committee Door, to give you a character that will rather astonish you. Mr. Temple Pharisee, you are the incumbent of the extensive rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-eye? I am.—Will you be so good as to state your experience of that district on a Sunday? Nothing can be worse. That part of the Rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-eye in which my principal church is situated, abuts upon the fields. As I stand

in the pulpit, I can actually see the people, through the side windows of the building (when the heat of the weather renders it necessary to have them open), walking. I have, on some occasions, heard them laughing. Whistling has reached my curate's ears (he is an industrious and well-meaning young man); but I cannot say I have heard it myself.—Is your church well frequented? No. I have no reason to complain of the Pew-portion of my flock, who are eminently respectable; but, the Free Seats are comparatively deserted; which is the more emphatically deplorable, as there are not many of them.—Is there a Railway near the church? I regret to state that there is, and that I hear the rush of the trains, even while I am preaching.—Do you mean to say that they do not slacken speed for your preaching? Not in the least.—Is there anything else near the church, to which you would call the Committee's attention? At the distance of a mile and a half and three rods (for my clerk has measured it by my direction), there is a common public house with tea-gardens, called *The Glimpse of Green*. In fine weather these gardens are filled with people on a Sunday evening. Frightful scenes take place there. Pipes are smoked; liquors mixed with hot water are drunk; shrimps are eaten; cockles are consumed; tea is swilled; ginger-beer is loudly exploded. Young women with their young men; young men with their young women; married people with their children; baskets, bundles, little chaises, wicker-work perambulators, every species of low abomination, is to be observed there. As the evening closes in, they all come straggling home together through the fields; and the vague sounds of merry conversation which then strike upon the ear, even at the further end of my dining-room (eight-and-thirty feet by twenty-seven), are most distressing. I consider *The Glimpse of Green* irreconcilable with public morality.—Have you heard of pick-pockets resorting to this place? I have. My clerk informed me that his uncle's brother-in-law, a marine store-dealer who went there to observe the depravity of the people, missed his pocket-handkerchief when he reached home. Local ribaldry has represented him to be one of the persons who had their pockets picked at St. Paul's Cathedral on the last occasion when the Bishop of London preached there. I beg to deny this; I know those individuals very well, and they were people of condition.—Do the mass of the inhabitants of your district work hard all the week? I believe they do.—Early and late? My curate reports so.—Are their houses close and crowded? I believe they are.—Abolishing *The Glimpse of Green*, where would you recommend them to go on a Sunday? I should say to church.—Where after church? Really, that is their affair; not mine.

Adamantine-hearted Baby, dissolve into

scalding tears at sight of the next witness, hanging his head and beating his breast. He was one of the greatest drunkards in the world, he tells you. When he was drunk, he was a very demon—and he never was sober. He never takes any strong drink now, and is as an angel of light. And because this man never could use without abuse; and because he imitated the Hyæna or other obscene animal, in not knowing, in the ferocity of his appetites, what Moderation was; therefore, O Big-headed Baby, you perceive that he must become as a standard for you; and for his backslidings you shall be put in the corner evermore.

Ghost of John Bunyan, it is surely thou who usherest into the Committee Room, the volunteer testifier, Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch! Baby, a finger in each eye, and ashes from the nearest dustbin on your wretched head, for it is all over with you now. Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, have you paid great attention to drunkenness? Immense attention, unspeakable attention.—For how many years? Seventy years.—Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, have you ever been in Whitechapel? Millions of times.—Did you ever shed tears over the scenes you have witnessed there? Oceans of tears.—Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, will you proceed with your testimony? Yes; I am the only man to be heard on the subject; I am the only man who knows anything about it. No connexion with any other establishment; all others are impostors; I am the real original. Other men are said to have looked into these places, and to have worked to raise them out of the Slough of Despond. Don't believe it. Nothing is genuine unless signed by me. I am the original fly with the little eye. Nobody ever mourned over the miseries and vices of the lowest of the low, but I. Nobody has ever been haunted by them, waking and sleeping, but I. Nobody would raise up the sunken wretches, but I. Nobody understands how to do it, but I.—Do you think the People ever really want any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they don't.—Do you think they ever ought to have any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they oughtn't.—Do you think they could suffer any inconvenience from having their beer and liquor entirely denied them? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they couldn't.

Thus, the Great Baby is dealt with from the beginning to the end of the chapter. It is supposed equally by the Members and by the Monomaniacs to be incapable of putting This and That together, and of detecting the arbitrary nonsense of these monstrous deductions. That a whole people,—a domestic, reasonable, considerate people, whose good-nature and good sense are the admiration of intelligent foreigners, and who are no less

certain to secure the affectionate esteem of such of their own countrymen as will have the manhood to be open with them, and to trust them,—that a whole people should be judged by, and made to answer and suffer for, the most degraded and most miserable among them, is a principle so shocking in its injustice, and so lunatic in its absurdity, that to entertain it for a moment is to exhibit profound ignorance of the English mind and character. In Monomania this may be of no great significance, but in Members it is alarming; for, if they cannot be brought to understand the People for whom they make laws, and if they so grievously under-rate them, how is it to be hoped that they, and the laws, and the People, being such a bundle of anomalies, can possibly thrive together?

It is not necessary for us, or for any decent person to go to Westminster, or anywhere else, to make a flourish against intemperance. We abhor it; would have no drunkard about us, on any consideration; would thankfully see the child of our heart, dead in his baby beauty, rather than he should live and grow with the shadow of such a horror upon him. In the name of Heaven, let drunkards and ruffians restrain themselves and be restrained by all conceivable means—but, not govern, bind, and defame, the temperance, the industry, the rational wants and decent enjoyments of a whole toiling nation! We oppose those virtuous Malays who run a-muck out of the House of Peers or Exeter Hall, as much as those vicious Malays who run a-muck out of Sailors' lodging-houses in Rotherhithe. We have a constitutional objection in both cases to being stabbed in the back, and we claim that the one kind of Monomaniac has no more right than the other to gash and disfigure honest people going their peaceable way. Lastly, we humbly beg to assert and protest with all the vigour that is in us, that the People is, in sober truth and reality, something very considerably more than a Great Baby; that it has come to an age when it can distinguish sound from sense; that mere juggle, will not do for it; in a word, that the Great Baby is growing up, and had best be measured accordingly.

TWO DAYS IN RIO JANEIRO.

If there be one luxury in this world greater than another, it is that of coming to some fine tropical country after a dreary sea-voyage; and if there be one sea-voyage more dreary and monotonous than another, it is that across the South Pacific from Australia round the Horn. A voyage into the Arctic regions may be more savagely cold, but it has more variety. You have, at least, bears, seals, icebergs, and northern lights to vary your views; but the long five-thousand-mile track from Australia to the Horn has often none of these. Sometimes you are treated to a few icebergs slumbering, as it were, in a sublime isolation

in that vast solitude, but at others you do not even catch a glimpse of these imposing anchorites of the ocean. You sweep on day after day, week after week, without the sight of ship or land, the very fish refusing to rise and divert your tedium with their gambols, or their inconceivable speed. A flock of pursuing sea-birds and the antarctic cold are your only companions by day; the moon, and stars, and clouds, by night.

With what delight, therefore, do you catch the first glimpse of land, as you advance into more genial latitudes. How airy and inviting look those mountain chains and peaks, that, at length, sever themselves from the delusive mockeries of cloudland, and firm and real in their azure distance, kindle your imagination with visions of new aspects of nature, and new forms of human life! How the sea changes under your prow from the intense blue of mid ocean to the green of shallower soundings; how bland breathes the air from land charged with spicy odours; how the naked tawny cliffs skirting the ocean grow and grow upon you, and the slender palms lift, here and there, solitarily, their leafy crowns into the clear air; assuring you that you are on the threshold of Indian lands, on the native shores of the palm, the cocoa, the plantain, and the pine.

There is no place that more frequently greets, in this cheering manner, the weary traversers of the ocean than Rio de Janeiro. There are none that are more calculated to delight them. A splendid climate, bright skies, a magnificent bay, the white walls and lofty towers of a great city, surrounded by most picturesque mountains, by lovely villas, and plantations of plantain and banana, orange and cocoa-nut palm, and by a vegetation new and luxuriant, receive you from your sea-prison to all that is beautiful and exhilarating.

The first point of land that we caught sight of was Cape Frio, a lofty bluff on which stood a light-house, and the white cottage of the keeper. As we drew nearer nothing could exceed the fineness of the approach to this capital of the Brazils. Bold ranges of mountains in extremely varied forms, and lovely islands studding the ocean at their feet, with palms showing themselves on their ridges, welcomed us to land, and made us think of the wonder and enthusiasm with which the first discoverers must have approached these shores. As we glided along on a splendid day, beautiful peeps of country at the feet of the hills, with villages, and solitary cottages, and country houses built in a quaint and antique style, raised every moment our desire for a further acquaintance with these elysian scenes. The entrance to the bay was guarded as it were, by islands right and left, and by rocky hills of a most bold and abrupt character. To our left lay two remarkable islands, Rodonda, so called from its very round form, and Raza, on which

stands a lighthouse. The mountains, particularly on the city side, were extremely bold, and those on the very verge of the bay were strangely broken up, and, as it were, clustered together. Amongst these towered conspicuously the one called the Sugar-loaf from its smooth and conical form rising perpendicularly from the water nine hundred feet high. To all appearance its summit must be inaccessible; yet not so, for we were informed that a party, including an English and an American lady, not long ago scaled it, carrying up a tent and all the requisites for a gay picnic, and there spent not only a jovial day, but also passed the night. They had to be pulled up and let down by ropes in some places; but such matters are trifles to the mountain-climbing ladies of English blood or descent.

These rocky hills on the margin of the bay are backed by much loftier ones, actual mountains, which are spurs of the mighty Andes, which ascend higher and higher towards the interior. High above them all towers the Corcovada, a huge square-headed mountainous crag, shooting up like some tower of the ancient Anakims, and the Gavia and their neighbouring heights look sublimely down on the noble bay of Niterohy, or the Hidden Water. This range forms also a grand background to the city, and at its feet, some four miles beyond this, lies the emperor's palace of Boa Vista. The hills on the opposite side of the bay are very fine, and near the entrance very bold too, having amongst them also a sugar-loaf. There are several forts, on the shores and on islands in the bay; the chief, Fort Santa Cruz, on the right hand as you enter, where all ships passing in or out are hailed, and required to give an account of themselves.

As you advance the city opens gradually upon you imposingly, stretching along the shores, and crowning sundry hills, with its white-walled and red-tiled houses, its churches, convents, and fine terraces; and the town of Praia Grande, or the Great Strand, on the opposite shores, at a distance of several miles, extending along its fine crescent-shaped shore, amongst lovely hills and woods, completes one of the most enchanting panoramas in the world. At night, both Rio—or properly, St. Sebastian—and Praia Grande, are extremely well lighted with gas, and the effect is magical. Long circling sweeps of lights, all apparently on an exact level, and at regular intervals, present the illuminated outlines of the towns on both sides of the bay. Above these starlike dottings, the illumination is extended according as the streets and houses ascend the sides and crown the summits of the hills.

By day, the eye wanders from the wonderful group of cones, peaks, and broken eminences near the mouth of the bay, up to the lofty Corcovada; and thence, to the dense expanses of red-tiled roofs, the long white

façades of public and private buildings, inns, hospitals, arsenals, academies, monasteries, and colleges of Jesuits, the domed towers of churches, intermingled with pleasant hills and deep-green masses of evergreen foliage.

Rio is a city of two hundred thousand people, and presents a lively scene of varied nationalities and costumes. Black, and white, and tawny faces vary the aspect of the throngs on the quays, the ample squares, and streets. Vessels of war, English, French, and American, lie off the town; further up a numerous assemblage of vessels of commerce and small craft shows itself behind the Isle of Cobras. Steamers are continually plying across to Praia Grande, or downwards to Botafogo, whence gay music often sounds. Strong, active, merry-looking Africans, all slaves, but looking not a whit depressed by their slavery, pull your boat to the quay, where very motley groups surround you, and all sorts of cards are thrust into your hands by the touters of inns, and vendors of all imaginable things, from ships' stores down to straw-hats and drapery, feather flowers and stuffed birds. Numbers of very blue cards offer you "wines, spirits, tobacco, cigars, soap, and groceries of the best description." Others kindly invite you to the Hotel Pharoux, the Exchange Hotel in the Rua Direita, kept by your countrymen, Macdowell and Loader, and greatly frequented by the English merchants. Others entice you "to the Duck," and like genteel establishments.

Intending to make our way to the Hotel Pharoux, a large house facing the quay, and looking just like one of the great hotels on the Rhine, having its name blazoned in French, English, and Portuguese, along its front between numerous rows of windows, we found ourselves officiously attended by a waiter-looking personage, who on stepping on land, instantly, to our great astonishment, seized our hands in a most familiar manner and exclaimed, "How d'ye do? Glad to see you in Rio!" Preceded by this very amicable gentleman, we advanced into what we thought the Hotel Pharoux, but which turned out to be a shop, where our guide, with profound bows and most gracious smiles, begged us to survey his establishment, and honour his Magazine by an order. We made a rapid retreat, and perceiving a large French-looking staircase, at the back of the huge pile of building, ascended successfully into the inn.

Here we seemed at once transported to the European continent. There were the same groups of tables ready spread for lunching, or dining à la carte; the same sort of people seated at some of them; the same buzz of conversation, in various languages, going on; the same French waiters, French dishes, French wines; the same half shabby, half gentlemanly host, paying no apparent attention to the guests, or the business of the house; and the same lady-like young hostess, very slim

and very brunette, seated at her bar, or desk, in the table-d'hôte room, receiving and issuing orders, issuing bills, which looked astounding as calculated in rics and milrics, and talking, not Portuguese, but French all the time.

Here we made a superb dinner, enlivened by superb Château Margaux, and followed by a superb bill, and then proceeded to arrange for the night; but now the prospect was not equally superb. We were assured that every room was occupied but one, and to obtain a glimpse of this, we followed a waiter along a number of great, desolate galleries and passages, up one pair of great stone stairs, and down another, through a variety of rooms, in some of which ancient negresses seemed to be getting up a wash, in others cooking appeared to be in progress; in one, an invalid negro man, with his head tied in a handkerchief, was sitting on the floor; and in another, we surprised several young women, who, from dress and features, might have been sisters to the hostess. Here a little plump black-pudding had reared itself on end, and turned itself into a negro child, which came and, seizing one of our fingers, grinned merrily in our faces, showing a dazzling row of white teeth; and here a little white child in petticoats, was playing with a cavi, or some such creature, about as big as a hare, and which our dog seemed very much inclined to treat as one. At length, after passing through various bedrooms and bath-rooms, we reached a large and lofty apartment, occupied with much lumber, and no beds at all; and with a very dusty, dirty floor. At this we shook our heads, but the waiter assured us that before night the lumber would be removed, and beds laid on the floor for us; and, probably for a great many other gentlemen, as people arriving, must sleep somewhere. We thanked him for his offer of such ample accommodation, and so much good company, and made our way to the Exchange Hotel, where we found admirable arrangements, clean private rooms, clean beds, a first-rate cuisine, and numbers of Englishmen, ready to give us all sorts of information about the city and the country, and the bill not half so superb.

Issuing from our excellent inn to survey the town, we still felt ourselves on the European continent, and not in South America, so completely do Europeans take their habits and their architecture with them to every region of the world. Here were the tall white houses, with many windows and red roofs, the narrow streets and ample squares, the rude paving, the huge arched entrances into huge heavy quadrangular courts, the churches and the cathedral, with tall towers, capped with small Turkish domes, their doors thrown open, and mass celebrating; the pealing of the organ, and the odour of incense; a misericordia, or religious hospital, at your elbow, and an old gray convent perched on the hill above you;—all was just as it might have been in almost any Catholic country on

the continent of Europe. Here, in fact, walked along the Catholic priest, and the shaven friar. Here was one ecclesiastic, bearing along the insignia of the church, and there an official, with a bag, and a silver (or plated) rod, begging for it.

The greater part of Rio being built on the levels at the feet of the hills, presents to the eye, from any of the immediate eminences, one dense mass of red roofs. It seems as if you might walk right across the top of the houses from one side of the city to the other; and, indeed, the streets are wonderfully narrow. They are paved with a slope from each side towards the middle, and along the middle runs a line of flagstones, which, in wet weather, is, in fact, the kennel; and becomes a little river in heavy rains. The carts and carriages as they traverse these streets, run with one wheel on this row of flagstones, and the other on the pavé, so that you have constantly to cross the street to pass these vehicles, some coming one way, and some another. Most of the shops in these streets have no glass windows, but three or four tall doors, which all stand wide open in the daytime, just like some of the shops seen in Pompeii; and, indeed, the Roman character is retained by the Spaniards and Portuguese, not only in their language, but in many other particulars. One of the first things which strikes you is, that the houses are all roofed with the genuine Roman tiles; and this is universal all over the dominions of both the Spanish and Portuguese races in South America. They are found, not only in Brazil, but in Peru, Chili, Paraguay, and Mexico. You have the stout, old, red, flat tile, with flanged edges, semicylindric tiles being laid over the flanges of each two adjoining tiles, well imbedded in mortar, so as to make a most solid, enduring, and waterproof roof. The projecting eaves of those old Roman roofs are generally painted in bright colours, and have a picturesque effect. You see the Roman spirit not only in these roofs, in the forms and red colour of their pottery, in the narrow streets and open shops, but also in the aqueducts, which bring down the water from the mountains. There is a noble aqueduct here which has quite a Roman look, as it crosses the valley on its lofty solid pillars, and which the inhabitants tell you was made by the Portuguese; for they are as careful to distinguish the Portuguese and the Brazilian eras, as brother Jonathan is to distinguish the days of the United States from those of the old Britishers, before the Independence. In the centre of most of the squares stands a massive granite fountain; which, however, has very little effect on the eye, as the water is not thrown up into the air, but gushes out of taps, and sluices in their sides. Rio, in fact, is excellently supplied with water. At almost every corner of a street, there is a brass tap to which you see the negroes very constantly applying their mouths.

Any one coming hither, who looks for melancholy, haggard and despairing countenances, backs scored with the lash, and limbs crushed and crippled by brutal treatment, looks in vain, and wonders. He beholds, instead, a swarming throng of Africans, men, women, and children, constituting two-thirds of the population of the place, all vigorous, healthy, merry, and alert. No portion of the inhabitants appears more care-free, none more at home; and, certainly, so far as physical development goes, none equal to them, except Europeans, who reside or visit there. The blacks are a fine, healthy, athletic, race, far superior to the native Brazilians of Portuguese descent. The latter are, generally, a very slight-built, and even feeble-looking, race. Many of the young men surprised me by the smallness of their stature, the slightness of their build, and the narrowness of their chests. The boys, too, had a spider-like lightness and fineness of frame. I never saw anything like it; one English school-boy would have made three of them. The same peculiarity characterised the women, though they exhibited, generally, finely-traced and delicate features. They strike me, generally, as an almost Lilliputian race. But the negroes, men and women, were a stout, active, vivacious people. I noticed amongst the men, some of the most Herculean figures that I ever saw, and I was astonished at the stature of some of the women, who must have been full six feet. There were evidently two very distinct varieties of the negroes, one being said to come from Congo, the other from Mozambique. One portion were of a dusky sooty black, the other of a rich dark copper-colour, and the skins of these were peculiarly fine and glossy. In figure, bearing, and fresh roundness of limbs, they might be pronounced handsome, although that compliment could not be extended to their faces and woolly hair.

The negroes, or the labourers of the place, were everywhere. You saw them by scores in the shops, sitting at different employments. Tailors sat to their work on chairs, and not, as with us, on their boards cross-legged. Negroes were boatmen, porters, paviors, labourers of all kinds; and in all departments, they appeared contented and even jocund. The women kept the stalls at market, and carried fruit, and fish, and vegetables, all over the city. You encountered them in groups everywhere, and everywhere they were gossiping together, with a degree of ease and leisure that amazed me. Nobody seemed to hurry, or interfere with them. With their baskets on their heads, or rested on the pavement, they were holding the most animated dialogues, with loud voices, manners most unrestrained, and with exuberance of jest, and sarcasm, and laughter. Their wrists profusely ornamented with bracelets of coloured beads, chiefly red and blue, their necks with chains of the same, their ears well

loaded with gold, or gilt ear-rings. They gesticulated, waved their hands, quite with an oratorical air, clapped them occasionally loudly, amid bursts of merriment, as in triumph over their fellow-disputants.

Abhorring, as I do, slavery, as a violation of every right of humanity, I could not but come to the conclusion, that the Brazilians must use their Helots better than Brother Jonathan does his. True, I did not go up the country, to behold the condition of the slave on the sugar and cotton plantations; but, wherever I did see it in the plantations in the vicinity of the city, the negroes, men and women, appeared just as well-conditioned. We came continually upon groups of them at work in the fields, but we saw neither whip, nor driver; and ever and anon, in some retired nook, we found troops of women collected about a spring with their washing, who were all laughing and chattering as noisily as so many magpies. Neither could I perceive the same marked aversion to the coloured race as in the United States. I saw blacks in the steamers, crossing to Praia Grande, seated amongst the whites, quite at their ease, and observed numbers of negroes amongst the city guards.

The manners of the negro porters are very amusing. You see them discharging the cargoes of ships. The moment they get their load upon their heads they begin to sing some old African ditty, and continue singing often in a sort of recitative, till they deposit their burden in the warehouse. It is the same as they carry luggage or other articles along the streets. I saw four men carrying a piano on their heads, two other negroes following behind to relieve the others in turn. They had each a rattle in their hands, in form, precisely like the rose of a watering-pan, and containing a number of small pebbles. As they went along they not only sung a tune, but danced to it, beating time with their rattles; yet it was wonderful to see how perfectly steady they managed to keep the piano, while they were all the time capering and making the most antic movements. They go bare-headed under a sun that would strike down a white man with coup de soleil, and their hair is cut very short. Their power of balancing—especially tall jugs—on their heads is amazing, and that even in very little children.

Our time being short, we exerted ourselves to see as much of the city and neighbourhood as possible, and the numbers of calashes or fiacres which stand in the public squares, vehicles particularly light and upright in form, drawn by handsome mules, and omnibuses also drawn by mules, and running to all parts of the city and environs, enabled us to accomplish a good deal. One of our first achievements, however, was to ascend the Morro do Castello, or Flag-Staff Hill, which rises in the very centre of the town. There we had a most magnificent panoramic view.

At our feet lay the wide extent of city,—gardens green with the giant foliage of the bananas, and where the cocoa-palm lifted aloft its feathery head interspersed amongst red roofs and airy spires. On one side the mountains rose grandly, the noble aqueduct spanning the valley betwixt them and the town. On the other lay the bay, the whole circuit of which embracing an extent of a hundred miles, was visible from this spot, with the villages and country houses on its shores. Nothing can exceed the courteousness of the people of Rio to strangers, and we had here a particular instance of it. The keeper of the telegraph station, as we were wandering round, came out and most politely invited us to walk into his garden, and whatever plant or flower we particularly admired, he broke off a blossoming twig and presented it to us with the most graceful bow and smile. Amongst these were flowers of the figlia, the pimento, and the pomegranate. But he observed us noticing a cluster of mormohn apples, or, as Dampier styles them, mummy-apples. These cluster around the top of the stem, which appears like that of a tall, slender palm which has had its head cut off and only an odd straggling leaf or two left. These apples, as they are called, are much larger than real apples, of the yellow colour, and with something of the flavour of the melon. Our courteous telegraph-officer no sooner saw our eyes fixed on this singular fruit, than, hastening for a long pole, he climbed up an adjacent tree and poked some of them down for us, presenting them with all the grace of a nobleman. We could not help querying whether a group of foreigners would have met with such an official in our own country.

And yet we soon found some of our own countrymen as eager to oblige us. We found ourselves in the *Passeio Publico*—the public gardens—or promenade. This lies at once close to the city, at the feet of beautiful hills, and one side open to the bay. It is planted with tropical trees of great variety, and next to the bay is a noble promenade, to which you ascend by a flight of steps. It thus commands a full view of the gardens, and of the bay, the waves of which come dashing up splendidly against its outer wall. It is paved with alternating black and white marble; at each end stands a beautiful pavilion, and at intervals, along the parapet-walls, stand tasteful gaslights.

It is a spot admirably adapted to all the purposes of public enjoyment, fêtes, concerts, galas, and promenades. The emperor was having the whole of the gardens fitted up with gas; and seeing two workmen engaged in laying down the pipes, we at once set them down for countrymen.

They told us they were Scotchmen from Glasgow, and finding that we were English strangers, at once quitted their work to show us the place. They pointed out such of the

trees as they had learned the names of, and amongst them the custard apple. There was ripe fruit upon the trees, and the young Scotchmen said, "Pelt away at them—anybody does that here." As we declined to "pelt away," however, in a public garden, they themselves gathered sticks and stones and sent them into the trees in good earnest. But the trees were tall, and they did not succeed. "Off with your shoes, Sandy, and up and throw some down," said one to the other. No sooner said than done. Sandy ascended a tree with the agility of a monkey, and soon sent down stores of fruit. We did not, however, find these custard apples much to boast of. They resemble an orange in size and form, but are, when ripe, nearly black. Their rind is tough, and the interior is filled with a muddy-looking pulp—rather insipid—in which are abundance of seeds of the size of small beans of a spicy flavour, which the people eat with the pulp. Our Scotchmen informed us that when they had completed their contract, they meant to proceed to Australia.

Quitting them we made an excursion in the opposite direction to see the emperor's palace, near San Christovao. An omnibus conducted us to the spot, proceeding over a green where hundreds of negresses were busy washing and spreading their linen on the grass, while black babies lay and kicked up their heels in the sun at their sides, and troops of bigger sable children tumbled about on the green sward. Our way then led through extensive suburbs and past pleasant villas, over a level country for four miles. We found the palace situated in a beautiful country, amongst quiet hills, with fine ranges of mountains on either hand. We passed through a handsome gateway at the commencement of the demesne, but unconnected with any fence, the whole seeming to lie quite open to the public. Over the gateway were placed vases with living aloes and pine-apples in them. The gates were of gilt-bronze, and beautiful, with the royal arms in the centre. A paved road led up a gentle ascent, through an avenue of fine mangueira-trees, dark and rich of foliage. The house consists of two large square masses of building tinted of a pale salmon colour, ornamented with Doric pilasters, and surmounted by a balcony, on a level with the second story; the roof flat, and enclosed by a stone balustrade. These two buildings are united by a lower one of a different character. A fine Roman gateway in front appeared never to have been used, but to be falling into disorder, the drive from the palace to the highway, passing not through it, but by it.

As we approached, the emperor and empress in a carriage drawn by four handsome mules, and attended by a number of guards in blue uniform, mounted, passed us. Their imperial highnesses returning our homage, as George Fox would call it, with

the greatest courtesy. One of our party, an American, refused, and lifted his straw-hatted head as high as possible. Don Pedro, however, deserves a passing salute, especially from Englishmen, who are received and treated by him with every mark of favour. Indeed, he appears thoroughly popular amongst his own subjects.

Englishmen abound and flourish here. The merchants of our nation are amongst the richest people at Rio; and as we walked back again at leisure, many of their villas were pointed out to us, being for the most part the finest to be seen. These villas are situated in beautiful grounds and gardens, where every tree, shrub, and flower are such as are known to our eyes in England only in the finest conservatories. Statuary and fountains make pleasant these gardens, and you may imagine the deliciousness of an evening scene there, such as *Von Martius* has described:—"The mimosas have folded up their leaves to sleep, and stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the jacaranda, and the etherial jambos. Sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle; the richly-flavoured grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshadow, like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper, and tree-frog, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing melancholy. At intervals, different balsamic odours fill the air; and flowers, alternately unfolding their petals to the night, delight the senses with their perfume. Now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighbouring orange-grove, — then the thick tufts of eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowering palms, suddenly bursting, disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance, while the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fire-flies, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious odours."

We returned into the city through the Rua do Ouvidor, the most wealthy street in the capital, abounding with the shops of jewellers, goldsmiths, drapers, and milliners. Here, instead of open fronts, there were splendid plate-glass windows, and a great display of wealth and French tradespeople. We saw, also, two or three shops of old books, but were not able to discover one shop for the sale of new ones. The Brazilians, like their cousins, the Portuguese, are more addicted to concerts, theatres, and assemblies, than to reading, except that of newspapers, which are numerous, and contain light literature.

After refreshing ourselves at our inn, we were strongly recommended to go to the opera, to hear the prima donna, Signora Castilloné, in *La Semiramida*. She appeared to be a wonderful favourite; but not having come on

shore with opera dresses, we had no desire to be turned back; the fate of some of our more adventurous fellow-passengers; the etiquette of such places being as rigorously enforced here as in Paris or London. We contented ourselves, therefore, with witnessing the re-opening of the Imperial Chapel, after a general repair, the whole front and towers being illuminated, and mass going on inside, amid the thundering din of squibs, crackers, and explosions of powder in various forms, making noise enough for a great battle. An odd idea of Christian worship!

The next morning we took a stroll through the public market, which adjoins the Lago do Paço, or Palace Square. A market is, in every foreign country, an interesting spot, but especially in a tropical one. We found this most amply supplied with fowls, fish, vegetables, and fruits of a great variety of kinds; monkeys, parrots, and other birds. The fish were of numerous sorts and sizes, from one kind as large as a large pig, down to shrimps. There were prawns like small lobsters and a beautiful array of dolphins. Yams, potatoes ordinary, and sweet ones, oranges in endless abundance and of the most delicious ripeness, sweet lemons, guavas, pitangas, custard apples, figs, bananas, both ripe and green, for exportation; fruit of the egg-plant, bread-fruit, vegetable marrows and quashes innumerable; mormohn apples, loquots, onions, garlic and shallots, with their stalks woven into long pieces of matting, on which they hung like tassels. In fact, the supply of all sorts of vegetables was most affluent. But the vegetable which excited my curiosity more than all the rest, was a species of green juicy stalks of about a yard long and three inches in diameter. These lay in heaps, and the market people were busily peeling off their outer coats, soft and succulent, till they left only a sort of cylinder of pith about an inch and a half in diameter. They were bought up as fast as they were ready, and I found that they were the extremity of the flowering stems of the *carnáuba* palm (*coryphæa cerifera*), which is considered one of the greatest luxuries of the table.

One of the most interesting objects connected with Rio is the botanic garden. Its magnificent avenue of palm-trees, its fountains, its trees and flowers from all the finest climates in the world, growing in the open air; its profusion of fruits—oranges, lemons, citrons, bread-fruit, bananas, grapes, &c.—the assembled luxuries of nature from her most favoured regions—make it a scene scarcely to be paralleled. Unfortunately, it is situated ten miles from the city, and our limited time compelled us to a shorter excursion. This was across the bay, to Praia Grande, whose white walls and back-ground of woody hills looked very attractive from the city. And we could have scarcely made a happier choice. It was not here that "distance lent enchantment to the view." The beauty increased on

closer inspection. Along the finely-curved shore, for more than a mile, stretched a line of lovely villas, each standing in its garden; and the glare of the sun, broken by a row of dark, thick-foliaged mango-trees, the fruit yet hanging young and green amid the leaves. Whichever way we turned we literally found ourselves in one of nature's paradises. Sun and breeze played on the broad waters; and the distant city wore its brightest look. As we here sauntered along, one pleasant house after another gave us glimpses into the gardens behind, and the forest hills which overlooked them. These villas are generally built with a forecourt, or screen, on columns, through which you catch a glimpse of statues, fountains, and garden seclusions of the most inviting description. We followed a quiet lane leading beyond the village of St. Domingo, and soon found ourselves in a region of wooded hills, and valleys running every way amongst them, in which stood other isolated country houses amid their orange groves, interspersed with lofty clumps of cocoa-nut palms, and the broad waving boughs of the verdurous bananas. Here, sloped down green crofts from the woods, and here, over hot and sunny swells, spread fragrant plantations of pine-apples, many of them golden with ripeness, and gushing with their fruity aroma. Solitary winding lanes and little footpaths teeming with the most prodigal vegetation, all new to our eyes, all studded with gorgeous flowers—*Thunbergias*, *Paullinias*, and still more brilliant, but to us unknown species—all speaking of tropical grace and luxuriance, led us between these different estates to still new scenes of retired beauty. At one moment we heard the distant roar of the ocean, and caught a sight of its flashing billows; at another, we were gazing up into steep hills buried in a perfect chaos of hanging boughs and blossoms. The figures of the negro labourers at work on the plantations, or bringing baskets piled with fruit down from the hills; the women washing by some old shadowy well, or spreading out their linen on the grass in embowered orchards, completed the tropical character of the scene. The huge cactus—a perfect tree in size, the intense colour of the flowers on the wild bushes, or growing under their shade—blue, and scarlet, and orange—and the brilliant deep-blue butterflies, large as your outspread hand, and some of them having their wings studded, as it were, with jewels—the largest and most magnificent creatures of their species in the world—were all evidences of the affluent nature of the Brazils. Reluctantly we turned away from those elegant abodes, with their delicately tinted walls, their vivid frescoes, and their broad, shady verandahs, trellised with clambering vines; from the overshadowed cottage, whence came the sound of music and of a pleasant voice; from the open windows, at which sate dark-eyed but delicately-featured maidens;

and we again issued into the hot sun of the least shaded street of Praia Grande, where the negro was sweltering and singing under his load; where knots of old black women sat on the scorching, dusty pavement, amidst their baskets of bananas and oranges; where dead fish almost seethed in the lazy waves that brought them to the shore; where negro brats tumbled about in the dust, without any superfluity of raiment; and where, finally, the steamboat came puffing up, to carry us back to town.

The land breeze, next morning, at six o'clock, bore us out to sea; and thus terminated our two days in Rio—two of the pleasantest, sunniest, most fragrant and golden days that we ever spent in any quarter of the world.

But others of our fellow-travellers had their two days, as well as ourselves. Why not? And four clever youths spent them as fast young Britons often do on such occasions. For them, the Hotel Pharoux spread its beds on the floor of the lofty lumber-room, and its table in the lofty saloon; for them, a splendid carriage, drawn by four spirited mules, and driven by a splendid Jehu, in bright blue uniform, and cocked hat, and feather-bush, like any field-marshal, whirled them to all the wonders of the place; for them, the palms of the botanic garden waved over a champagne luncheon *al fresco*; for them, the Signora Castilloné trilled, at the opera, her most entrancing airs; and foreign friends, most cordial and kind, most mustachioed and mellifluous, started, as it were, out of the ground, and supped and sung with them at the delightful Hotel Pharoux.

"At six o'clock, gentlemen, on the second morning," said the captain, before leaving the ship, "I set sail positively." At eight o'clock, on the second morning, the four jovial youths woke up, looked out, and saw no ship! Rapid was the race to the quay. "A boat! a boat! twenty pounds for a boat!"—the cry of the old Thames parrot—was heard once more on the strand of Rio. A score of boats, manned with two score of negroes, dashed their bows together on the beach. Away flew two of them with our heroes, negroes pulling, sails bending to the breeze. Was it a day or an age that that chace after the missing ship endured? Ten long miles the sons of Congo pulled, and still no ship. Yes! there she is!—but, to the pursuers' eyes, with all canvas stretched, and running before the breeze. It was not so, however; for British captains have bowels of compassion. We lay to, with sails backed, and waiting in impatient patience.

As the boats came dashing up, what rows of merry faces, peering over the tall ship's side! What kind greetings! "What! so soon?" "How are all friends in Rio?"

Silent, sullen, and angry, mount the delinquents, and are received amid the sharp railery of more prudent men. Reader! didst thou ever see a picture of the Prodigal

Son? There, thou hast four in one frame. Ulysses had his lotus-eaters, who forgot their ship and country. There sit four forlorn ones, minus forty pounds per man! That, also, is a tale of two days in Rio.

ON THE DOWNS.

I HAVE lived on the Downs from boyhood—by which I mean the Berkshire Downs, not those in the Channel; and the period of juvenescence, not the revolving object that marks the highway for the ships—and know every molehill betwixt Marlborough and Streatley. They form a vast expanse of undulating grass, interspersed with young plantations or great patches of gorse, and still more rarely with a single stunted thorn; a region where, in moonless nights and chill November fogs, men have been often lost and found stone dead days after, though they themselves were born amidst the wastes, in some of our small hidden villages which the well-pleased traveller comes on unawares. In snow time these mishaps are very frequent; a score of places all about, are shown, where the starved tinker lay for days in the deep drift, and where the winding-sheet wrapt round the Swindon carrier; and always in the turf a long green cross is dug for *In memoriam*. But, in the summer, these bleak and windy Downs are paradise to butterfly and bee, and all who love sweet savours and soft airs; they slope up from the broad rich counties underneath; and all along the verge, for many miles, the prospect is most fair. The teeming fields that fringe the banks of the Thames are thickly set, on either side, with halls and pleasant parks; the oldest churches in the land are there, with towers and steeples gray, and gaudy vanes above them, glimmering amidst the belts of wood like stars. See, from this heathy knoll lies Alfred's birth-place, westward; and further to the right, old Abingdon; beyond which, hidden by the hill, is Oxford, a great crowd of towers and spires!

Still more to westward, and beneath us still, ran the old Roman road, the highway once perhaps of Cæsar's legions; from here the startled herdsman might have marked their burnished eagles, and spear and helmet flashing back the sun. Upon our Downs, too, there are yet huge camps, miles round, with difficult fosse and rampart trebly piled, where Dane and Saxon struggled for the isle; and high-built barrows, lofty mounds of green, the burial-places for the victors' bones: we dig them—impious work—from time to time, and find old swords and armour, Roman coins, and bits of what, maybe, were Roman noses: and over all now dance the little fays, or seem to dance, in many a verdant ring, and bloom the gay down-flowers, red and blue: the shepherd's thyme, too, and the shepherd's weatherglass, that opens to the sun and shuts to rain. The spreading mushroom loves our

Downs the best of all; the tufted plover pipes along our leas; the quail, though not in such great flocks as Israel saw, the dottrel, the moor buzzard, have their haunts amongst us, and the kite with hovering wings.

Along the summit of our range a level road of grass runs, banked on either side, for thirty miles—the British ridgeway that once led from Streatley, the chief town of the *Atrebatii*, to their great temple at Stonehenge: it passes by the high Cuckhamsley Hill that crowns the Downs—a lonely barren place (save for a young plantation) where once was a vast market held, until King James the First, to benefit a favourite lord, removed it to the town four miles away, in those good old Protectionist times of his. On these same Downs the Cross of Christ was planted first in England; under this same hill, King Cwichelm, our first Christian king, was buried. Beside the hill, and parallel to the ridgeway—along which now, instead of naked Britons, pass huge droves of cattle out of Wales to the Saltmarshes—there runs the Devil's Ditch; it is but five feet broad, and for what purpose made, except to mark the boundary of neighbour states, we cannot guess; but the people ascribe it to his Satanic majesty, who dug it in one night for twenty miles, and afterwards, scraped his spade upon the summit of the Downs, whence rose Cuckhamsley. So we have enough to think of here—Britons, Danes, Saxons, Romans, Christianity, and the Devil: and moreover, in the level bottom eastward, Cromwell encamped after the field of Newbury, and the next night the Loyalists occupied his ground. King Charles took up his quarters by the Ye, in this our own dear village, and supped, I doubt not well, with Bishop Goodman. Save for these wondrous memories of theirs, our Downs were little else but pasturage for sheep until the last half century. At Isley, eighty thousand sheep have in one day been penned, and for two days before its market all the air is white with dust and loud with barks and bleats, and every wayside hedge is fringed with wool. We ourselves, indeed—the inhabitants—were almost unknown to the general public before that time; two or three musty antiquarian societies, and that small portion of the sporting world that affects coursing—for nowhere is such coursing as with us—held us in praise and honour; but it was reserved for the present century to thrust upon us greatness and publicity, and make us in return (you may be sure) a source of very considerable profit. Our Downs are now, in fact, the haunt of what Bell's *Life* calls the Fraternity, and what people generally call the Betting Ring. They are in the hands of the hon. the members of the Jockey Club, of the owners of racehorses and of their administrators and assigns—which obviates using disagreeable expressions—the private and public trainers, studgrooms, stableboys, and touts. The Downs, indeed,

have not changed masters, but considerable tracts of them have become—by sufferance, payment of rent, or tribute of manure—most excellent and extensive galloping grounds.

Between Paddington and Didcot, among your fellow travellers in the railway carriage, is pretty sure to be one at least of these gentry; an owner about to make a secret trial between two favourites; a tout whose object is to prevent it being secret; or a sporting gentleman of some sort bound for the Downs, to pick up, generally, information. If you make a remark upon the weather being favourable at last to the country at large, all these three classes will reply: "Ah, it'll make the ground deuced heavy for the Bath races, though." They are like engaged young ladies, and care nothing for any subject unconnected with the ring; they are full of the most solemn and sacred facts respecting the Brother to Boiardo, imparted to them in confidence by parties who ought to know; if you get very intimate with the two latter kind, they will perhaps permit you to stand in for a good thing, upon the payment of a fiver or a tenner—which last is a bank-note and not a musical performer—according to the prospects of success. The higher members of this profession, it may be observed, are continuously sucking cane-tops and handles of hunting-whips, while the inferior orders devour vast quantities of straw.

Let us accompany any of these to the chief exercising ground upon the Downs any summer morning between nine and twelve. It is common to several trainers, and the various bodies of cavalry keep pretty wide apart. Most of the horses are in a complete suit of embroidered clothes, with coverings over the head and ears, and little gaiters above their fetlocks; they are entered probably in approaching race-meetings, and are sweating down every ounce of superfluous flesh; where parts of their natural coats are to be seen, they shine like mirrors; those without clothes start with one of these from under the hill, and race with them at utmost speed for distances varying from half a mile to two miles; the trainers watch their every stride, and notice an improvement or something wrong, as the case may be.

These men have all one wary and impassive look; dressed, too, almost exactly alike, with a white silk scarf pinned with a horse's foot, and trousers tight to the leg. Some have the morning papers in their hands, and are comparing their books with the latest betting; some are what is called letting out at their jockeys for misconduct, which they accomplish with much energy and varied epithet; and some are standing with their legs very wide apart, doing nothing particular—except of course the suction before alluded to.

We have an acquaintance of some years with this particular gentleman, and are privileged to address him: "Why, Mr. Chifney, do you enter that little horse of yours for a

race like the Derby, when you know he has no chance with Sharpshooter; don't intend to run him; and must needs pay twenty-five pounds forfeit?" "Sir," says he (and he will tell you the whole truth if there is no professional reason for adopting a contrary course), "one does pay a good many twenty-five pounds in this world for the mere satisfaction of being in with a good un!" This gentleman, it will be observed, is an acute philosopher; he is also a consummate man of business, and after the Derby is run next Wednesday, will be worth twenty thousand pounds, or remain no worse than at present. But here is the crack, Sharpshooter himself, about to take his second gallop; not a large horse he looks, and hampered with a weight of clothes—yet see what he shall do! Three other (unclothed) horses are placed at equal distances of about half a mile apart; the hindmost starts with the favourite at full speed; and gets him into his stride at once; when they arrive opposite the second horse, he takes up the running, and so on to the third, who finishes, and is also beaten off: these three animals have been kept entirely for the use and benefit of Sharpshooter for the last three months. Let us come as close to him as the jock will let us—and that is not very close, for how does he know but that we have laid a plum against him, and are compassing his death?—and listen with what evenness he breathes; scarcely a sign of that long course of his at fullest speed. What indefatigable pains have been expended on his training, what watch has been kept upon his slightest change, what close precaution now over his safety, closer as the day draws near! To hurt that horse, ever so slightly, and to be detected by his stable, would be a murder matter for the coroner; two strong men and a savage bulldog are his companions every night.

He has been attended from his birth like a young prince, by lords in waiting and grooms of his chamber; his noble owner, so proud was he of possessing a colt by Musketier out of Poppunetta, gave a party to commemorate his foaling; his fashionable arrival was also in the Morning Post, for he was entered for the Derby after next, in the first month of his existence; at that miniature period he began to be calculated upon, and hedged about, and stood in with, and made a good thing of, until this present time, when he has reached the culminating point of the "perfect certainty" of his stable. In some little sheltered paddock about one of our Down villages he enjoyed a mother's love and the tender solicitude of his trainer; as soon as hay and bran and corn began to be palatable to him he got them; when he became bored with milk and domesticity they were withdrawn from him; when he was yet a yearling, his education was not neglected; a halter was cunningly contrived about his head, with a ring through it in front, and the youthful

Sharpshooter was "lunged,"—that is to say, was made, at the end of a long rope, to gyrate in great circles on the Downs; afterwards he did this with cloths and blankets flapping all around him, to accustom him to civilisation and wearing apparel. The next scene of this strange history exhibits him with a dumb-jockey on his back—an artless and honest personage of wood, by whom he is trained to hold his head up properly, and to submit himself to control; then he is ridden by a child of eight or nine, whose every other word is an oath, and of a countenance, not roguish, alas! but absolutely felonious; or by a dwarfed and stunted creature who is the child grown up—the personification of cunning and secretiveness. There are exceptions, of course, even among racing stable-boys; but, if either phrenologists or physiologists are to be trusted, there are very few. Come with me into Sharpshooter's own town and see the knots of idlers in its streets, the insolent leer, the bold dishonest eye, the hair cropped closely about the mere rim of forehead, and you do not need to hear the filthy talk, nor to mark the waistcoats reaching to the knees, in order to recognise these genuine offspring of the turf. They are originally brought from far and near on account of their small stature, and, after having served honestly, some few of them get places as stud grooms; the majority, however, when too big to ride, are turned away to shift for themselves—which is hard on them, and a good deal harder on the world at large.

But, let me return to Sharpshooter, whom I left on the exercising ground, with a heavy bit in his mouth and a light rider upon his back, somewhere about the fifteenth month of his existence. He is rubbed down in the morning by two valets, and taken out in his gay raiment on the Downs from nine to twelve; and if he takes a sweat or gallop, he is rubbed down on the ground itself, in a house built for that especial purpose, lest he should suffer from catarrh; he is rubbed down when he goes home, and he is rubbed down when he retires to his clean and well-spread couch; and he has a posset if it is supposed to be desirable. When the Downs themselves too are too hard for his delicate winged feet, a spacious strawyard is allotted to him. Upon the whole, I wish, in this Christian country, that one-half the pains to make him a good horse were spent in the attempt to make our fellow countrymen, foaled anywhere, and lunged nowhere, good men. In return, at two years old, our friend Sharpshooter is expected to win his race, and from that moment he is before the public, a dazzling but precarious investment; he becomes the theme of half the mess-tables in England and its colonial dependencies, the boast of Berkshire yeomen, and the hope of his owner; and a crowd of backers, as the possible winner of the Derby. From that day, also, he is the feared and hated of thousands, and the object

of conspiracy among not a few. Previously to the great event it is necessary that his speed and endurance should be tested by some severe trial. On the ground where we first became acquainted with him we saw him but in the company of his equals, or of those who, though far older than himself, had failed in acquiring a reputation; behold him now as he appears at the private trial.

His owner brings down with him from town some racer, twice the age of our young friend, accustomed to the shouts of applause hundreds on many a successful course, and with all the contempt that a favourite of the country always feels for a debutant. At three or four o'clock in the May morning these two, with their trainers, owners, and two trusty jocks, are on the Downs; the boys who rode the horses thus far—lest they should blab the secret—are locked up in the rubbing-house upon the ground, which has no windows; the high gorse all about, is carefully searched for touts—poor wretches, who have passed a prickly night in this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—whom, if the searchers find, they drive away with whips. Sharpshooter beats the "old 'un" in the commonest of canters, and home the conclave ride right merrily. Nevertheless, on one of the high downs, some tout, more cunning than the rest, lies on his crouching belly, and through a telescope sees what he wants to see. That very day, he, or that little bird, the lark, mayhap reveals the secret. The telegraph to town is worked, and the odds fall from five to three to one.

To this purpose are our Downs now chiefly turned; a strange conclusion has their history led us to—from the bare Briton to the clothed horse. I will but add, that if "the crack" be said to be "amiss" (her sex forbidding it), and gets a sprain (just over her left shoulder), and does not run at Epsom after all, our Downs are not to blame, whoever is.

THE MASQUE OF LIFE.

The poor are growing poorer;
And the rich are growing richer;
The cannibal clothier fattens upon
The lean and hungry stitcher;

The mountains of gold which some have roll'd
From above, around, and under,
Burn gloomy-bright as a comet at night,
And should make men weep and wonder.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being—
A Masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

One man lies on pulpy down,
Another lacks a bed;
One man eats and drinks his fill,
Another hath not bread.

The pale women in the factories,
The children dwarf'd and ugly,
Dives (within his counting-house
Secure) surveyeth smugly.

They cry, "We rot in these dark dens;"

He careth not a tittle:

They cry, "We swoon with toil;" but he
Thinks Ten Hours' work too little.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being—
A Masque fantastical and strange
To the hearing and the seeing.

Lo! here comes a reverend Doctor,
In the midst of all our troubles,
Wrangling and grimacing wildly
Over his own learned bubbles.

And he mingles with the Masquers,
And he dances, and he sings,
Scribbling on the eternal Heavens
His grotesque imaginings.

Meanwhile, in the lanes and alleys,
Souls are slain for want of teaching,
Which might all have sung one tone
Of round music, had they known
More of love and less of preaching.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being—
A Masque fantastical and grim
To the hearing and the seeing.

Here's a woman deck'd with pearls,
As with stars the midnight sky,
Clad in smooth and warm excess
And soft superfluity.

Here's another, hung with rags
As with weeds of snaky motion,
That clasp some mouldering palace wall
On a deserted shore, and crawl
Idly upon the idle ocean.

Here's a thing that's half a saint,
Half a soldier, all a monarch,
Weighing down a people's life,
Yet a most embodied Anarch.

Like a bloodhound, lean and fierce,
He gnaws Europe; yet his curship
Talks of God in every act,
And blasphemers him by such worship.

Well, who's next? Oh, here's a flaring
Bonnet Rouge; no mortal stiffer
In maintaining his own rights,
And beheading folks who differ.

Let those last two pair together,
With a death's head for a crown
And a thigh-bone for a sceptre,
And they'll dance the nations down.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death,
Ghastlier the Dance of Being—
A Masque fantastical and wild
To the hearing and the seeing.

Next we have a little statesman
Of pacific disposition,
Frowning like a very Mars,
And talking of his warlike mission.

After him there comes a trader,
Bowing till he makes you sick,
While he vends you a slow poison
Of red-lead and turmeric.

Here's a lord with Sunday club,
Bright and light, to lounge and lunch in,
Closing up the wayside shop
Where the poor man used to stop,
To drink his beer and eat his hunch in.

Here's a set of idle fellows
' (Wrongfully call'd democratic),
Inaugurating their Republic
By breaking glass with stone and clubstick,
Up from basement-floor to attic.

Let them mingle with the Masquers,
And with shouting shake each rafter:
In the midst of so much sadness,
These wild knaves but move our laughter.

Dost thou see this man? The morning
Of his life was hard, stern work,
And the evening closes round him,
Desolate, and bare, and dark.

All the toil and sore endeavour,
The sharp fight fought every day,
Leaves him still the same grim foe-man
Now that he is old and grey.

Seest this other man? Birds dancing
In the heavenward breath of Spring,
Perfumed flowers in shelter'd gardens,
Brooks that leap, and laugh, and sing:

Butterflies within the sunshine,
Living in one smile of Fate,
Knowing but the world's adorning,
Are the symbols of *his* state.

Let both mingle with the Masquers,
And dance on. These sharp extremes
Are the miserable nightmares
That behag our waking dreams.

But the earth is slowly ripening,
Like a great fruit in the sun,
And will learn some better dancing
Ere the centuries are done.

ROBERTSON IN RUSSIA.

MONSIEUR ROBERTSON, whose acquaintance we made some months ago, and who was then introduced to us as an artist in ghosts, practising in Paris at the close of the last century, has to say, that he was not only a manufacturer of phantoms, but was a Power of the Air in another sense, as one of the most successful balloon travellers of his own time, and that he did not practise in France only, but raised ghosts and ascended to the sky in many countries. He spent seven years in Russia; and, of Russia as it was fifty years ago, he tells a trustworthy tale.

Inducement enough certainly there was for Monsieur Robertson's expedition to St. Petersburg and Moscow. Since Peter the Great had decreed civilisation to his empire or his capitals—perhaps we may as well say only to his capitals—every effort had been made to carry out his design by encouraging the visits of Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, or any other foreigners who had wits, or the

credit of wits, to bring into the country. Men eminent in any way were lavishly remunerated by the court of St. Petersburg, and actively supported by the servants of the court. The Russians had very nearly everything to learn, and in the opinion of Monsieur Robertson, were destitute of any great power of intellect. They seemed to him light-minded and superficial, anxious to maintain the greatest possible show of knowledge, interrupting with an eternal "I know," any information that was being given them; but more capable of maintaining a sham of knowledge, than of supporting the weight of the real thing itself. Their princes too had a great faith in the abilities of foreigners. When a foul ditch about the Admiralty was being arched over, somebody suggested to M. Robertson that there was a good site furnished by the new ground for a coffee-house. The emperor Alexander, who stood near, asked, "Who proposes to establish that?" "A Frenchman, sire." "A Frenchman! I agree to that. Anything but a Russ. The Russians can do nothing properly." Frenchmen, therefore, Italians, Germans, and Englishmen, were encouraged to settle in St. Petersburg. If they had anything to teach the town; and, above all, if they had anything with which to amuse it, they went to Russia to make tolerably certain fortunes—and returned to their own countries to spend them. M. Robertson, at the instance of the Russian ambassador in France, M. de Marcoff, resolved to go with the stream of fortune-hunters into the dominions of the Czar. No balloon ascent had ever been witnessed at St. Petersburg, and there was nothing in those days like a well-managed balloon for travelling upon the road to fortune. M. Robertson's receipts by one ascent in a strange town several times exceeded a thousand pounds.

M. Robertson landed at St. Petersburg in the year eighteen hundred and three, while people were still talking mysteriously of the assassination of the emperor Paul two years before, and when the young and popular Alexander was new to the throne. Paul had expected his fate, and had endeavoured to avert it by erecting for himself the palace of St. Michael near the summer garden: an imperial gaol, surrounded by moats and drawbridges, with loophole windows through which sunlight dribbled, never shone, and maintained always as if in a state of siege. Nevertheless, it was within this palace of St. Michael that Paul was assassinated. In M. Robertson's time it was the part of a good Parisian to believe as he believed, that the English government had part in the crime. Nobody holds that opinion now. The czar was a victim to the wrath of his nobles, whose will was accomplished by the hand of the most physically powerful among their number, probably at that time the strongest man in Russia, the count Orloff. Of him it was

said that he could bend the thickest nail into a ring about one finger. The count strangled his master, not—as Robertson reports the story—with a piece of British linen, but with an imperial scarf; and when the work was half done, it is said, took it off because the spangles on the scarf were an impediment, and cut them away with his sword while the czar fled, to crouch vainly in abject horror underneath a table. Alexander his successor, as all the world knows, waited—hoping that extremities might, perhaps, not be proceeded to—in a room below; he was the first who received the report of the conspirators; he assisted in declaring that his father had been killed by an apoplectic stroke; and he afterwards kept the murderers as friends and advisers near his throne.

A friend of Robertson in St. Petersburg, the painter Orlosky, was rival to count Orloff in the character of Hercules. Orlosky was a Pole, hating the Russians, and allowed to express his contempt for them freely to the czar, his patron. He was considered the best painter in St. Petersburg—his style something resembling that of Horace Vernet—and was a colossal man, generally to be found in a morose state under the influence of ardent spirits. It is said that Orlosky once called on the Duke Constantine when he was out; and, instead of writing his name in the visitors' book, took up a baker's shovel that lay near, twisted it into a knot, and told the porter to give that to the grand duke. He did so, and Constantine immediately asked, "How long is it since Orlosky called?"

M. Saucosotte, the czar's dentist, was a hospitable entertainer of all his countrymen: to him and others, as well as to his own shrewdness, Robertson was indebted for the discovery, that he must, if he would prosper, do at St. Petersburg as the St. Petersburgers do, that is to say, make all the display possible. Hotels in any decent sense, there were at that time none. He lost no time, therefore, in becoming tenant of the largest house he could find, at a rental of some five hundred pounds a year, and set up a carriage wherein he and his family might enter their appearance properly among the loungers in the Newsky Perspective.

The aspect of the St. Petersburg streets did not please M. Robertson. All who can afford to ride, he says, and many who cannot, would consider it a degradation to be seen on foot. There is a roll of carriages along the road and no life on the pavement. Such a thing as a street-boy singing his young Russian version of *Susannah* don't you cry for me, or whistling anything corresponding to the chorus out of Vilikins, was never to be seen: there were no organs (blessed exemption); no bands, tumblers, or street amusements of any kind whatever. A *boutinik* (a policeman) at the corner of most streets was bound to see the peace kept, in other words, to extinguish outdoor life entirely. In the theatre there was the same uncomfortable chill. All expression of

dissatisfaction was forbidden. The shops did not improve one's spirits; they were hung with emblems; and, at the corner of his own street M. Robertson was annoyed by the presence of an establishment festooned with shrouds.

In due time the new-comer made arrangements for his first balloon ascent. M. Sacharoff, a distinguished chemist, was appointed to accompany him, and they ascended from the gardens of the School of Cadets, in presence of a vast crowd, on the evening of the last day in June. A little table had been fixed against one side of the car for the use of M. Sacharoff; who, when he entered, spread his papers on it and began to read them. The perfect smoothness of the upward motion through the air is illustrated by the fact that M. Sacharoff was not in the least aware of the balloon's having started until his companion pointed to the Neva far below. When a balloon rises above the clouds, they are seen from above rolling in high cones upon each other, and appear like mountains tumbling down with a swift fall to overwhelm the earth; while the balloon traveller fancies himself fixed immovably in space, and if it be his first trip, for the first time knows what perfect silence is. When the balloon has risen to a great height in the air, the uneasiness felt by most aeronauts is compared by M. Robertson to the sensation of a man who holds his face in water; the chest dilates, and any attempt to swallow a small piece of bread is vain. On the occasion of this first ascent from St. Petersburg a speaking trumpet was carried by M. Sacharoff, with which he began to make experiments as the balloon descended. Shouts directed into space were lost, those directed against the earth were echoed and sometimes returned with a vibration that affected sensibly the ear. Thereupon M. Robertson reported to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, that the idea of man's power to divert rain or storms by the communication of violent shocks to the atmosphere, say by the discharge of cannon, was confirmed. So that if this ingenious aeronaut were still alive, there can be little doubt that he would be found backing the theory of a French chemist who only the other day wrote a learned essay to demonstrate that the siege of Sebastopol is the true cause of this year's ungenial spring.

Monsieur Robertson descended in the gardens of the general Peter Demidoff, sixty miles from St. Petersburg, and was hospitably received by the ladies of the mansion.

The magic lantern business experienced at the outset a slight check. At Paris M. Robertson had concluded his entertainment with a homage to Napoleon, at St. Petersburg it was thought proper to put Alexander in Napoleon's place. The young Czar Alexander always wore a dark green coat, and dark green reflects so little light that it

would not suit the magician's apparatus; a change was, for this reason, made in the picture to scarlet, for the sake of brilliancy. The result was a commotion among the police. The czar shown in the colours of a Jacobin? Siberia for such a crime! The governor of the town threatened nothing less, if the offence were repeated. The exhibition was for some days closed by authority. The exhibitor was called upon to submit to the police a catalogue of all his phantoms; there being no freedom allowable in Russia even to a shadow. M. Robertson was forbidden to make profane copies of the image of a czar again, and his ghosts were made to feel the pinch of a strict censorship.

The show, however, soon recovered from the shock, and was visited by all the nobles in the town. It was indeed subject only to one other drawback, and that but a slight one. The entrance passages were lighted with a liberal supply of tallow candles; and, after the company had all passed in, these candles invariably disappeared! The company had to make its exit in the dark, or a fresh set of candles had to be supplied. The help of the police was at last sought, and spies were set in the passage; whereupon it was discovered that the thief was a mason, who, being caught with a candle end in his mouth and beaten, confessed that he had breakfasted heartily at the expense of M. Robertson ever since the beginning of his exhibition.

While telling this story of the mason, Monsieur Robertson states his impression that the noble classes fasten with no less avidity on richer fare. He thinks that they must eat much, not only on account of climate, and to pass time, but also because of the poor quality of half the food of a country which is in some parts so infertile that, as Forster relates of his travels in Siberia, cows may be seen who have nothing but morsels of dried fish for their fodder. As for the thievery, that was as characteristic then as it is now. The Russian tradesmen, after goods were bought changed them by sleight of hand, if the face of the customer were for a minute or two averted; and, in the case of those very candles which the mason stole, and which were bought by the hundred pounds at a time, M. Robertson discovered quite at the last that, while using every precaution he could think of, he had been cheated of five pounds in every hundred, by the dexterous slipping of a five-pound weight under the scale.

After he had spent some time at St. Petersburg, the showman journeyed to Riga, and there made a balloon ascent, which has been described in Kotzebue's *Recollections of a Voyage in Livonia and Italy*. From Riga he went to Vienna; and thence returned to Moscow, and his account of travel is, that—pretty much as at present—there are only two roads, namely those joining the capital to St. Petersburg and Warsaw;

that these roads when he travelled them were vaulted as they now are, but then certainly with less justice; and that they were formed of logs laid over the unprepared soil, which was often boggy, and the slipping of a log sent fountains of mud playing from time to time over the horses, and sometimes over the travellers too! At the post houses there was no civility for any one who was not in authority. It was a common thing for travellers to be detained for three days at a single stage; dirty beds, and what seemed to be then the only food procurable by travellers in the interior of Russia, coffee and eggs, being freely at the service of impatient men, but not a horse, though there might be a dozen horses idle in the stables. The excuse was that they were commanded by some great man who in any moment might appear. At the government stations, whenever a passport had to be examined, it was kept for hours unless relieved by a bribe. Out of the high roads nothing was to be found indicative of life or civilisation but villages of log huts, that were in fact villages of tents, these huts being removable tenements, bought complete at fairs and markets, and conveyed on carts by their purchasers to the spots on which they were to be pitched. A man might sell his house if he pleased, and often did so; in which case the purchaser would come with a cart to carry it away.

M. Robertson returned to St. Petersburg at Christmas, and was in time to see the benediction of the Neva. Few things attracted more of his attention than the extravagance of the dress worn by the ladies, when they rode abroad to show themselves on the Newsky Perspective. One lady's dress would sometimes be worth eight hundred pounds—how many serfs! There was also the utmost rivalry for the display of wealth in carriages and harness.

On New Year's day M. Robertson and his wife went to the Imperial ball. Three or four thousand persons were invited to this annual entertainment—no person of any account in the town being overlooked. The crush of ladies in the direction of the young czar—a rather profligate married Adonis of the age of twenty-five—was a most noticeable feature in the evening's festival. The next thing noticed was the splendour of the imperial table, laid with covers for three hundred guests. It recalled to his memory a feast still more gorgeous and profuse in its display, at which a table spread with rich crystal and costly porcelain for four hundred guests of the director Barras proved upon comparison with the czar's table, that a republican can dine more splendidly than the most absolute of autocrats. Another thing to be noticed, and discovered to the cost of their life by not few Europeans, was the heat and closeness of the unventilated rooms, and the fearful contrast of temperature out of doors. M. Robertson had friends who were killed by it.

For, it should be understood, that to secure warmth in doors the Russian nobles, knowing nothing about what is wholesome or unwholesome, indulged in double windows, double doors, closed chimneys, and the stoppage, with sand, of every crack that could admit the air. There was a French comedian, M. Frogère, in great favour with the emperor, who amused him off the stage with mimeries and buffooneries; for, says M. Robertson, a man with a puppet in his hand had only to pull the string and earn more money and applause than was to be got at St. Petersburg from any benefaction to the human race. One day M. Frogère was dining with a party at a country house near St. Petersburg, when his presence suggested the idea of getting up, at once, a little comedy. The only difficulty was that the season was severe, and that it would take two or three hours to heat the room in which the comedy would have to be performed. So much delay would spoil the entire plan; and it was about to be abandoned, when the host suddenly declared that he had solved the difficulty. He would guarantee them a warm room in half-an-hour. Accordingly, he caused all the serfs, labourers, and mechanics in the neighbourhood to be hurried into the cold saloon, and, when it was quite full, shut all the doors, and left the poor men to establish a black hole for half-an-hour in his own phrase, to communicate their heat to the atmosphere. The doors were then thrown open, the serfs were ordered to make a precipitate retreat; the smell they left was disguised with a profusion of choice perfumes, and the guests entered, clapping their hands with delight at feeling the warm air and smelling the sweet incense. So, they shut themselves up comfortably in the warm, poisonous air, and played their little comedy.

On one occasion Robertson was ordered to display his phantasmagoria before the emperor and empress in the imperial library. After he had done so, and been well rewarded, while he was packing up his apparatus, helped by his wife and his assistant, he observed two ends of a cap projecting from behind a pillar. Moving his own place suddenly, he saw that it was the emperor himself, who was there playing the eavesdropper upon him. Without seeming to have noticed, he quietly warned his wife of his discovery; but in another minute or two, the august spy was gone.

M. Robertson had a coachman named Timaphé, a serf. He asked leave of absence to go and pay his annual tribute to his mistress. Next day his eyes were very red. "My mistress," he explained, with a great lump in his throat choking his voice, "said that I did not take her enough money, and ordered me to be flogged." He had been sent to the stable to be flogged with hard thongs, and the pitiless old woman had gone down herself afterwards, and had put on her spectacles to

satisfy herself that his back had been scored sufficiently.

Such was the civilisation of the Russian empire fifty years ago. It is twenty-two years since M. Robertson's experience was published. How closely it resembles that of modern residents and travellers.

MISTRESS HANNAH WOOLLEY.

BEFORE US is a shabby-looking little old book, but bearing as frontispiece the pleasant countenance of a middle-aged woman—she must have been good-looking in her youth—with pearls round her neck, and pearl-drops in her ears, and her hair in little ringlets; and on the opposite page we find that this is the lively effigy, as they would have called it in those days, of Mrs. Hannah Woolley, a lady who in the turbulent days of the parliament, kept a ladies' school, and then became waiting-gentlewoman to a person of quality; and who, during the Protectorate, kept, with her husband, a large school at Hackney, and initiated young ladies into all the mysteries of the still and stewpan, together with the more pleasant arts of making rock-work, wax-work, cabinet-work, bugle-work, upon wires or otherwise, together with marvellous flowers of various colours, made of wire and isinglass.

Mrs. Hannah Woolley was an important person in her day—known, she tells us, by one or two smaller publications, and, by earnest entreaties of many friends—her publisher being one of them—she began to write this curious little book, which she entitles *The Gentlewoman's Companion, and Guide to the Female Sex*—sixteen hundred and seventy-two—a pleasant manual of all things necessary for the young lady two hundred years ago to learn; together with instructions for behaviour, instructions in letter-writing, and a choice collection of recipes both for the sick and well, both for lemon-cream and for plague-water. She relates to us how she became mistress of such varied information; which was based upon experience acquired between sixteen hundred and forty-two to sixteen hundred and seventy-two—a period of thirty years. She tells us she lost both parents while very young, “and before I was fifteen was entrusted to keep a little school, in which I continued two years. Then a noble lady, finding I understood Italian, and could dance, sing, and play, took me to be governess to her young daughter. On this lady's death, another honourable lady took me as governess, and when the children had grown up, I became her stewardess and secretary, writing all my lady's letters.”

While in this situation, she benefited much by the conversation of divers ingenious persons, and was also often called upon to read aloud in French and English to her lady and her friends. She here also carved at table, and thus became initiated into all the mysteries of that im-

portant science, and competent to wing the partridge, rear the goose, sauce the capon, chine the salmon, barb the lobster, according to that approved vocabulary, as extensive almost as that of hawking and heraldry, and just about as unmeaning. Moreover, as in so large a household accidents were not of infrequent occurrence, and the lady was a genuine Lady Bountiful, she obtained in addition great knowledge of physick and chirurgery. Thus qualified, our Hannah soon after married. Her husband, had been master of Saffron Walden free school, but set up on his own account. Some years after they removed to Hackney, and there had a large school, sometimes of sixty children. How long she resided there, she does not inform us, nor the date of her husband's death; but, she sadly concludes, “As I have taken great pains for an honest livelihood, so the hand of the Almighty hath exercised me with all manner of afflictions, by death of parents when very young, by loss of children, husband, friends, estate, and very much sickness, whereby I was disenabled from my employment.” She therefore feels, that as she may lay claim to some experience, so, she trusts, she may be considered qualified to give such rules to ladies, gentlewomen, and young maidens, as may be their perfect guide in all ages and conditions.

The work begins with advice to young children; in which the maxims, Cut or break your bread, and do not bite or gnaw it,—Never drink with your mouth full, &c.,—all the rules which our grandfathers and great-grandmothers learnt from the pages of Erasmus, down to Dilworth and Vyse, are to be found in order. The following rather long rule puts us in mind of those days of sturched formality when sons and daughters, although grown up, were expected to stand in their fathers' presence: “When you have dined or supped, rise from the table, and carry your plate or trencher with you, doing your obeisance to the company, and then attend in the room until the rest rise.”

The respect which young ladies are to show to their governess—the private governess is here meant—especially if she be elderly, seems to prove that governesses two hundred years ago occupied a higher station in the family than unfortunately they do now. The young lady is also admonished always to treat her servant with kindness, especially avoiding flying out into ill-humours while the important business of the toilet is going on; otherwise, as Mistress Hannah naively remarks, you will cause her to serve you only for her own ends, and whilst you are making a wry face in the glass, she will make another behind your back.

Respecting female education, Hannah Woolley's ideas are greatly in advance of those of the frivolous, licentious age in which she wrote. But, there is reason to believe that women were far better educated during

the Parliamentary war and the Protectorate than after the Restoration, when the habits and manners¹ of a profligate court spread their baleful influence far and wide, and dressing and flirtations, visits to the park and new Exchange in the morning, and to the play in the afternoon, seemed a fine lady's whole business. From an incidental remark, we find that even then girls, if educated at all, were taught Latin; for she bids them apply themselves to their grammars, and not to be discouraged in apprehending the first principles of the Latin tongue. She recommends the study, too, of the French and Italian, Signior Terriano, who hath lately published a grammar, being the best teacher of the latter, while Monsieur Mauger, who has also published a French grammar, is an excellent instructor in the latter. Hannah earnestly urges upon parents the importance of giving their daughters a really good education; remarking, in phrase that in its forcible quaintness reminds us of Thomas Fuller, that too many parents, not necessitous, "suffer their children to spin away their precious time, or pore over a sampler until they have pricked out the very date of their life." In a short enumeration of books for young ladies' reading, we find some rather voluminous works, and some very dry; but Hannah Woolley is not at all of the Grad-grind school, for she boldly declares that it would be really injurious to proscribe fictitious works, and she points out how Cassandra, and Clelia, and the Grand Cyrus, and Parthenissa—those extravagant but fine old French romances—but above all the gorgeous and noble Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, are indeed valuable; for there are few ladies therein but are characterized as what they ought to be, while the magnanimity and courage of the men might entitle them to be worthy husbands to the most deserving of the sex.

Fine needlework, and making pretty knick-knacks, are also to engage their attention; and lessons are given in the latter part of the book how to make many pretty ornaments. Among these we may mention the fashionable madness of the day—Potichomania, or painting imitations of china upon glass. There is also a very good plan for making worsted flowers, and minute directions how to dress up fire-places for the summer in best rooms. Two hundred years ago the stove, even in the best room, greatly resembled a large fire-basket placed on four legs. This, when summer and cleaning-up time arrived, was carried away, and its place was supplied by large boughs. The ingenuity of Mrs. Hannah Woolley suggested that a kind of grotto might be formed there, by aid of moss and various kinds of shells. She accordingly gives directions how to make a very pretty piece of workmanship; and this became so popular that long after her book was out of print, and when, probably, her name was

forgotten, the young ladies, as Spring drew nigh, set about stringing moss, sorting small shells, and making artificial coral with rosin and vermilion for fire-basket ornaments almost down to the time when George the Third was king.

We have next a chapter on general behaviour; and in it young ladies are especially warned against awkward shyness at first entering into company, which, she remarks, they generally make up for afterwards by too great forwardness. In illustration, she tells us how Dr. Heylin having to travel in a coach—this was before the days of flying coaches—with a young lady, was greatly vexed on setting out to find her so reserved and silent, but how ere long he found that when her tongue once began, there was no stopping it, for its continual clicking by the doctor's watch kept exact time for nine hours! Still, ladies are to talk, but they should avoid filling up a narrative with said he and said she; they are also to be particular in giving each person the appropriate title. "In walking, always give your lady companion the right hand. If three walk together, the middle is the most honourable place; if the ladies, at your entrance, do you the civility of rising, never sit down until they are seated." The following anticipates Chesterfield: "If the lady you visit will do you the honour to accompany you out of the room, do not seem to oppose it, for that would imply she understood not what she went about; so receive the attention with thanks."

In her general rules for dress, Hannah Woolley is no Quakeress; indeed, she thinks rich apparel and jewellery very proper, provided too much time is not spent at the toilet. One piece of folly then recently introduced, excites her vehement indignation—this is the fashion of wearing patches. From her remarks, we find that these were not only in the form of diamonds, half-moons, stars—such as our great-grandmothers wore—but were actually of all manner of animals, castles, and even a coach and horses. Indeed, she says, "Such is the vanity and pride of some gentlewomen that they have in a manner abstracted Noah's ark, and expressed a compendium on their foreheads and cheeks: there are birds, beasts, fishes, so that their faces may be termed a landscape of living creatures." This practice, she says, much reminds her of the Indians, who paint animals upon their bodies; indeed, she naively adds, that were any one of these ladies born with half-moons, stars, castles, or coach and horses on their faces, they would give far more money to be freed from them than a seven years' costly expense in following the fashion would amount to.

Subsequently she enters her indignant protest against the practice of tight lacing, urging upon her young readers the dangerous consequences of affecting to be as slender in the middle as the Strand maypole is

tall of its height. However, she adds, after all, mothers and nurses were chiefly in fault, for, "by cloistering you up in a steel or whalebone prison, they open a door to consumption and crookedness." Many years have passed since this warning was given, and even now how little is it attended to!

The very heading of the following chapter shows how important the subject of which it treats was considered. It is entitled, "Choice observations for a gentlewoman's behaviour at table." The first rule is, "Never press forward for a chief place, but seem to be persuaded with some difficulty to be seated;" then, "Neither be forward to carve; although the mistress, out of compliment, request you, yet refuse." The lady guest may, it appears, help any one near her to any of the side dishes, taking care, however, not to present it "on the point of the knife," but it being "dexterously taken up by your knife or fork, to be laid on a clean plate, and thus presented." At the lady's own table, however, she will be expected to carve the principal dishes, so "take care and carve well, for I have at dinner seen the good gentlewoman of the house sweat more in cutting up a fowl, than the cookmaid did in roasting it." It is also "very comely to use a fork, for then the fingers will not be greased." How evident is it from this, that "the fashion of forks," said to have been introduced some thirty years before by Tom Coryat, of whimsical memory, had not, even at the Restoration, become thoroughly naturalised among us. "If chicken broth be the first dish"—our forefathers at this time seem to have had their fish brought in with the second course—"and you would help your principal guest, remember the best piece is the breast. The legs and wings are next, but in boiled fowl the leg is preferred to the wing." This chicken broth was a standing dish at our great grandfathers' dinners; indeed, the white chicken broth was considered a dainty dish to set before a king, Charles the Second preferring it to every other kind of "spoon meat," as soups were then called. Hannah Woolley, in her sub-joined recipes, gives us two methods of making it. The most elaborate of the two shall be presented to our readers, as a specimen of the kind of cookery patronised at the court of Charles the Second:

"Take three chickens, three pints of strong broth, and a quart of white wine. Stew them with a quarter of a pound of dates, a quarter of a pound of white sugar, some mace, the marrow of three marrow bones, and a handful of white endive. Then take the yolks of ten eggs, and thicken the broth therewith." A tolerably rich chicken broth this, with wine, marrow, and sugar; but our forefathers from the earliest times, had emphatically a sweet tooth, and it is amusing in looking over these old cookery books, how certain we are to find loaf sugar, or "raisins of the sun," in every made dish. The serving of these spoon-meats

was indeed easy enough; but with the "*pièces de resistance*," the goose, the turkey, sometimes the peacock, the lady carver's literally hard work began. Then pinning up her ruffles that they might not dip into the gravy, and spreading the large napkin, "hib-fashion," over the rich stomacher or breast-knots, the fair carver stood up and sawed away with the sabre-like knife at the huge bird, and numerous are the directions here given how to carve them, and how to serve the best pieces to the principal guests.

"Of larger poultry the best piece is on the breast, for roast pig the ears, the jaws, and the crackling; for smaller fowls the breast and leg. Of fish the head is the best." Fish does not, however, seem to have been greatly liked, and no wonder, since at the happy Restoration the nation was directed by royal authority duly to keep Lent, and then they doubtless had enough of it.

But few kinds of fish were "presentable" at genteel tables: thus, cod, salmon, sturgeon, and carp, together with the only fish our forefathers really seem to have taken kindly to—eels—are the only fish mentioned here, and strangely they seem to have managed with them; the salmon and large eels were baked, well stuffed with herbs and spice; the sturgeon, or rather a piece, was stuck with cloves and roasted; the carp was either baked in a pie with "good store of sweet butter, raisins of the sun, and orange peel, or put in the stew-pan with garlic and anchovies, and stewed in white wine; while the cod—the head of which seems the only part cared for—was boiled in wine and water, with spices and sweet herbs, and served with shrimps, poached eggs, and anchovies. This last was, however, the favourite dish, and our authoress tells us it was dressed in so expensive a manner at some of the fish-ordinaries then celebrated in London, that a properly dressed cod's head, in Old or New Fish Street, hath made many a gallant's pocket to bleed freely. If a fish-pie be put before the carver, then it is proper enough to use your knife; but, if otherwise, serve it with your fork and spoon—fish-slices were for a long time after unthought-of—laying it handsomely on a plate with sauce, and so present it. But should there be olives on the table, use your spoon, and not your fork, lest you become the laugh of the whole table.

The duty of the mistress having been thus set forth, the guests are next instructed. Never ask for dainties, and if pressed to choose, say,—"*Madam, I am indifferent; or, Your ladyship's choice shall be mine.*" We should scarcely have expected to find the same caution addressed to ladies, as had been given to children just released from the nursery, but, "cut or break your bread—do not bite it;" together with, "gnaw no bones with your teeth," actually occur in this very chapter. It would appear too, from the following direction, that although the general appointments

of the dinner-table were handsome, there were no extra spoons, but, in serving, each guest was compelled to make use of his own. "If you serve yourself to a dish that is near you, take whatever you want, at once, for it is not civil to be twice in a dish. Wipe your spoon every time you put it into the dish, otherwise you may offend squeamish stomachs!" Guests are to guard against eating as though they had kept fast for three days in order to do justice to their good cheer; but, at the same time, to eat too sparingly looks as though you disliked the meat, or the cooking; and such folk are always laughed at, like the lady who, to show her high-breeding, instead of eating her peas with a spoon, cut them, and took up half a one at a time on the point of her fork; or that old lady who, determining to be "prodigious genteel," and at the same time feeling no inclination for a fast, made a hearty meal on "corned beef and cabbage," before she went to a grand entertainment, all unconscious that a piece of the cabbage had lodged in the folds of her ruff. And then, how, when dainty after dainty was pressed upon her, and she, to the great vexation of her entertainer, took only infinitesimal morsels, protesting that she had already eaten the whole leg of a lark, a gentleman who sat next her, out of patience with her folly, pulled the piece of cabbage from her ruff, remarking, "Yes, here is one of its feathers." With some general rules, among which is this direction—"If you sit next to a person of honour it will behave you not to receive your drink on that side"—Hannah Woolley concludes this important chapter.

We are sorry that she did not here enter upon the minutiae of after-dinner forms. From a later publication we find that first before the cloth was removed—"drawn" is the word,—a silver salver or basin was carried round, filled with perfumed water, into which the guests dipped their napkins and wiped their fingers. We also find that, at this period, the dessert was only occasionally provided, and these but for very grand dinners, when it was called "a banquet." In her second book, published about ten years later, and entitled *The Queen-like Closet*, she gives very curious directions how to set out a banquet. From these we find that it chiefly consisted of preserved fruits, except, during summer, when strawberries and cream, or cherries, and rather later, apricots and peaches, make their appearance. Large trays, mostly square, roughly made of wood, were to be provided, and into these the dishes were to fit, rising higher towards the middle, the spaces between them being filled with flowers. The outer row of dishes held fresh fruit, or the smaller kinds of preserves; the inner row, such delicacies as a whole red quince, apricots in jelly, or oranges after the Portugal fashion; while the middle dish, which was raised above the rest, and should, by rights, be a fair china dish,

was to present a miscellany of sweets; among which almond-rocks, and variously coloured candied fruits and comfits, were sure to be found. The banquet being thus set out, the tray was carried in by one or two stout footmen, and placed upon the table as soon as the cloth was removed. "The banquet," our authoress instances us, "may also be placed before guests who come for an afternoon's visit," especially if it be a fasting-day and somewhat is needed to stay their stomachs before supper; and doubtless on such occasions, tea and coffee having scarcely made their appearance then, save at the coffee-houses, full justice was done to these sugared delicacies.

We have next a rather dull chapter on ensamples for imitation by the ladies, in which Cornelia and Queen Esther, Octavia, Judith and Penelope, with some half-a-dozen modern paragons—are held up to admiration. This chapter—which perhaps was not written by the ingenious Mrs. Hannah Woolley, but, as was often the case, by some literary hack—is followed by more pleasant ones, giving minute information how to make almond puddings, and almond creams, and quince jellies, and quince marmalade, and a tart of green peas,—a work of supererogation this, we think—and a grand sallet, which was to be composed of almonds, raisins, olives, cucumbers, samphire, sliced lemon, and half a dozen more heterogeneous articles, each placed in order round the dish, and a wax tree pasted to the dish in the middle. Then there are rules for the dairy; a very sensible chapter on the care of sick people, and a most valuable one, as her fair readers doubtless thought, on distilling.

The chapter on the duties of servants is curious for the incidental glimpses we obtain of housekeeping two hundred years ago. The waiting gentlewoman stands highest, and she appears to have occupied a station very similar to that of a lady's companion. She must write well, and in good English too, for she may have to conduct her lady's correspondence. If she can read well aloud, so much the better, and also carve well. She should be able to preserve well, and do various kinds of fine needlework; and she should also know how to dress the lady. This last requisite seems to us very menial compared with her other occupations; but such it does not seem to have been considered at a time when ladies in waiting at court actually were waiting women to the queen, and stood holding the robe or the mantle while another laced the bodice, after performing the literal duties of the lady's maid. The housekeeper is next in rank, and very multifarious are her duties. In addition to the general superintendence of the household, she must preserve well, have a competent knowledge of distillery, also of making eates and spoon-meats; moreover, she should also make

salves and ointments for the poor, since good and charitable ladies do commonly make this part of their housekeeper's business.

There are no rules for housemaids; for this class of servants was unknown. There were no carpets to sweep; for the few that were used were the small Turkey carpets, and these were laid down when required, and taken up and shaken and beaten; there was no furniture to rub, for mahogany was only very slowly coming into use; and there were no bright stoves to clean, for the stove, even in the withdrawing room, was, as we have said, merely a fire-basket on four legs. So the few remaining housemaid duties were performed by the chambermaid, and very specific is the enumeration of her duties. She must first have some knowledge of dressing, that, in the event of the absence of the waiting gentlewoman, she may supply her place. She must keep the chambers clean, and well-dusted, attend to the bed-linen, do plain needlework, and know how to wash lawn, point, and laces, those three most valuable articles of a lady's wardrobe, and which were never allowed to go into the laundry. She must also be able to wash white and black sarcenet; and minute directions are given how this is to be done. The sarcenet of this time was very different to the modern. Its texture was almost that of gros-de-Naples, but much more glossy, owing to the fine Italian silk of which it was made, and its price was proportionably high. This sarcenet was used for hoods for summer wear, and this style of head-dress continued down to the days of the Spectator, where the reader will probably remember the gratification he expresses at the introduction of hoods of various colours, remarking that the pit at the theatre appeared like a gay flower-bed. The chambermaid is also to be able to wait at the table if need should require. This was doubtless only when the lady dined with her female friends, in her own chamber.

The chapter contains some excellent advice to mistresses, urging them to watch over the welfare of their servants, and encourage the deserving by little presents. They are also to watch as much as may be, that they do not fall into bad company; and if the young woman is likely to marry suitably, to be sure and make her some useful present towards house-keeping, and, if a valued servant, to give her her wedding dinner. These are pleasant traits of domestic life in the past, and of the kindly feeling that existed between mistress and servant.

TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG.

If you walk up that handsome street the Fossés du Chapeau-Rouge, Bordeaux, you will pass, on your left, the shop of Monsieur P. Chaumas, Libraire-Editeur, or bookselling-publisher; and you will probably inspect his window on your way, if you do not step in

to turn over his stores. At the publishers in provincial towns in France, especially in those which are the capital of their department, you will often light upon curious information, which you may search in vain for in the metropolis. M. Chaumas may fairly boast of his departmental treasures, having rendered good service to the literature of the Gironde. He now announces, in three sous numbers, an autobiography which, when completed, will prove one of the most remarkable illustrations of criminal justice hitherto recorded—injustice was the word at the tip of my pen. It is to be completed with portrait, correspondence, fac-similes, and all the rest of it. I am not aware whether the first number of this stirring history has yet appeared—I believe not. Meanwhile, I sketch the leading events of the drama, which one of its principal actors proposes shortly to relate in full:—

Claude Gay, an old man of seventy, ailing and infirm, lived alone in an isolated cottage in the midst of a wood in the commune of Le Fieu, in the arrondissement of Libourne. He had sold this cottage and the small piece of land belonging to it to Lesnier the Son, a schoolmaster, for the moderate life-annuity of six francs seventy-five centimes per month. In the night of the fifteenth to the sixteenth of November, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the inhabitants of the bourg of Le Fieu were awakened by a conflagration which burst forth from Gay's dwelling. The cottage, which was built of clay and wood, was soon destroyed by the flames. The body of the proprietor was found stretched at the entrance, with his feet on the threshold and his head on the floor of the only chamber of which his house consisted. After a post-mortem examination, the medical men declared that death had been occasioned by violence.

One Louis Daignaud deposed that, that same night he had been stopped by Lesnier the Son, the schoolmaster, and his father. Worse than that, Marie (born) Cessac (a married Frenchwoman never so completely drops her maiden name as an Englishwoman does)—Marie Cessac, the wife of a public-house keeper named Lespagne, but who was not living with her husband, having apparently been discarded by him, and who had entered into an improper intercourse with the younger Lesnier, denounced him, her paramour, as the murderer of Gay.

This double testimony, added to the interest which the younger Lesnier had in the death of his annuitant, Claude Gay, were the cause of his being condemned, on the second of July, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, to hard labour for life by the Court of Assize of the Department of La Gironde. In England he would probably have been sentenced to death, and the sentence would have been carried into execution. Mister Calcraft's experienced adroitness would

have spared all trouble of reconsidering the judgment, and have saved the convict many years of indescribable torture. Lesnier senior, who had to stand in the dock by the side of his son, on the charge of complicity, was acquitted by the same verdict which condemned his son.

The son protested his innocence of the murder—energetically, persistently, and desperately—in vain. On the twenty-seventh of January, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, he was taken to the bagne, or convict dépôt, of Rochefort. He was at once loaded with double chains on account of the gravity of the crimes for which he had been condemned—no less than arson and murder; he was made to wear the yellow coat, the badge of the most atrocious and most dangerous criminals. He spent two years and a-half thus, and was then transferred to the bagne of Brest, in consequence of the suppression of that at Rochefort.

Subsequently he experienced a slight amelioration of his lot, which he owed rather to his educational acquirements than to his continued protestations of innocence. He was found useful in helping to keep the prison accounts. Who believes the protested innocence of persons convicted of, or even seriously charged with, any grave offence? No one—not even dearest friends and relatives. They like the protest to be made, for form's sake, because it gives them a pretext for hoping against hope, for cheating their own affectionate hearts—for screening, by the shadow of a shade, the full blaze of certainty which pours down its rays on the culprit's guilt; but they do not believe it at the bottom of their hearts. It is said that genuine innocence pleads with such touching and persuasive accents as to carry their own proof with them, and to be irresistible. But history proves the contrary. To avoid alluding to any sad mistakes that have been made in hanging innocent people in England, there is a tradition that, many years since, a man was executed at Calais for the murder of his own brother. The alleged subject of dispute was property, to be divided between himself, his brother, and his father. He persisted in declaring his innocence. On the scaffold, to the very last moment, the priest kept shouting in his ear, "Confess! confess!" His last words, just before the axe fell, were, "I have nothing to confess! I did not murder my brother!" No one believed him: but, after a time, the father on his deathbed voluntarily confessed that he had murdered one son, and allowed the other to be beheaded unjustly. Montbailly, accused of parricide, protested against the charge with the utmost earnestness possible; but he was broken on the wheel and burnt alive, nevertheless. Even on the scaffold, and pressed importunately by the attendant minister, his reply was, "You want me to say that I am guilty. I will consent to do so, if you will take upon yourself,

before God, the responsibility of the lie which you urge me to tell." It is doubtful whether anyone believed Lesnier to be innocent, except his father, who had personal knowledge of the falseness of Daignaud's evidence, and, perhaps his counsel, M. Gergerès, to whom he wrote some remarkable letters.

Read only this: "Monsieur, I thank you infinitely for the good advice you give me, and will endeavour to derive from it the strength necessary to bear the trials which Providence has put upon me. I have had my faults: I have yielded to all the errors of youth, but I am not criminal, and I cannot accept, as an expiation of those errors, the punishment which is now inflicted on me. I deplore the blindness of my judges, who have been led into a fatal mistake by two depositions, which you cannot help remembering. In my position I should be an ingrate if I failed to conduct myself well. Monsieur the Commissaire of the Marine has granted me a great favour; he has employed me in writing: I seem to find myself again in my usual sphere. I am resigned, and await with confidence the accomplishment of the designs of Providence." In writing to Monsieur the Procureur Imperial at Brest, Lesnier stated that "the idea of his father was the only thing that sustained him—without that idea, he should have long ago contrived to destroy himself." Let us not throw the first stone of reproach at the projected, or rather supposed, suicide till we ourselves have passed through some similar ordeal. His working days in the bureaux were bearable; his nights and his Sundays, spent in the midst of convicts, are represented as a succession of anguish and torture. Lesnier was thus civilly dead, and plunged in a terrestrial hell for seven years.

The father, meanwhile at liberty, sought for the means of justifying his son, if such were to be found. Success at last attended his efforts. Lespaigne and his wife quarrelled; she threw the secret, like a stone, at his head, and it went further than she intended. Louis Daignaud committed himself by imprudent talk. He let out that, at the time of the murder, he was indebted to Lespaigne in the sum of fifteen francs, and that, to avoid a seizure for the same, he consented to state that he met the two Lesniers that fatal night. The woman Lespaigne, tired of her passing acquaintance (just akin to hate), and desirous of returning to her husband's house, had screened him, Lespaigne, the real murderer, by fixing the charge on young Lesnier. An inquiry took place, which resulted in sending Lespaigne, his wife, and Daignaud before the Court of Assizes of La Gironde—Lespaigne as the perpetrator of the murder of Claude Gay, and of the fire, and also as a suborner of false witnesses, and the woman Lespaigne and Daignaud as guilty of false witness. The trial excited, in the city of Bordeaux and its

environs, an interest which will be easily understood, and which filled the hall with an anxious and overflowing throng. The bitter reproaches which Lesnier's advocate directly addressed against the three accused were richly deserved, although they do not accord with our forms of criminal justice. Monsieur the President Delange summed up. The jury, after an hour and half's consideration, replied negatively to the questions of homicide and incendiarism relative to Lespagne, and affirmatively to those of blows resulting in death, without the intention of causing it, and of subornation of false witnesses. The woman Lespagne and Daignaud were declared guilty of false witness. Attenuating circumstances were admitted in favour of the three accused. In consequence of this verdict, the three accused were each condemned to twenty years of hard labour.

What the "attenuating circumstances" were, Heaven may know, but no mortal can guess, unless M. Lesnier will have the magnanimity to suggest any in his forthcoming autobiography. All that one is able to make out of the meaning of "attenuating circumstances" in France is, that they are the representatives, in so many letters and syllables, of an unwillingness to strike the last irrevocable blow; they are the sobering influence which time interposes between the commission of a crime and its punishment; they are the angels of mercy who shout to justice, "Beware lest preventive punishment become revenge and retaliation!" they are benevolent fictions raised to temper the severity of deserved retribution; they are the John Does and the Richard Roes of judicial forbearance.

M. Gergerès instituted proceedings at civil law demanding the sum of fifty thousand francs damages. The court, in a subsequent audience devoted to this decision, allowed ten thousand francs damages to Lesnier. It now rests with the supreme court (perhaps it may be done already) to cancel the sentence of July eighteen hundred and forty-eight, as irreconcilable with that of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and to remand the accused before a new court, to pronounce a final and definitive judgment on their fate. The man Lespagne will probably get hard labour for life.

The immense revulsion in the tide of Lesnier's existence can be appreciated only by himself; and scarcely by himself, yet. It takes time for such a series of events to ferment, and work themselves clear, in a man's thoughts and feelings. Lookers on can only say, that if similar judicial errors are happily becoming rarer from year to year, the real point to be arrived at is, to make their commission impossible. Again, too, that if committed, they should not be irretrievable. No man living can be secure that he shall never be the object of unfounded accusations; no man can be sure of not being surprised, unconsciously mixed up with doubtful and even

suspicious circumstances. And if things go wrong; if a sentence past recalc is pronounced—without entertaining the entire abolition of the punishment of death in certain cases—the facts thus briefly related are sufficient to make us ponder seriously the question, whether we have a right to hang, or not, criminals who have been found guilty of murder, by twelve men of fallible judgment, except upon evidence that amounts to demonstration of guilt.

The newspapers report that one of the jury, who condemned Lesnier, went and shook hands with him, expressing at the same time his regrets and his felicitations. We can sympathise with the tempest and struggle in that juror's mind, and congratulate him on the happiness he must feel now, on remembering that Lesnier was only sentenced to hard labour for life. But the judge who has ever hung an innocent man—can he banish from his presence, by night or by day, the earnest, tearful, pale, protesting phantom, to whom the last words he deigned to address were, "the Lord have mercy on YOUR SOUL!"

In a French newspaper, bearing the date of July the eleventh, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, appears the following:—"By order of the Emperor, his Excellency the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, has just named Monsieur Lesnier, Son, government commissary to the coal-mine company of La Mayenne and La Sarthe. Monsieur Lesnier, late schoolmaster, condemned in eighteen hundred and forty-seven to hard labour for life for murder and arson, had, by his exemplary conduct, merited the confidence of the commissaire of the Bagne, who employed him in his office when, seven years after his condemnation, his innocence was completely demonstrated, thanks to the pious and active devotion of his father. In consequence of a judgment pronounced against the real perpetrators of the double crime, whose manoeuvres had misled the authorities, he has been discharged, by a decree of the Court of Assizes of the Haute Garonne of the twenty-seventh of June, from the accusation brought against him. This formal reparation did not completely pay the debt owed by society; and it has been the wish of his majesty, in giving M. Lesnier an honourable employment, to repair the ruin brought upon him by a fatal judicial error."

This is satisfactory, and as it should be. But if M. Lesnier, instead of being condemned to forced work for life, had been buried in quicklime within the precincts of a jail, all the reparation that society and the Secretary of State could have made would be the restoration of what remained of his remains to his friends, to receive the posthumous compliment of decent burial.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUR COMMISSION.

THE disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, for which the public are indebted to the vigor and spirit of our contemporary *THE LANCET*, lately inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to inquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the country should possess in a genuine state. Every class of the general public was included in this large Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, observations, and experiments, were made by that accomplished practical chemist, MR. BULL.

The first subject of inquiry was that article of universal consumption familiarly known in England as "Government." Mr. Bull produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the middle of July in the present year, at a wholesale establishment in Downing Street. The first remark to be made on the sample before the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, was its excessive dearthness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furnished to the public, at a fairer profit to the real producers, for about fifty per cent less than the cost price of the specimen under consideration. In quality, the specimen was of an exceedingly poor and low description; being deficient in flavor, character, clearness, brightness, and almost every other requisite. It was what would be popularly termed wishy-washy, muddled, and flat. Mr. Bull pointed out to the Commission, floating on the top of this sample, a volatile ingredient, which he considered had no business there. It might be harmless enough, taken into the system at a debating-society, or after a public dinner, or a comic song; but in its present connection, it was dangerous. It had not improved with keeping. It had come into use as a ready means of making froth, but froth was exactly what ought not to be found at the top of this article, or indeed in any part of it. The sample before the Commission, was frightfully adulterated with immense infusions of the common weed called Talk. Talk, in such combination, was a rank Poison. He had obtained a precipitate of Corruption from this purchase. He did not mean metallic corruption, as deposits of gold,

silver or copper; but, that species of corruption which, on the proper tests being applied, turned white into black, and black into white, and likewise engendered quantities of parasite vermin. He had tested the strength of the sample, and found it not nearly up to the mark. He had detected the presence of a Grey deposit in one large Department, which produced vacillation and weakness; indisposition to action to-day, and action upon compulsion to-morrow. He considered the sample, on the whole, decidedly unfit for use. Mr. Bull went on to say, that he had purchased another specimen of the same commodity at an opposition establishment over the way, which bore the sign of the British Lion, and proclaimed itself, with the aid of a Brass Band, as "The only genuine and patriotic shop;" but, that he had found it equally deleterious; and that he had not succeeded in discovering any dealer in the commodity under consideration who sold it in a genuine or wholesome state.

The bitter drug called Public Offices, formed the next subject of inquiry. Mr. Bull produced an immense number of samples of this drug, obtained from shops in Downing Street, Whitehall, Palace Yard, the Strand, and elsewhere. Analysis had detected in every one of them, from seventy-five to ninety-eight per cent of Noodledom. Noodledom was a deadly poison. An over-dose of it would destroy a whole nation, and he had known a recent case where it had caused the death of many thousand men. It was sometimes called Routine, sometimes Gentlemanly Business, sometimes The Best Intentions, and sometimes Amiable Incapacity; but, call it what you would, analysis always resolved it into Noodledom. There was nothing in the whole united domains of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so incompatible with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was producible with most unfortunate ease. Transplant anything from soil and conditions it was fit for, to soil and conditions it was not fit for, and you immediately had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained within this baleful poison, were incalculable: Noodledom uniformly and constantly engendering Noodledom, until every available inch of space was over-run by it. The history of the adulteration of the drug now before the

Commission, he conceived to be this:—Every wholesale dealer in that drug was sure to have on hand, in beginning business, a large stock of Noddledom; which was extremely cheap, and lamentably abundant. He immediately mixed the drug with the poison. Now, it was the peculiarity of the Public-Office trade that the wholesale dealers were constantly retiring from business, and having successors. A new dealer came into possession of the already adulterated stock, and he, in his turn, infused into it a fresh quantity of Noddledom from his own private store. Then, on his retirement, came another dealer who did the same; then, on *his* retirement, another dealer who did the same; and so on. Thus, many of the samples before the Commission, positively contained nothing but Noddledom—enough, in short, to paralyze the whole country. To the question, whether the useful properties of the drug before the Commission were not of necessity impaired by these malpractices, Mr. Bull replied, that all the samples were perniciously weakened, and that half of them were good for nothing. To the question, how he would remedy a state of things so much to be deplored, Mr. Bull replied, that he would take the drug out of the hands of mercenary dealers altogether.

Mr. Bull next exhibited three or four samples of Lawn-sleeves, warranted at the various establishments from which they had been procured, to be fine and spotless, but evidently soiled and composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one pair, he pointed out extensive stains of printer's-ink, of a very foul kind; also a coarse interweaving, which on examination clearly betrayed, without the aid of the microscope, the fibres of the thistle, Old Bailey Attorneyism. A third pair of these sleeves, though sold as white, were really nothing but the ordinary Mammon pattern, chalked over—a fact which Mr. Bull showed to be beyond dispute, by merely holding them up to the light. He represented this branch of industry as overstocked, and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table, several samples of British Peasant, to which Mr. Bull expressed himself as particularly solicitous to draw the attention of the Commission, with one plain object: the good of his beloved country. He remarked that with that object before him, he would not inquire into the general condition, whether perfectly healthy or otherwise, of any of the samples now produced. He would not ask, whether this specimen or that specimen might have been stronger, larger, better fitted for wear and tear, and less liable to early decay, if the human creature were reared with a little more of such care, study, and attention, as were rightfully bestowed on the vegetable world around it. But, the samples before the Commission had been obtained from every county in England, and, though

brought from opposite parts of the kingdom, were alike deficient in the ability to defend their country by handling a gun or a sword, or by uniting in any mode of action, as a disciplined body. It was said in a breath, that the English were not a military people, and that they made (equally on the testimony of their friends and enemies), the best soldiers in the world. He hoped that in a time of war and common danger he might take the liberty of putting those opposite assertions into the crucible of Common Sense, consuming the Humbug, and producing the Truth—at any rate he would, whether or no. Now, he begged to inform the Commission that, in the samples before them and thousands of others, he had carefully analysed and tested the British Peasant, and had found him to hold in combination just the same qualities that he always had possessed. Analysing and testing, however, as a part of the inquiry, certain other matters not fairly to be separated from it, he (Mr. Bull) had found the said Peasant to have been some time ago disarmed by lords and gentlemen who were jealous of their game, and by administrations—hirers of spies and suborners of false witnesses—who were jealous of their power. "So, if you wish to restore to these samples," said Mr. Bull, "the serviceable quality that I find to be wanting in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you, be a little more patriotic and a little less timorously selfish; trust your Peasant a little more; instruct him a little better, in a free-man's knowledge—not in a good child's merely; and you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with percussion rifles, and may save the charges of your Foreign Legion."

Having withdrawn the samples to which his observations referred—the production whereof, in connection with Mr. Bull's remarks, had powerfully impressed the assembled Commission, some of whom even went so far as to register vows on the spot that they would look into this matter some day—Mr. Bull laid before the Commission a great variety of extremely fine specimens of genuine British Job. He expressed his opinion that these thriving Plants upon the public property, were absolutely immortal: so surprisingly did they flourish, and so perseveringly were they cultivated. Job was the only article he had found in England, in a perfectly unadulterated state. He congratulated the Commission on there being at least one commodity enjoyed by Great Britain, with which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had an ample supply, unattended by the smallest prospect of failure in the perennial crop.

On the subsidence of the sensation of pleasure with which this gratifying announcement was received, Mr. Bull informed the Commission, that he now approached the most serious and the most discouraging part of his task. He would not shrink from a faith-

ful description of the laborious and painful analysis which formed the crown of his labors, but he would prepare the Commission to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a specimen of Representative Chamber.

When the Commission had examined, obviously with emotions of the most poignant and painful nature, the miserable sample produced, Mr. Bull proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber to which he invited their anxious attention, was brought from Westminster Market. It had been collected there in the month of July in the present year. No particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its diseased condition would be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most shortsighted individual. It was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Job, and diluted with large quantities of coloring matter of a false and deceptive nature. It was thickly overlaid with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found to be made of Trash (both maudlin and defiant), boiled up with large quantities of Party Turpitude, and a heap of Cant. Cant, he need not tell the Commission, was the worst of poisons. It was almost inconceivable to him how an article in itself so wholesome as Representative Chamber, could have been got into this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrion, wholly unfit for human consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vomiting.

On being questioned by the Commission, whether, in addition to the deleterious substances already mentioned, he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample before them, Mr. Bull replied, "Humbug? Rank Humbug, in one form or another, pervades the entire mass." He went on to say, that he thought it scarcely in human nature to endure, for any length of time, the close contemplation of this specimen: so revolting was it to all the senses. Mr. Bull was asked, whether he could account; first, for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Public; and secondly, for its acceptance by the Public? The Commission observing that however the stomachs of the people might revolt at it—and justly—still they did endure it, and did look on at the Market in which it was exposed. In answer to these inquiries, Mr. Bull offered the following explanation.

In respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said), he attributed that result, chiefly, to its being in the hands of those unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom he had already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business—or "came in," according to the slang of the trade—his first proceeding, after the adulteration of Public Office with Noddledom, was to con-

sider how he could adulterate and lower his Representative Chamber. This he did by a variety of arts, recklessly employing the dirtiest agents. Now, the trade had been so long in the hands of these men, and one of them had so uniformly imitated another (however violent their trade-opposition might be among themselves), in adulterating this commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business fairly, had been prevented from investing their capital, whatever it might be, in this branch of commerce, and had indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they would prefer the calling of an honest scavenger. Again, it was to be observed, that the before-mentioned dealers, being for the most part in a large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, tradesmen, and workpeople, upon whom they put off their bad Representative Chamber, by compelling them to take it whether they liked it or not. In respect of the acceptance of this dreadful commodity by the Public, Mr. Bull observed, that it was not to be denied that the Public had been much too prone to accept the coloring matter in preference to the genuine article. Sometimes it was Blood, and sometimes it was Beer; sometimes it was Talk, and sometimes it was Cant; but, mere coloring-matter they certainly had too often looked for, when they should have looked for bone and sinew. They suffered heavily for it now, and he believed were penitent; there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the mute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly found this article out.

One further question was put by the Commission; namely, what hope had the witness of seeing this necessary of English life, restored to a genuine and wholesome state? Mr. Bull returned, that his sole hope was in the Public's resolutely rejecting all coloring matter whatsoever—in their being equally inexorable with the dealers, whether they threatened or cajoled—and in their steadily insisting on being provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commission then adjourned, in exceedingly low spirits, *sine die*.

THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

THAT day, Ange was very sad. He felt his heart heavy within him, it was so sad to be an orphan—so lone in the world, with nobody to love him. It was true Father Mathurin was very kind to him; but then he did not take much notice of Ange, for he was a very little boy; and old Jeannette was really cross, and scolded him almost every day, in spite of everything he did to please her. How different it was with the other boys of the choir: they had all homes, and mothers to love and tend them, and sisters to play with. Guillaume had a brother, a soldier, who took him on his knee, and told him wonderful stories of

foreign parts when he went home from the choir, and showed him his sword and his gun, and taught him how he should use it if he lived to be a man. Little Charles had a sister who sung, and taught him to sing his part so well in the choir, that Father Mathurin praised him above all other, and made him lead the others. Poor Ange! He had no brother, no sisters. He lived with Father Mathurin and old Jeannette, who took no thought of telling stories to amuse him, and no one helped him with his lessons, so that he was often in disgrace, though he tried to do well, and loved Father Mathurin very much, and wished to please him.

This day, Ange thought more than ever on all these things. Jeannette had been unusually cross; and the lessons he had to learn seemed as if they would not stay properly in his head. It had been a very difficult mass that morning, and Ange felt that he was singing wrong. He thought Father Mathurin's eyes were fixed severely upon him all the time, and the whole church seemed to be filled with the discord of his little voice.

Accordingly, when Ange went with the other boys to the evening service, his large eyes were red with weeping, and there was something very like despair gnawing at his heart.

It was a very beautiful, sacred-looking place, that old Cathedral, those high Gothic arches of sad-coloured stone, now and then tinged with beautiful colours from the sun's rays through the windows of many-coloured stained glass. And the old carved oak pulpit, black with age; and the choir; and the very high seats where Ange, sat, all curiously carved, and some with such strange hobgoblin-looking figures, so unreal, and yet so life-like, that they seemed almost to move in the twilight; and Ange would have been dreadfully frightened—only that he knew where he was, and in whose service, and he felt that no evil power could harm him so long as he put his trust in his Lord and Master.

The sun was not set; its rays still came through the stained glass, and rested first on one head and then on another of the boys in the choir; and last of all it came to Ange's head, and then it went away altogether, and the church grew darker, and the organ played solemn and grand music, and the odour of the incense still rested on the air. And the church grew darker and darker, and lights were lighted in different parts, but they seemed to burn very dimly, and to make little aureoles round themselves, and leave every one else in darkness—the cathedral was too vast for anything but the sun to light it; and Father Mathurin mounted into the pulpit, to preach. And Ange, wearied with weeping and sorrow, felt a repose stealing over his troubled little heart. And he tried very hard to listen to what Father Mathurin was saying, and to keep his eyes wide open and fixed upon him; but he could not do it.

It seemed as though two leaden weights were tied to his eyes; and then, when he did open them, Father Mathurin seemed to be spinning about, and his voice sounded more like the buzzing of bees than Ange's native language. The struggle lasted some time, and Ange rubbed his eyes again and again; but it was of no use; and at last the poor little head fell upon his breast, and Ange fell fast asleep.

Guillaume, who sat next Ange, was busy whispering to the boy next him, how his brother's regiment was ordered to Paris, and so Jean would see the beautiful queen, and perhaps be made a captain by her, for he was a very handsome man, so the queen could not fail to notice him, Guillaume thought; and Guillaume was in such a hurry to run home and talk to Jean about it, that he never thought of Ange; and indeed if he had, he would have thought that Ange was already gone home, for the arms of the seat were so large, and so much carved, and Ange had sunk down so much since he had fallen asleep, that he really did not look like a little boy at all, but more like a heap of something left in the choir that nobody felt inclined to take any notice of.

And Father Mathurin's sermon was ended, and the lights were all put out, and the people left the church one by one, and then the last step was heard echoing through the lofty building; and then the sound of the great key in the old lock, and the clink of the other keys on the same bunch, as the old verger locked the doors; and then a deep silence—and little Ange was still asleep in the choir.

Still sleeping, softly, peacefully, innocently, as though he had been on the softest bed of down,—a sleep that refreshed his weariness, and made him lose all thought of trouble. First, he slept in all unconsciousness, every thought drowned in the world of sleep; then came a beautiful vision before him—an angel so pure and beautiful, there was a light of glory around him, and, as he drew near to Ange, he seemed to bring an atmosphere of music with him; and Ange, though he knew it was a spirit, felt no fear. And then Ange, in his dream, fell upon his knees, and prayed that Jeannette's heart might be softened towards him; that he might have strength to be good, and that there might be somebody to love him like a mother. Then, by the angel's side, faintly shadowed out, was a pale, wan face, and frail, slender form, beautiful, but sad, and in her arms, resting its head upon her shoulder, lay a beautiful child. To these two mist-like figures the angel pointed, and Ange cried, clasping his little hands together, still on his knees, and with tears of hope and joy stealing down his face,

"Oh, how I would love her, angel, 'is she not my mother?"

And the figures faded away; and the angel

came quite close to Ange and leant over him; and then a peace greater than before came over him, and the sleep of unconsciousness returned.

What noise was that that startled Ange out of his sleep? How heavy old Jeannette trod—she who always wore list shoes in the house! Ah, Ange must have overslept himself, and Jeannette must have on her sabots to go to market! But that sound—it was a key turning in a lock; and then, the sound of huge heavy doors being thrown open. “Where am I?” cried little Ange, getting up and rubbing his eyes; and then he stared round him, first amazed and then aghast. In the cathedral he had slept all night—in the cathedral! And then came the terrible thought of how old Jeannette would scold him, and how displeased Father Mathurin would be. And then he sat down and cried, fairly overpowered by this new trouble, dreading to go home, for fear of old Jeannette, and not knowing what in the world he should do. But then Ange dried his tears—for the thought of his dream came into his mind—and prayed that he might be guided to do that which was right; and then he rose and took off his little chorister’s gown, and folded it up, as he usually did after service, and he smoothed his hair as well as he could, that he might not look disorderly, and walked out of the wide-opened church-door with a strengthened heart, prepared to make a full confession to Father Mathurin of how he had fallen asleep during his sermon, and slept all night in the cathedral.

CHAPTER II.

ANGERAN all the way to Father Mathurin’s; he would not stop a moment, or even walk slowly, for fear his courage should fail him. He intended to throw himself first at Father Mathurin’s feet, and, if he should be so fortunate as to procure his pardon, to prevail upon him to intercede with old Jeannette, of whom poor Ange stood so greatly in dread.

When Ange arrived at Father Mathurin’s house, he was surprised to find a group of neighbours round the door, for it was yet very early, and he had quite forgotten that it was the day when the boys of the choir were paid their weekly salary. A mother or sister came with each boy, for though Father Mathurin gave the money into their own hands, yet, when all had been paid, he came to the door, spoke to the parents, and saw that the money was safely delivered up to them, that it might not be ill spent. But poor Ange had forgotten the importance of the day, his heart was so full of his dream, and he thought it was some especial malice on the part of old Jeannette to make his disgrace more public. Poor Ange’s heart sunk within him, and he would fain have run away; but there seemed a strange new strength, not his own, supporting him, and

he made his way manfully through the little crowd. Jeannette stood on the door-step, talking to the neighbours; but, when Ange came near her, she caught hold of him, and, turning his little face towards her, said, “Why, how bright thou art! Where hast thou been so early?” And when Ange had passed, he heard her say to the neighbours, “Is he not a beautiful boy, our Ange?” Ange was quite bewildered. It seemed as though he was still dreaming. How strange that Jeannette should be so kind! How strange that she should never have missed him! And so Ange, lost in these conjectures, tried to find his way to Father Mathurin’s room, but he was too late: the boys were all coming out.

Ange was very glad it was over, for he dreaded being disgraced before the other boys, and he knew he had done very wrong to fall asleep during Father Mathurin’s sermon; so he crept quietly into Father Mathurin’s room, and waited till he should come back again.

Now Ange had a little room all to himself, at Father Mathurin’s house, and every night Jeannette put his supper there while he was at the evening service; for she loved to spend the evening with Margot, and then they gossiped together merrily about their neighbours, which they would not have liked to do so well if Ange had been with them in the kitchen; and Father Mathurin always spent the evening alone, reading and writing, and it would have annoyed him very much to have such a little boy as Ange in the room with him. So Ange always spent the evening quite alone; and so it was that neither Jeannette nor Father Mathurin knew that he had been out of the house all night.

“Ange!” and Ange started up hastily, and his heart throbbed very much, for it was Father Mathurin who had entered the room, and the tone of his voice was angry; “How is it that thou hast lain in bed so late this morning! dost thou not know how many temptations laziness leadeth thee into?”

“Father,” answered Ange, more and more surprised, “I have never been in bed all night. I am very, very sorry, but I fell asleep during your sermon, and I slept all night in the cathedral, and it was not till Pierre opened the doors this morning that I awoke and ran here. Do, do forgive me,” and little Ange clasped his hands together and looked up in Father Mathurin’s face.

“Poor, poor child,” and something like a tear glistened in his eye, and his heart smote him for this poor little one; for who but a desolate and uncared-for child could have been a whole night away from his home and none miss him?

Ange had no kind mother or sister to take his money, so that he always gave his weekly salary back to Father Mathurin, but this day Father Mathurin told Ange to keep it.

“Jeannette tells me,” he said, “that thou

art in want of a new cap, so go, my child, and choose it for thyself;" and then Father Mathurin stooped down and kissed Ange, for he wished to be very kind, but he was naturally a very grave man, and not much used to children, and he really did not know how to seem kind to them. As soon as Ange was gone, however, he sent for Jeannette, and found fault with her for not paying more attention to Ange.

"Remember," said Father Mathurin, "who said 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and think how much we ought to love and tend them for his sake."

But old Jeannette was very angry at being found fault with, as people often are when they know they are wrong; and when she had left Father Mathurin she grumbled to herself about that troublesome boy, who was always getting her into some trouble or other, and then she went into neighbour Margot, who declared she would not bear it any longer, if she were Jeannette.

So Ange went out to buy his cap with the money Father Mathurin had given him, but he had not been out two minutes before he had forgotten all about it; he really could think of nothing but his dream, when he walked up and down the streets instead of looking for a fit shop to buy his cap; he looked everywhere for the two figures in his dream; he felt so certain he should find them somewhere, so sure that the angel had meant he should see them in reality.

Ange always loved to wander about that old town, it had been very large and prosperous, and though now its brightest days were over, yet it had that sacred air of the past about it far more endearing than if it had been the newest and most flourishing of towns.

The houses were built half of wood and there was a great deal of carving about them, and there were the oddest signs over the shops to indicate the occupation of the owner, and quaint inscriptions; and then the first story invariably projected over the street, and made a sort of arcade for the passers by, and the pointed gables stood out in bold relief against the clear bright sky. Then, though the grass did grow in some of the streets because there was so little thoroughfare, yet Ange knew the face of almost every one he met (and this could not have been in a thickly-populated town), and many stopped to speak a kind word to the little chorister.

Ange met Guillaume, who was in high glee, and invited him to come and see his brother's bright new regimentals; but Ange said he could not go that day, and then he came to the part of the town where the fair was, and there he saw a van of wild beasts and a dancing bear, and a polichinelle, which would once have amused him very much; there too were pop-guns to shoot at a target, and many other amusements, which would generally

have delighted Ange above all things. But now he could not fix his attention on anything, his eyes were ever watching through the crowd for those two loved figures; and though hope grew fainter and fainter, faith in the beautiful angel cheered his heart, and little Ange wandered on determined not to despair.

The sun sunk lower in the heavens, and the brightness of the day was over, and it gave the world a melancholy tinge like the rays of departing hope. Ange was weary and worn with hope deferred, and at last he sat down by a grotesquely-carved stone fountain, which was in a centre place where four streets met, and there, though there were many many people passing and the busy hum of voices all around him, Ange felt quite alone. He sat in the sunlight and it gilded his hair and made the ever-falling water behind him sparkle like diamonds, and he gazed upon the setting splendour of the sun, and seemed as though he could see far, far beyond this world; and he thought how easy it would be to the great, and wise, and merciful Creator of that glorious sun to make his little heart happy, and give him to love those sweet beings the angel had pointed to in his dream; and Ange prayed again with the intensity of all his heart, and the fountain ever falling murmured music to his prayer.

And now Ange saw by the sunbeams that it was time for evening service, but the cathedral was very near, and he thought he might venture to stay a few minutes longer; it was almost the first time he had rested that day. There he sat languid and tired, with his little head resting on his hand, when suddenly he started—a shudder passed all over his frame; he saw at the corner of one of those four streets the figure of his dream, pale and wan, with an expression of suffering and resignation that sanctified her face. Poorly clad, jostled by passers-by to all of whom she seemed a stranger, she stood like a wanderer seeking a home, but the child ever clasped to her breast seemed sunk in sleep, unconscious for the time of sorrow or want. Ange would fain have run towards her, but he could not move; he had tried to stand up, but his little legs trembled, so that he was obliged to sit down again. But what was his joy when the figure moved across herself to meet him! How he stretched out his arms towards her! how anxiously he watched each trembling footstep! She seemed so weak she could hardly stand. How he trembled lest any of the carts or carriages in the street should touch her!

"Stop a minute; that horse is going to back now. Oh, quick—quick!"

Ange could not help crying as he watched her, for there were now many more people than usual in the street on account of the fair, and it was impossible for her to hear him.

"She is safe! she is safe!" cried Ange, in

a tone of joy and triumph. When, just as he spoke, her foot slipped, and the child fell from her arms.

Ange gave a fearful shriek. The child was almost under a horse's feet. Another instant, and his new found sister would be dead before his eyes.

"Thank God—thank God, he has saved her!"

Without thinking in the least of himself—whether of the danger he ran, or of how weak and powerless a little fellow he was—Ange dashed forward. Another second, and they would both have been trodden down; but he had seized the happy moment. The horse, frightened, reared; and in that moment Ange seized the affrighted little one from the ground, and now she was safely nestling in his arms.

CHAPTER III.

ANGE placed the little one gently on the ground by the fountain, and knelt down by the mother. The little girl cried bitterly, for she thought her mother was dead; and Ange tried to comfort her, though in his own heart he thought so too. But Ange sprinkled water on the mother's face, and little Marguerite chafed her hands; and then there came a faint sigh, and Ange's heart beat for joy, and little Marguerite kissed her mother's face and hands in ecstasy, and bathed her in her tears.

"Where is your home?" said Ange.

"We have no home," said Marguerite, "since my father died; and we have come a long, long way, and I am so hungry; and mother says she's no more bread to give me." And little Marguerite cried again.

This made Ange very miserable. At first he thought he would run home, but then he recollected that Father Mathurin would be in the cathedral, and certainly Jeannette would give him nothing. Then he thought he would go to a baker's shop, and beg some bread. Marguerite's mother tried to rise, but she could not; her strength was exhausted, and she sank back again. Still Ange and Marguerite managed to rest her more comfortably against the stone coping of the fountain; and then Ange began to think again what he should do. To assist him in thinking, he put his hands in his pockets; and there—oh joy!—lay the bright silver piece Father Mathurin had given him that morning to buy his cap, and which Ange—utterly unused as he was to have money—had totally forgotten.

How supremely happy little Ange felt now, and how skilfully he avoided the carriages and carts; and how lightly and quickly he flew to neighbour Jacques, who kept a baker's shop.

"Will this buy a loaf, neighbour Jacques?" asked Ange, putting down the silver coin.

Jacques gave him the loaf, and off bounded Ange, never heeding or hearing who cried

out as loud as he could, "Stop, stop, my little man; thou hast given me too much."

Ange gave some to Madelaine and some to Marguerite; and then he sat and looked at them; and he could not help saying to himself, "Oh how happy I am!" And then he thought of Him who had heard his prayer, and given him his heart's desire; and Ange prayed a prayer of thankfulness, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, for his heart was very full. Now, it happened that while Ange was sitting there, enjoying the luxury of a good action, and Madelaine and Marguerite were eating their bread, Dame Ponsard passed with her fair young daughter, both very gaily attired, having come from the fair.

Dame Ponsard was the hostess of the Bell, and she was a kind motherly sort of woman, and knew Ange very well; for many a sou she had given him to run messages for her, and sweetmeats and apples, and many things she thought likely to please a little boy. So, when she saw Ange sitting by the fountain, she stopped.

"Why, Ange, how is it that thou art not at church? Father Mathurin will reprove thee. Why dost thou dawdle here—hadst thou not all day to play?"

Madelaine answered for him. She told how he had saved her child, and how she was fainting from want, and he had brought her bread to eat; and then she clasped Ange to her heart, and blessed him. And Dame Ponsard's daughter took Ange's little hand, and pressed it, and said, "Dear Ange!" And Ange blushed very red with so much praise, and wondered why they should praise him so much, when he had only done what had made him so very, very happy.

"Where is thy husband?" said Dame Ponsard to Madelaine.

"My husband was a soldier, and was killed a month ago in the war," answered poor Madelaine. And then she turned so very, very pale, Ange thought she was going to faint again. And the wind blew cold, for the sun was set; and Dame Ponsard wrapped her cloak closer round her, and then she said—

"Where dost thou sleep this night?"

"God only knows," answered Madelaine, "for I have no money—no friends."

Then Dame Ponsard paused a moment, and she looked at Madelaine, and she looked at Marguerite; and her daughter Blanche saw what was passing in her mind, and she said, "Do, dear mother." And Dame Ponsard did not want much pressing, for her own heart had spoken warmly enough in Madelaine's behalf. So she turned to poor Madelaine, and said, "Come, thou shalt sleep in my house to-night." And then Blanche took little Marguerite by the hand, all brightly clad as she was; and Ange put his hand in Madelaine's, and they all went to Dame Ponsard's house.

And Dame Ponsard pressed Ange to stay

and sup with them, but he thanked her very much; but said he must run home to Father Mathurin's.

This time, naturally enough, Ange did not in the least expect Jeannette would have missed him; but hardly had he seated himself in his own little room, and begun to eat his apples and bread, than Jeannette entered. Her face was quite red with anger, and she ran up to Ange, and shook him violently. "Where hast been all day, thou little torment?" she cried. "And why didst thou not come home to thy dinner?—and where is the money Father Mathurin gave thee to buy a cap? Thou hast bought no cap with it, I warrant." And Jeannette felt in Ange's empty pockets, and drew them out triumphantly; and then she fell to shaking Ange again, and boxed his ears again, and took away his apples; and all this time Ange could not think of a single word to say to quiet her. And then Father Mathurin's step was heard, and he entered, and led Ange away to his own room. And then Father Mathurin sat Ange upon his knee, and said very gravely, "Now, Ange, tell me the truth—where hast thou been all day, and what hast thou done with the money I gave thee?" But, just then Jeannette came to say that neighbour Jacques wished to speak with Father Mathurin, and Father Mathurin told Jeannette to ask him to come in; and neighbour Jacques entered, cap in hand, and told how little Ange had brought him a silver coin to buy a loaf, and how he had wondered how Ange came by so much money; and finally, how he had brought the change back to Father Mathurin. And then Father Mathurin told Jacques how he had given Ange the money to buy a cap, and how Ange had spent it to buy some bread for Madelaine and Marguerite; for he would not have little Ange suspected of so wicked a thing as having stolen the money. And then neighbour Jacques took his leave, and Father Mathurin bade Ange good-night, and said he was sure to sleep well, because he was a very good boy. And Ange felt so happy, that he thought he should never get to sleep at all; but there he was wrong, for he was soon fast, fast asleep, and dreaming the strangest jumble of things imaginable.

The next morning, Father Mathurin and Ange went to Dame Ponsard's, and there they found poor Madelaine very, very ill; and the doctor whom kind Dame Ponsard sent for said it was a fever, so every one was afraid to go near poor Madelaine for fear of infection, and there was only little Marguerite to watch by her and to smooth her pillow, and give her the medicine that Dr. Maynard had sent her. And Marguerite was a very little girl—much younger than Ange—and so it seemed to Ange impossible that she could do all this by herself; and so Ange begged and prayed to be allowed to stay and watch by his mother, as he called Madelaine. And Ange stayed with Madelaine, and he walked about so gently on

his tiptoes in the room, that he might not disturb her; and he smoothed her pillow with his soft little hand far gentler than the gentlest nurse; and the instant she moved, he came to give her medicine, or some tisane to moisten her parched mouth; and he never wearied in this labour of love.

Sometimes, when Madelaine was getting better, when she fell asleep, Ange and Marguerite went for a walk, and it seemed to Ange that the birds sang clearer and flowers smelt sweeter, and the very river danced with a joy it had not known before; and they gathered large bouquets of wild flowers to decorate the sick room, and made daisy chains as they sat to rest by the river's side.

CHAPTER IV.

MADELAINE grew better and better; and when she returned to health she found she had two children to love instead of one. And Father Mathurin agreed that Ange should live with Madelaine and Marguerite; and Dame Ponsard found that Madelaine was a very good needlewoman, and she gave her work to do, and persuaded many of the neighbours to give her work too; so that with what Madelaine gained and what Ange gained they had enough to live very comfortably; and Marguerite went to the Sunday-school, and helped her mother about the house on week days. And then, when there was a market, she sold flowers, for where they lived there was a very pretty little garden, and Ange worked in it all his leisure hours, and grew lovely flowers for Marguerite to sell at the market.

Oh, how different Ange's evenings were now!—how Marguerite's little face beamed with joy when he came home; and what a nice supper Madelaine always had for him! Simple as it was, it seemed the daintiest of food to him—they were so happy eating it together.

Time passed on, and Ange was no longer a very little boy; but grew to be tall and strong and handsome and Marguerite grew to be the neatest, prettiest little maid in all the village.

And when Dame Ponsard's daughter Blanche was married, all said Ange was the handsomest youth at the wedding-dance, and none danced so lightly or spoke so gaily as he.

And often when Marguerite went to evening service and walked home with Ange, they would rest together on the stone coping of that same fountain, with the ever-murmuring water behind them, and the sun setting just as it did of yore; and Ange would tell Marguerite all that he had hoped and prayed on that same spot years before, and how fully his dreams of happiness were realised now; and tears of gratitude would come into Marguerite's eyes when she thought of all that Ange had done for them.

As the time passed on, Dame Ponsard

called upon Madelaine, and she said she thought Marguerite might do something better than sell flowers at the market. And then she told how Fauchette was married, and she wanted somebody to supply her place, and thought Marguerite would suit exactly. And Marguerite, though she was very sorry to leave her mother and Ange, was yet delighted at the thought of doing something for herself; for though they were so happy, they were still very poor. And so Marguerite went to be Dame Ponsard's little maid at the Bell, and Madelaine and Ange found it very triste without her at first, though they went to see her very often. Marguerite became the neatest, handiest little maid possible, and with such a cheerful, loveable face that everybody was possessed in her favour.

On Sundays how happy she was to wander in the woods and by the river with Ange; and they talked together of the future, and made such golden plans; and in their plans they were always together. It seemed quite impossible now that Madelaine, Marguerite, and Ange should ever be separated.

And then came a busy time in the town, for it was the conscription, and some hearts beat high with hopes of glory, and some were loth to leave their homes, and mothers' hearts were anxious. The town was full of military, and there was Guillaume's brother Jean, with gay ribbons in his cap, going about the town to persuade the young men how happy a soldier's life was, and how charming it was to travel and see the world—so much better than remaining all one's life in this little stupid town.

Jean tried to persuade Ange too, but that he could not do, for Ange knew what it was to be without a home; and, besides, he would not have left Madelaine and Marguerite of his own free will for any pleasures that could be offered him.

At this time, too, the château was full of people, and there were to be very grand doings there indeed; for the young Count Isidore was coming, of age, and so there were fêtes and balls and hunts all the day long; and as it happened that the young Count's birthday was on the first of May, the May-day fête was to be held in his beautiful park. And that morning there was to be a carol sung under his window, which had been composed expressly for the occasion, and Monsieur Freron, the organ-master, declared that Marguerite should sing the first part and lead all the rest; and he taught her, how she should raise her little hand when it was time to begin, so that they might all sing together, so that the voices might not come one after another, like birds flying, as he said.

Dame Ponsard, when she heard what an important part Marguerite was to play in the festivities, was particularly anxious that Marguerite should look particularly

nice; and so she gave her a very handsome dark blue silk quilted petticoat that had belonged to Blanche, and lent her some beautiful old lace for her little cap. And Ange had been secretly saving up money little by little, so as to be able to buy Marguerite a pair of gold ear-rings, and these he gave her on that morning, so that Marguerite did indeed look quite a little pearl that day. She had on clocked stockings and neat black shoes with high red heels, such as they used to wear in those days, and such a pretty chintz boddice and skirt, tucked up so as to show her quilted petticoat, and a black hood and cloak, and a dainty little muff, and, lastly, a beautiful bunch of spring flowers, which Ange had brought her from the garden.

And so, on that May morning, when the dew was still on the grass, and the sun's rays seemed to cover the whole earth with diamonds, the little choir took their way to the old château, and there ranged themselves under the window of the young lord, to waken him up that day with melody. When they were all grouped lightly before the window and ready to begin, Marguerite raised her little hand as a signal for them all. Then the chorus began; and, last of all, the young lord himself opened his window wide, and looked down upon them. The boys took off their caps, and shouted, the girls curtsied and waved their handkerchiefs, and the young Count threw down a number of bright gold pieces among them, and then there was a great cry of "Long live Count Isidore!" and then they went away.

Later in the day there was a beautiful May-pole, and a band for the dancers. The park seemed perfectly lighted up with the many gay dresses and happy faces that were scattered about it. The trees were in their freshest green, and the frolicsome wind seemed to carry the peals of laughter through their branches, and make them wave and quiver with pleasure. Then, about mid-day, came all the guests from the château, beautifully dressed, and the young lord in the midst of them, with a beautiful wreath of flowers in his hand; and the ladies with him were laughing and talking, and their silk dresses rustled and gleamed so in the sun, and they wore high powdered hair, and then such dainty little different coloured hats to keep off the sun.

All the girls of the village were bidden to come forward that the young Count might see who was most worthy of the crown. Of each he asked her name, and said some kind word, and held council of the two handsome ladies, and sent for Father Mathurin, and spoke to him. Then, to Marguerite's great surprise little Rosalie came bounding up to her where she sat under a tree with Ange, and said, "Marguerite, Marguerite! you are to be Queen of the May, and you must come now, and receive the crown." Mar-

guerite blushed till she looked a thousand times prettier than before, and Ange felt happy and proud of her. Marguerite advanced before the young Count, and he spoke very kindly to her, and placed the crown gently on her head, and told her that, as he had put the crown upon her fair young head and made her queen, she must try more than ever to be virtuous and good.

One of the handsome ladies came forward, and said: "My name is the Marquise de Belle Isle, and you must keep this for my sake." While she was saying this, she tied round Marguerite's neck a piece of black velvet, to which was attached a beautiful gold cross. The other lady, who was much younger, and very lovely, gave Marguerite a bright cerise-coloured little purse, and said: "My name is Mademoiselle de Bruntière, and you must keep this for remembrance of me." Marguerite curtsied, and thanked them very much, and returned to her companions; and they all crowded round her to see the beautiful wreath, and cross, and purse, and hear all that had been said to her.

Then, in the soft twilight, each returned to his home, bearing bouquets of wild spring flowers from the woods, and the nightingales sang in the soft evening air, and there was a still sweeter murmur of happy voices as they passed through the lanes.

CHAPTER V.

BUT the prosperity of the little family was destined not to be of long duration. Something occurred which promised to break up all their peaceful happiness. Ange was drawn for the conscription.

On the evening of that dreadful day, Ange, with a heavy heart, came to see Marguerite, and acquaint her with the misfortune that had befallen them; the tears flowed silently down Marguerite's pale face, and Ange could find no words to comfort her as they stood together in the twilight, in the porch, and the old sign of the Bell swung drearily to and fro before them. Long it was, before Ange could tear himself away that night, and wearily and drearily poor Marguerite entered the house, after she had watched Ange down the street, and seen his figure grow less and less in the dusk of the evening. Then Marguerite retired to her own little room, and threw herself on her bed, and cried as though her heart would break. Then she sat up, and thought.

There was a way to set free Ange, but then that way seemed itself an impossibility. Blanche's husband had been drawn, had been bought off; but, to do that for Ange, Marguerite must possess twenty louis—and that seemed perfectly impossible—poor Marguerite's wages were only ten crowns a-year, and that was just two louis and a half, then there were the four sous that had been given to Marguerite in the little purse; and the

bright golden louis the young Count had thrown from the window, all of which Madeline had in keeping for her. Then Marguerite thought of her ear-rings and cross, and wondered how much they were worth, the ear-rings dear Ange had given her, and Marguerite kissed them for his sake; and with all this woe weighing upon her mind, poor Marguerite went to bed, and fell asleep, murmuring Twenty louis—Twenty louis!

The next day, as she was dressing herself Marguerite remembered how Angelique, the daughter of Farmer Bouset, had admired her ear-rings—how she had said they were the prettiest she had ever seen, and that she should try and get a pair like them. Yes, certainly, Angelique would buy the ear-rings, and, perhaps, the cross, too; for he was a rich man, Farmer Bouset, and very fond of Angelique. So Marguerite asked Dame Ponsard's leave to go out for the day; and she would not say a word about it to Madeline or Ange, for fear he should try and prevent her selling the ear-rings. Marguerite put on her cloak and hood, and tied up her ear-rings and cross in her handkerchief, and she then, with, a heavy heart, took her way to Farmer Bouset's, quite alone.

It was a long, long way, up hill and down dale, but a very beautiful road. The morning was fresh, and clear, and everything in nature looked very lovely with its young spring dress; and there were wild lilies and violets, and primroses, on either side of the road, and the birds sang very sweetly; but Marguerite took no heed of all these beauties now; and the birds' songs did not seem for her, and the flowers looked faded in her eyes, for the thought that Ange was going to leave them had taken all beauty from everything.

And when Marguerite reached the top of the last hill she felt very hot and weary, and so sat down on the soft grass, mixed with wild thyme, and heather, to rest; and the wild ferns grew so tall around her, that they almost made a shade; and then Marguerite untied her handkerchief, in which were the ear-rings and the cross, to look at them as her own, for the last time. And, as she sat there, Marguerite grew very thirsty, and then she thought her of a little mountain-rill, which came out of a rock close by, that was celebrated for its delicious water, and so Marguerite put the handkerchief down, with her ear-rings upon it—in a conspicuous spot, where she should be sure to see it again in a moment—and then she ran to get the water; and the wind was so great that it almost blew Marguerite's petticoat over her head, as she stooped to catch the water in her hands; and it had made Marguerite's hair quite rough, so she stood for a moment to smooth it with her wet hands, that she might not look untidy when she arrived at the farm.

But when Marguerite returned to the spot where she thought she had left her handker-

chief, there it was not. She searched a long time in vain, without seeing anything of either ear-rings or handkerchief; but at last, at some distance from her, blown by the wind, she saw something white, that looked more like a piece of white paper than anything else. She ran after it, and it was blown on and on: still she followed, and at last reached it. Marguerite picked up the handkerchief, but ear-rings and cross were gone—it was the empty shell without the kernel.

The whole day Marguerite wandered about the common, but, alas! there were so many tall ferns, and so much heather and wild thyme everywhere, she could never feel certain of the precise spot where she had been. Sometimes she thought it was one place where she had sat down, sometimes another; and she searched and searched the whole day long quite uselessly, and then she saw that it was near sunset, and that for that day it would be no use searching any more. With a heavy heart and weary feet, Marguerite took her way home.

Once again by the fountain sat Marguerite and Ange; and Marguerite, foot-sore and sad, told Ange how she had lost the ear-rings and cross, and so all hope of their being able to raise twenty louis was gone. Marguerite, quite overcome, hid her face in her handkerchief and wept bitterly. Just then came the sound of a horse's footsteps close to them, and Marguerite, despite her grief, looked up, and saw the young Count Isidore. And when he saw Marguerite's face, he stopped his horse and said:

"Why! art thou not the Queen of May? What has made thee so soon in tears?"

And then Marguerite told him how Ange had been drawn for the conscription, and how she had gone to sell the ear-rings and the cross the handsome lady had given her to Angeliqne of the Bouset farm; how on the common the ear-rings had been lost. And then Marguerite's tears flowed a-fresh.

The young Count passed on, and looked very grave, for he had had so many petitions about the conscription that he had been obliged to refuse all, and felt he could not openly do anything for Ange and Marguerite.

When Marguerite returned that night to Dame Ponsard's, she found some very grand people indeed were coming to dine there the next day, and the whole house was in a state of confusion preparing things for them. The dining-room was to be decorated with laurels and flowers, and the band of the young Count's regiment was to play during dinner, and every honour was to be paid them; for though these travellers were only called the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, yet the courier said that was a feigned name, and they were, in fact, heirs to one of the greatest crowns in Europe.

The next day Marguerite could not go

to look after her ear-rings, for she had a great deal to do.

All day these great people were expected, and at last there was a great noise of carriages, and they stopped before the door of the Bell, and a great, great many people were there to see the travellers descend; and then Dame Ponsard, rather awe-stricken, but still a smiling and courteous hostess, stood in the porch to receive them, and showed them to their rooms. And then came the dinner; and poor Marguerite, with her pale face and red eyes, had to help others to wait at table.

And the young Count Isidore was there, and he sat on one side of the great lady, and her husband on the other; and they talked a great deal all the dinner, but Marguerite never noticed whether they looked at her or not—she could think of nothing but Ange. But at the end of the dinner, when the dessert was on the table, and all the servants were going away, the lady beckoned to Marguerite and called her by her name; and Marguerite came, and felt very shy and nervous, for it was all she could do to help crying, her heart was so sad.

"So thou art the Queen of the May," said the lady, kindly. "And now tell me, why are thy eyes so red with tears?"

"Ange has been drawn for the conscription, madame," answered Marguerite, in a sad, low voice.

"And dost thou love Ange so much?"

"Oh, yes, very, very much," answered Marguerite; and, despite of herself, she blushed quite red, and the tear-drops came in her eyes again.

"And how much money would it take to free Ange from this conscription?" said the lady's husband.

"Oh, a very large sum; more than we could ever have," answered Marguerite.

"But how much?" said the Countess.

"Alas! twenty louis, madame," answered poor Marguerite. And then she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron, and made a sort of half-movement to go away; for she felt that if she stayed much longer she should burst into tears.

"Hold out thy apron, my child," said the Countess, gaily. And then from her purse she took twenty louis and strewed them into Marguerite's apron.

Poor Marguerite could not speak a word to thank a kind benefactress: she gave a little scream of astonishment and joy, and the louis rolled on the floor. And she knelt and kissed the lady's dress, which was all the thanks she could offer; for Marguerite's heart was too full for words.

As soon as Marguerite had a little recovered from her agitation, she ran off to their home to find Madelaine and Ange, and impart her joyful tidings. And then she was sadly disappointed to find that Ange was not there. He had been out all day, Madelaine said; but the two took counsel together, and

determined to hasten to the mayor's that night, in spite of Ange's being away, and obtain his dismissal; for Marguerite felt quite uneasy at having such a large sum of money in her possession, for fear something should happen to it before it had accomplished its end.

And the mayor received Madelaine and Marguerite very graciously, and was very glad that they had been able to buy off Ange; for Ange had a good name in the town, and all loved him and thought well of him. And then, very joyfully, Madelaine and Marguerite walked back to the Bell, and there they found Ange sitting in the porch to receive them. And then they all retired together to Marguerite's little room, and Marguerite told how kind the great lady had been to her, and how she could not help thinking that the young Count had told their story, and interested the great lady in their behalf; and Marguerite drew from her pocket the little card which gave Ange his freedom. And then Madelaine clasped Ange to her heart, and kissed him again and again; and Marguerite felt as happy as though she had been a real queen.

And at that moment came a tap at the door; and it was dear, kind Dame Ponsard come to congratulate them on their happiness. And then Marguerite had to tell her story all over again; but she did not the least mind it: she could have told it all day long—she was so happy.

"But what a pity that thou hast lost thy cross and thy ear-rings all for nothing," said Dame Ponsard. Now it was Ange's turn to tell his story; and he told that he had been all day on the common, searching for the said ear-rings and cross; and then, to the great astonishment and delight of all, he drew them both out of his pocket, and told how he had found them, almost hidden by the heather and moss, where they had fallen when the wind had blown the handkerchief away. Most joyfully, he tied the cross round Marguerite's neck, and put the ear-rings in her ears.

The next morning, early, the travellers were to start again. Ange and Marguerite stood ready in the porch, strewing flowers for them to walk over, and in their hands they had bouquets of the choicest flowers of their garden to offer to the Count and Countess; and Ange and Marguerite waited some time before they came; but when at last they did come, and they offered the bouquets, the Countess smiled so kindly, as she took hers, and said to Marguerite, "Is this Ange?" and Marguerite curtsied, and said, "Yes, madame; this is Ange." And when the carriages drove away, all the people cheered them, for they had heard the story of the great lady's kindness; and Ange and Marguerite blessed them from their hearts. And, in after-life, Ange and Marguerite became man and wife, and in their turn had children; and Marguerite told her children the story of

her early years, that they might love the poor and friendless, as Ange had loved her and her mother.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain

And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,

In God's pure light may only be

A scar, brought from some well-won field,

Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,

May be a token, that below

The soul has closed in deadly fight

With some infernal fiery foe,

Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,

And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—

May be the slackened angel's hand

Has suffered it, that he may rise

And take a firmer, surer stand;

Or, trusting less to earthly things,

May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait, and see

With hopeful pity, not disdain,

The depth of the abyss may be

The measure of the height of pain,

And love and glory that may raise

This soul to God in after days!

WRECKS AT SEA.

THE Wreck Chart of the British Islands for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and the last Admiralty register of wrecks, are grievous things to look at and to read. In spite of all that has been said about accidents at sea, they have increased in frequency; and whether they will be much diminished by the operation of those clauses in Mr. Cardwell's Merchant Shipping Act, which are intended to assist in their repression, is extremely doubtful. As the Act only came into operation three months since (on the first of May last), we can speak from no experience of its effects. So far as the prevention of accident is concerned it is a step in the right direction, though but a single step, we fear, where there are half a hundred needed. We feel pretty sure that the most callous man in England (whoever he may be) would be startled by the information given to him at a glance in the Wreck Chart of Great Britain and Ireland. Total wrecks are marked on it with black little eclipsed moons; others, according to their class, with crosses and other signs; each wreck is indicated by its proper mark in the sea adjoining that part of our coast upon which it occurred; and here on the chart in which the wrecks only of last year are set down, they lie blackening our sea along the entire line of British coast, as thick as bees about a honeycomb. The swarm is greater of course near some ports than elsewhere. Colliers and craft of that kind furnish a double file of six and forty wrecks, half of them total wrecks,

opposite Newcastle; opposite Sunderland there is a regiment of forty, and there are about as many near the shores of Hartlepool and Seaton Carew. At Liverpool the ominous marks are much less numerous, but then each commonly represents a wreck of greater magnitude, a much more terrible disaster. It is not, however, only near great ports that these calamities occur. Beginning with nineteen wrecks (twelve of them total), on the shores of Shetland and Orkney, and so passing down to the main-land, a dotted line of distress runs without break round the whole country. Opposite Wick, opposite Golspie, opposite Cromarty, on the way to Inverness; opposite Port Gordon, opposite Banff, against Rattray Head and Buchan Ness, on the coast between Buchan Ness and Aberdeen; opposite Aberdeen, between Stonehaven and Montrose, opposite Arbroath and Dundee, at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, opposite North Berwick, Dunbar, Berwick, Holy Island, with some thirty more between that place and Newcastle; and in this way all round the island lie the dots, of which every one represents a dread calamity, and almost every one a calamity that might have been prevented. Upon the coasts, or near the coasts of the small islands inhabited by a great maritime people, who ought surely to be cunning in the build and management of ships, within thirteen of one thousand vessels were wrecked in the year last expired, of which four hundred and eighty-four were totally lost, the rest stranded and damaged seriously, so that it was necessary for them to discharge their cargo. The waste of treasure was attended with the greater loss of one thousand five hundred and forty-nine lives, which exceeds the sum of misery produced by shipwreck on the coasts of Britain in any previous year of which there exists a record. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, the deaths by shipwreck on our coasts were about one thousand, and the number of the wrecks themselves about eight hundred and thirty.

We do not mean it to be inferred that this increase in the number of shipwrecks is due to an increase of culpable neglect on the part of shipowners and masters. Continued gales of unusual severity prevailed last year throughout the month of January, and that month alone was fatal to upwards of two hundred and fifty vessels, and almost five hundred lives. In the whole half-year from the first of April to the end of September, during which the summer weather was unusually calm, there were not so many wrecks, by sixty, as in the one terrible month, with which the year began. On the other hand, it is to be said that although in January of the year preceding there were fewer wrecks, there was a greater sacrifice of life; that element in the calculation being of course dependent altogether on the nature of the vessels lost.

But, if the Wreck Chart of last year does

not prove increase of neglect, it surely demonstrates that there is no increase of carefulness. Rotten vessels, or vessels ill equipped or improperly manned, are still sent to sea; masters incompetent, or wanting common prudence, still miss their bearings, shave the coast to make short cuts, or run foul of other vessels through neglect of sharp look-out, or of the use of signals. Fifty-three vessels in the course of the year were sunk; and forty-one were shattered by collision. It is well for us to say that the sea is a dangerous and fickle element, and will always claim its victims. If the element is fickle we know all its moods, and build ships able to fight through them; we know what is the law of storms, and by knowledge can escape the fury of the hurricane; we know how to guide our sailing vessels and our steamers—they are not sent out to drift before every wind that blows; the seaman knows how to tell where he is upon the ocean, and his chart tells him of the rocks and shoals that are to be avoided. If owners having insured their vessels at Lloyd's did not become careless about insuring them at the shipbuilder's by help of his art; if vessels were sent out seaworthy, efficiently manned, commanded by men competent and watchful; we believe that a reduction of the number of our wrecks by at least one-half would immediately follow. Practically there must always be a certain risk at sea, but practically it need not be large; and theoretically there need certainly be none, but theory leaves out of sight the imperfections of the human character. Owners of ships will equip them economically, saving their own money at the risk of sacrificing other people's lives; seamen, especially when overtasked, will sometimes fail in the performance of their duties; unskilful captains will contrive to get ships entrusted to their charge; and skilful captains will be found who put imprudent faith in their own skill. Let any shipowner or sailor speak thus of his class if he please, but let him take good care that no one shall have reason to reflect in the same fashion on himself, as one of the class. Let every man only take heed that he at any rate is bound in honour to stand out as an exception, and there ends the rule.

We don't believe in the general perfectibility of man, within the next three or four centuries at any rate, but we equally refuse to believe that he is essentially wrong-headed or wrong-hearted. There is much in the annals of last year's shipwrecks to support a different opinion. On the twenty-seventh of April, the galliot *Ariadne* drove from her anchorage near Thurso in stormy weather and became a wreck; out started, in a common fishing coble, a merchant of Thurso, Mr. David Sinclair, with four fishermen, and bravely brought ashore nine men, together with the master's wife and child. A boat laden with seaweed, shipped a heavy sea and foundered on the coast of Donegal. Its crew

of three men was drowning, and it blew a gale : out started two men and two brave women (God bless them !) to the rescue. The barque Mahomed Shah, on the fourth of May, bound to New Zealand, took fire at sea. Mr. Paddon, master of the brig Ellen, saved at great risk the crew and passengers, fifty-nine souls, and found means to carry them in his own vessel to Hobart Town, a distance of two thousand miles from the scene of the catastrophe. A man whose boat was wrecked during a heavy storm in Waltham Bay, was struggling in the water, when he was noticed by a farmer's boy, who rushed instantly into the surf, and imperilled his own life seriously in accomplishing a rescue. A Norwegian brig drove on the Holm Sand on the coast of Suffolk, during an easterly gale on a dark night. The Pakefield life-boat, manned by Captain Joachim, put out to rescue, and in the midst of the darkness and the storm found a drunken crew madly swearing that they would stick by the ship, and resisting every effort made to save them. The boat returned, allowed the miserable people time to become sober, went to them again, and found them glad enough to come ashore. A smack was stranded on the eighteenth of October last on the Anglesey coast, and its little crew was saved by men who went out in a shore boat, though the sea raged so fiercely that it took four hours to reach the wreck, only a mile distant. On the same night there was a brig wrecked three miles from Skegness, on the coast of Lincolnshire. The coxswain of the life-boat, Samuel Moody, gallantly set out with his men through a violent storm, a heavy sea, and intense darkness. They brought ashore the entire crew with the master's wife and child. All persons on board the schooner New Jane, totally lost on the Cornish coast five days before Christmas last, were lifted out over the bowsprit of the wreck by one noble seaman, Charles Pearce, who was not then saving life for the first time. Once, while he was engaged about this work, and when there was a child in his arms, the sea dashed him away. The child was not to be recovered, but the bold sailor regained his footing on the rock, and finished his good service to humanity.

For, good service to humanity is always done when one man's act is of a kind that confers honour and credit on his race. In the notes just recorded, we have shown how both the merchant and the seaman can forget his selfish interest to save men who are struggling in the actual horror of a wreck ; and we believe that there are not many in either class who have not the same generous impulses. If men could only submit habitually to a fiftieth part of the heroic self-sacrifice with which they face an actual danger, that would be enough probably in three cases out of four to prevent any such danger from occurring. It is fearful to think of the fifteen hundred men, women, and chil-

dren, who, during the past year alone, have struggled in the water off those very coasts to which we are now repairing for a holiday season of rest and refreshment.

The recent Merchant Shipping Act contains certain provisions which have been devised with the purpose of diminishing the frequency of accidents at sea. They are good for something ; though we fear not good for very much.

It is required by this Act, that no British vessels, except whalers and steam-tugs, shall proceed to sea from any port in the United Kingdom unless provided with a certain number of boats, according to their tonnage, as fixed by a table annexed to the Act. But, it is added, this enactment shall not apply to any ship holding a certificate under the Passengers' Act, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. Can any non-official mind see why the necessity of having a sufficient number of boats on board is not as great in an emigrant ship as in any other ? Any non-official mind can, we are quite sure, understand the other defect in the clause. The declaration that boats must be had according to the scale in an annexed table, is good ; but an official compromise makes up for that. The "annexed table" is a joke to all shipowners. For vessels of six hundred tons and under, the Board of Trade offers to be content with a much shorter provision of boats than shipowners have been hitherto used of their own accord to place in them. A diminution instead of an increase in the provision of boats would so far, therefore, be the most natural consequence of this part of the enactment.

The Act then, still excepting all certificated passenger vessels, directs, under defined penalties, that no vessel containing more than ten passengers shall go to sea without a life-boat, or a boat made buoyant after the manner of a life-boat, or without also two life-buoys, which shall at all times be left fit for use. This seems to mean, that seamen must carry with them an agis of ten passengers if they hope to have on board, by the compulsion of an Act of Parliament, a life-boat or a buoy. As for the buoy, since it is, in by far the greatest number of cases the common seaman, engaged on the ropes, at the mast-head, and otherwise about the vessel, who falls overboard, it is rather hard that no consideration is had for the crew in ordering that life-buoys should be kept. A good cork life-buoy costs about thirteen shillings,—Would it be a ruinous demand on owners of vessels sent out, even with less than ten souls on board, and none of them passengers, that every such vessel should have a life-buoy on board ? Men are, indeed, more likely to fall overboard from little barks and schooners than from ships.

And why are we to be content, on a large vessel, with one life-boat only, and only a limited number of other boats, the ordering of which is left to the discretion of the crew ?

Every great wreck that is reported, tells us what that means; tackles foul, or are let go prematurely; oars and thowel pins missing; plugs out when the moment of sudden need is passing. And while, under the same dread pressure, with sea beating the ship's sides in, passengers know that there is only "a certain amount" of boat accommodation; that as there is not boat room for all, some must be left behind to await the chance of their being alive when a return boat comes to look for them. A fatal rush is the consequence, and the one remedy against this, is the demand that every ship shall carry boats enough to admit of the immediate escape of all on board if necessary. Passengers and crew knowing that there are boats for all, will not then waste time in an agonising struggle with each other, as well as with the element that threatens to destroy them; and it is not true that a provision of this kind is totally impracticable. There exists such a thing as a collapsible life-boat, which is perfectly trustworthy.

The Act then provides wisely for an inquiry into the circumstances of every wreck or other casualty on our shores, by the inspecting officers of Coastguard and the principal officers of Customs; gives general superintendence of affairs concerning shipwreck to the Board of Trade, and appoints less wisely "Receivers of Wreck," along the coast, who are to have the chief authority at each scene of wreck that occurs in their district. The office of Receiver of Wreck, under the Board of Trade, has been given to many persons who were lately Receivers of Admiralty Droits,—tradesmen, and others perfectly ignorant of seamanship. Whether the Inspecting Commander of Coastguard, who is a commander in the Navy, or the chief officer of Coastguard, who is commonly a lieutenant in the Navy, will be quickened in his desire to place his seamanship at the disposal of the people who are endeavouring to organise a rescue, when he knows that he is to have Mr. Jones the hatter, or Mr. Smith the tailor, or Mr. Brown the grocer, from the next town, in chief command, and authorised by Act of Parliament to overrule his orders, is extremely questionable. As a matter of the very commonest sense, the Receiver of Wreck should be a skilful seaman, but that is not a matter of official sense.

It is then ordered that payment by owners of wrecked vessels to the representatives of the drowned (assessed in each case at thirty pounds, and salvage to the rescuers of life), shall be the first claims due against them, and the first to be paid, in full, out of their effects; salvage of life having now for the first time distinct priority over salvage of property. For loss of life, and personal injury on board any ship, the owner may be held liable to the extent of the value of his ship and of the cargo saved, but not any further. Far enough and too far, many an

owner may say; but in no other way—as we have long since urged—is it possible to overcome the passive carelessness of life, which is produced by the habit of insuring vessels against money loss, and not merely leaving them quietly to their fate, but sometimes even, it is to be feared, half desiring their destruction.

The Act provides also for the increased efficiency of the life-boat service, by adding government help to private enterprise; so that the National Life-boat Institution, an admirable society supported by the public, which saved last year by its boats upwards of one hundred and thirty lives, by increasing the pay of its coxswains and the reward to its servants who succeed in saving life, backed both by the people and the government, may do more than it has yet done to decrease the number of persons lost in shipwreck on our coasts.

It is evident from what we have said, that the new Merchant Shipping Act will unquestionably—so far as accident at sea is concerned—tend towards the lessening of an enormous evil; and as for its defects, it would not be believed to have come from a government office if it did not contain a few obvious blunders. Some such authentication was perhaps considered necessary by its author; who, for what he did, apart from what he left undone, deserves the very hearty thanks of all men who go out to brave the perils of the sea.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

WHY should "like a great school-girl" be an uncomplimentary metaphor? Most of our mothers, our wives, our daughters have been school-girls in their time, and some of them school-girls of a tolerable size. Jeannie Morrison was a school-girl, and the subject of the most charming of ballads. Her tiny world of school-weans was not more rude and jealous than that of ordinary womankind, when they called up the roses in her cheeks and in those of her little lover, by remarking how they cleeked—I think it was cleeked—"they cleeked together hame." I remember, when at the premature age of ten, I visited my sister at a seminary in Reading, kissing a great school-girl on the stairs, and rather liking it. I remember also that she was condemned to confine her talk to the French language for one fortnight, in consequence of that act of gallantry of mine. Nay, when I was younger still, I well recollect how I went myself to a day-school, one half of which was composed of the softer sex. I used to wear a small velvet shooting-jacket, with short sleeves, and little red ribbons for shoulder-knots; and I was, I believe, very much admired. I learnt Valpy's Chronology, the pence and shilling tables, and dancing, in company with twelve young ladies and eleven

young gentlemen. I liked the girls—from nine years old to fourteen they were—by ever so much the best; the boys, who were younger, were continually putting their tongues out and shying things at me. Having then this substratum of interest in the subject, it is not to be wondered at that cousin Sophy has, to use her own expression, "piled it up" very considerably—she means by that, increased my sympathy with school-girls—by certain details which I intend to confide to the reader.

Cousin Sophy is, I should perhaps remark, about seventeen, but looks nearly two years older. If I say in this publication and for the private information of the reader, that she is crumby for that age, I do not wish it to go further. She will receive, in three years and four months exactly (I took the trouble of calculating it once for fun), the sum of twelve thousand pounds, and I wish, dear girl, from my heart that it was twice as much. We read portions of Tennyson together (the Miller's Daughter); play at back-gammon with one dice-box, whose fellow I have purposely mislaid that we may have little contentions for possession after every throw; and generally chaff one another in a pleasant way. She will not play at chess with me, because she is, she says, so stupid, and dislikes people to make bad moves on purpose to let her win. It was between and among these varied occupations that I became possessed of her little school troubles, and of the causes of them. She has even entrusted me (in the strictest confidence) with a copy of the regulations of the seminary, Acacia Lodge, in which her education is still being imparted; and I have extracted a few of them for the purpose of publication. Sophy, who is charmingly natural, and indeed forcible, in her language, says her schoolmistress, Miss Maigre, is a "disgusting creature," and "a nasty thing." Upon the whole, that lady appears to be a screw. Witness the following extracts from the Code Maigre:—

"Rule 73. To eat two pieces of bread-and-butter at tea, and two at breakfast."

These pieces, I am given to understand, are "as thick as that" (Sophy separates her hands, which I am playfully holding in my own, about six inches), and destroy all subsequent appetite for dinner. The butter is infinitesimally thin (pantomimic explanatory action by rapidly bringing her palms together, and mine).

"Rule 63. Not to be allowed two cups of tea."

What a halfpennyworth of sack to this intolerable amount of bread! Supposing, as Sophy tells me, that these cups are perfect thimbles, I think this regulation cruel. Can it be that Miss Maigre has made this edict in remembrance of the orgies of the Rev. Stiggins and his shepherdesses? With all respect to the conductor of this journal, I think it probable that Miss Maigre would cut her

hands off, mittens and all, rather than confess to have read *Pickwick*. She is "so very, so very genteel!" Consider, for instance,

"Rule 61. Not to speak more than is absolutely necessary to a servant."

How right it is that young ladies who are able to pay two hundred pounds a-year for their education should be taught to know their exalted position, and the gulf that lies between them and those whom the Rev. Milkan Walters calls "our humbler sisters." To the same effect, and with a yet higher teaching, runs this

"Rule 14. Not to kiss the governesses."

Not to bestow their well-born or richly-endowed affection upon poor people! The "know thyself" of the old philosopher is in the Code Maigre thus translated: "Remember, young lady, that you are the salt of the earth; keep separate from the common clay; never lose sight of the fact, that your first cousin is a baronet and your mother a Bodgers; or that your uncle (who was in trade, and is personally to be forgotten) has left you ten thousand pounds with interest to accumulate; always stand on tiptoe in relation to your inferiors, and bestow on them the fewest possible words, and no thought whatever; beware especially of sympathy; no beauty of nature, and no richness of intellect, can make up, remember, for the want of money, or the absence of the Bodgers' blood." The first rule in reference to the masters, is this:—

"Rule 1. Wear always gloves or mits in the presence of a master."

This, I think, must be a winter regulation. Rule twenty-two is more explicit:

"Rule 22. Not to go on your knees when a master is present."

Why not? This surely must be a law for the masters and not for the misses! Cousin Sophy, for instance, never dreams of going on her knees in my presence. Quite the reverse. Can it be that Miss Maigre's young ladies habitually throw themselves into that attitude; or, is the rule only actually enforced during leap year?

Rule twenty rather puzzles me:

"Rule 20. Not to have any matches."

What kind of matches—those that are said to be made in heaven, or lucifer matches? Certainly not the former, when rule forty is read in connection with it:—

"Rule 40. Never to wear white gloves."

With regard to the edicts which are to follow, I have no solution to offer, that wears the shadow of probability. Let us head them "To the Ingenious;" and, as the manner of some is, offer five thousand copies of our journal to the elucidator.

"Rule 62. Not to burn paper scraps."

Now, my dear Sophy, let us sit upon the ground,—no, that is forbidden in edict nine ("never to sit upon the ground"). Let us talk this over then quietly together. Why not burn paper scraps? Do you save them

to make pillows for the nervous and insane? or do you sow patchwork upon them for quilts? or do you preserve them for shaving-papers for the French and Italian masters? or for paper-chaises in the half-holidays? or do you screw them up into spills for the economic lady, your mistress? Curl-papers being utterly out of fashion, imagination can no further go; and I turn for relief even to another conundrum:

“Rule 69. Not to look out of window.”

Gracious mercy, then, is Acacia Lodge a nunnery? Do its inmates stand, as the poor girls at Norwood did, for penance, with their faces to a whited wall, till they grow blind? Are the sky, and the trees, and the fair green earth forbidden to be gazed upon? Is the sun pronounced by the Code Maigre to be ineligible and not to be regarded, and the moon to be no better than she should be? Indeed, the manner in which those dangerous weapons of offence, the eyes, are legislated for is worthy of Confucius:—

“Rule 94. Not to look behind when walking.”

“Rule 88. Not to stare in church.”

Far be it from me to question the ablutionary system of Miss Maigre's, or to bring down the Board of Health upon Acacia Lodge; but, what does rule thirty-four mean, if it doesn't mean dirt?

“Rule 34. Only to wash your hands before dinner.”

By rule twenty-five, you must not write in the week without especial leave. Can it be really meant by this that the whole of the epistolary business of Miss M.'s establishment is carried on upon the Sabbath? As rule thirteen, too, is not to write upon the desks, what a harassing as well as irreligious affair their writing altogether must be. Let me, however, have the pleasure of extracting this regulation also:

“Rule 58. All letters, except to relations, to be inspected.”

This is a wise and prudent edict: there is no knowing, else, with how many designing young men communications may not be kept up. I seem to see Miss Maigre as she plays her task, à la Sir James Graham, and appreciate her position thoroughly; all letters in pink envelopes, directed to Henry Lovell, Esq., if you please, Miss Sophia; I must detain.—But “please, he's my cousin!” No matter. You need not write to gentleman-cousins on rose-coloured paper. In fact you must not.

There are several edicts in the code with regard to the getting-up—I mean the toilettes—of the young ladies, which I feel it would be unbecoming (however interesting) to allude to:

Rule eighty-four, however,—the governness to enter your rooms six times during the nightly toilettes,—is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. What an enormous time must these toilettes occupy which admit

of six periodical visits! Some suspicions regarding the natural wave in Sophia's hair, I confess have been awakened since reading the above. Any charitable suggestion of study is shut out by

“Rule 45. Not to take books into dormitory.”

Nothing escapes in this microscopic code. The rug, the poker, the stairs, pocket-handkerchiefs, boots, the bed, the chairs, the windows, the desks, the keys of your boxes; your eyes, your hair, your teeth, your hands, your feet, your knees, your nose, your neck, your tongue (the tongue occupying almost half these statutes at large)—all have clauses made and provided for them, as stringent, as if they involved the peace of Europe and the fate of unborn millions.

There are *how-ton* edicts concerning Miss Maigre herself, suggesting the ceremonials of an Eastern court. The whole establishment rises at her entrance (rule ninety-three), as the roses and lilies spring up at the footfall of the fairy-queen; and beware! beware! rash mortal, saith regulation twelve, who shall, on any pretence whatever, sit in Miss Maigre's seat. Nay, you dare not even approach it; for what says rule thirteen?

“Rule 13. Not to step on the rug;” where, of course, Miss Maigre's throne is placed.

Finally I will extract one edict more—the one-hundredth. It closes the Code Maigre with a snap, and is above all others, to be resolutely obeyed. It is defined, and dwelt upon, more emphatically than any; and the italics (as the newspapers say) are all Miss Maigre's own:—

“Rule 100. Not even to look at a boys'-school.”*

BRIDES FOR SALE.

We have heard it said that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt—a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakchains has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, “for the first time, since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom,” and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly decreed by that “very magnificent Bashaw”—this is the true Egyptian pronunciation—Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement, something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave markets were complained of as a nuisance, not as a system. They were ordered to disappear. Accordingly travellers, fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be—that boys and girls and

* All the extracted rules are from a genuine document.

grown persons were actually to be seen for sale—at least, such was the reason given for the eagerness with which the sight was sought—were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose—ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places: a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Europeans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable ease. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres smoothed all difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. Whilst passenger-philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali—supposed to have repented of his slave-hunts—here was evidence that not the slightest real change was contemplated. Serving men and serving maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, constantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the jellabs make their slaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilised to be compelled to re-assume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stupidity.

We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but names—there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new jovial pasha—that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival influences—we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt, you may; but not slavery in Egypt, for many a long day. The whole of society is constructed on the supposition that in every family above the position of a common labourer there shall be, at least, one bought assistant. Take away the slave-girl, and who shall grind the corn, or pound the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash the floor, or carry master's dinner to the shop in the bazaar? Who shall light the pipes of

the great, or bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more memlooks or eunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future: but change must come by slow degrees.

What, too, would the rich Turk or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from amongst his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on this subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-coloured ladies are introduced into a harim, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eager to obtain an establishment. We remember once—during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria—being told that there was a Georgian girl to be disposed of in the Broker Bazaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat a little back in a shop, closely wrapped up in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abn Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating, from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazelle were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand piastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three scowled tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and, having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harim of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabic, and Abn Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said—interested flatterer—that she had always desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accordance with the usual coquetry of Eastern women, she allowed us to take a rapid glance at her face, we discovered that care or sickness had made surprising inroads on her youth. We shall never forget that anxious and pallid countenance, lighted up for a moment by a fascinating smile—we fear not genuine, for it was expiring before the veil rapidly returned to its place. Her

master—a surly Turk—coming up to take her home, put an end to the interview. Next day we heard some bidding for her; but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beckoned to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: “Nazarene! Cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?” That is to say, a Mohammedan, to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we were told, attributed her meagerness either to ill-humour or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of a hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand piastres), for encouraging it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over our shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was waddling that way. A short time afterwards, she was parted with for about seventy pounds, ornaments and all.

White slaves are kept at Cairo, in *Wakâlfahs*, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave-dealers. They are brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harim of the place, for there are always “a few fine young ladies” for sale, forming part of the fortune of some deceased Turk. In the best houses, each has a separate apartment, and a separate *duenna*, or attendant—facts, which we might have learned from report, but which we happen to know from positive experience. We were some years ago at Cairo, in the heyday of youth and spirits, and chancing to hear of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind obstinacy which in such case can alone insure success.

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with ourselves, and dashed into the narrow, tortuous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly informing our guide that we never meant to return without having seen a *depôt* of white slaves. The fellow’s single eye glistened with wonder, but he put his hand to his head, and exclaimed: “Trader—ready!” and trotted before us, stopping to whisper to all his numerous friends and acquaintances as he passed, informing them, as we afterwards

learned, that he had four mad Franks in charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tremendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the *Bab-el-Zontona*, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurriedly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: “Well, sir?” He apologised, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the jellabs, trotted away to the other side of the *Bab-en-Nasr*, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of bronze-colour, and a few Galla girls, black as coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party began to talk of the propriety of cudgelling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many solemn asseverations to take us to the *therkh* of the slave-dealers; and so we rode about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were always at first introduced as the sheikh, and who were then admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beginning by expatiating on the impropriety of our wishes, and ending—when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason—by referring us to a man in the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with everybody to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves. We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—a continuation of the *Goreeyeh*, if we remember rightly—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed—he must have been named Mohammed—the slip, and resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Everybody is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first supply, and ordered a second. The *kawajee* was delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted. That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet, without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-cages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mystery which we were resolved to investigate.

The worthy coffee-man, whose countenance was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absurd word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. If we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, smoking, and drinking coffee to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawajee, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great, brawny, fellât woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit, old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested, which had somewhat of the character of a burglary, might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity, appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellât woman entered. We made a rush across the street—a hop, step, and a jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as fiercely as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but old, ugly women of nondescript appearance. How they screamed and shouted, and gesticulated, and threatened, and put their half-veiled faces close to ours, and asked us what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls of piastres and paraahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures calmed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, where was the harm? The merchant and his men were away—the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored, and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quondam female assailants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woollen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all round her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her avarice was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed, if we would only make haste to exhibit her aged beauties.

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found ourselves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily, and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome, by-the-bye—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the duenna, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been already in some Cairo harim, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well-accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation that had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition—for in that light we regarded the place—a magnificent young woman, with dark dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth low forehead, rich lips, and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embroidered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist and loose trousers, as we are accustomed to call the Oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ankles. The lady wore a small red cap, from beneath which her immense profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoulders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surprise was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know

what we could want, and why she was made a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her appearance checked our somewhat boisterous gaiety, and we remained gazing at her in silence—a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glancing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human beings to put them to hard labour and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gallery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fierce-looking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a white beard, which he accused us of defiling. He was the master of the place; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused—so many people spoke at once—that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beard to pull, slapped his face, took off his turban and threw it on the ground—all to denote that we had unjustifiably violated his domicile—and so we had. Mingling, therefore, with counter-thrusts, opening a way with piastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good humouredly as possible, we managed to scramble down the staircase and get into the street, where our donkey-boys, who had heard of our danger, were beginning to whimper and collect a crowd. Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.

DREAMERS.

I AGREE, to a certain extent, with Mr. Luke Higginbotham, of Friars' Alley, in his reprobation of dreamers. And I say this, well knowing that he suspects me of belonging to the class. It may seem paradoxical to state that the place which I sometimes occupy at the great wine-merchant's table is due to his low estimate of my understanding. Such, however, is the fact. The city magnate, who has not been fortunate in attracting to his board persons of quality or taste, deigns, for the reason I have given, to command such society as mine. His leading instinct was, doubtless, to be obsequious; but, finding no patron to flatter, he obeyed the second

marked impulse of his nature, and became dogmatical.

Now, I am, so to speak, a man made to order for the gratification of this propensity. Originally Mr. Higginbotham's clerk, and now but the salaried manager of a modest wine house in the country, there could be no better foil to the Bacchic potentate, who boasts domains in Andalusia, on the Rhine-steeps, and in Champagne, and whose territories I have often pictured as flowing with rivers of tawny gold, of crystal with foaming eddies, of ruby smooth, swift, and deep—all hurrying to some great festive ocean which laves the coasts of an ideal Naxos. It is this tendency on my part to picture, to imagine—or, as Mr. Higginbotham phrases it, to dream—that yields one of the main points of his superiority, and of his consequent satisfaction in our intercourse. For example, last Thursday, after one of those stately and frigid dinners sometimes given at his villa in Berkshire, and at which, for the sake of my present employer, I am compelled to assist, our host produced a sample of his rarest Assmannshausen. After testifying to its excellence, I ventured to observe that the wine in question gained an added zest from the picturessqueness of its native region, that those green steeps which hem in the Rhine gorge, with all its old-world life and natural beauty, gave a stimulus even to the palate—that, in fact, it would have been quite another thing to have quaffed the same fluid if derived from some level and uninteresting district.

I was allowed to state this doctrine without serious interruption. True, Mr. Chipfield, the curate, had ejaculated "Now, really!" in the first stage of my proposition, and Mr. Thorneyside, the attorney, was at no pains to repress a contemptuous chuckle. They had been trained to their patron's humour, and might have shown their disdain for me yet more emphatically but for Mr. Higginbotham himself. Even as the experienced angler checks the impatience of the tyro to strike, so did our host raise a warning and expressive hand, which plainly said—"Wait, wait, gentlemen—only give him line enough." Awhile, in careless mood, he dallied with his watch-seals, smoothed his portly chest, and telegraphed with an eye of cruel humour to his confederates. As I concluded, however, he grew erect—stiff and peremptory was he as his highly-starched collar, his short, inflexible fingers, or his iron-grey, stubbly hair—he took the rod into his own hands, and prepared to land me.

"Been up the Rhine, Thorneyside?" inquired my tormentor, with a wink.

"Not I—I've my hands too full," said the lawyer, with the air of one who thanked the Maker of the world that he had seen very little of it.

"Been up the Rhine, Chipfield?" pursues the querist.

Young Chipfield, who has sixty pounds per annum and no vacation, repudiates the idea. Nothing would induce him to go—everybody goes there—he considers the Rhine a mere resort for Cockneys—no, not for Cockneys—observing Higginbotham's sudden frown—he doesn't mean that all—

"He means, for idlers—dreamers!" cries Higginbotham.

"Of course, dreamers!" chimes the chorus.

"Now, gentlemen," resumes the angler, rapidly winding in line, "did you ever think of the Rhine when you tasted that Assmannshausen?"

"No, I thought of the cellar," smirks Mr. Chipfield.

Mr. Thorneyside also laughs a sardonic negative.

"Yet you found the wine good—knew that it had body, flavour, bouquet?"

Chorus shouts in the affirmative, while I feel each query a separate tug.

"Would you think that wine bad if it had been grown in Lincolnshire?"

"It might have been grown in my cabbage garden," exclaims Thorneyside. "If the article itself be prime, who cares where it comes from?"

"Ho! ho!" rejoins our host, giving me a desperate jerk, "you're there, are you? You know things by what they are, do you? With you bacon's salt, and peas are green! A thing's a thing and no more, wherever it comes from, is it? Egad, gentlemen, I'm with you; I, too, am one of those plain, dull dogs who see with their eyes, and taste with their palates. But, then, I'm a slow-coach, a vulgar wide-awake—I can't dream—I never was a dreamer, I never could be a dreamer, and, what's more astounding, gentlemen, I wouldn't be one if I could!"

A blow on the table gives emphasis to the last words. The lawyer and the divine go into fits. I am landed, and Mr. Higginbotham is repaid for his dinner.

We were next regaled with an account of all the dreamers whom our host had ever known, and whose special end in existence seemed to be his glorification by contrast. There was Tubbs, he said, who had such a first-rate power of dreaming, that he could make what he liked of the future, and nothing at all of the present. His youthful bent was towards the church, till Oxford disenchanting him. His next passion was for a forensic career. He imagined himself diving into the merits of causes by intuition, and thrilling juries with harangues that should have the convenience of costing no trouble in their preparation, while they should be irresistible in their effect. So enthralling was this dream, that it needed three weeks' attendance at a pleader's chambers, preceded by a fee of two hundred guineas, to disperse it. Tubbs was subsequently haunted by a vision of military glory, and a commission was obtained for him; but a brief experience of parade suf-

ficed to lay that phantom. There was Redivivus Smirke, too, who had a dream of remodelling society, and whose Harmonic Universe, illustrated by diagrams, might have been inspected for three months, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, at his lodgings in Fudget Court—hours of attendance, from eleven to four. Whatever his logical powers, no one who heard Smirke could doubt that he had a large gift of invention; and if he had chosen to manufacture novels—says Higginbotham—he might have lived on the tastes of sillier dreamers than himself. But the regenerator, with whom life itself was one grand scheme of fiction, was far too superb to deal in the small imaginative ware of booksellers. So he expounded the diagrams to various eccentrics, while his wife took in plain work till she sickened, and, deserted by Smirke, became, with her children, dependent on the parish. As I have already said, I sometimes agreed with Higginbotham, and felt no very acute grief to learn that Tubbs and Smirke, after having so dreamed away the purposes of life, should at last be somewhat roughly awakened to its realities.

I could, however, no longer sympathise with our host when, according to his wont, he wound up with the instance of my friend Merton, whom he denounced as a flagrant example of the visionary class. He impeaches Merton on several distinct counts. "First," says he, "Merton was nephew to one of our partners, and, with common prudence, might have become one himself." Yes, honours and emoluments little short of Higginbotham's own were within his reach. Merton, too, might have owned vintages abroad and mansions in park-like domains at home. Merton, too, might have been a chairman of boards, a creator of railway and insurance companies, a Presence in Threadneedle Street. "He was actually offered a stool in our counting-house, and—declined!" The accuser pauses that we may have time to weigh the enormity, then, in a vein of fine irony, resumes—"Yes, declined! his tastes were not commercial; he had a private independence—that there may be no mistake, it was just a hundred a-year, gentlemen. What did he want with more? He could live in the country, he had books, friends, and he could converse with Nature! His own words, I assure you. Did you ever converse with Nature, Thorneyside, or you Chipfield, except on Sundays, when it's the habit of your cloth to say so? I never had any talk with Nature! I never dreamed! As for books, they're well enough, though a man who has his hands full don't want 'em, and they ruin the digestion. Then for friendship," observes Higginbotham, with more frankness than courtesy, "we know it's humbug—we serve each other's turns—Thorneyside draws my leases, Chipfield has an eye to Easter offerings, and my dinner sometimes goes down better with a little talk to season it. Between ourselves—between friends—

that's the long and short of friendship ; yet, for books, friends, and Nature, this idiot flung away a fortune."

Is your balance so very large, Higginbotham, in that account which every man keeps with destiny? No pure delight in God's work, no genial interest in man's ; no sense of love and trust received, no sense—still more blessed—of love and trust bestowed ; friendship a convenience, religion a routine, no aim beyond the hour, no use for time but to kill it ; life straitened to its narrowest point, and no horizon beyond it !

Merton's crowning delinquencies had, however, yet to be told—how the honorable and romantic Miss Busby was willing to consign to him the mature charms of fifty years and of as many thousand pounds, how the "idiot"—far from meeting the advances of that now-wise coy Phillis—married a pretty governess with a dependent mother, and "took to literature" to support the trio. "Yes," says Higginbotham, "he was as shy of guineas as a trout in the dog-days, but he rose at once to that bait of red and white called beauty. Yes"—and here Higginbotham evidently feels that Providence was just—"that was his investment, and a precious poor one, too ; the girl died in a twelvemonth."

At this point I plead a head-ache, and rise. My gracious entertainer has a parting fling at me, and wonders that a gentleman who can dream himself well when he pleases should ever put up with a head-ache. The butler's entrance, however, diverts the attack. That domestic, having served the ice in a state approaching to solution, undergoes a public reprimand ; and, as I leave the room, I learn the precise amount of his wages, and the surprise of his master that they cannot secure attention and obedience.

I take my way—carpet-bag in hand—through the park-like domains. Protected by the oak-shadows from the dazzling beams of a July sunset, I strike through the ferns till I fall into the main sweep and emerge through the new stone gates crowned by those two heraldic bears which prove that Higginbotham himself had been weak enough to indulge romance one day ; though, in this case, it must be owned, with no very wide deviation from fact. I wind along the lane festooned with its late wild roses and opening honeysuckles, and in half an hour stand before the porch of Merton's cottage.

On entering I caught a glimpse of my friend as he crossed the garden-path behind, his form steeped in the gold green light that flowed through the leaves. It may be fantastic to state this, and yet it was a peculiarity of Merton that all the happy accidents of nature seemed to serve him. If he stood before a tree, it was sure to form an admirable back-ground ; if he leaned by the mantle-piece, some shadow would so slope on his figure as to bring his noble head into bold relief. With another, in the like position,

the same facts would doubtless have occurred, but not the same effects. His own grace and simple dignity made you note them. The inscriptions of Beauty can only be read on her own tablets.

The motion of his head, as he again turned to converse with some one at the window, revealed the countenance which of all, save my sailor-boy's, I now best loved to look on. Merton's face had always personified to me the idea of an English June. It was so in his youth—the type of a life made vigorous by the gusts of spring, fulfilling to the heart its oft baffled yearnings for the beautiful, replenished with abundant light and joy, yet stopping short of that fierce glow and rank luxuriance which precede decay. So had he seemed, especially on that far-off afternoon, when to me and one who hung on my arm, he broke in sounds tremulous as those of the wind-stirred leaves, the secret of his accepted love—of his coming union with Lucy Acton. I remember even now how those hushed tones gradually became buoyant as he spoke of that literary career by which he hoped, not only to benefit himself, but mankind ; "For love," said he, "makes me feel the duties of life—what I owe to the Giver of so much happiness. I must deserve her."

Yonder, behind the orchard, is the spire of the church by whose gate we paused as he uttered these words :—That church, which, having witnessed the growth of our friendship in a season of mutual joy, saw it afterwards strike still deeper root in a season of common grief. We, who within a few months of each other, had approached one altar—within a few months also bent over neighbouring graves.

I had not seen Merton for months. He met me with a greeting of child-like joy, and bore me in triumph to the window, almost lost in clematis, where sat the mother of Lucy, and from which the arch face of Susan, Mrs. Acton's niece, peeped out into the clear twilight. I was next led to the well for the satisfaction of Hannah, who had served Merton in the old days of Lucy, and who now waited while a sturdy boy wound up her bucket. As a final measure, I was introduced to the gardener, whom I complimented upon the beauty of the beds and the picturesque sweep of the walks. "Nay, it be all Mr. Merton's planning," replied the man. "A power of difference he have made in my taste, surely ; though how he got at his notions I beant able to guess, unless he dreamed on 'em. Why, sir, at one time I were all for straight walks with square plots, and pincushion-beds. It was him as taught me the value of them curves, and how, at odd corners, to throw out a clump of shadows and hide what comes next. And mighty good the effect be, though why or wherefore I never could find out."

"Can you understand," asked Merton, "how dull your life would be, if you could

see to the end of it, and knew before-hand everything that would happen?"

"Life would be very dry," said the man. "The things one knew so long beforehand would seem stale when they came."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Merton; "and the use of curves, is just this: to prevent us seeing the whole at once. As the path winds, we know that something new will meet us at the turning; and because what we see is beautiful, we believe what is still hidden will be the same. It is with a garden as with life; the charm of both would be gone if we could not expect and trust."

We passed through a wicket gate into the orchard, one fence of which overhangs the railway and the glinting line of the Thames beyond. It was pleasant from the silence of that rocky spot to look down on one of the world's great thoroughfares in the valley. Soon along the track of sinuous iron we heard the distant clang of a train, the snort of the rushing fire-steed. We saw the vivid blaze on his path, and the train whirled by. "What music in that crash!" said Merton, as, with reverting eyes of fire, the phantom plunged into the dusk. "It always sounds to me like a pean for man's triumph over the elements—a symbol of the time when, each passion, like fire, evil only because ungoverned, shall own the yoke of a higher law, and change from a foe into a servant. Nay, is not this very power of steam preparing for that better time—annihilating distance, uniting nations, acquainting all sections of mankind with each other? And by this knowledge—this intercommunion," he continued, "the cause of the World's Brotherhood is already half won. For, whatever the private selfishness of individuals, man loves his fellow in the race."

He was dreaming again; but I felt raised and touched by his words. Life seemed nobler as he spoke. For observe, whether his reasoning were true or not, his aspiration was so; and it was that which bettered me.

By this time the moon was up; and as we turned towards the house we saw the near spire spiritualised in the soft rays. Merton paused. I guessed why, and pressed his hand. "She is with me yet," he said, after a while. "I never pass a day unconscious of her influence—without hoping to be worthier of her—without a prayer that I may be made liker unto those who are already in His kingdom!"

Was that, too, a dream?

Here a quick, buoyant tread approached. It was that of Susan. As she drew near, however, she modulated her step, like one who divined his thought, and we moved in silence to the house. Arrived there, we found their evening repast prepared—strawberries and clotted cream, cream cheese, honey, the whitest of bread, and cider which had a rarer zest than even the Assmannhausen of my quondam host. There was a charm in the scene which

no one could feel who did not feel too the love that pervaded it. The mother of Lucy gazed on Merton with a wistful tenderness which showed that she had indeed found in him a son. Indeed, it was her habit to call him so.

"My son," said she, "works too hard. He is always at his books and papers, and needs change."

"What can there be happier in life than work," he replied cheerfully, "if you love it, and are of use in it?" Then he passed to the last new poet, some of whose verses he recited with infectious enthusiasm. His day's work had been a critique of the poet, which was also produced and read at the instigation of Susan. The criticism was full of appreciation, candid and decisive in its objections, yet, withal, it read like the counsel of a friend. There was a respect in it, too, which Merton felt was due to the man, however young, in whom he had recognised genius.

"I should have been much more severe," said Susan, with an authoritative gesture of her crochet-needle, and throwing out an imperious little foot as if to repel all claims on her lenity.

"Of course, women must put on severity," smiled Merton, "lest they should be thought weak; but men, whom nature made strong, Susy, can afford to be gentle."

She kissed him—this severe Susy—and we all laughed. Then she extinguished the lamp, and sang to us a ballad in the moonlight, so plaintively, that it was clear some tenderness yet lurked in her stern composition. Candles were then brought, and we parted for the night.

I was conducted to a charming little bedroom, in the spotless and nicely-looped drape of which I saw evidences of Susy's hand. I looked from the lattice into the peaceful garden, and compared the condition of Higginbotham with that of my friend.

"It is no mere metaphor," I mused, "to say that the man of pure imagination is richer than the worldling. We are happy, not according to what we have, but according to what we enjoy. What are halls to him around whom friends do not gather? What, domains, to him who has no eye for beauty? What is life, to him who has no future? Men of Merton's class are wealthy; and the world itself would be sensibly poorer if deprived of its dreamers."

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PARISH BROILS.

HELP! help! fire! fire! water! water! But there is no help, and little water; not all the water of our little brook—the pastoral, the winding, the beautiful Wallaston—not all the showers that fall in a thousand years upon our undulating, romantic Peverton Hill—no; nothing that man can do will ever extinguish the dreadful conflagration. A metaphorical conflagration; not vulgar flame and heat, but internal, mental, scorching-up thought and feeling—a frightful incremation of Christian charity, which goes on blazing, crackling, smouldering, night and day, and gradually reducing us all to dust and ashes. If all the extinct volcanos of Auvergne were suddenly to break out at once, and send their conical flame-floods forth in all directions—splitting the solid earth with wedges of inexhaustible fire, drying up the rivers with a hissing heat, and charring all the forest with a suffocating smell—they would be but a faint image and presentiment of the devastation at this moment raging in our parish. And what a parish it was! Talk of Tempe! we beat it all to nothing. Did houses ever let in Tempe at ten and twelve guineas a-week? Were there hot baths at Tempe? and a nice little subscription library? and poney-chaises to be had at a shilling an hour? and an omnibus that took you into a Thesalian Harrowgate, in less than forty minutes, where there were excellent shops, and sometimes a concert at five shillings a-head, where you heard the best London performers? No, I believe not. And Enna; people talk of Enna, and the flowers that Proserpine was gathering when Pluto (under the alias of gloomy Dis) made off both with her and her bouquet. Hadn't we flower-shows every year, with geraniums, and cactuses, and fuchsias far finer than Proserpine ever saw? And Pluto—had they no police in those days? Imagine a man carrying off any of our young ladies by main force, and G. 34 not having him in the lock-up before he got over the bridge! Such a place, indeed, as Silvertown Spa was never heard of before. There were about twenty families—all very genteel; in fact, we set our faces so entirely against anybody that wasn't genteel, that nobody that wasn't genteel ever thought of settling

among us, and we were as united as a "happy family." If there were falcons among us, we never found it out; they sat on the same perch with the doves, and behaved delightfully. The proverb of a cat-and-dog life lost its application—that is, if there were any cats and dogs among us—for they lived together in perfect comfort; and, in short, a great artist could have painted us all as a frontispiece to that exquisite hymn of Dr. Watts, which describes the bliss of those in unity who dwell. Yes, we dwelt in unity, and drank tea together all the summer, and made pic-nics, and had little evening dances, and all went gaily as a marriage-bell; and plans were evidently in progress for the future. Mr. Baskins had only one son—Mr. Welford Jells had only one daughter; the mothers were always together—so were the boy and girl. It seemed quite an arranged thing from the time the young people were twelve years old; when they were respectively nineteen and seventeen, I believe the only reason they had not proposed and accepted—also respectively—was that they considered it a useless ceremony, and that it was quite as well as it was. Then there was Mr. Jollico who had written a book, and was looked up to accordingly. None of us knew what the book was about; he was modest, and never mentioned its name; but we had no doubt it was about natural history—perhaps a monograph of a worm—for he was always talking of vertebrae and developments, and other points of anatomy, and gave admirable dinners, and looked so complacently down on the affairs of the parish—never seeming to interfere, but, somehow, always knowing everything better than anybody else—that we deferred to him on all occasions, and he acted as a sort of magistrate in the moral commission of the peace, and gave universal satisfaction by the wisdom and kindness of his decision. Our clergyman was one of the finest old gentlemen I ever saw. It seemed as if he had intended in his youth to be prime minister, and, perhaps, commander-in-chief, and never could get quit of the dignified manner befitting those exalted positions. He seemed to do the duties of the church out of a sort of a gracious condescension, and visited, and taught, and gave charities to the poor like a nobleman in disguise; inculcating humility,

lowliness, and obedience with such a majestic expression on his fine aristocratic features, that we all thought he was a beautiful specimen of meekness and self-denial to speak to anybody at all under the degree of a duke. He was himself the patron of the living, and when he died, the advowson, as it is called, or perpetual right of such presentation, was bought by a gentleman of a very dark complexion, long straight nose, wide unshapely mouth, with remarkably long and thin legs, and a great habit of drinking gin-sling in the morning, and spitting at all times on the floor. His name was Smith—a good old English name, he said, and he was as decided a Britisher as ever was raised in Old England. Some people said he was an American, others that he had made a deal of money as a slave-driver in Cuba. But here he was, owner of Nettleton House in our parish, and patron of the living. None of us liked him. He was always chewing tobacco, and looked as if he thought we were going to try a garrotte robbery on him, for he never would let anybody get in the slightest degree behind his back or even parallel with his shoulder, but managed to keep us all right in front. I used to think I saw the butt-end of a revolver bulging out of his breast-pocket; but he said it was a telescope, though none of us ever saw him look through it. He often picked his teeth, by way of amusement, apparently; for the act had no connection with his meal-time, and his toothpick was a long, sharp-pointed, broad-bladed knife, which opened and shut with a noisy spring, as if it had been a dagger, and would have cut the sides of his mouth with its razor-like edges, if he had not handled it with the greatest dexterity. Mr. Jollico asked him to dinner, and examined him very carefully. He said he considered him in the pre-Adamite period of brain, and probably cognate with the plesiosaurus. We did not know what he meant, and at that time had never heard of the plesiosaurus; but we waited impatiently for the appearance of the new rector. We all got ready our best smiles and kindest manners to do honour to his reception. Mr. Smith—his Christian name was Jefferson,—Mr. Jefferson Smith bought a labourer's cottage for ninety pounds, and laid out fifty in improving its appearance, telling us that he intended to present it as a rectory-house to the new incumbent; whereupon we all joined in furthering so desirable an object, and in less than a week made up a purse of two hundred and twenty guineas, which we presented to the generous patron, and were gratified in return with the name of our future friend, the Reverend Hieronymus Wicket. A rumour got round the parish that he was young, that he was rich, that he was handsome. Young Charlie Baskins said he hated handsome clergymen, and Sophy Jells said the same. Charlie was going into the Engineers, and said no clergyman should

be more than five feet four; above that height, he ought to be in the army; and Sophy agreed with him. It was a waste of power, they both thought, for a man of six feet high to be preaching, when he could be leading a storming party at a siege, or repelling a sortie at the head of the grenadiers. And as to a clergyman being rich, it was sinful. What could the fellow do with his money? He couldn't hunt, or keep a yacht, or have a box at the opera; it was wealth utterly thrown away. But there are ways of spending money upon horses without keeping a stud at Melton; and on music, without keeping an opera-box. Mr. Hieronymus Wicket came down in the handsomest curricule any of us had ever seen; he was possessed of more silver-mounted flutes and hundred-guinea fiddles than would have set up a respectable music-shop; he took the largest house in the parish; it had been built for a hotel, but a licence could not be procured, because two of the licensing magistrates had shares in the Queen's Head; he furnished it handsomely; and in a short time made himself very agreeable to half the congregation. I say to half, for the days of perfect unanimity were already past. Some thought it too bad, and savouring of popish tyranny, to appoint a clergyman over us without asking our opinion. Mr. Welford Jells stuck up for what he called the lay element in parochial affairs; Mr. Baskins the elder was inclined to submit to the Church in all things. The ladies were equally divided; and Mrs. Baskins even hinted that Mrs. Jells' principles were nearly akin to Dissent. Mrs. Jells drew up a little, and said her family were as true Churchpeople as the Baskinses; she never had an uncle a Methodist preacher at York, and her father had ALWAYS been a Churchman, and had not merely conformed when he retired from trade. How Mrs. Baskins hated Mrs. Jells! But Mr. Jollico gave a party, spoke to the ladies separately, reminded us that our only chance of retaining our comfortable society was by mutual forbearance; and we had a nice little dance, and a nice little supper, a great deal of laughter, some games at "yes" and "no,"—and Charlie Baskins walked home in the moonlight with the Jellses, lingering occasionally behind to show Sophy the effects of the shadows on the ripples in Wallaston Brook, and on the ridges of Peverton Hill. There is certainly nothing so beautiful in young people's eyes as the glimmer and gloom of moonlight on hill and stream.

Mr. Wicket preached, and we were all delighted with his eloquence. It was something quite different from what we had heard before. None of us understood it, not even Mr. Jollico. Mr. Jefferson Smith sat in the principal pew, chewing tobacco, and looking up at the preacher with pride and exultation. He occasionally looked round

with an air of triumph, as if he said, "There! that's a parson for you! Did you ever listen to the like of that? Can you make head or tail out of it? Not you!" And then he would turn his sharp countenance once more towards the preacher, as if with that hatchet-like instrument he could cut his way into the intention of his discourse. He said a great deal about two or three things that pleased us all. Everything was to be looked at from two points of view—everything had two sides, its objectivity and its subjectivity; and ruling over these, and combining, correcting, and reconciling them, was the "Ich." This he pronounced in a very foreign manner, like a serpent perhaps trying to speak, for it partook greatly of the hiss in its sound; but with the help of this "Ich," whatever it might be, he turned the Christian religion in any way he liked. "This is its objective side," he said; "repulsive, perhaps doubtful, alarming: this is its subjective side—alluring, enchanting, improving. Now, what is wanted to perfect the bond between objectivity and subjectivity? Nothing but one,—that is the Ich." So we all went away greatly edified, and wondering what in the world the Ich could be.

"The man has been in Germany," said Mr. Jollico, "and these are some of the nonsensical results of beer and metaphysics. Objective and subjective mean outward and inward,—a stick applied to any head is objective; my head struck by a stick is subjective; and Ich means I. So the man means that if I did not exist the stick would not exist as regards me, nor the head as regards the stick. The Ich therefore is to blame for everything, for if there was no I there would be nothing at all. I should say he is still in the oolite—a reptilian brain, with perhaps the development of a crocodile, but no higher,—ill-defined spinal cord, and triple-chambered heart."

However, he was a remarkably handsome crocodile; fine dark eyes—tall and elastic figure,—and he drove the fiery greys at the rate of twelve miles an hour; and it was soon understood he had quarrelled with Mr. Jefferson Smith, and even threatened to insert his head in Wallaston Brook, both objectively and subjectively, which created a scandal in the parish. Mr. Wicket had not called on the Spavins, or the Willigos, or the Greens. So they all sided with Mr. Smith, and thought the clergyman did not know his place and held his head a great deal too high. Somebody found out that his father had made his fortune as a mercer in Liverpool,—and it was astonishing how he could give himself such airs. Mrs. Willigo, whose brother had married the niece of a baronet (afterwards transported for forgery), refused to meet Mr. Wicket at Mr. Jollico's, at dinner, as she said the distinctions of rank ought to be kept up. Meanwhile Mr. Jefferson Smith went from house to house as an injured patron, and

awoke the sympathy of half the inhabitants by his history of the ungrateful conduct of Mr. Wicket, to whom he had sold the presentation for half its value. He also said his religious feelings were in an everlasting fix, whereby he didn't know whether his head was his head or not, but sometimes he rayther believed it must be his heels, and he would apply to the bishop to set him on his pins again. But, he added confidentially, if he had caught sich a fella a-holding forth to any of his acquaintance some six or seven years since, he would have had him tied up to a tree and precious well wolloped with a strip of bull's hide, as he had done to many a better man.

And every Sunday the division grew wider and wider. The statements of Mr. Wicket astonished us more and more. He talked despairingly of the church—he almost laughed at the notion of people being improved by coming together to show off their best bonnets and vie with each other in gay apparel; he saw no good, he said, in people coming to listen with a sneer, and more prepared to find fault with the preacher than to benefit by what they heard,—to criticise the sermon than to practise the precepts,—and to gratify their evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, at the expense of their friends and neighbours. He told us that the church was a heap of stones—the pulpit a piece of wood—the Bible itself a combination of paper and calf's-skin,—and asked us in a taunting manner if we could derive any benefit from these. Then he told us of the Ich again, that gave a soul to stone, and wood, and paper, and made each man's own little chamber into a church, and our own private thoughts a bible. So Mrs. Willigo and Mrs. Green threatened to join the Papists, for they couldn't bear to hear the church run down, after all the money spent on its decoration and repairs, and it was shocking to hear a clergyman attack the Bible. Mr. and Mrs. Jells, however, seemed to agree with all that Mr. Wicket said, and so did Sophy. She began the study of German, and talked about Goths by the hour, and said the rector was soon going to give her a course of Higgle and Shillings; so it would be charming to be able to understand his doctrine, and explain it to Charlie Baskins when he came home; for he had gone to finish off at Woolwich, and had no time for philosophical pursuits. But it was easy to be seen there would be few opportunities for any explanation, either of philosophy or anything else, between the young people; for the old ones took different sides, and quarrelled on all subjects, particularly about objectivity and the Ich. Mr. Baskins believed in neither, and said he considered Mr. Wicket a very dangerous man, with very absurd tenets on many points; he had heard him say, for instance, that crime would probably not be visited on the ignorant perpetrator, but on the purse-proud selfish pharisee

who saw his brother ignorant and did not teach him, idle, and did not give him work : who, when he asked for bread in the shape of instruction, gave him a stone in the shape of the treadmill. Then he added in a whisper,—for the communication was too awful to be conveyed in his ordinary tone of voice—he is by no means sound about Satan. This was a settler. It was seen at once that a man might be unsound on many subjects, and yet be orthodox enough ; but unsoundness in this was an overthrow of the Christian faith altogether. So the belief gradually spread that Mr. Wicket was a confirmed atheist, and worshipped the devil. Such a hubbub was never known. There was a complete cut between almost every two people in the parish. Mr. Jollico couldn't collect above eight or nine people to his nicest dinners. Charlie Baskins, when he came home on leave, was not admitted at Mr. Jells', when he called. And Mr. Jefferson Smith, who let the ornamented cottage, intended for the rector, for thirty pounds a-year, said it was intolerable that a parish should suffer such an infliction, and if the living were vacant, he should know what to do.

Strangely enough the living became vacant very soon. Mr. Wicket grew tired of so much opposition as he experienced, and resigned the rectory to go abroad. Mr. Jefferson Smith was now in supreme delight,—he sat for hours in front of his door, and peeled sticks with a bowie-knife, and spat at marks on the drive. He said he would gratify the parish with a gentleman who would put everything straight. He would have none of your Ichs or objectivities. He had taken the precaution to sell the next presentation to a society whose whole object it was to introduce real Christianity into a benighted land. So there came down a very little stout man, with a very bald head, and very short neck. A low brow corrugated itself in wavy folds, while his cheeks filled themselves with a great sound, and collapsed at each sentence like a broken bellows. Short bandy legs scarcely sufficed to support the weight of his rotund and shapeless body. He was married, and had many children. His wife, a thin, cadaverous person of fifty years of age ; his children, sleek-haired, dirty-handed, short-jacketted little fellows, with red hair, and flat-topped heads. And again hope revived in the parish, for Mr. Howlign was said to be a surprising orator, and did not understand a word of any language but his own—a phenomenon of self-culture. Originally designed for a tailor, but with an indomitable ambition to teach everybody he came in contact with, he had offended his master by dogmatizing on the shape of trousers, and after many years' steady perseverance, had pushed himself up to his present station, by loudness of voice, and a perfect Niagara of words, over which, as in the real waterfall, hung a perpetual mist through

which it was impossible to see. "I have been in Plymouth Dockyard," said Mr. Jollico, "and I have noticed the skulls of the culprits with much attention. This man looks like a convict with a call ; which many of them have, by the bye, to the great delight of the chaplains, and the easy obtaining of tickets of leave. He has the criminal development very strong, and I should fear will murder some of us soon, or die of delirium tremens."

He die of delirium tremens ! The last man in the world to do any such thing. He must have had a constitution of iron. In his very first sermon he told us he had at one time been the greatest rascal, without any exception, who ever escaped the gallows by the blindness of the law. For many years he had been a confirmed drunkard. He had broken every commandment every day of his life. He had never seen money without wishing to steal it ; nor a woman of any kind without wishing to insult her ; nor seen a neighbour in distress without wishing to increase his sufferings. He had never received a favour without wishing to injure his benefactor. He had never answered a question without telling a lie. He had never had a dinner given him without eating till he could eat no more. Murder he had not risen to, but it was only through fear of the law. Forgery he had not attempted, for he was afraid of discovery ; but both murder and forgery he would have gloried in committing—for his heart was in a state of nature. So were all our hearts. "You would all rob, and slay, and cheat if you dared ! Don't try to deceive me ; my feelings once were what yours now are. You are all murderers, thieves, assassins, liars, drunkards. I know it—for wasn't I once all these things. And don't go plastering over your iniquities with what is called politeness. I had no politeness, even when I was the ruffian you are. Don't go and say to each other,—'My respected friend do so and so,' but say—'Unconvicted swindler, undetected murderer, unexposed forger, do so and so.' That's how you ought to speak to each other ; that's how the angels look upon every one of you ; that's how they would once have been justified in looking on me ! Go home then," he said, after his "finally, and in conclusion" had been repeated two or three times,—“Go home, and be sure there is one man in the parish who knows your hearts better than you do yourselves ; for I have nothing to do but study my own. Don't I see in it all the vices it is possible to name ?—and isn't it a human heart ?”

"I should say not," said Mr. Jollico, as we walked home, "I should think it is the very lowest stage of animal development—prior even to the silurian remains. In fact, I should say you had no heart at all, but that you were a sort of polyp, consisting of a stomach and a mouth. I will show you some fossilised specimens of the family," he added, "when

we get to my house. This fellow will do more mischief to the parish than fifty Mr. Wickets. It is impossible to ask him to dinner. He would steal the spoons. He told us he was at one time in the habit of pocketing whatever he could; and the old propensity might break out. He would also find fault with my three glasses of Twenty Port, because he was once a deliberate drunkard, and might object to my asking Sophy Jells to tea, because he used to have curious ideas about any lady he saw."

So here we are in the midst of an internal conflagration, which nothing seems likely to extinguish; and all because we have no voice in the appointment of our rector; anybody can buy the right of setting anybody to instruct us. Cannot some way be found out of consulting a parish on the settlement in the midst of it of a teacher and guide? Are German theologians to come and mystify us with Ichs and other unintelligibilities, and turn the heads of silly young girls like Sophy Jells, who has lost both Charlie Baskins and Mr. Wicket; or a ranting Boanerges to escape by a miracle from being hanged, and paint poor human nature as black as pitch, as pitch only fit to be burned?—taking his wretched self as the model, his own wicked thoughts and depraved imaginations as the same thoughts and imaginations which softened the heart of Howard and ennobled the mind of Milton? "I am going to dine with Mr. Jollico to-day, and we are going to read a chapter or two of the Gospel of St. John. "It is like grinding one's own wheat," he says, "and baking one's own loaf after the adulterations of miller and baker. Is there no Dr. Hassall to spy out the deleterious mixtures and unwholesome poisons retailed in pulpits as well as shops—the alum, and plaster, and acid, taking away the purity and sustenance of the bread of life?"

WET GARDEN WALKS.

AFTER a stout pitched battle with the obstinate resistance of three dinner courses, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl (not to mention the volunteer regiments of vegetables), with soup in the van, and dessert in the rear, flanked by a sharp-shooting company of frisky beer, popping seltzer-water, and explosive lemonade, the whole covered by a powerful kitchen battery smoking and steaming close behind—at the conclusion of such a destructive onslaught, commencing at the early hour of half-past twelve, the seated dining-room warrior is apt to become lazy, especially if he has risen at five in the morning, and has occupied his time in an out-door campaign. At least such was the case with myself when the great bell of St. Omer hoarsely boomed out two in the afternoon, to be immediately re-echoed by the shoemaking watchman, who cobbles, strikes the hour, and looks out for fires, on the

pleasant but windy eminence of St. Bertin's tower. It was too early in the day, as well as too hot, to remain in-doors, tipping old Bordeaux, especially as the other voyageurs had left the Hôtel du Commerce to transact their own private commerce in town. So, after a blink at the dazzling sunshine, and a hesitating halt under the lofty archway, which used to swallow up, one after the other, whole diligences, horses and all, just as a hungry chicken bolts grains of barley, until the railway swallowed them altogether at one gulp, but which now serves mainly as the airy larder wherein crude shoulders of mutton, fair quarters of lamb, fat legs of veal, and ruddy loins of beef find a temporary refuge—after a careless glance at those huge festoons of meat, I stuck my hands in my pockets and sallied forth. I longed for a cool and shady garden walk; but, as the proverb says, water goes to the river, and so did I. Like the pailful from the pump, with which the good "bonne" (she might have been bad, for aught I know, though I hope not, and do not really think so), rinsed and cooled her bucket before pumping another, I softly slid, rather than walked, down the gentle slope of the Rue de Dunkerque.

In that easy descent there are some cap shops, tempting to look into on several accounts; there is a milliner's that is perfectly irresistible (it has a choice geranium novelty in a china pot stuck in the window to give you an excuse for stopping); there is a charcutier's (artist in pork), with a varnished ham, a french-polished tongue, a china hen that has been sitting upon the same eggs, to my knowledge, for these eighteen months past; and a large bouquet of finely-broken tulips expressly placed to shade half a sausage from the sunshine; there is a shoemaker's, where four-and-twenty Crispins sit all in two rows, who know better than the subtlest and secretest agent of police the face and the business of every passer-by; there is a tobacco débit, where you find the newest fashions from Monsieur Fiolet's world-famous pipe-and-bowl manufactory—death's-heads with jewelled eyes, and (with shame be it spoken) the Empress Eugénie's busts destined to convert the soothing weed into smoke and ashes; there are aristocratic porte-cochères closely shut, and stately windows densely muffled with double curtains of crochet and muslin; nobody ever looks out of those windows, except the greenhouse plants, of whom the master is so blindly infatuated that he thinks they can never do anything wrong; there is a bookseller's, where your choice lies between the Life of St. Mouldibones, the Meditations of St. Meaghermeel, the Antiquities of St. Outotheway, the Gauger's Ready-Reckoner, and the Serjeant's Livret. There is not a soul to stare at all these fine things; for, except on market-days, and the hours of going to and from mass and vespers, you may fire a cannon-ball down any of the streets of St.

Omer without fear of committing homicide. Then there are the canalised river crossed by innumerable little bridges; the sentinelled and well-guarded porte, like a short dark tunnel; the drawbridge, the octroi bureau, and the fortification ditches, which last are admirably adapted to the comforts of the fat carp and slippery tench, who flounce and wriggle among the reeds and water-lilies. There is the passage by which the road ducks beneath the railway—and then you are walking in another world, amongst a people who have only two ideas to rub together—namely, gardens and water; unless white-washing, colouring, painting, scrubbing, beer-drinking, and smoking, may, between them, constitute a third. I do not, however, mean to assert, either that the natives are devoid of all sense of religion, tenderness, and duty, or that money-making is entirely a forgotten art.

Heigho! it is very hot. Why did we dine so heartily? Because we were hungry, and the dinner was good. Idly do we stroll by the hewn-stone bank of the river Aa, which runs down the middle of the main street, constituting the Faubourg du Haut-Pont. We stare in at the windows, rather rudely perhaps, to look at the flowers—fuchsias that would screen a south-west gale, and roses which might fence out a herd of bullocks—and the more pointedly we gaze, the more complacently do the inmates regard us. It shows in us, they think, such natural benevolence of disposition to admire a blooming well-tutored cactus, and to smile complacently at a promising family of well-educated double stocks. Surely this plot must belong to a professional; it is neatness itself, and gayer than harlequin's coat and nether garments. If Hudibras were done into the Flemish tongue, we would quote and stick over the door as a motto—

Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness.

"If you please, madame, will you accord us the gratification of walking round your garden?"

"Willingly, monsieur. Enter this way." Accordingly I accept the invitation.

"And what is the price of this darling fat plant, plante grasse, or succulent?"

"Ah! monsieur; my husband does not sell flowers. He only rears them for his own enjoyment."

"I beg excuses,"—

"There is no occasion, monsieur. If you wish for a cutting, you are at liberty to take one."

Of course I took a strong cutting, inserting the knife so as to divide the subterranean stem, and bring away a fibre or two of vigorous root. It was the prettiest plant I had seen for some time.

But, if you are curious about the name of the vegetable pet I thus carried off from that Haut-Pont parterre, I simply reply it was the plant then in vogue. Flowers are like fashions and the fair ones who set and wear them: each reigning beauty, each fresh-blown mode, is admired as the loveliest and the most becoming. What more charming than the simple unaffected style of dress introduced by the snowdrop, the crocus, the hepatica, and the primrose? But, as dogs have their day, so have flowers and beauties. "Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away, another as bright and as fleeting comes on." And we think them all the brightest for the time being. When the first generation of spring blooms are turned to hay and withered leaves, we rapturously admire and ecstatically adore the glories of the tulip, the voluptuousness of the rose, the luxury of the carnation, and the noble presence of the dahlia. And when they are standing with one foot in the grave, ready to be swept to their funeral amidst the compost heaps of autumn, we console ourselves for the loss of dear departed flowers, by gazing with rapture at the expanding petals of chrysanthemums, dwarf, tall, and middle-sized, white, yellow, orange, red, brown, blush; in short, of every colour of the rainbow except the best,—blue and violet,—for those are the hues of love and friendship. Exactly so with milliner's fashions. Did you ever know a pretty and amiable woman look otherwise than charming, whether she wore a ruff, a farthingale, a hoop, or a Mary Stuart cap? Her hair, whether dusted with a bushel of powder, frizzed into a cloud, tortured into corkscrews, braided into long cows'-tails, plastered stiff with Bandoline, or puffed into rolls like Bologna sausages,—her hair still constituted the head-dress of a beauty; and you admired its arrangement while you beheld it, however absurd that arrangement might be. Were you not taken, in your youth, with coal-scuttle hats, skin-tight sleeves, low-cut bosoms, and high waists on a level with the arm-pits? Have you not been pleased with decorous dresses buttoned tight round the throat; with gigot-sleeves, which only require inflation with gas to make your dearly-beloved Jenny jump over the moon; with shot-silk skirts, which answer as admirable substitutes when the street-sweeping machines are out of order; with multiple series of graduated flounces reaching almost to the ears of the wearer, as if a lady were a sort of pyramido-conical obelisk, whose pinnacle was to be reached by climbing up a flight of external steps? I again assert that women, fashions, and flowers, admit of no degrees of comparison. They are all superlative, while they last. The flower season is a succession of brilliant noons, a compressed epitome of many bright summers, a reiteration of culminating points, zeniths, and climaxes, from which all shadows of

morn and eve, all decline and fall, all sunset and autumn, are temporarily and provisionally excluded, till at last old Winter comes to wave his white wand again, and scatters his hoar-frost over the earth, like burning ashes.

Every flower is a favourite with somebody, though everybody does not fix his affections on the same identical favourite. As in matters matrimonial, every Jack finds his Jill (*chacun trouve sa chacune*); so, in floral attachments, every object of attraction bewitches its own special object whom its influence attracts. Rousseau had his periwinkle; Girofalo the painter, his gilliflower, whence he derives his pictorial name. Linnaeus fell into a rapture of adoration the first time he beheld the golden blossoms of the furze; while Burns worshipped with fond devotion that wee modest crimson-tipped flower, the daisy. The late king and queen of Otaheite wore sunflowers in their bosoms on drawing-room days. There are memorial flowers; the Flos Adonis, or pheasant's eye, sprang from the blood that fell from Adonis's thigh, when the savage boar inflicted the death-wound; the hyacinth rose to perpetuate the perishing beauty of another comely stripling. The *vergiss-mein-nicht*, or forget-me-not, is a modern remembrancer of lovers' vows. There are dynastic flowers; the lily of the Bourbons, the violet of the Bonapartes, and the broom-twig, the *planta genista*, or *plante des genets*, of our own vanished Plantagenets. There are national flowers; the touch-me-not thistle of Scotland, the delicate wood-sorrel or shamrock of Ireland, the blood-stained roses (both white and red) of England, the perfumed rose of the orientals, the water-lilies of India, the tuberose of Italy; to which might be added the geraniums of the Cape, the cactuses of America, the lilies of Guernsey, the double pomegranates of Morocco, the scarlet quince, and a hundred other beauties of Japan, the chrysanthemum and a thousand more charmers from China, the gentian of the Alps, and the blushing crab-blossom of Siberia. There are religious and supernatural flowers;—the passion-flower, which represents, in the parts of its inflorescence, the material instruments of the Saviour's suffering; the box which (when properly blest and dipped in holy water) drives off, by sprinkling, all evil influences—I have seen it used effectually, with decoction of tobacco, to exorcise malignant insects from tormented and demoniacally-possessed wall-fruit trees;—the mandrake, which, when torn up by the roots, utters a wailing cry, and drives the hearer mad. There is Shakespeare's "little western flower;" and *joubarbe*, Jupiter's beard, *vulgo* houseleek, "which," saith Sir Thomas Browne, "old superstition set on the tops of houses as a defense against lightning and thunder;" St. Anthony's white lily, symbolic and virtuous; and a legend of the Virgin worthier of belief than the new-

fangled doctrine of her immaculate conception, that when her votaries sought her body in the tomb, they found that it had undergone apotheosis, and that its place was filled with a bouquet parfait, a mingled mass of sweet-smelling blooms.

There are even blossoms of county repute; hops in Kent, apples in Devonshire, barley-bloom in Norfolk, gooseberries in Lancashire. There are poor men's flowers (double-daisies and wall-flowers), rich men's flowers (orchidaceæ), weavers' flowers (tulips and ranunculuses), shoe-makers' flowers (auriculas and calcolarias); button-hole flowers; flowers for the mouth; nay, some enthusiasts (I cannot call them savages), go so far as to stick flowers, in slits, in their ears. There are barometric flowers (the shepherds' weather-glasses); photometric flowers (mesembrianthemums, or noon-flowers, not to mention a star or two of Bethlehem, and others); clock flowers (the white water lily), which shut at certain hours of the day; luminous flowers (*tropæolum*), from which bright sparks have been seen to flash. There are sweet-smelling flowers that intoxicate the soul; and stinking flowers (*stapelia*) which imitate putrid carrion so well as to take the very blow-flies in. There are ticklish flowers, which shrink and wince when you tickle them. I question whether there are any truly scentless flowers; but there are paradoxical flowers, that exhale a powerful odour, imperceptible nevertheless to most human noses; thus completing the circle of our imperfect senses. As there are sounds inaudible to ordinary ears (the highest notes of insect chirping, and the lowest tones of colossal pedal pipes); as there are colours invisible to ordinary eyes (we know them to exist from the chemical action of the rays that produce them); so there are vegetable perfumes whose peculiar savour is not to be caught by vulgar nasal nerves. That there are such emanations, you will not doubt, after being closeted for an hour or two in a snug apartment, with sundry individuals of the cactus family.

So, pray, which are your favourite flowers,—the lily of the valley, the dandelion, or the daffydown-dilly, which comes before the swallow dares to come, and meets the winds of March with beauty? I will candidly tell you which are mine. As Cowslip the dairymaid, when pressed to patronise a bird (after the fashion of Venus, Juno, and Minerva, who selected doves, peacocks, and owls respectively), answered, "Well, I should like a nice roast duck;" in like manner, if you put me to the question about my flowers, I must confess that I have a weakness for caper-buds, whenever there is talk of boiled legs of mutton; for borage and nasturtium-flowers to crown a salad; for cowslips and cream, while the cuckoo singeth; for a dish of cooked artichokes, whenever they are to be had (I cannot even yet manage them raw à la poivrade); for chamomile

fomentations when seized with the face-ache; for marigold broth when I want to bring out the measles or the scarlet fever; for elder-flower water to strengthen and cleanse the few scant hairs that remain on my cranium; for a glass of clary wine as an exhilarator and anti-lacrymatic; for a tisane of violets and lime-tree blossoms when the doctor prescribes a cooling diluent; for decoction of rose-leaves when he says I am feverish; for the dried bouquet, which I treasure flattened between the leaves of a certain folio volume; and for the pretty little pot-flower (never mind what genus and species it belongs to) which Mary Jane presented on my birthday.

But we have not quitted the Faubourg du Haut-Pont the more for having wandered amongst the flowers. We have not yet thanked the Flemish dame for her cutting, nor inquired the best way to walk to Clairmarais and view the floating islands there.

"Walk!" she exclaims, "impossible, from this place. Last winter you might have walked there easily enough."

"To drive then?" The lady smiled.

"At the corner, near the sluice, you will find a boat."

"And the floating islands?" Another smile, a shrug, and a bow.

Now, if you can give a full and particular account of eleven hundred and upwards of named canals that twist zig-zag into an aqueous network, which converts some two thousand acres of garden-ground into a labyrinth of watercourses and an archipelago of islands, I must confess that I cannot. My slip-shod boat, urged by a merry gossiping Charon with whom it would be a pleasure to pass the Styx, went sliding through the currentless water, as time passes over a man in a trance. Not a visible footmark on the bank, not a direction-post or wheel-rut, to indicate the direction of hourly traffic. The houses, whether isolated or standing in rows, had boats moored before their doors, often as the only means of escape; but which way they were to go when set in motion, none but a born Haut-Ponter could tell. Water, and gardens, and Flemings, and frogs, realised Hood's joke of a pastoral symphony in A flat. You saw nobody walking about, because they couldn't. But you met women punting their babies to and fro, who will hereafter be the punters of babies yet unborn. You passed parties returning from market, husbands pushing their dearly-beloveds backward through the water,—economy at the prow and industry at the helm, with a mass of leguminous material results in the middle. The wayside weeds were water-lilies; instead of flocks of hedge-sparrows, shoals of roach and dace glanced by; while tobacco-smoke imperfectly did duty for dust, and yelping curs were represented by quacking fowl as they gambolled at their sport of ducks and

drakes. And thus we glided from Haut-Pont to Lyzel, a twin terraqueous horticultural district. In the heart of the suburb the streets are water, with rows of decent houses on each side; before them boats are moored at the edge of the canal, like strings of aquatic hackney-coaches, or those used-up things in art, Venetian gondolas. Close by, are huge stacks of what look like an infinity of rods for naughty boys, but really are sticks for ambitious pens that want to rise in the world, and look down disdainfully on their squatter comrades. What we call green peas the French style little peas. What, then, are great peas? I should like to raise a cut-and-come-again pea,—a great green pea, a bloated marrowfat, which I might divide, like a peach, into two handsome portions: giving half of it to the partner of my joys and sorrows, and transferring the remaining half to the plate before my own sweet self. It is worth noting that the St. Omerian gardeners, amongst the most skilful in the world (as far as they go), sow their peas in two parallel drills, some nine inches apart, leaving a wide interval of from five to six feet before the two next drills; down the middle of which intervening space they plant early potatoes. They stick the peas en bereau, that is, in arches, or bowerwise, very early in spring; and it is found that the shelter of the sticks greatly aids both the peas and the potatoes.

In front of the Lyzel houses, are flights of steps to the water's edge, down which descend, not noble maidens, but Flemish frowlings. Single-planked bridges, worthy of Anne of Geierstein, cross the canal at short intervals. On its edge, lie beds of dung, of the consistency of ripe Cheshire cheese, with a thick crop of seedlings, instead of blue mould, covering their surface. Nor is there any scarcity of little auberges, redolent of brown beer and tobacco, where games known only to Flemings are played. One practical joke actually performed hereabouts was to drag the butt of the party up a chimney, landing him on the roof, by means of a halter suddenly slipped round his neck as he sat by the fire. Gliding noiselessly out of the faubourg, you continue your voyage through forests of cabbage, woods of chervil, and palm-groves of haricots, intermingled with little bits of green carpet (sorrel, shallots, parsley, and other potherbs and garnishings), all ready to fly away to market. Little fields of strawberries, principally for exportation, take their places irregularly in the verdant patchwork. During the height of the strawberry season, the railway station is as highly perfumed by the delicately-packed baskets of aromatic fruit as a double-distilled exquisite is, during his season, with musk, patchouli, or eau de Cologne. All sorts of young crops rise continuously and jauntily from the surface of the Lyzel, as if they thought themselves the cream of the earth. And do not scorn those

osier stools, which furnish twigs to bind the fruit-trees. The sooner we come to osier ligatures ourselves the better, now that Russia no longer gives us mats of bast. You cannot see a weed, nor the semblance of one. In such gardens they are things insufferable,—in fact, unheard of; but in farming hereabouts, the weeds drawn are the perquisite of the weeder (almost always women), who bring home at night a waggon-load on their backs for the benefit of their cow, their goat, or their pig.

The Lyzeland gardeners would have quite the right to pass the winter, if they choose, like dormice, in a torpid state, to make up by a long three-months' night, for the want of sleep they endure in summer. Often and often, instead of going to bed after a hard day's work, they sit up to shell peas. Perhaps by some compensating adaptation, the fingers acquire the faculty of keeping awake and doing, while the rest of their bodily frame is steeped in forgetfulness; exactly as the inhabitants of Great Yarmouth are reputed to sleep with one eye open. Often and often, when other folks would be holding a family concert by snoring in parts, they are up before the dawn to gather vegetables and fruit.

It is worth while keeping our eyes open as we pass, for the sake of the lesson in culinary botany. I wish my present and all my future cooks were here, to learn to know wholesome plants when they see them. Amongst devourers of salads and wholesale consumers of fine herbs, it really is a matter of importance. The *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, of the eighth of July, announces a terrible event as taking place at Belluno, in Italy. The cholera had already destroyed several victims in that town, when the boarders at the college (grammar-school) suddenly all fell ill at once. The doctors declared that it was an attack of that scourge, and treated the lads accordingly. Fifty of the number sunk under the malady. At the post-mortem examination, it was discovered that the cause of the disease arose from the administration of the lesser hemlock, which an ignorant cook had mistaken for parsley. Gipsy-parties are equally dangerous expedients for innocents who don't know blackberries from bitter-sweet. Out in the wilds, amidst pretty bright berries, discretion is often the better part of valour. It is true that an unknown fruit may be almost always eaten with safety, if the stamens (amounting to twenty at least) remain adhering to the calyx, as is the case with the strawberry. If they have grown on the receptacle, beware. Our gallant allies are more prudent than ourselves. With the exception of wild strawberries and cherries, they are as nice about a plant's being properly gardened as the Jews are about a sheep's being properly butchered. Full many a fruit of purest juice serene the dark unfathom'd woods of Gallia bear; full many a mushroom springs

to rot unseen, and wastes its ketchup on the desert air. Unfortunately, some families of plants which are marked by close relationship and strong resemblance, contain both nutritious and deadly species. Thus, the umbellifers include, besides the carrot and parsnip, the benumbing hemlock, the pungent pig-nut, the aromatic dill, coriander, and caraway, the deadly burning water-hemlock, the treacherous fool's parsley, and the anise, beloved of distillers and liquor-shops.

And when you are out on a gipsy pic-nic, don't pick up every flower you see (any more than you would pick up every decently-dressed acquaintance), and stick it into your mouth to make you look interesting. A lady of my acquaintance stepped into her garden, to listen for the church bell to ring for mass. Like the ploughman who whistled o'er the lea for want of thought, a wandering mood of mind caused her to pluck and nibble a bit of the nearest plant, whether flower or leaf she cannot remember. At mass, my lady was taken ill; and, after a horrible afternoon and night, got well in the morning. But she no longer permits chapeau de prêtre, or monk's-hood, to form one of her list of border flowers. Lately, hereabouts, a little boy, four years old, the son of an overseer of customs at Pont-à-Marcq, was playing in a meadow with his sister, his elder by a twelve-month. The child gathered some flowers, it is not known what, and ate them. The father, when told of it by the girl, treated the circumstance as a matter of no consequence. But, in the evening, the poor little fellow complained of violent pains, made repeated but useless efforts to vomit, and in spite of all the doctor's care was dead within four and twenty hours.

Our cruise was in search of the long-celebrated floating islands of Clairmarais, the oft-reprinted wonders of travelling guide-books. They float, like corks, on the pages of many that grace my shelves. But, here we are on their aqueous locality, and there are no other floating islands than ourselves to be seen. The others have long since taken their departure, following in the train of a thousand and one humbugs and things of nought. The lady at Haut-Pont might well smile when we mentioned them. But the boatman accepts a chope of beer to compensate for the disappointment; and it is now time to go home and sup. We receive our summons—not from a bell, but from something floral approaching to it. Mark that green elongated bud. At word of command, (not from you or me, though we might hocus-pocus and pretend to give it,) it bursts. An evening primrose comes forth, bearing inscribed on its banner the number four. The stem quivers. One yellow petal boldly protrudes; then another; and then two, starting at once, elbow their way out of doors, and split their calyx the whole way down. The flower expands and takes its shape, as a

butterfly spreads its wings to the sunshine Its motions are like those of a living thing of quiet habits. Like? Is it not alive?

REGULARS AND IRREGULARS.

ABOUT five miles from Poona, is situated the cantonment of Kirkee, where an English dragoon regiment is always stationed. During the time I lived at Poona, the corps quartered in Kirkee, was the Tenth Hussars; and, one of my greatest pleasures when taking my constitutional ride in the morning, was to go across country to the vast plain, where I could see this magnificent regiment—numbering some seven hundred horses and men—either out at exercise, in “watering order,” as they called it, or going through their various drill manœuvres, under their energetic little colonel. As a boy, I had lived many years in the neighbourhood of the Regent’s Park, and had always been a great admirer of the Life Guards, stationed in the Albany Street barracks, as well as a regular attendant at all their parades. Finding myself, many years afterwards, living near an English dragoon regiment in Western India, and having, as a sick man, much time on my hands, I felt all my former curiosity and boyish admiration for the cavalry service revive, and I began soon to take an interest in all that concerned the gallant Tenth Hussars, which I now smile at when I recollect. By degrees I began to know some of the officers and regiment; and, from both them and the men, I gained no little information regarding the manner in which the English dragoons, serving in India, are armed, mounted, equipped, and dressed.

All ranks were mounted on horses—of mares there were none in the corps, and but very few geldings. For the non-commissioned officers and men, they were provided by the Bombay Government, and were mostly purchased from Arab dealers, who brought them down from the Persian Gulf. Their average height was only fourteen hands and three inches, or nearly two hands under the average height of ordinary English carriage horses. The average height of the men of the regiment was about five feet eight inches; and, when in full marching order, carrying everything as on a campaign, the average weight which each man rode was upwards of twenty-one stone, or very nearly as much as if each horse carried three Newmarket jockeys—saddles and all—on his back. In the marching equipment of the Hussars, three things struck me as peculiarly suitable for cavalry soldiers going on service, and which I am sure the whole regiment must find the benefit of in the Crimea, where the Tenth now are. The first of these was a small compact copper cooking pot, with cover, just large enough to cook the dinner of one individual, and well calculated to make him perfectly independent on a campaign. This

fitted on the valise, or saddle-bags, carried behind, and was strapped on in such a manner that it could not move. The next peculiarity which I observed in the regiment, was one which every Indian cavalry soldier carries when on the line of march—namely, head and heel ropes, or the means of securing the horses effectually in the open plains, or wherever the regiment may be halted. I should mention that the horses of the Tenth Hussars are never, at any time, under cover. There are no stables of any kind—except for the sick horses—in the cavalry cantonment at Kirkee. The eight troops of the regiment are picketted out in the open air, front and rear rank horses of each troop facing each other, in eight double lines. In the third place, I remarked, as very sensible and appropriate for a hot country, that the chakos were covered with neat, white cotton cloth, padded, so as to guard the head against the effects of the sun. With this last exception, the uniform of the Hussars was, when on mounted duty, exactly the same as if they had been quartered in England. They wore tight leather stocks, tightly buttoned cloth jackets, and hanging “pelisses” over the right arm. No allowance seemed to be made for the great heat of India. When on guard, or other dismounted duty, during the heat of the day, they wore a dress consisting of a white cotton jacket, buttoned up in military fashion, and trousers of the same material. The arms of the regiment appeared to be singularly inappropriate. They consisted of a cut-and-thrust sword which, from continual rubbing against the steel scabbard, was too blunt to cut. Even had an edge been put to it, the friction of continual drawing and returning of swords would have soon destroyed it. The officers of the corps, told me that their men were armed with the identical pattern of both sword and carbine, which are carried by the cavalry of the Household brigade, and indeed by all dragoon regiments throughout the service. This struck me as very remarkable; for the troopers of the Tenth are nearly four inches shorter than those of the Life Guards, and the horses of the former are mere ponies, when compared to the big black horses which carry the latter. The carbines of the Tenth appeared to be the most heavy unwieldy fire-arms for men on horseback that it was possible to conceive. They were too heavy to be used effectively with one arm, and every one knows that on horseback, one of the rider’s hands must always be fully occupied with the management of his bridle. Their belts were heavy and cumbersome, giving the beholder a notion of their being fashioned in the early part of the last century. I was told that the cost of each soldier of the regiment, as he stood mounted at Kirkee, including all the expenses incidental upon enlisting him, training him in England, bringing him out to India, and finishing his training there, was calculated at one hundred and fifty

pounds sterling. This was not supposed to include his horse; which, taking one with another, was supposed to cost about sixty pounds more. Thus the entire regiment, numbering seven hundred sabres, costs the country no less a sum than one hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds, without calculating the enormous expenses attending passage of the regiment in steamers, from Bombay, up the Red Sea to Suez, thence across the Desert to Cairo, down the Nile to Alexandria, and from that port, by steamers, to Balaklava.

I left the Kirkee station with a deep impression of the value and excellence of the discipline of the Tenth; but with the notion that there are many very grave faults connected with the manner in which the men are dressed and armed and the weight which their horses have to carry, which must detract from the efficiency of the regiment when in the field. It seemed in fact, as if government tried how effectively they could, by bad regulations and obsolete rules as to weapons and clothing, impede and hinder in every possible way the use to which light cavalry should be put on a campaign. Imagine, for an instant, a horse of fourteen hands two inches in height having to carry, for a long day's march, a hussar, who with all his accoutrements, weighs twenty-two stone, or somewhere about the burden he would have to bear, if either three Newmarket jockeys, or two average-sized whippers-in of hounds, were to get upon his back! What chance would an animal carrying this have, when the march was over, of charging as a dragoon's horse ought to charge,—or of pursuing an enemy with the slightest chance of overtaking him. When, in addition to this, we take into consideration the very inferior weapons which the hussars—and indeed, all English cavalry, for that matter, as all are armed alike—carry, is it a matter of astonishment if, on more than one occasion, our mounted troops, both in India and elsewhere, have failed in the hour of need to be fully up to that mark without which there can be no efficiency of any sort amongst soldiers?

From Poona, I proceeded to a military station some seventy miles further inland in the Deccan, called Ahmednuggur. On my way thither, I stopped for some time at the small cantonment of Seroor, which used in former days to be the headquarters of the Poona division of the army; but is now only occupied by one corps, the Poona Auxiliary Horse. The men of this regiment are all natives of Hindostan, or the north-west provinces of India. Throughout the corps, the weight which each horse has to carry when his rider is in marching order, is only ten and a half stone—exactly half that with which the Hussar horses are burdened. The men are clad in a most becoming native dress, and their clothing, as well as their arms, are perfectly uniform throughout the

regiment. On the head is worn a red turban, very much of the same shape and make as the white turban which the Zouaves of the Guard may be seen wearing in Paris. The coat is a sort of frock, which descends to the knee, of a dark-green colour, and fashioned round the neck so as to leave that part perfectly exposed, in the same way that the jackets of the Zouaves are made. On their legs the men of the Poona Horse wear high boots of thin black leather, resembling those known in England by the name of Napoleon boots. But what struck me most forcibly were the arms of the regiment, and their great superiority over those provided for English dragoons. Their carbines are light useful weapons, of excellent finish, and so light, that even a weak man might use them on horseback with perfect ease. Instead of the mere ordinary half-cock and full-cock, with which the arms of the English service are furnished, the carbines of the Poona Horse have a third cock, which raises the doghead or hammer well off the nipple, but is sufficiently near it to prevent the copper cap falling off. The use of this for fire-arms meant to be carried by mounted men, is obvious. Nearly all the accidents which happen to persons carrying loaded guns, arise from the doghead being left down on the nipple, and the gun, musket, or carbine being suddenly struck causing the cap to explode. But with the carbines of the Poona Horse this is next to impossible. The swords are the curved native weapon, and are kept as sharp as razors; the scabbards being of leather, lined with wood. I felt many of the swords, and found them all almost sharp enough to shave with. The troopers told me that the drawing of swords is avoided as much as possible, and I observed that in general the sentinels and others performed their duties with their swords in the scabbards. The sword and pouch-belts were one and all of black patent leather, so that no time was taken up in cleaning—if cleaning the process can be called—with that mixture of white filth called pipeclay. Speaking afterwards to an officer of the Company's Service on this subject, I remarked how much better the weapons of the Poona Horse were than those carried by the Tenth Hussars. The reply struck me as one which would have shocked some of our elderly English generals, who look upon every order that is issued from the Horse Guards as second only to what is to be found in Holy Writ. "The carbines of the Poona Horse," said this gentleman, "are ordered out from England by officers who have had experience in Indian warfare; those carried by the Hussars are only sent out by the Horse Guards."

The Poona Horse is a regiment of what are termed Irregulars. An Irregular Horseman, is one who provides his own horse, saddle, arms, accoutrements, for a certain sum monthly, included in which, is the food and forage for his horse. The sum paid by Government to

each Poona trooper, is twenty-seven rupees, or two pounds fourteen shillings, per month. This sum is not, however, considered sufficient with the present prices of grain in the Deccan, to feed and maintain both horse and man as they ought to be kept. Notwithstanding this, no sooner does a vacancy in the corps happen, than there are twenty applications for it. Natives, who would never think of taking service in the regular cavalry or infantry, travel hundreds of miles on bare chance of finding employment in the irregular horse. These, unlike other troops, require no commissariat, either when stationary in cantonments, or upon taking the field. In quarters, and on the march, each man caters for himself and his charger. The baggage is carried by ponies, of which there is one to every three privates, and so on in proportion with the other ranks. Of European officers, there are but three with the whole corps of Poona Horse—a Commandant, a Second in Command, and an Adjutant. The Native Officers are, of course, much more numerous: there being two or three with each troop, besides a Native Commandant, and Native Adjutant, who carry on the duties of the regiment, under the immediate direction of their European superiors.

Judging from the letters which have been received from the Crimea for the last twelve months, what is more wanted than anything else with our army, is a body of real light horsemen? By this term I do not mean merely such cavalry soldiers as are of light weight, but self-dependent dragoons, who require little or no care taken of them in the way of providing commissariat, and who are capable of acting as the eyes, arms, and feelers of the army, when it is requisite either to know the whereabouts of the enemy, or to follow him up when routed. Since my return to England, much has been said and written about light horsemen for service in the Crimea, and this has induced me to pen these few remarks regarding English Hussars and Indian Horsemen. In the various discussions which have taken place about the amalgamation of the Indian and English armies, I have never yet seen it mooted that some practices of the one service might be copied by the other, although I feel certain that such a fusion would be perfectly feasible, and in many instances highly advisable.

COMFORT.

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul
Seen tempests roll?
Hast thou watch'd all the hopes thou would'st have won
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies!
Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,
And found no light;

No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain—
No friend, save pain?
Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,
Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control
Bent thy sad soul,
And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?
Yet calm thy fears,
For thou canst gain even from the bitterest part,
A stronger heart!

Has Fate o'erwhelm'd thee with some sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know when storms are past, the heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?
Hast thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?
Look thou beyond;
If life is bitter, there for ever shine
Hopes more divine!

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain
It lives in vain?
Not vainly does he live who can endure.
O be thou sure,
That he who hopes and suffers here can earn
A sure return.

Hast thou found nought within thy troubled life
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all she promised thee, Deceit,
And Hope a cheat?
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast
Eternal rest!

CORALIE.

In one of the streets branching off to the right, as you go up the Champs Elysées towards the Barrière de l'Etoile, exists Madame Sévère's Pensionnat for young ladies: a tall, white, imposing building, as befits its character and purpose. Almost conventual discipline is observed at Madame Sévère's; the young ladies are supposed to know nothing of the gay doings in their neighbourhood. But as they pace round and round the monotonous garden, their eyes being in no way amused, their youthful imaginations go wandering to an extent little dreamed of by their revered directress or their reverend confessor.

Love, lovers, and weddings are, sad to say, the staple of the conversation of that nearly grown up pair of friends, whispering as they walk. They are in fact discussing their pretty under teacher.

"Go away, my dear," says Miss Sixteen to Miss Twelve, who comes bounding up to her.

"But what are you two whispering about?" asks little Curiosity.

"Never mind, my dear," says Miss Importance, unconsciously imitating her own mamma's way of sending herself out of the room on the arrival of a confidential

friend, "Go and play at Les Graces with Louise."

"And so, as I was saying," continues the oldest girl of the school, "Madame called her down to give her the letter; and you can't think how awfully she blushed. I am sure she knew the hand."

And now the confidante wonders if Mademoiselle can be really engaged, and who to? None of the masters, that's certain; for she never speaks to any of them, not even to Mons. Ernest, the drawing-master, who has more than once hinted what a capital study Mademoiselle Fischer's head would make. The two girls think a great deal of this Mons. Ernest. School-girls generally do place a glory round the head of one or other of the gentlemen who have the honour of teaching them. A pretty young creature once owned herself to be desperately in love, as she called it, with her harp-master, a little elderly man in yellow slippers, who thoroughly despised her for her want of musical talent.

Coralie was tall, and had a commanding carriage; her large eyes were black, a velvet black, soft not sparkling, with clear depths into which it was pleasant to gaze; her complexion, of a rich brown; and her well-shaped head, a perfect marvel of glossy braids and plaits. An elegant and accomplished girl, she was nevertheless filling the situation of under-teacher in Madame Sévère's school, with a salary of three hundred francs, or twelve pounds a-year, for which she engaged to teach grammar, history, geography, writing, cyphering, and needle-work of every description, to about twenty pupils, whom she was expected never to lose sight of during the day (not even in their play hours) and moreover, being required every morning to brush the hair of this score of obstreperous school-girls. The half of Sunday once a fortnight was the only holiday Coralie was allowed during the half-year.

A terrible life this for a sensitive, well-educated girl of twenty-two. However, Coralie had endured it unflinchingly for four years, and looked plump and rosy still. Coralie was waiting with all the faith of a pure heart for the return of her affianced husband. A year more, and he would be back; and as that thought rises, how she bows her blushing face, and lays her hand over her heart, as if the strong beats must be seen by some of the tiresome mother's cherubs round her chair.

Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a medical man, had died when the cholera was raging in Paris. He had been respected by his professional brethren, and as a matter of course beloved by his clientèle. What doctor is not?—the family doctor, we mean.

Poor Dr. Fischer died, just as his prosperous days had set in, leaving a widow and a little girl to the tender mercies of the world. And the wind was tempered to these shorn lambs; some of the many kind hearts

of Dr. Fischer's patients obtaining for the widow the right to sell tobacco and snuff, which enabled that poor lady to support herself, and have her Coralie educated.

When Coralie was seventeen, Eugene Peroud one day came to pay his respects to Madame Fischer. He called himself Coralie's uncle, being the son of Dr. Fischer's step-mother by her first marriage. Madame Fischer therefore called him *mon frère*, and Mademoiselle Coralie at the beginning said, *mon oncle*, very respectfully.

This state of things lasted but a very short time. Though there was abundance of reason for questioning the relationship, there was none at all for doubting that M. Peroud was very handsome and only twenty-seven. The assumed uncleship allowed of unusual intimacy, and Coralie's young heart was irretrievably gone before she knew she had a heart to lose. Eugene left off petting her, and distressed her greatly by calling her Mademoiselle. Was he angry with her?

After various hesitations, whether "to put it to the touch, to win, or lose it all," Eugene made the mamma acquainted with the condition of his affections. A cabinet council of the confessor and one or two distant relations of the Fischer family was held, and then it was graciously announced to the anxious lover that his cause was won. Then it came out, how very stupidly every one had acted in making Eugene into an uncle; for, though it was allowed on all hands that he was a mere pretence of an uncle, still the pretence was substantial enough for the confessor to declare that a dispensation in form must be obtained, before the marriage could be solemnised. The lovers were vexed and provoked; but it must be owned, that as they met daily to talk over their plans and provocations time did not hang long on their hands.

As it always happens, no sooner is a marriage decided on, than a host of difficulties show their hydra heads in the paths to its realisation. The spiritual maternal affection of the Church of Rome, produced number one; and the temporal maternal affection of Madame Fischer, number two; and the bridegroom's love of his profession, number three. But Coralie was a girl in a thousand, without any selfishness in her love, at least, if there were a slight dash of it, it was a selfishness *à deux*. The case was this, Eugene Peroud, though of a good bourgeois family, was, at the time we are writing of, only a sergeant in one of the regiments of the line. It is a common practice in France, for young men, very respectably connected to enter the army as privates, and to work their way up to a commission. Now Eugene, besides having every reason to expect his promotion, within a reasonable time, had a life rent of a thousand francs a-year—about forty pounds of English money, and so Coralie considered she was making so rich a marriage, for a girl

without a sou of dowry, that she might be suspected of interested motives. Like many other mammas, Madame Fischer was of a precisely opposite opinion to her daughter. She thought that Coralie was throwing herself away.

"I have yielded to my child's feelings," said Madame Fischer, with dignified emphasis, "and the least I think I have a right to expect in return is, that the man for whom that child sacrifices so much, should willingly give up his ambitious views, to devote himself to domestic felicity."

"And how are we to live?" asked Eugene, in a half-penitent, humble tone.

"As we have hitherto done," said the lady, in the same tone of injured worth. "I have duly reflected on the plan I now propose, and to carry it out, I shall make application to have my licence transferred to my daughter." Eugene looked aghast. "As for me—," here Madame Fischer paused, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes—"I shall not long be a trouble or burden to any one." Eugene laughed out at this assertion, while Coralie exclaimed,—

"Oh, mamma! how can you say such unkind words to your poor little Coralie. Trouble! burden! Oh, mamma! and when you have done so much for me; for us." Then forcing back the tears filling her eyes, she smiled, and lifting off her mother's pretty little cap, gave to view Madame Fischer's profusion of glorious black hair. Tenderly smoothing, and kissing the black braids, she said. "No, not one tiny, tiny silver line to be seen, look Eugene, is there? and mamma talking as if she were eighty."

"Foolish child," replied Madame Fischer, replacing the cap and its coqueliôt ribbons. "What can my hair have to do with Eugene's giving up the army?" Coralie shook her head, and looked as if it had, but only said: "No, no, we will have no giving up of anything. Time enough when Eugene is bald and grey-headed for him to sell tobacco and snuff; and, who knows, mamma," continued the brave girl, "but Eugene may live to be a general. Wouldn't you like to see me a general's wife, mamma, a grande dame, and going to Court," and Coralie held up her head, and curtsied gracefully, coaxing the mamma not to say again, that Eugene's love for his profession was no great proof of his love for his betrothed.

The day came at last, when there was no longer any time for discussing the matter. It had been supposed that the regiment, only lately returned from foreign service, would remain at home for some months. Now, however, it was suddenly ordered to Algiers. Passionately as Eugene desired military distinction, as he now saw all Coralie's unselfish devotion, he felt almost inclined to relinquish every ambitious hope for her dear sake.

"You must go, Eugene," she said, when

he expressed some feeling of this kind. "You must go—we have delayed too long for any other decision now. My brave Eugene, as brave as Bayard himself, must be like him, not only sans peur, but sans reproche. I could not love Eugene as I do, mother," turning to Madame Fischer, who was murmuring some opposition, "if I said otherwise."

"Wounded? Maimed? did you say? Ah! well, so that he comes back, I will be his crutch, bâton de sa vieillesse," and she pressed her lover's strong arm on hers, flushing over brow and bosom with the effort to subdue natural yearnings, natural fears. Catching up a terrible word whispered by the mother, she flung her arms round his neck, crying. "No, no, he will not die—he cannot die: but, even so, it is a soldier's duty to die for his country, and Eugene will do his duty, and Coralie will do hers." Poor heart, how it quivered, and how the tongue faltered, as it spoke these brave words. No one knew the hard victory over self Coralie had won. She—herself, only realised it when the fight was over, and she was left to long days of alternate anxiety and hope.

Madame Fischer had prophesied more truly of herself than she had intended. After what seemed a mere cold, she almost suddenly died. The reversion of her licence had only been talked about, and not secured, so Coralie, at eighteen, found herself alone in Paris, her whole dependence, a few, very few, pounds, the poor mother had pinched herself for years to lay by for her child's dot.

The brave-hearted Coralie went at once to those ladies who had befriended her mother. She told them of her engagement, she was very proud of being the promised wife of Eugene Peroud. She knew how willingly he would have given her his thousand francs a year, but she would rather try and support herself, until she actually became his wife. Her mother's savings Coralie wished laid aside to be used as that dear lost one had meant.

The ladies applied to their nieces or daughters, at Madame Sévère's, and through their exertions Coralie was received as sous-maitresse. For four years had Coralie brushed hair, picked out mis-shapen stitches, heard unlearned lessons stammered through, and corrected incorrigible exercises. A letter from Eugene sufficed to cover all her head and heart weariness. What a delight the first letter had been—she peered at every word, till she learned the trick of every letter, how he crossed his t's and dotted his i's—the handwriting, indeed, seemed to her different from all other handwritings. Countless were the times the thin paper was unfolded, to make sure that he had really put that fond word where she thought, and carefully was it refolded, and not parted with night nor day, until another and another no less dear followed, each in turn usurping its

predecessor's throne. At last, she received the long looked for news; Eugene had won his epaulettes in open fight, and been noticed by the Prince himself. How Coralie cried for joy, and how Madame Sévère scolded her for having flushed cheeks.

Time went steadily on, hurrying himself for no one, and now Eugene writes of his return in another year as certain. A year! Who, after thirty, says with heartfelt confidence, only another year, and then! This certainty of soon having a husband's protection, softened to Coralie the annoyance of leaving Madame Sévère. Not that Coralie had any affection for that prim unexcusable lady; but she would have borne almost anything to be permitted the shelter of a respectable roof, till Eugene came to claim her. Why Madame Sévère had such an antipathy to the handsome, healthy, smiling girl, courageous and independent in her nearly menial situation, let moralists explain. Too independent, perhaps, was the under teacher, with not a scrap of that twining and clinging of parasite plants, which, whether he will or no, embrace and hold fast the rugged, knotty oak until they make him subservient to their support.

Coralie had proved her courage by remaining so many years a drudge for Madame Sévère, but the proud spirit could not brook the chance of being discharged as an ill-behaved servant, and Madame Sévère had not been sparing in hints that she must either resign, or be dismissed.

So Mademoiselle Fischer left the pensionnat for young ladies, and, by the advice of Madame Ferey, one of those who had shown most interest in her at the time of her mother's death, she resolved to try what she could make of a day-school for children, rather than run the risk of encountering another Madame Sévère. There was no time for much pondering: the poor cannot afford the luxury of hesitation; so Coralie at once hired a couple of rooms in one of the small streets running into the Rue St. Honoré—a neighbourhood abounding in small shops and populous with small children. To furnish these rooms, sorely against her wishes, our young schoolmistress had to expend her mother's savings. Coralie had no morbid sensibility, but she sorrowed over this infringement of her dead mother's wishes as if that mother could have been pained by the deed. She listened thankfully to Madame Ferey, who said the furniture would be as good a dot as the money, and tried to look satisfied; her judgment was convinced, but not her heart.

Madame Ferey went with her to the upholsterer's to choose the walnut-wood furniture—that object of ambition to young housekeepers. Madame Ferey says she shall never forget Coralie's face on that day, with its variations of sunshine and cloud; while

the firm, well-poised figure, the impersonation of youthful vigour, contrasted so charmingly with the blushing, fluttered manner, which betrayed to her friend how constantly the thought of the absent one entered into the choice of one or other article. One chair, quite a large reading-chair, Coralie would have. Should it be covered? Oh, no! She would rather work a cover for it. "A piece of extravagance," said she to Madame Ferey, "but it will last all our lives, and Eugene ought to have one. Don't you think so?" And all sorts of fairy visions were dancing before Coralie's eyes as she spoke.

Madame Ferey had taken up Coralie's interests in real earnest, and had, by dint of severe canvassing, procured several little scholars. It was agreed that the usual monthly charge of five francs should always be paid in advance. This considerate arrangement saved Coralie from running into debt at the beginning, and before the end of the first three months she was enjoying a great gale of prosperity. The mothers of her first pupils so boasted of her skill in teaching reading and writing, but, above all, of the wonderful stitches she taught their daughters, that her little school prospered beyond all her expectations. Coralie even thought she should soon need a larger room and an assistant; but she would wait now for Eugene's advice. Perhaps he might not like her to keep a school after they were married. In his last letter he had bid her write no more, for the regiment was under orders to return to France. He was sure to be with her shortly after his own letter. Everything was ready for him, and it was wonderful what her industry and ingenuity had done for her humble apartment. She had worked a large rug, made the neatest and freshest of covers for the little sofa, while the famous great chair was a specimen of beautiful elaborate worsted work, a paragon in its way. There were helmets and swords and banners flaming in charming confusion on the seat and broad back, in the centre of which last was a medallion with the interlaced initials E. and C. The pride of Coralie's heart, however, was the pretty pendule on the mantel-piece. The only drawback to her pleasure as she looked round her was the absence of the two vases with their bouquets which ought to have flanked the pendule. They had yet to be earned, and during the probation of this last month even Coralie's energy and spirit gave way. She could scarcely bear the sound of the little voices round her; she was hardly able to command patience enough to allot the work—to answer the never-ending questions about cotton and muslin, and leaves and holes, and worsteds and silks. She was nearly wild with impatience for the hour of release; but when it came, solitude appeared more insupportable to her than the hum and buzz and movement of the day. She could not command even

one of those hopeful anticipations she had longed for the hour of quietness to enjoy—not one of her former bright visions of the future would come at her call. She grew fearful and superstitious, and waking or sleeping was pursued by a phantom dread—a dread she would not have clothed in words for empires—a shapeless dread that was withering her life, only to be guessed at by the sudden alteration in her looks. She grew pale and thin, and there came a stare in her sweet eyes, and an impatient hard sound in her voice.

The French are a kindly race, and the sympathies of all who knew Coralie were soon in full play. Heaven knows how every one was so well informed; but the milk-woman who brought the morning sours of milk let fall a drop or two over the measure, with a smiling "Courage, mademoiselle, le bon temps viendra." The concierge and his wife were ready to lay violent hands on the post-man's giberne; the shoeblack at the corner of the street made daily inquiries; and as for the épicier and his spouse, M. and Madame Bonnenuit, they could talk of nothing in their conjugal tête-à-têtes but Madlle. Coralie and her officier fiancé. They perseveringly studied a mutilated weathercock, which had long given up service, and by which they always predicted a fair wind from Algiers.

When Eugene's return might be expected any day, or even any hour, Coralie begged for a holiday—all occupation had, indeed, become impossible to her. The parents of her little flock were enthusiastically unanimous in their consent:—"Mais oui, mais oui, ma pauvre demoiselle; allons donc, ma chère bonne demoiselle; du courage, ça va finir bientôt, le bon temps viendra."

"Le bon temps viendra!" repeated Coralie, and this strong, lively girl would sit whole hours motionless, or move only to look at the hands of the pendule.

At last, one Sunday morning, Coralie awoke with an unusual feeling of cheerfulness; it was early spring, and a bright sun was shining merrily into the room, in defiance of her snow-white curtains—some caged lark near was singing his pretty matins—and, as Coralie opened her window, a soft air wooed her heated cheek. A few warm tears gathered in her eyes, her heart throbbed tempestuously, and then she felt a presentiment, she would scarcely own it to herself, that he would come that day. First, Coralie prayed, as she had not prayed for weeks—poor soul, was she trying to bribe Heaven? Then she dressed herself in her pretty new blue muslin, her hand shaking so she could scarcely fix the buckle of her band, she smoothed and smoothed her hair till it shone like satin, laced on her new brodequins, and finally drew forth a pair of cuffs and a collar she had embroidered and laid by in sweet anticipation of Eugene's return. "They will grow quite yellow," soliloquised she, dissembling

her own motive, "if I let them lie longer in the drawer," and with sudden resolution she put them on. And then—why then, she knew not what to do with the long day, and sat down on her sofa in restless, yet happy, listlessness.

About noon, there was a man's step on the stair—Coralie was not startled, not astonished, she had known it would be so, only she panted hard as it came nearer, and at last stopped at her door. She rose, but had no power to walk—a low tap—"Entrez," she said, in a soft voice, with her hand outstretched as if she would have lifted the latch herself. A uniform appeared—Coralie sprang forward, and met a stranger—"Eugene, where is he?" cried the bewildered girl, retreating, and her eyes turning from the intruder strained, as if seeking some one following in his rear.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," answered the visitor, "I have come by his wish. You, perhaps, know my name—Jean Rivarol—I was Eugene's comrade for many years."

"He has often written to me of you," returned she; "but you have expected to find him too soon—he is not yet come—but he will soon be here."

The young man leaned his hand on the back of a chair, turned a strange look at the excited speaker, and then cast his eyes on the ground.

"In truth," continued Coralie, "I thought it was him when you entered; and so," she added, after a moment's pause, with a sweet smile, "to speak truly, the sight of you was a disappointment, and I was, perhaps, ungracious to Eugene's best friend—forgive me! Think, I have been waiting for this day five years—five weary years!"

These last few words broke forth with a burst of long pent-up feeling. Then with more composure she asked,—

"Where did you leave him?"

To this direct question Rivarol, who was still standing in the middle of the room, murmured something like "on the road."

"He will be here to-day, then?"

"Not to-day, I think—I suppose—that is—as he is not here yet."

"To-morrow?" persisted Coralie; "morning or evening, do you think?"

"I cannot tell," said Jean, evidently embarrassed, and looking very pale. "Pardon, mademoiselle, my intrusion, I will take my leave."

Coralie thought he was hurt by the ungraciousness of her first reception.

"Nay," said she, gracefully, "you must look on this as Eugene's home. It will be his—ours, in a few days—and his friends will always be welcome. See," she went on, "there stands his arm-chair, I worked the cover myself, and, to tell you a secret, those slippers, and that smoking-cap are for him. While he, poor fellow, has been going through toil and danger, it would have been too bad

if I had been idle. I think Eugene will be pleased with our modest home."

Rivarol threw a hasty glance round the room, which seemed to take in all and everything it contained.

"Séjour fait pour le bonheur,"
(A home made for happiness),

he exclaimed. He was strongly moved, his voice was husky, and his colour went and came. Fixing a look on Coralie's flushed, hopeful, expectant face, he rapidly uttered some words about pressing business, and with one hasty bow darted away.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" screamed Coralie after him, on the stairs. She had some new question to put to him, as to in what exact place he had left Eugene, but Monsieur was already out of hearing.

"What a hurry he is in; I shall tell Eugene." And with this determination, the stranger vanished from her thoughts, which returned to their former train. Nevertheless, she had gathered one certainty, that her betrothed could not be with her before next day.

To-morrow!—how long! And yet it felt like a relief. Anticipation long on the stretch, as the intensely desired meeting nears, becomes somewhat akin to dread. So, the portress, who was always running up on one pretext or another, and other female neighbours also—all in remarkably high spirits—were told that M. Eugene could not arrive before the morrow.

The repeating this assurance constantly was Coralie's only conversation with her humble friends that day. Her heart was full of disquiet, and when alone she often muttered to herself some of Rivarol's speeches, harping on "*Séjour fait pour le bonheur*," or counting over her little treasures in a dazed sort of way.

On the Wednesday following, towards evening, as Madame Ferey and her daughter Pauline, one of Coralie's former pupils, were sitting together, talking pleasantly over Coralie's happy prospects, a ring came to the door of the apartment. Madame opened the door herself, and there stood a figure which for a few seconds she did not recognise. The shrunken height, the stoop which brought the shoulders forward like two points, the shawl which hung over them in a wretched dangle, the blanched cheek and lip, the sunken eye, the premature lines and angles of age—all bore the unmistakable impress of dire calamity and forlorn despair.

"Chère Mademoiselle Coralie?" at length burst from Madame Ferey, in a voice of sorrowing surprise. And taking her by the hand, she led her in silence to a seat by the fireside, and then folding one of the girl's hands in her own, she asked in a whisper, "What has happened?"

"Dead!" said Coralie, holding out a folded paper to Madame Ferey, and averting her face as if the sight of it scorched her.

It was a most touching letter from Jean Rivarol, asking forgiveness for his courage having failed before the purpose of his visit to her on the preceding day. At sight of her, he had not had the heart to speak; his tongue had refused to tell her the fatal tidings. Eugene had fallen in a skirmish for which he had volunteered only two days before the regiment embarked for France. Jean Rivarol had been by his side, and received his last instructions. He had carried his friend's body within the French lines, and given it Christian burial near Oran, putting up a rude cross bearing the name of Coralie's affianced husband, to mark the place where he lay, with a wreath of immortelles, to show that a friend had mourned over that distant grave.

God alone knew what the poor widowed heart went through, for Coralie wrestled with her first grief alone; no eye had been allowed to watch those death-throes of happiness. What can any one say to the bereaved; but "Lord, we beseech thee to have mercy."

Good Madame Ferey and Pauline cried as if their hearts would break, but Coralie shed no tear. She sat in a listless attitude, her eyes fixed on vacancy, as if looking at and seeing only her own thoughts.

"And when did you get this terrible letter, my dear?" at length asked Madame.

"I do not know—a long time ago—just when I was expecting him."

Madame Ferey looked up alarmed at this answer.

"I mean the day before yesterday," said Coralie, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "The day before yesterday—Monday. An age of grief has passed over me since then." And now, having broke silence, she went on talking: "I have lived in him—a love of so many, many years—it is very hard. I may say, no action of my life, however trifling, not even the gathering a flower, but was done with the thought of him in my heart. He was the rudder of my life. And so he will be still. For, Madame Ferey, I have thought and thought, and settled it all in my mind. I cannot remain in Paris, to see ever around me all that I had prepared for his return—all I did for him; I should go mad."

Madame Ferey indeed began to fear she might, and concurred in the necessity of a removal.

"You feel that," said Coralie, eagerly; "you are a real friend."

"And where would you go?"

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, particularly some years back.

But Madame Ferey made no objections, feeling it better to let the poor girl follow any decision she had come to for herself, and believing that the difficulties of carrying it into effect would give time for consideration.

In taking this view, the kind lady underrated the firm will of her protégé.

Coralie's aim and ambition was to bring back Eugene's remains to France, and to lay them by the side of her mother in the cemetery of Montmartre. She had already made inquiries; it would cost three thousand francs.

"I can perhaps earn as much at Oran, and if not I can pray by his resting-place, and mark it better than by a wooden cross; and at last we will rest in the same grave, either in our native France or under the African soil where he fell. It little matters, so we are together."

That evening the wretched girl left Madame Ferey more calm than she had been since the fatal news. The discussing her project with a friend had given it reality. She had none to help her in her inquiries or preparations. She felt that she must be up and doing, and instead of indulging in natural grief, she roused herself to action. Many days passed in the arrangements necessary for her plan; then it was rumoured among the scholars that Mademoiselle Fischer was going away ever so far, and would never keep a school again. There was a sale, and all the furniture and other precious possessions, so hardly earned—objects around which were twined so many tender thoughts and joyful hopes—were sold and scattered abroad. Everything, except the arm-chair which she still called his; that she begged Madame Ferey to keep, in case she ever returned. The slippers and cap she took with her. Grief—true grief, has strange vagaries. She bade every one adieu quietly, without having told any but Madame Ferey whither she was going. Some months elapsed, and then Madame Ferey received a letter dated from Oran. Coralie had made her way through difficulties and disagreeables of all kinds; but she was used to struggles, hardships, and self-reliance. She was now settled at Oran, and supporting herself as a day-governess among the families of the French officers. She was very kindly treated. Before leaving Paris, she had seen Rivarol again, and received all the information requisite to find out the spot sacred to her affections. Each morning, before the heat of an African day, and before the toil of her avocation begins, she walks beyond the walls of the town to kneel and pray by the side of a retired grave.

The native population by whose dwellings she passes, noticed this young Frenchwoman's diurnal pilgrimage, watched her steps, and discovered its object. It raised her high in their veneration.

One morning an old negro, himself a toiling servant to Arabs, awaited her coming, and presented her a nosegay with these words:

"Moi donner ces fleurs à vous car vous bonne"
(He give you these flowers because you good).

Any traveller visiting Oran may easily find out our heroine. She was still toiling on in hope a few months ago.

THE PAPYRUS.

THE writer of one of those extremely permanent spelling-books, which defy all ravages of time, and changes of fashion, is extremely emphatic in calling the juvenile mind to the contemplation of the various virtues of the cow, as a source of beef, milk, butter, horn, and leather. To borrow a French expression for which there is no precise equivalent, the youthful reader is regularly taught to *exploiter* a cow.

Did some ancient Egyptian spelling-book fall into our hands, and were we able to read it, we should probably find the papyrus dilated upon like the English cow, as a natural concentration of general utility. It supplied not only the paper of the ancients, but food, physic, fuel, and a great deal more. Herodotus, when he introduces it to his readers by its other name, "byblos," puts down its comestible qualities first. "When," he says, "they pull up the byblos from the marshes, they cut off the upper part of it, and turn it to other purposes, but the lower part which is left, and is about a cubit in length, they eat raw, and sell."

According to the same illustrious authority, the refined way of enjoying your byblos, is to steam it in a red-hot pan before you convey it to your mouth.

The other purposes of which Herodotus speaks so indefinitely are catalogued by Pliny in his Natural History. The roots, he tells us, were used as wood,—not merely as fire-wood, be it understood, but also as a material for the manufacture of divers utensils. From the stalk were made light boats; and the bark furnished sails, mats, raiment, ropes, and blankets. The combustible qualities of the plant were in such good repute, that the bier of a deceased person, before it was laid on the funeral pyre was strewed over with dried papyrus, that the corpse might burn the more readily. Martial, disappointed of the legacy which he expected from one Numa, illustrates by an epigram, not only the well-approved doctrine of the cup and the lip, but also this funereal use of the papyrus:

Upon the pile is light papyrus cast,
The weeping wife buys scents of holy smell;
Couch, washer, pit are ready, when at last
Numa makes *me* his heir, and then—gets well.

Papyrus also had its medical uses. We are informed by Pliny, that the ashes of the paper made from it will promote sleep, if swallowed with a draught of wine, and that the paper itself, moistened with water, makes an efficient plaister.

However, the manufacture of paper was the great purpose for which the papyrus was employed. According to Varro, this useful article was unknown before the time when

the city of Alexandria was founded by the Macedonian conqueror; but Pliny, who cites Varro, also expresses a doubt that the invention of paper was so recent, and tells, in illustration of his doubt, an old story about Numa Pompilius, on the authority of Cassius Hemina, a very early Roman historian, of whom only a few fragments now exist. It appears that in the year one hundred and eighty-two before Christ, a scribe named Terentius, while digging up a field that belonged to him on the Janiculum, found a coffin which was deemed to be that of King Numa, who had reigned about five hundred and thirty years before. In this, were discovered some books, made of paper, and containing the doctrines of Pythagoras. They were burned by the prætor Quintus Petilius, on the singular ground that they were—philosophical. Possibly this reason is somewhat loosely stated; for there is another version of the story, told by Varro, and cited by St. Augustine, according to which the senate ordered the books to be destroyed, because they contained the causes of the religious institutions founded by Numa, which were so trivial, that they thought an exposure of them would bring the national religion into contempt. Moreover, by the act of destruction, they complied with the will of the deceased monarch. However, much as Pliny is disposed to believe in the antiquity of paper, an assertion made by the Consul Mucianus, that while he was in Lycia, he read a letter written on paper by the Homeric hero, Sarpedon, staggers the natural historian not a little; because Homer, when he tells that wild tale of Bellerophon, in which the young hero is sent to Lycia with a written message that is to cause his destruction, mentions the folding pinax or tablet, as the instrument employed on the occasion. As for the use of papyrus in Egypt itself, manuscripts have been found by Champollion, the age of which is estimated at three thousand five hundred years. Probably the best method of reconciling all seeming contradictions is to assume that it was not until about the time of Alexander the Great, that the use of papyrus was *generally* known in Greece.

Pliny has left an account of the manner of making paper from the papyrus, which has caused no small controversy among the learned, but which, with the aid of a little conjecture, may be filled up into an intelligible statement. The layers of skin formed beneath the bark of the plant were, in the first place, detached from each other in strips by means of a sharp instrument. The skins, finest at the centre, became coarser and coarser as they approached the bark, and the choice which was made of them, regulated the quality of the paper. After the strips had been carefully taken off, they were laid length-wise upon a table, wetted with the water of the Nile. They were then woven together cross-wise, being still moistened

with the same liquid, which answered the double purpose of cementing and bleaching. The operation of pressing followed, and uneven places were smoothed down with a tooth or a shell.

Nothing can be more plain and intelligible than all this; but, here a little disagreeable circumstance intrudes itself upon us with terrible force. One of the French commentators, to whom we are indebted for the admirable Paris edition of Pliny, disbelieves altogether the sticky properties of Nile-water, while M. Poiret, another savant, doubts the capabilities of the papyrus for such a manufacture as that described above, and thinks that the popular plant has unfairly engrossed the reputation belonging to some other child of the Egyptian soil. We entreat our readers to forget this paragraph as soon as they can, for a firm belief that papyrus is papyrus, is absolutely necessary for the unity of our dissertation. Luckily the Italian method of making paper is less obnoxious to doubt. According to this method, a paste made of fine meal and vinegar, or of crumb of bread softened by boiling water, was the cement employed, and the paper, when the pieces had been pasted together, was beaten out with a hammer. Manuscripts by Augustus Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, upon paper thus manufactured, were seen by Pliny.

We have already stated, that the fineness of the skins or layers of the papyrus, increased in proportion to their proximity to the centre. On this account the paper made from the inner skin was employed for sacerdotal purposes, and was called hieratic, while the article derived from the outside was merely used for parcels. However so great were the improvements in the days of the first Roman Emperors, that the old hieratic paper soon lost its prestige. The Egyptian priests were so jealous of this finer article that they would not sell it till it had been previously written upon, but the Romans had a way of washing out the writing, that, it seems, rendered it better than before, for the paper so washed bore the name of the Emperor Augustus, and a second kind, that of his wife Lucia, nothing higher than the third rank being left for the once supreme hieratic. The two kinds of imperial paper as they were called were in their turn eclipsed by another kind called Fannian, after the name of Rhemmius Fannius Palemon, a grammarian, who founded a paper-factory in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. The fault ascribed to the Augustan paper was an unpleasant transparency and an inability to bear a strong pressure of the pen.

With all these improvements, paper was far from becoming an exceedingly common article among the ancients, and even the more opulent laid in their stores with economy and used it with caution. Cicero, in one of his letters to his friend Atticus, offers him a sum that he may buy paper, rather than

discontinue his correspondence, and attributes the scantiness of his own sheet to a scarcity of material. The offer and the observation are made in jest; but even a jest must have some foundation to rest upon. On one occasion, during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, there was a veritable paper famine in Rome, and the senate, to meet the emergency, appointed commissioners, who allowed every one a certain ration of the article according to his necessities. This sort of calamity is not to be attributed solely to a want of enterprise on the part of the Romans, but to a scarcity of the papyrus itself, occasioned by the cupidity of the Egyptian growers, who reared the plant scantily on purpose to keep up its price, thus, as Strabo observes, "increasing their own profit to the detriment of the common weal." In the days of Alexander's successor, when the Ptolemies who reigned over Egypt were founding the famous Alexandrian library, they prohibited the exportation of the papyrus altogether, hoping thus to keep all the learning of the world to themselves. Fortunately for mankind, a King of Pergamus loved books as well as the rulers of Egypt, and he accordingly invented a material, which has survived the use of papyrus itself, and has been the chief means of bringing down to us the treasures of ancient literature,—namely, parchment. Etymologists may, if they please, trace the English word parchment through a series of changes from the name of the kingdom in which its origin is placed. However, the authority of Varro is to be taken here, as in the other case, with reservation,—for Herodotus, who wrote long before the Ptolemies were thought of, tells us that the Ionians called books by the name of diphtheræ (or skins), adding as a reason, that through the want of papyrus, they used the skins of goats and sheep for the purpose of writing. It would seem judicious to agree with the writer of the article "Liber," in Dr. Smith's admirable Dictionary of Antiquities, that parchment was rather improved than invented by the King of Pergamus. Whatever was his share in the production of such parchment as we have now, he was certainly well entitled to his name of Eumenes, or the Benevolent, as members of the legal profession will be most ready to admit.

Lastly, let us mention the fact that paper was taxed by the Roman emperors, and that it is narrated as great glory of the Gothic King of Italy, Theodoric, that he greatly lightened the oppressive burden. There is nothing new under the sun—not even a tax on paper!

DOCTORING BEGINS AT HOME.

THE very few people who, in the vast and absorbing excitement of the war, administrative reform, and Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday bill, can afford to look back seven years, will remember a political event of some importance in France, known as the

revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. They may also, by a great exertion of memory, call to mind that, among the numerous men of rank who were moved to launch their barques (more or less frail), on that stormy sea of politics, was M. F. V. Raspail, hitherto known only to the scientific world as an eminent chemist. M. Raspail's experience of political seamanship was short, violent, and disastrous. Unmindful of the pilot's reiterated advice to go down, and that it was no place for him, he persisted in declaring his inability to sleep, and his determination to come and pace the deck. He did so; but though he may have carried out the pilot's recommendations (as made metrical in the popular ballad), as far as fearing not and trusting in Providence went, his little skiff, like some other craft of far heavier tonnage, soon foundered, and he suffered a lengthened imprisonment in the Donjon of Vincennes and the Citadel of Doullens. He has since been enabled to pursue his chemical experiments in a larger and healthier laboratory; and though still a republican of the "loudest" red, is content to view the raging of the waves, and the tossing of the ships, and the agonies of those who go down to the sea in them, from the shores of Brussels, and through the medium of a newspaper telescope.

The republicanism of François Vincent Raspail having nothing to do with doctors or with the discount to which he seeks to bring them, I claim leave to discourse upon him here as the author of a remarkable book, called the *Manual Annuaire de la Santé*, published in France, at the close of every autumn, in the company of the crowds of almanacs and ephemerides in which the French neighbours take delight, and which in many parts of the provinces form the staple reading of the population. This manual has had, from its commencement in eighteen hundred and forty-five, a prodigious circulation in France. The author declares that five hundred thousand copies were sold of the first edition alone; in addition to which, there have been numerous Belgian and Genevese piracies, two Spanish translations, one German, one Brazilian, and one Anglo-American. The only translation in Great Britain dates from about two years back, and is a carefully edited pamphlet by Doctor G. L. Strauss.

Three reasons prompt me to give an outline of the contents of this medical and pharmaceutical keepsake. In the first instance, M. Raspail is the inventor of an entirely new system of medicine; in the second, I should like the book itself to be known, because "while binding nature fast in fate," it "leaves free the human will;" that is, while stating many admirable and incontrovertible truths relative to our organisation, our diseases and their causes, it allows the reader perfect liberty to assume and set

down the author as a quack and a visionary. In the third, I believe M. Raspail to be, though in many instances a mistaken, yet in all cases a thoroughly honest man.

It may also have contributed in no small degree to the interest I feel in the subject, that I have, or fancy I have, always something the matter with me; that I have been, to my sorrow, the patient and victim of professors of every system of medicine, orthodox and heterodox: from Doctor Sangrado, the phlebotomist and hydropathist, to Doctor Infinitesimal, the homœopathist; and that I have suffered in my miserable body almost every experiment, on this side of amputation, that the old Latin axiom suggests should be made in corpore vili. So, with all due respect to the faculty, to Apothecaries' Hall, to the Pharmaceutical Society, and to Buchan's Domestic Medicine, let us see what M. Raspail can teach us towards that desirable consummation of—Every Man his own Doctor.

Health, Raspail maintains, is the normal or regular state of life, fitting man for the performance of his natural and social duties. Illness is the exceptional state; it reduces him to the position of a useless encumbrance on society. The art of preserving the health is called hygiene; the art of recovering or restoring the health when lost or enfeebled is called medicine. Now, it being self-evident that health is a desirable, and disease a highly obnoxious, state of life, it naturally follows that the study both of hygiene and medicine are of the greatest importance, and should be as widely disseminated as possible; yet by one of the strange and apparently inexplicable contradictions of our nature, mankind seem to have agreed, by a species of tacit understanding, to neglect or ignore altogether those branches of knowledge that concern them most. Thus, while we see theological lore of the most abstruse and controversial kind eagerly sought after among all classes of society; while no man with any pretence to education would like to be deemed ignorant of the laws, at least, of his own country; while the physical sciences successfully assert their claim to rank as regular branches of popular education, and terms of scientific erudition are growing familiar in mechanics' institutes and young men's societies; while even that slow-going gentleman the British agriculturist begins to smell ammonia, and to conceive some faint thread of a notion that chemistry may be, after all, a good thing for a farmer to know; the study of the laws of health and disease is almost entirely neglected. Thus far I agree with M. Raspail. I cannot, however, go with him quite to the extent of declaring that the practice of medicine is abandoned to a small knot of men, by whom this most noble of arts is degraded to the level of an ordinary trade, carried on mostly with a degree of ignorance and presumption that

would ruin the greatest botcher in the cobbling line. There are too many illustrious names and established reputations among the physicians of England and France to warrant his sweeping assertion; yet M. Raspail might have strengthened his argument had he been familiar with the existence in England—a flagrant, shameless, unchecked existence, happily unknown in France—of the gentry who foist their cartloads of vile and noxious drugs, in the shape of pills and ointments, upon an ignorant and credulous multitude—the quacks whose puffing advertisements are a scandal to our press, and whose colossal fortunes are a disgrace to our civilisation.

According to Raspail, the art of medicine has, for more than two thousand years past, made no real progress; and one of the latest inventions of the medical mind, homœopathy, affords a convincing proof that medicine has come back to the exact point from which it started, namely, to the simple dietetics of the ancient physicians. But, the homœopaths have ventured (according to him) to erect, on the simple and rational basis of a proper regimen as the most natural method of curing diseases, a dangerous superstructure of infinitesimals, and monstrous assertions of the curative power of the "high dynamisation" of medicinal substances. Yet homœopathy is surely vastly preferable to the Sangrado system, to the starving system (I was under a starving doctor once, when I was too young to rebel, and if ever I come across him again, there shall be wailing in the Royal College of Surgeons, or I will know the reason why), to the salivating system, and to that most abominable form of empiricism—experimenting on the unfortunate victims of dire diseases with deadly poisons, such as arsenic, strychnine, prussic acid, brucea, veratrine, hyoscyamus, atropine, opium, belladonna, digitalis, henbane, stramony or thorn-apple, nux vomica, and other members of the distinguished family of poisons, vegetable and mineral. And especially is Raspail wroth with "experimentalists"—"eminent practitioners" who really do what the poor relatives of hospital patients suspect them of doing: such men as Bosquillon, physician of the Hôtel Dieu, who coolly proceeded one morning, by way of experiment, to bleed all the patients on the right, and to purge all those on the left, side of his ward; or as Magendie, who killed, at one fell swoop, seven epileptic patients, "just to see how they would feel after a dose of prussic acid."

Illness, according to M. Raspail, is not a mystery of nature; it is not the result of some occult influence—some mysterious cause that eludes the grasp of our senses. An organ can be affected by illness, or, in other words, suspend or cease its functions, only from a want of its proper nutriment, or from some external cause. The causes of disease are therefore external: illness, in the first

instance, attacks us from without, and does not emanate from ourselves. To say that such and such a disease is caused by the blood, the bile, the nerves, or the peccant humours, is simply to give utterance to one of those unmeaning phrases that mostly constitute the professional jargon of the schools, and are of the same family as that celebrated one—"Nature abhors a vacuum." These are bold words, François Vincent Raspail. You would tremble, I think, at your own boldness if you knew how many fashionable physicians there are here in England, whose fame, whose harvests of guineas, whose patents of baronetcy, are due to that one talismanic word "nerves." How many practitioners have gained a reputation for vast and almost boundless learning and wisdom by merely putting their thumbs in their waistcoat-pockets, with the head a little on one side, enunciating, solemnly, "Stomach!" To ascertain what the external causes really are that affect our organs, we must have recourse to analogy, for in most cases they escape the scrutiny of our senses. When a point, or sting, or simple thorn, pierces your flesh, or gets into your skin, your sufferings may become excruciating. Why? Because the thorn has violently torn the superficial expansions of the subdivisions of the nerves, and has opened to the external air free access to the tissues protected before by the epidermis. You know the illness in this case to be caused by the thorn or prickle, and would not dream of ascribing it to the blood, the bile, or the nerves. But, let us suppose that, from some circumstance, the sting or prickle escapes our sight, and finds its way into the substance of the stomach or of the lungs: the presence of foreign bodies in either of these organs so essential to life will necessarily give rise to much more serious symptoms. Now, here the material cause of the evil not having been revealed to the senses, medicine will step in with a whole train of conjectures. One physician will ascribe the illness to the bile, another to the blood, a third to the nerves; and the patient will be called upon to abdicate his own free-will, and the use of his reasoning faculties, and to submit blindly to a course of treatment as little comprehended by the doctor as by the patient. A careful and minute post-mortem examination would reveal the presence of the little prickle, and show the doctor that the blood, the bile, or the nerves, had been most unjustly accused of having done all the mischief. The similitude of the effects has never, in medicine, served to reveal the similitude of the causes; and, where the cause of a disease has been hidden from observation, no one has ever had recourse to analogy to find it out.

M. Raspail enumerates, among the causes of diseases, the introduction of foreign bodies into the organism; of poisons, or substances which, far from being adapted for assimilation and the development of the organic

tissues, combine with them only to disorder and destroy them. Next, long-continued excesses of cold and heat, or sudden transition from one temperature to another; contusions; solutions of continuity of the muscles; hurts and wounds; the introduction into our tissues of gramineals (grasses), dust, and sweeping of granaries, awns, prickles, down of plants or of grains: which, when present in the cavities of our organs, generate or develop themselves there, or swell under the influence of moisture. Again, want or impurity of air; for, the most trifling alteration of the constitution of the atmosphere causes a disturbance of the regular functions of our organs. Pure air is the bread of respiration. Other causes are privation, excess, insufficiency of food, bad quality and adulteration of the alimentary substances. People die of indigestion as well as of starvation; the sufferings in the one case are equal to those in the other; and the indigestion of the rich, may be looked upon as a species of set-off to the starvation of the poor. Others, again, are the external and internal parasitism of hydatids, maggots, larvæ of flies or caterpillars, ticks, insects, coleoptera, and especially intestinal worms that seize on the infant in the cradle, and often adhere to man through life, quitting him only in the grave, where they hand him over to other worms. Indeed, M. Raspail ascribes the "parasitism of the infinitely small" as the cause of nine-tenths of our diseases. He finally ranks among aids to it, if not causes of illness, moral maladies—violent impressions, wounded affections, deceived hopes, disappointed ambition, weariness, and despair. Hereditary and constitutional diseases he seems determined to ignore, and is even silent as to the diseases of deformity and defective organisation. Their causes are perhaps self-evident.

Now, having told us why we are ill, the author proceeds to tell us how we can keep well. Short and sententious are his hygienic precepts. You are to choose a dwelling exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the noxious emanations of swamps, ditches, and rivers, gasworks and factories. You are not to inhabit the kitchen-floor if you can help it. Let your dwelling-room be high, and look to any point of the compass but the north. (This would not suit artists, to whom a northern aspect is a desideratum). Don't turn your bedroom into a workroom, library, or kitchen. Keep one window at least in it open all day. Do not place anything in it that emits smells, agreeable or otherwise. Banish even flowers; they evolve suffocating gases. The walls should be painted; or papered with a good sound paper, pasted down firmly with size, scented over the fire with black pepper, aloes, or garlic(!), which M. Raspail terms the "camphor of the poor." Have no paintings on the walls, no hangings to the bed. Sleep on a hard mattress. Have

no furniture in your bedroom but the bed, a wash-hand stand, and two chairs. Very healthy all these arrangements, no doubt, M. Raspail; but exceedingly ugly.

Stop the chinks between badly-joined boards with a paste of flour, pounded pepper, pounded aloes, plaster, and clay. By these means you will avoid draughts, need no vermin annihilator, and be enabled to set rats, mice, bugs, and fleas, at defiance. I have seen a somewhat similar process adopted in the North of England; it is there called pugging. Rats and mice abhor aloes: rat-bane they don't much care for, especially if they can get a sufficient quantity of water to drink afterwards. Put black pepper in grains, and small lumps of camphor, into the wool of your mattresses. Garnish the beds of infants of tender years with picked leaves of the wood fern. (How far a border of the ferns of Great Britain, nature printed of course, would be advantageous in garnishing a baby's crib I am rather at a loss to know.) As an infant of tender years, I remember, myself, having had my bed garnished sometimes with the crumbs of French rolls, occasionally with the bristles of a hair-brush, cut up small, and on one occasion with a poker and a pair of tongs; but, beyond producing a sensible irritation or urtication of the epidermis I am not prepared to state what sanitary benefits I derived therefrom. M. Raspail can at least quote tradition in support of his leafy system of garnishing—for did not the robin red-breasts cover the little children in the wood with leaves, and were not those infants of tender years?

Wash your bedsteads frequently with camphorated brandy. Keep chloride of lime constantly at hand. Have a fire in your bedroom from time to time, and burn some vinegar on a red-hot iron plate. Have your bed well aired every day. Change your body linen night and morning. Take a bath as often as ever you can. Never scour a floor; wax and dry-rub it. Let your clothes be made wide and easy. Gentlemen, leave off chimney-pot hats and all-round collars. The first press on the brow and chill the brain: the second impede the respiration. Ladies, don't wear stays. Nurses and mothers, never swaddle your babies. Tightness of dress is torture to an infant. When the weather is warm let your children roll and kick about naked in the open air: it will make them healthy and strong.

Now hear M. Raspail upon culinary hygiénics. Good cheer, he says, is one of the chief preservatives of health. Keep regular hours for your meals. Eat and drink in moderation; vary your dishes. Never force yourself to eat if you have no appetite. Rest yourself half an hour after each meal: then take some bodily exercise. Never use any other water for your drink or for culinary purposes, than spring water and well-filtered river water. There are many diseases that

arise entirely from the use of unwholesome water. Many epidemics might be traced to the abominable compound of dirt and putridity which the water-companies are permitted to palm on us. Never drink water out of a ditch or pool, if you can possibly help it. You may swallow unwittingly small leeches even. If you happen to live in a country where gottre prevails endemically (which is caused by the use of water that has filtered through mercurial veins), put granulated tin into your cisterns and drinking vessels. The best bread for a hard-working man is made of a mixture of rye, barley, and wheat: fine wheaten bread is more adapted for men of sedentary occupations. A good savoury potage (the French *pot-au-feu*, for which see *Soyer*), is one of the most nutritive and wholesome dishes, particularly for a weak stomach.

Hear Raspail on pickles, sauces, and condiments. If you can afford it, have always on your table by way of side-dishes, hams, sausages, anchovies, capers, green or black olives, marinades (pickled fish), tomato jelly, radishes, spiced mustard: in short, the best condiments you can afford; so that there may be a choice for various appetites. Do not listen to the tirades of the partisans of physiological doctrines, who, from an idle fear of increasing the gastric affections under which they labour, dread and eschew the very things that would cure them. Season your stews and ragouts with bay-leaves, thyme, tarragon, garlic, pepper, pimento, or cloves, according to circumstances. Drink water when you can procure it good, but take also a little wine for your stomach's sake. The addition of a reasonable quantity of alcoholic liquor tends to accelerate a sluggish digestion, by supplying the excess of gluten with an amount of alcohol that the natural process couldn't produce under the circumstances. Hence the necessity for good wine, beer, and other alcoholic beverages for northern constitutions. Flavour your cream or milk dishes with vanilla, orange-flowers, or cinnamon. Roast your joints, always before an open fire: never have them baked. Legs and shoulders of mutton should be stuffed with garlic. A good salad is the most agreeable condiment, and the best promoter of a digestion fatigued by a long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make an excellent and wholesome salad. Put in plenty of oil, and (if your senses can bear it), rub the bowl with garlic.

M. Raspail, as I have before hinted, eschews tee-totalism; but he inculcates and strongly recommends temperance—as what sane man does not? He advises those who are blessed with the goods of this world to prefer the light French wines (the so-called *vins-ordinaires*) to the fine sorts, and either to the heavy Spanish and Portuguese wines—many of which (particularly the abominations compounded of bad brandy, *gerpigo*, and the refuse of grape-skins, and sold dirt cheap

under the names of port and sherry) are downright poisons, and will ruin the strongest constitutions. If you can't get good and pure wine abstain from it altogether: so with beer. As to the more potent alcohols, brandy, rum, giu, whiskey, arrack, their comparative purity may be tested simply enough: pour a few drops on your hands and rub them together briskly. Apply your nose to the palms, and the smell will at once tell you whether you have a pure article or a Fousel Oil counterfeit: the Fousel Oil, which immediately betrays its presence by its repulsive smell, is a poison that you cannot too carefully avoid. Enjoy all the Creator's gifts cheerfully, but in moderation; and be not deceived when you see a grey-haired glutton or a drunkard of fourscore, and say to yourself "O, I can feast, I can carouse without stint. Here is a hog that has grunted in Epicurus' sty for eighty years." Remember: That a drunkard who hath taken no hurt by his drink is no more a proof of the innocuousness of drunkenness, than a soldier who hath been to the wars and hath never been wounded, is of the absence of danger in a battle.

A few more words on hygiene. Wear strong and solid boots in winter. Instead of an umbrella, which affords no real protection against the rain, carry a hooded cloak, made of light impermeable gauze, which, folded up, may fit into your waistcoat pocket. Ladies, instead of encumbering yourselves with a parasol, wear a light broad-brimmed straw hat. Eschew and denounce the use of spun-glass tissues and brocades, which, unhappily, are again coming into fashion. They are confusion. Their use was very properly abandoned during the eighteenth century, because it was found that the pulverulent particles of spun glass affected the lungs most seriously, and often even fatally. I can corroborate this statement of M. Raspail from a fact within my own knowledge. Some years ago the Mistress of the Robes of one of the principal metropolitan theatres, told me that an accomplished actress insisted upon wearing a dress of some newly-introduced spun-glass tissue or brocade in a Christmas piece. The dress was made in the wardrobe of the theatre; and, shortly afterwards, half the workwomen who were employed upon it were laid up with sore fingers, whitlows, and severe coughs. Workmen employed in the preparation of colours or other substances into the composition of which mineral colours enter, wash your heads and hands, first in lye-water, afterwards in soap-water, when leaving work, at meal-times or at night. Bird-stuffers, never use arsenical or mercurial preparations to protect the skins you stuff against the voracity of insects. It is fraught with the most pernicious and fatal consequences to yourselves and to the collectors and curators of museums of natural history. The desired object may be obtained as fully, and in a perfectly safe manner, by impregnating the internal surface

of the skins with a solution of aloes and pepper, to be afterwards sprinkled with powdered camphor. House-painters, discontinue the use of the arsenical compound, known as Scheele's green: it is confusion. Substitute for it a green composed of iron and copper, which is cheaper, sanitary, and as beautiful in colour. Housekeepers, have all your copper vessels tinned on the inside. Make all your pickles and preserves at home. Never boil halfpence with your Brussels sprouts to green them. It is destruction. Let your spoons and forks be of silver, of tin, or of tinned iron, but on no account of German silver, or of any other of the multinamed compositions pretending to imitate, or to be substitutes for, gold and silver. The art of preparing a substance that shall in every way replace gold and silver, remains as yet to be discovered. Keep your kitchens and dining-rooms scrupulously clean. A clean kitchen is, in nine-and-three-quarter cases out of ten, the criterion of a clean housewife and a happy household. Governors, prohibit the sale of arsenic absolutely: the prohibition ought also to extend to rat's-bane. Subject physicians' prescriptions of a dangerous nature to the control of a sanitary board; and make the apothecary who shall dispense a dangerous preparation, equally responsible for the consequences with the physician who has prescribed it. For, M. Raspail maintains that the materia medica of the old school contains not one agent of a deleterious or dangerous nature, of which the therapeutic effects may not be as fully and effectually produced by an innocuous substance. Tramps, gipsies, you that sleep in the open air, on the ground, in trees or haystacks, stuff your ears with cotton, or tie a bandage round your head. Otherwise you will have ear-ache and affections caused by the introduction of seeds, beards of grass, &c., into the auditory tube, the nasal chamber, or windpipe. Mothers, feed not your children upon sweets, biscuits, or mucilages. They feed not them, but ascarides, parasites instead. Give them, rather, sound condiments and wholesome pickles. Wise men and women, all look early upon life as a duty, upon death as an accident or a necessity. Guard against the suggestions of hatred and the aberrations of love. Avoid enervating pursuits and expensive pleasures. Rise in the morning as soon as you wake; go to bed at night as soon as you feel that it requires a strong effort of volition to keep your eyes open. Be angry as seldom as ever you can. Never go to law. Be economical, never avaricious. Work, wash, and pray. So shall you live to a good old age, and your death, at last, be but an extinction of vitality, without pain or suffering. Nay, the length of human life might equal the fabulous longevity of the inhabitants of the sea, if we had in every season a constant and invariable temperature around us. But we have not.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE WORTHY MAGISTRATE.

UNDER this stereotyped title expressive of deference to the police-bench, we take the earliest opportunity afforded us by our manner of preparing this publication, of calling upon every Englishman who reads these pages to take notice what he is. The circulation of this journal comprising a wide diversity of classes, we use it to disseminate the information that every Englishman is a drunkard. Drunkenness is the national characteristic. Whereas the German people (when uncontaminated by the English), are always sober, the English, setting at nought the bright example of the pure Germans domiciled among them, are always drunk. The authority for this polite and faithful exposition of the English character, is a modern Solomon, whose temple rears its head near Drury Lane; the wise MR. HALL, Chief Police Magistrate, sitting at Bow Street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex, Barrister at Law.

As we hope to keep this household word of Drunkard, affixed to the Englishman by the awful MR. HALL from whom there is no appeal, pretty steadily before our readers, we present the very pearl discovered in that magisterial oyster. On Thursday, the ninth of this present month of August, the following sublime passage evoked the virtuous laughter of the thieftakers of Bow Street:

MR. HALL.—Were you sober, Sir?

Prosecutor.—Yes, certainly.

MR. HALL.—You must be a foreigner, then?

Prosecutor.—I am a German.

MR. HALL.—Ah, that accounts for it. If you had been an Englishman, you would have been drunk, for a certainty.

Prosecutor (smiling).—The Germans get drunk sometimes, I fear.

MR. HALL.—Yes, after they have resided any time in this country. They acquire our English habits.

In reproducing these noble expressions, equally honourable to the Sage who uttered them, and to the Country that endures them, we will correct half-a-dozen vulgar errors which, within our observation, have been rather prevalent since the great occasion on which the Oracle at Bow Street, spake.

1. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate wilfully deliver himself of a slanderous aspersion, knowing it to be unjust, he is unfit for his post.

2. It is altogether a mistake, to suppose that if a magistrate, in a fit of bile brought on by recent disregard of some very absurd evidence of his, so yield to his ill-temper as to deliver himself, in a sort of mad exasperation, of such slanderous aspersion as aforesaid, he is unfit for his post.

3. It is altogether a mistake to suppose it to be very questionable whether, even in degraded Naples at this time, a magistrate could from the official bench insult and traduce the whole people, without being made to suffer for it.

4. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that it would be becoming in some one individual out of between six and seven hundred national representatives, to be so far jealous of the honour of his country, as indignantly to protest against its being thus grossly stigmatised.

5. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Home Office has any association whatever with the general credit, the general self-respect, the general feeling in behalf of decent utterance, or the general resentment when the same is most discreditably violated. The Home Office is merely an ornamental institution supported out of the general pocket.

6. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that MR. HALL is anybody's business, or that we, the mere bone and sinew, tag rag and bobtail of England, have anything to do with him, but to pay him his salary, accept his Justice, and meekly bow our heads to his high and mighty reproof.

AN ACCURSED RACE.

We have our prejudices in England. Or if that assertion offends any of my readers, I will modify it. We have had our prejudices in England. We have tortured Jews; we have burnt Catholics and Protestants, to say nothing of a few witches and wizards. We have satirised Puritans, and we have dressed up Guys. But, after all, I do not think

we have been so bad as our Continental friends. To be sure our insular position has kept us free, to a certain degree, from the inroads of alien races; who, driven from one land of refuge, steal into another equally unwilling to receive them; and where, for long centuries, their presence is barely endured, and no pains is taken to conceal the repugnance which the natives of "pure blood" experience towards them.

There yet remains a remnant of the miserable people called *Cagots* in the valleys of the Pyrenees; in the Landes near Bourdeaux; and, stretching up on the west side of France, their numbers become larger in Lower Brittany. Even now, the origin of these families is a word of shame to them among their neighbours; although they are protected by the law, which confirmed them in the equal rights of citizens about the end of the last century. Before then they had lived, for hundreds of years, isolated from all those who boasted of pure blood, and they had been, all this time, oppressed by cruel local edicts. They were truly, what they were popularly called, *The Accursed Race*.

All distinct traces of their origin are lost. Even at the close of that period which we call *The Middle Ages*, this was a problem which no one could solve; and as the traces, which even then were faint and uncertain, have vanished away one by one, it is a complete mystery at the present day. Why they were accursed in the first instance, why isolated from their kind, no one knows. From the earliest accounts of their state that are yet remaining to us, it seems that the names which they gave each other were ignored by the population they lived amongst, who spoke of them as *Crestiaa*, or *Cagots*, just as we speak of animals by their generic names. Their houses or huts were always placed at some distance out of the villages of the country-folk, who unwillingly called in the services of the *Cagots* as carpenters, or tilers, or slaters—trades which seemed appropriated by this unfortunate race—who were forbidden to occupy land, or to bear arms; the usual occupations of those times. They had some small right of pasturage on the common lands, and in the forests: but the number of their cattle and live stock was strictly limited by the earliest laws relating to the *Cagots*. They were forbidden by one act to have more than twenty sheep, a pig, a ram, and six geese. The pig was to be fattened and brilled for winter food; the fleece of the sheep was to clothe them; but, if the said sheep had lambs, they were forbidden to eat them. Their only privilege arising from this increase was, that they might choose out the strongest and finest in preference to keeping the old sheep. At Martinmas the authorities of the commune came round, and counted over the stock of each *Cagot*. If he had more than his appointed number they were forfeited; half

went to the commune, and half to the baillie, or chief magistrate of the commune. The poor beasts were limited as to the amount of common land which they might stray over in search of grass. While the cattle of the inhabitants of the commune might wander hither and thither in search of the sweetest herbage, the deepest shade, or the coolest pool in which to stand on the hot days, and lazily switch their dappled sides, the *Cagot* sheep and pig had to learn imaginary bounds, beyond which if they strayed, any one might snap them up, and kill them, reserving a part of the flesh for his own use, but graciously restoring the inferior parts to their original owner. Any damage done by the sheep was however fairly appraised, and the *Cagot* paid no more for it than any other man would have done.

Did a *Cagot* leave his poor cabin, and venture into the towns, even to render services required of him in the way of his trade, he was bidden by all the municipal laws to stand by and remember his rude old state. In all the towns and villages in the large districts extending on both sides of the Pyrenees—in all that part of Spain—they were forbidden to buy or sell anything eatable, to walk in the middle (esteemed the better) part of the streets, to come within the gates before sun-rise, or to be found after sun-set within the walls of the town. But still, as the *Cagots* were good-looking men, and (although they bore certain natural marks of their caste, of which I shall speak by-and-by) were not easily distinguished by casual passers-by from other men, they were compelled to wear some distinctive peculiarity which should arrest the eye; and, in the greater number of towns, it was decreed that the outward sign of a *Cagot* should be a piece of red cloth sewed conspicuously on the front of his dress. In other towns, the mark of *Cagoterie* was the foot of a duck or a goose hung over their left shoulder, so as to be seen by any one meeting them. After a time, the more convenient badge of a piece of yellow cloth cut out in the shape of a duck's foot, was adopted. If any *Cagot* was found in any town or village without his badge, he had to pay a fine of five sous and to lose his dress. He was expected to shrink away from any passer-by, for fear that their clothes should touch each other; or else to stand still in some corner or bye-place. If they were thirsty during the day which they passed in these towns where their presence was barely suffered, they had no means of quenching their thirst, for they were forbidden to enter into the little cabarets or taverns. Even the water gushing out of the common fountain was prohibited to them. Far away, in their own squalid village, there was the *Cagot* fountain, and, to drink of any other water, was forbidden to the *Cagoterie*. A *Cagot* woman having to make purchases in the town, was liable to be flogged out of it

if she went to buy anything except on a Monday—a day on which all other people who could, kept their houses for fear of coming in contact with the accursed race.

In the Pays Basque, the prejudices—and for some time the laws—ran stronger against the *Cagots* than any which I have hitherto mentioned. The Basque *Cagot* was not allowed to possess sheep. He might keep a pig for provision, but his pig had no right of pasturage. He might cut and carry grass for the ass, which was the only other animal he was permitted to own; and, this ass was permitted, because its existence was rather an advantage to the oppressor, who constantly availed themselves of the *Cagot's* mechanical skill, and was glad to have him and his tools easily conveyed from one place to another.

They were repulsed by the State. Under the small local governments they could hold no post whatsoever. And they were barely tolerated by the Church, although they were good catholics, and zealous frequenters of the mass. They might only enter the churches by a small door set apart for them, through which no one of the pure race ever passed. This door was low, so as to compel them to make an obeisance. It was occasionally surrounded by sculpture, which invariably represented an oak-branch with a dove above it. When they were once in, they might not go to the holy water used by others. They had a *bénitier* of their own; nor were they allowed to share in the consecrated bread when that was handed round to the believers of the pure race. The *Cagots* stood afar off, near the door. There were certain boundaries—imaginary lines—on the nave and in the aisles which they might not pass. In one or two of the more tolerant of the Pyrenean villages, the blessed bread was offered to the *Cagots*, the priest standing on one side of the boundary, and giving the pieces of bread on a long wooden fork to each person successively.

When the *Cagot* died, he was interred apart, in a plot of burying-ground on the north side of the cemetery. Under such laws and prescriptions as I have described, it is no wonder if he was generally too poor to have much property for his children to inherit; but, certain descriptions of it were forfeited to the commune. The only possession of his which all who were not of his own race refused to touch, was his furniture. That was tainted, infectious, unclean—fit for none but *Cagots*.

When such were, for at least three centuries, the prevalent usages and opinions with regard to this oppressed race, it is no wonder that we read of occasional outbursts of ferocious violence on their part. In the Basses-Pyrénées, for instance, it is only about a hundred years since that the *Cagots* of *Rehoulhes* rose up against the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of *Lourdes*, and got the better

of them, by their magical powers, as it is said. The people of *Lourdes* were conquered and slain, and their ghastly bloody heads served the triumphant *Cagots* for balls to play at nine-pins with! The local parliaments had begun by this time to perceive how oppressive was the ban of public opinion under which the *Cagots* lay, and were not inclined to enforce too severe a punishment. Accordingly, the decree of the parliament of *Toulouse*, condemned only the leading *Cagots* concerned in this affray to be put to death, and that henceforward and for ever no *Cagot* was to be permitted to enter the town of *Lourdes* by any gate but that called *Capet-pourtet*: they were only to be allowed to walk under the rain-gutters, and neither to sit, eat, or drink in the town. If they failed in observing any of these rules, the parliament decreed, in the spirit of *Shylock*, that the disobedient *Cagots* should have two strips of flesh, weighing never more than two ounces each, cut out from each side of their spines.

In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, it was considered no more a crime to brill a *Cagot* than to destroy obnoxious vermin. A "nest of *Cagots*," as the old accounts phrase it, had assembled in a deserted castle of *Mauvezin*, about the year sixteen hundred; and certainly they made themselves not very agreeable neighbours, as they seemed to enjoy their reputation of magicians; and, by some acoustic secrets which were known to them, all sorts of moaning and groanings were heard in the neighbouring forests, very much to the alarm of the good people of the pure race; who could not cut off a withered branch for firewood, but some unearthly sound seemed to fill the air, or drink water which was not poisoned, because the *Cagots* would persist in filling their pitchers at the same running stream. Added to these grievances, the various pilferings perpetually going on in the neighbourhood, made the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and hamlets believe that they had a very sufficient cause for wishing to murder all the *Cagots* in the *Château de Mauvezin*. But it was surrounded by a moat, and only accessible by a drawbridge; besides which, the *Cagots* were fierce and vigilant. Some one, however, proposed to get into their confidence; and for this purpose he pretended to fall ill close to their path, so that on returning to their stronghold they perceived him, and took him in, restored him to health, and made a friend of him. One day, when they were all playing at nine-pins in the woods, their treacherous friend left the party on pretence of being thirsty, and went back into the castle, drawing up the bridge after he had passed over it, and so cutting off their means of escape into safety. Then, going up to the highest part of the castle, he blew upon a horn, and the pure race, who were lying in wait on

the watch for some such signal, fell upon the Cagots at their games, and slew them all. For this murder I find no punishment decreed in the parliament of Toulouse, or elsewhere.

As any intermarriages with the pure race was strictly forbidden, and as there were books kept in every commune in which the names and habitations of the reputed Cagots were written, these unfortunate people had no hope of ever becoming blended with the rest of the population. Did a Cagot marriage take place, the couple were serenaded with satirical songs. They also had minstrels, and many of their romances are still current in Brittany; but they did not attempt to make any reprisals of satire or abuse. Their disposition was amiable, and their intelligence great. Indeed it required both these qualities, and their great love of mechanical labour, to make their lives tolerable.

At last they began to petition that they might receive some protection from the laws; and, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the judicial power took their side. But they gained little by this. Law could not prevail against custom: and, in the ten or twenty years just preceding the first French revolution, the prejudice in France against the Cagots amounted to fierce and positive abhorrence.

At the beginning of the sixteenth-century, the Cagots of Navarre complained to the Pope, that they were excluded from the fellowship of men, and accursed by the Church, because their ancestors had given help to a certain Count Raymond of Toulouse in his revolt against the Holy See. They entreated his holiness not to visit upon them the sins of their fathers. The pope issued a bull—on the thirteenth of May, fifteen hundred and fifteen—ordering them to be well-treated and to be admitted to the same privileges as other men. He charged Don Juan de Santa Maria of Pampeluna to see to the execution of this bull. But Don Juan was slow to help, and the poor Spanish Cagots grew impatient, and resolved to try the secular power. They accordingly applied to the cortes of Navarre, and were opposed on a variety of grounds. First, it was stated that their ancestors had had “nothing to do with Raymond Count of Toulouse, or with any such knightly personage; that they were in fact descendants of Gehazi, servant of Elisha (second book of Kings, fifth chapter, twenty-seventh verse), who had been accursed by his master for his fraud upon Naaman, and doomed, he and his descendants, to be lepers for evermore. Name, Cagots or Gahets; Gahets, Gehazites. What can be more clear? And if that is not enough, and you tell us that the Cagots are not lepers now; we reply that there are two kinds of leprosy, one perceptible and the other imperceptible, even to the person suffering from it. Besides, it is the country talk, that where the Cagot treads the grass withers, proving

the unnatural heat of his body. Many credible and trustworthy witnesses will also tell you that, if a Cagot holds a freshly-gathered apple in his hand, it will shrivel and wither up in an hour's time as much as if it had been kept for a whole winter in a dry room. They are born with tails; although the parents are cunning enough to pinch them off immediately. Do you doubt this? If it is not true, why do the children of the pure race delight in sewing on sheeps' tails to the dress of any Cagot who is so absorbed in his work as not to perceive them? and their bodily smell is so horrible and detestable that it shows that they must be heretics of some vile and pernicious description, for do we not read of the incense of good workers, and the fragrance of holiness?”

Such were literally the arguments by which the Cagots were thrown back into a worse position than ever, as far as regarded their rights as citizens. The pope insisted that they should receive all their ecclesiastical privileges. The Spanish priests said nothing, but tacitly refused to allow the Cagots to mingle with the rest of the faithful, either dead or alive. The accursed race obtained laws in their favour from the Emperor Charles the Fifth; but there was no one to carry these laws into effect. As a sort of revenge for their want of submission and for their impertinence in daring to complain, their tools were all taken away from them by the local authorities: an old man and all his family died of starvation, being no longer allowed to fish.

They could not emigrate. Even to remove their poor mud habitations, from one spot to another, excited anger and suspicion. To be sure, in sixteen hundred and ninety-five, the Spanish government ordered the alcaldes to search out all the Cagots, and to expel them before two months had expired, under pain of having fifty ducats to pay for every Cagot remaining in Spain at the expiration of that time. The inhabitants of the villages rose up and flogged out any miserable Cagots who might be in their neighbourhood; but the French were on their guard against this enforced irruption, and refused to permit them to enter France. Numbers were hunted up into the inhospitable Pyrenees, and there died of starvation, or became a prey to wild beasts. They were obliged to wear both gloves and shoes when they were thus put to flight, otherwise the stones and herbage they trod upon, and the balustrades of the bridges that they crossed, would, according to popular belief, have become poisonous.

And all this time there was nothing remarkable or disgusting in the outward appearance of this unfortunate people. There was nothing about them to countenance the idea of their being lepers—the most natural mode of accounting for the abhorrence in which they were held. They were repeatedly

examined by learned doctors, whose experiments, although singular and rude, appear to have been made in a spirit of humanity. For instance, the surgeons of the king of Navarre, in sixteen hundred, bled twenty-two Cagots, in order to examine and analyse their blood. They were young and healthy people of both sexes; and the doctors seem to have expected that they should have been able to extract some new kind of salt from their blood which should account for the wonderful heat of their bodies. But their blood was just like that of other people. Some of these medical men have left us an account of the general appearance of this unfortunate race, at a time when they were more numerous and less intermixed than they are now. The families existing in the south and west of France, who are reputed to be of Cagot descent at this day, are, like their ancestors, tall, largely made, and powerful in frame; fair and ruddy in complexion, with grey-blue eyes, in which some observers see a pensive heaviness of look. Their lips are thick, but well-formed. Some of the reports name their sad expression of countenance with surprise and suspicion—"They are not gay, like other folk." The wonder would be if they were. Dr. Guyon, the medical man of the last century who has left the clearest report on the health of the Cagots, speaks of the vigorous old age they attain to. In one family alone, he found a man of seventy-four years of age; a woman as old, gathering cherries; and another woman, aged eighty-three was lying on the grass, having her hair combed by her great-grandchildren. Dr. Guyon and other surgeons examined into the subject of the horribly infectious smell which the Cagots were said to leave behind them, and upon everything they touched; but they could perceive nothing unusual on this head. They also examined their ears, which, according to common belief (a belief existing to this day), were differently shaped to those of other people; being round and gristly, without the lobe of flesh into which the ear-ring is inserted. They decided that most of the Cagots whom they examined had the ears of this round shape; but they gravely added, that they saw no reason why this should exclude them from the good-will of men, and from the power of holding office in church and state. They recorded the fact, that the children of the towns ran bawling after any Cagot who had been compelled to come into the streets to make purchases, in allusion to this peculiarity of the shape of the ear, which bore some resemblance to the ears of the sheep as they are cut by the shepherds in this district. Dr. Guyon names the case of a beautiful Cagot girl, who sang most sweetly, and prayed to be allowed to sing canticles in the organ-loft. The organist, more musician than bigot, allowed her to come; but the indignant congregation, finding out whence proceeded that clear fresh voice, rushed up to

the organ-loft, and chased the girl out, bidding her "remember her ears," and not commit the sacrilege of singing praises to God along with the pure race.

But this medical report of Dr. Guyon's—bringing facts and arguments to confirm his opinion, that there was no physical reason why the Cagots should not be received on terms of social equality by the rest of the world—did no more for his clients than the legal decrees promulgated two centuries before had done. The French held with Hudibras, that—

He that's convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

And, indeed, the being convinced by Dr. Guyon that they ought to receive Cagots as fellow-creatures, only made them more rabid in declaring that they would not. One or two little occurrences which are recorded prove that the bitterness of the repugnance to the Cagots was in full force in the time just preceding the first French revolution. There was a M. d'Abedos, the curate of Lourbes, and brother to the seigneur of the neighbouring castle, who was living in seventeen hundred and eighty; he was well-educated for the time, a travelled man, and sensible and moderate in all respects but that of his abhorrence of the Cagots; he would insult them from the very altar, calling out to them, as they stood afar off, "Oh! ye Cagots, damned for evermore!" One day, a half-blind Cagot stumbled and touched the censer borne before this Abbé de Lourbes. He was immediately turned out of the church, and forbidden ever to re-enter it. One does not know how to account for the fact, that the very brother of this bigoted abbé, the seigneur of the village, went and married a Cagot girl; but so it was, and the abbé brought a legal process against him, and had his estates taken from him, solely on account of his marriage, which reduced him to the condition of a Cagot, against whom the old laws were still in force. The descendants of this Seigneur de Lourbes are simple peasants at this very day, working on the lands which belonged to their grandfather.

This prejudice against mixed marriages remained prevalent until very lately. The tradition of the Cagot descent lingered amongst the people, long after the laws against the accursed race were abolished. A Breton girl, within the last few years, having two lovers each of reputed Cagot descent, employed a notary to examine their pedigrees, and see which of the two had least Cagot in him; and to that one she gave her hand. In Brittany the prejudice seems to have been more virulent than anywhere else. M. Emile Souvestre records proofs of the hatred borne to them in Brittany so late as eighteen hundred and thirty-five. Just lately a baker at Hennebon, having married a girl of Cagot descent, lost all his custom. The

godfather and godmother of a *Cagot* child became *Cagots* themselves by the Breton laws, unless, indeed, the poor little baby died before attaining a certain number of days. They had to eat the butchers' meat condemned as unhealthy; but, for some unknown reason, they were considered to have a right to every cut loaf turned upside down, with its cut side towards the door, and might enter any house in which they saw a loaf in this position, and carry it away with them. About thirty years ago, there was the skeleton of a hand hanging up as an offering in a Breton Church near Quimperle, and the tradition was, that it was the hand of a rich *Cagot* who had dared to take holy water out of the usual *bénitier*, some time at the beginning of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, which an old soldier witnessing, he laid in wait, and the next time the offender approached the *bénitier*, he cut off his hand, and hung it up, dripping with blood, as an offering to the patron saint of the church. The poor *Cagots* in Brittany petitioned against their opprobrious name, and begged to be distinguished by the appellation of *Malandrins*. To English ears one name is much the same as the other, as neither conveys any meaning; but, to this day, the descendants of the *Cagots* do not like to have this word applied to them, preferring the term *Malandrin*.

The French *Cagots* tried to destroy all the records of their pariah descent, in the commotions of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine; but if writings have disappeared, the tradition yet remains, and points out such and such a family as *Cagot*, or *Malandrin*, or *Oiselier*, according to the old terms of abhorrence.

There are various ways in which learned men have attempted to account for the universal repugnance in which this well-made, powerful race are held. Some say that the antipathy to them took its rise in the days when leprosy was a dreadfully prevalent disease; and that the *Cagots* are more liable than other men to a kind of skin disease, not precisely leprosy, but resembling it in some of its symptoms; such as dead whiteness of complexion, and swellings of the face and extremities. There was also some resemblance to the ancient Jewish custom in respect to lepers, in the habit of the people; who, on meeting a *Cagot*, called out, "*Cagote? Cagote?*" to which they were bound to reply, "*Perlute! perlute!*" Leprosy is not properly an infectious complaint, in spite of the horror in which the *Cagot* furniture, and the cloth woven by them, is held in some places; the disorder is hereditary, and hence (say this body of wise men, who have troubled themselves to account for the origin of *Cagoterie*) the reasonableness and the justice of preventing any mixed marriages, by which this terrible tendency to leprous complaints might be spread far and wide. Another authority

says, that though the *Cagots* are fine-looking men, hard-working, and good mechanics, yet that they bear in their faces, and show in their actions reasons for the detestation in which they are held; their glance, if you meet it, is the jettatura, or evil eye, and they are spiteful, and cruel, and deceitful above all other men. All these qualities they derive from their ancestor Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, together with their tendency to leprosy.

Again, it is said that they are descended from the Arian Goths, who were permitted to live in certain places in Guienne and Languedoc, after their defeat by King Clovis, on condition that they abjured their heresy, and kept themselves separate from all other men for ever. The principal reason alleged in support of this supposition of their Gothic descent, is the specious one of derivation,—*Chiens Gots*, *Cans Gots*, *Cagots*, equivalent to *Dogs of Goths*.

Again, they were thought to be Saracens, coming from Syria. In confirmation of this idea, was the belief that all *Cagots* were possessed by a horrible smell. The Lombards, also, were an unfragrant race, or so reputed among the Italians: witness Pope Stephen's letter to Charlemagne, dissuading him from marrying Bertha, daughter of Didier, King of Lombardy. The Lombards boasted of Eastern descent, and were noisome. The *Cagots* were noisome, and therefore must be of Eastern descent. What could be clearer? In addition, there was the proof to be derived from the name *Cagot*, which those holding the opinion of their Saracen descent held to be *Chiens*, or *Chasseurs des Gots*, because the Saracens chased the Goths out of Spain. Moreover, the Saracens were originally Mahometans, and as such obliged to bathe seven times a-day: whence the badge of the duck's foot. A duck was a water bird: Mahometans bathed in the water. Proof upon proof!

In Brittany the common idea was, they were of Jewish descent. Their unpleasant smell was again pressed into the service. The Jews it was well known had this physical infirmity, which might be cured either by bathing in a certain fountain in Egypt—which was a long way from Brittany—or by anointing themselves with the blood of a Christian child. Blood gushed out of the body of every *Cagot* on Good Friday. No wonder, if they were of Jewish descent. It was the only way of accounting for so portentous a fact. Again; the *Cagots* were capital carpenters, which gave the Bretons every reason to believe that their ancestors were the very Jews who made the cross. When first the tide of emigration set from Brittany to America, the oppressed *Cagots* crowded to the ports, seeking to go to some new country, where their race might be unknown. Here was another proof of their descent from Abraham and his nomadic

people; and, the forty years' wandering in the wilderness and the Wandering Jew himself, were pressed into the service to prove that the Cagots derived their restlessness and love of change from their ancestors, the Jews. The Jews also practised arts-magic, and the Cagots sold bags of wind to the Breton sailors, enchanted maidens to love them—maidens who never would have cared for them, unless they had been previously enchanted—made hollow rocks and trees give out strange and unearthly noises, and sold the magical herb called *bon-succès*. It is true enough that, in all the early acts of the fourteenth century, the same laws apply to Jews as to Cagots, and the appellations seem used indiscriminately; but their fair complexions, their remarkable devotion to all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and many other circumstances, conspire to forbid our believing them to be of Hebrew descent.

Another very plausible idea is, that they are the descendants of unfortunate individuals afflicted with *gouttes*, which is, even to this day, not an uncommon disorder in the gorges and valleys of the Pyrenees. Some have even derived the word *gôtre* from *Got*, or *Goth*; but their name, *Crestiaa*, is not unlike *Cretin*, and the same symptoms of idiotism were not unusual among the Cagots; although sometimes, if old tradition is to be credited, their malady of the brain took rather the form of violent delirium, which attacked them at new and full moons. Then the workmen laid down their tools, and rushed off from their labour to play mad pranks up and down the country; perpetual motion was required to alleviate the agony of fury that seized upon the Cagots at such times. In this desire for rapid movement, the attack resembled the Neapolitan *tarentella*; while in the mad deeds they performed during such attacks, they were not unlike the northern Berserker. In Bearn especially, those suffering from this madness were dreaded by the pure race; the Bearnais, going to cut their wooden clogs in the great forests that lay around the base of the Pyrenees, feared above all things to go too near the periods when the Cagoutelle seized on the oppressed and accursed people; from whom it was then the oppressors' turn to fly. A man was living within the memory of man, who had married a Cagot wife; he used to beat her right soundly when he saw the first symptoms of the Cagoutelle, and, having reduced her to a wholesome state of exhaustion and insensibility, he locked her up until the moon had altered her shape in the heavens. If he had not taken such decided steps, say the oldest inhabitants, there is no knowing what might have happened.

From the thirteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, there are facts enough to prove the universal abhorrence in which

this unfortunate race was held; whether called Cagots, or Gahets in Pyrenean districts, Caqueaux in Brittany, or Vaqueros in Asturias. The great French revolution brought some good out of its fermentation of the people: the more intelligent among them tried to overcome the prejudice against the Cagots.

In seventeen hundred and eighteen, there was a famous cause tried at Biarritz relating to Cagot rights and privileges. There was a wealthy miller, Etienne Arnauld by name, of the race of Gotz, Quagotz, Bisigotz, Astragotz, or Gahetz, as his people are described in the legal document. He married an heiress a Gotte (or Cagot) of Biarritz; and the newly-married well-to-do couple saw no reason why they should stand near the door in the church, nor why he should not hold some civil office in the commune, of which he was the principal inhabitant. Accordingly, he petitioned the law that he and his wife might be allowed to sit in the gallery of the church, and that he might be relieved from his civil disabilities. This wealthy white miller, Etienne Arnauld, pursued his rights with some vigour against the Baillie of Labourd, the dignitary of the neighbourhood. Whereupon the inhabitants of Biarritz met in the open air on the eighth of May, to the number of one hundred and fifty; approved of the conduct of the Baillie in rejecting Arnauld, made a subscription, and gave all power to their lawyers to defend the cause of the pure race against Etienne Arnauld—"that stranger," who, having married a girl of Cagot blood, ought also to be expelled from the holy places. This lawsuit was carried through all the local courts, and ended by an appeal to the highest court in Paris; where a decision was given against Basque superstitions; and Etienne Arnauld was thenceforward entitled to enter the gallery of the church.

Of course the inhabitants of Biarritz were all the more ferocious for having been conquered; and, four years later, a carpenter, Miguel Legaret, suspected of Cagot descent, having placed himself in church among other people, was dragged out by the abbé and two of the jurats of the parish. Legaret defended himself with a sharp knife at the time, and went to law afterwards; the end of which was that the abbé and his two accomplices were condemned to a public confession of penitence to be uttered while on their knees at the church door, just after high mass. They appealed to the parliament of Bourdeaux against this decision, but met with no better success than the opponents of the miller Arnauld. Legaret was confirmed in his right of standing where he would in the parish church. That a living Cagot had equal rights with other men in the town of Biarritz seemed now ceded to them; but a dead Cagot was a different thing. The

inhabitants of pure blood struggled long and hard to be interred apart from the abhorred race. The Cagots were equally persistent in claiming to have a common burying-ground. Again the texts of the old Testament were referred to, and the pure blood quoted triumphantly the precedent of Uzziah the leper (twenty-sixth chapter of the second book of Chronicles), who was buried in the field of the Sepulchres of the Kings, not in the sepulchres themselves. The Cagots pleaded that they were healthy and able-bodied; with no taint of leprosy near them. They were met by the strong argument so difficult to be refuted, which I have quoted before. Leprosy was of two kinds, perceptible and imperceptible. If the Cagots were suffering from the latter kind, who could tell whether they were free from it or not? That decision must be left to the judgment of others.

One sturdy Cagot family alone, Belone by name, kept up a lawsuit claiming the privilege of common sepulture, for forty-two years; although the curé of Biarritz had to pay one hundred livres for every Cagot not interred in the right place. The inhabitants indemnified the curate for all these fines.

M. de Romagne, Bishop of Tarbes, who died in seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, was the first to allow a Cagot to fill any office in the Church. To be sure, some were so spiritless as to reject office when it was offered to them, because, by so claiming their equality, they had to pay the same taxes as other men, instead of the Rancale or poll-tax levied on the Cagots; the collector of which had also a right to claim a piece of bread of a certain size for his dog at every Cagot dwelling.

Even in the present century it has been necessary in some churches, for the arch-deacon of the district, followed by all his clergy, to pass out of the small door previously appropriated to the Cagots in order to mitigate the superstition which, even so lately, made the people refuse to mingle with them in the house of God. A Cagot once played the congregation at Larroque tricks suggested by what I have just named. He slyly locked the great parish-door of the church while the greater part of the inhabitants were assisting at mass inside; put gravel in the lock itself, so as to prevent the use of any duplicate key,—and had the pleasure of seeing the proud pure-blooded people file out with bended head, through the small low door used by the abhorred Cagots.

We are naturally shocked at discovering, from facts such as these, the causeless rancour with which innocent and industrious people were so recently persecuted. Gentle reader, am I not rightly representing your feelings? If so, perhaps the moral of the history of the accursed races may be best conveyed in the words of an epitaph on Mrs. Mary Haud,

who lies buried in the churchyard of Stratford-on-Avon.

What faults you saw in me,
Pray strive to shun;
And look at home: there's
Something to be done.

THE CHILD-SEER.

THE little story I am going to tell, is a true story of pioneer life in America. It is known to many descendants of the early settlers among whom it happened, and I write it in that country.

One of the darkest pages in American history is that relating to the sufferings of the inhabitants of Tryon county, New York, during the war of the revolution, from the attacks of the Indians and Royalists under the Mohawk chief Brant and the more savage Captain Walter Butler. Early in the war, Cherry Valley was selected as a place of refuge and defence for the inhabitants of the smaller and more exposed settlements. Block-houses were built, fortifications were thrown up, and finally, a fort was erected, under the direction of General La Fayette. The inhabitants of the surrounding settlements came in and lived for several months as in garrison, submitting to strict military regulations. Among the families which took temporary refuge in this fort, was that of Captain Robert Lindsay, formerly a British officer,—brave and adventurous, who, only at the entreaty of his wife, had left his farm which stood in a lonely unprotected situation, several miles from any settlement. This Captain Lindsay was a reserved, melancholy man, about whom the simple and honest pioneers wondered and speculated not a little. His language and manner bespoke at once the man of education and breeding. His wife, though a quiet, heroic woman, was evidently a lady by nature and association.

Captain Lindsay had a native love of solitude and adventure,—the first requisites for a pioneer; and for several years no other reason was known for his seeking the wilds, and exposing his tender family to all the perils and privations of a frontier life. But at length an emigrant coming from his native place, in the Highlands of Scotland, brought the story of his exile, which was briefly this:—Captain Lindsay, when a somewhat dissipated young man, proud and passionate, had quarrelled with a brother-officer, an old friend, at a mess-dinner. Both officers had drunk freely; and their difference was aggravated by hot-brained, half-drunken partisans. Insulting words were exchanged, and a duel on the spot was the consequence. Lindsay escaped with a slight wound; but his sword pierced the heart of his friend. He was hurried away to a secure hiding-place, but not before he had learned that in the first matter of dispute he had been in the wrong.

Lindsay made all the reparation in his

power, by transferring his paternal estate, for the term of his own lifetime, to the homeless widow and young daughter of his friend. Then, with his wife's small property, and the price of his commission, he secretly emigrated to America. He left his family in New York, while he went up the Hudson, purchased a small farm, and built a house for their reception. He was accompanied in this expedition by an old family servitor; who, with true Highland fidelity, clung to his unfortunate master with exemplary devotion.

Mrs. Lindsay's heart sank within her when she found that her new home was so far from any settlement,—literally in the wilderness; but she understood her husband's misanthropic gloom, almost amounting to melancholy madness, and did not murmur. Yet her forest home was very beautiful,—a small valley-farm, surrounded by densely-wooded hills, dark gorges, and mossy dells. The house was a rough, primitive-looking structure, containing but three small apartments and a low chamber, or rather loft. But it was comfortably and securely built; and, overhung by noble trees, and overrun by wild vines, was not unpicturesque. Under the tasteful care of Mrs. Lindsay, a little garden soon sprang up around it, where, among many strange plants, bloomed a few familiar flowers, whose fragrance seemed to breathe of home, like the sighs of an exile's heart.

The family at the period of their taking refuge in the fort at Cherry Valley, consisted of three sons and an infant daughter (the last, born in America), the man Davie, and a maid-servant. Douglas, the elder son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, was a brave, high-spirited, somewhat self-willed boy, tall and handsome, and the especial pride of his mother: not alone because he was her first-born, but because he most vividly recalled to her heart, her husband in his happy days. Angus, the second son, was a slight, delicate, fair-haired boy, possessing a highly sensitive and poetic nature. Unconsciously displaying at times singular and startling intuitions—dreaming uncomprehended dreams, which were sometimes strangely verified, and uttering involuntary prophecies, which time often fulfilled—he was always spoken of as “a strange child,” and, for all his tender years and sweet pensive face, was regarded with a secret, shrinking awe, even by those nearest to him. In truth, the child seemed to be gifted with that weird, mysterious faculty known as second-sight.

Archie, the youngest son, his father's own darling, was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy of five. Effie was yet at the mother's breast, a little rosy bud of beauty,—a fair promise of infinite joy and comfort to her mother's saddened heart.

As I have stated, this family took refuge in the fort, in the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, somewhat against the will

of Captain Lindsay—who, as he remained neutral, had little fear of the Indians—and also of his eldest son, who fancied there was something cowardly in flying from their forest-home before it had been attacked. The latter, however, was soon reconciled by the opportunity afforded him, for the first time for several years, of associating with lads of his own age, of whom there were a goodly number at the fort and settlement. The sports and exercises of the men and youth were entirely of a military character; and Douglas, who had inherited martial tastes from a long line of warlike ancestors, and who had been instructed by his father in military rules and evolutions, soon became the captain of a company of boys, armed with formidable wooden guns, and fully equipped as mimic soldiers. Angus was made his lieutenant; but this was a piece of favouritism, the child having little taste or talent for the profession of arms.

One bright May morning, as these young amateur fighters were parading on the green before the fort, they had spectators whom they little suspected. Upon a hill, about a mile away, Joseph Brant had posted a large party of his braves, where, concealed by the thick wood, they were looking down on the settlement. It had been his intention to attack the fort that night; but this grand parade of light infantry deceived him. At that distance, he mistook the boys for men, and decided to defer the attack till he could ascertain, by his scouts, the exact strength of the place. In the meantime, he moved his party northward a few miles, to a point on the road leading from Cherry Valley to the Mohawk river, where he concealed them behind rocks and trees. At this spot, the road passed through a thick growth of evergreens, forming a perpetual twilight, and wound along a precipice a hundred and fifty feet high, over which plunged a small stream in a cascade, called by the Indians Tekaharawa.

Brant had doubtless received information that an American officer had ridden down from Fort Plain, on the Mohawk river, in the morning, to visit the fort, and might be expected to return before night. This officer had come to inform the garrison that a regiment of militia would arrive the next day, and take up their quarters at Cherry Valley. His name was Lieutenant Woodville; he was a young man of fortune,—gay, gallant, handsome, and daring. He was dressed in a rich suit of velvet, wore a plumed hat and a jewel-hilted sword, and let his dark waving hair grow to a cavalierish length. He rode a full-blooded English horse, which he managed with ease. This Lieutenant Woodville lingered so long at the settlement, that his friends tried to persuade him to remain all night; but he laughed, and, as he mounted, flung down his portmanteau to one of them,

saying, "I will call for that to-morrow." When it was nearly sunset the little garrison came out into the court-yard to watch his departure. Among the spectators were the boy-soldiers whose parade of the morning had daunted even the terrible Brant. Foremost stood the doughty Douglas, and by his side the timid Angus, gazing with childish curiosity on the dashing young officer, and marking with wondering delight his smiling mastery over his steed.

Suddenly the boy passed his hand over his eyes, grew marble-white and rigid for an instant, then shuddered, and burst into tears. Before he could be questioned, he had quitted his brother, rushed forward, and was clinging to the lieutenant's knee; crying, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty,

"Oh, sir, ye maun stay here to-night—here, where a' is safe! Dinna gang; they'll kill ye! Oh, dinna gang!"

"Who, my little lad, who'll kill me?" gently asked the officer, looking down into the delicate face of the boy, struck by its agonised expression.

"The Indians. They're waitin' for you in yon dark, awfu' place by the falls," replied Angus, in a tone of solemnity.

"And how do you know all this, my little man?" asked the officer, smiling.

"I hae seen them," said Angus, in a low, hoarse tone, casting down his eyes and trembling visibly.

"Seen them! When?"

"Just noo. I saw them a' as weel as I see you and the lave. It's the guid God, may be, that sends the vision to save you frae death. So, ye mann heed the warning, and not put your life in peril by riding up there, where they're waitin' for ye in the gloaming."

"What is the matter with this child?" exclaimed Lieutenant Woodville, turning to a friend in the little crowd. The man, for answer, merely touched his forehead significantly. "Indeed! So young!" replied the officer. Then, laying his hand gently on the head of the boy, and smiling pityingly into his wild beseeching eyes, he said, "But indeed I must go, prophet of evil. Indians or no Indians, a soldier must obey orders, you know. Come, dry your tears, and I will bring you a pretty plume for your soldier-cap when I return. Adieu, friends, until to-morrow!"

Saying this, he bent to loosen Angus's hands from the stirrup; but the child clung convulsively, shrieking out his warnings and entreaties, until his father broke through the crowd, and bore him forcibly away.

Lieutenant Woodville galloped off, with gay words of farewell; but, as some noticed, with an unusual shadow on his handsome face.

Mrs. Lindsay took Angus in her arms, and strove to soothe him in her quiet, loving way. Yet the child would not be comforted. He hid his face in her bosom, sobbing and shuddering, but saying nothing for several

minutes. Then he shrieked out—"There! There! Oh, mither, they hae killed him! I hae seen him fa' frae his horse. I see him noo, lying among the briars, wi' the red bluid rinnin' frae his head, down on to his braw soldier-coat. Oh, mither, I could na help it; he would na believe the vision!"

After this, the repose of a sad certainty seemed to come upon the child, and, sobbing more and more softly, he fell asleep; but not until the return of Lieutenant Woodville's horse, with an empty saddle stained with blood, had brought terrible confirmation of the vision. Next morning, the body of the unfortunate young officer was found in the dark pass, near the falls of Tekaharawa. He had been shot and scalped by Brant himself.

As may be supposed, this tragic verification of Angus Lindsay's prophecy excited surprise and speculation, and caused the child to be regarded with a strange interest, which, though not unfriendly, had in it too much of superstitious dread to be altogether kindly.

The boy instinctively shrank from it, and grew more sad and reserved day by day. Some regarded the prediction as naturally resulting from the omnipresent fear of savages—common to settlers' children—taking more vivid form in the imagination of a nervous and sickly boy, and the fate of Lieutenant Woodville as merely a remarkable coincidence. But, more shook their heads with solemn meaning, declaring the lad a young wizard; and went so far as to intimate that the real wizard was the lad's father, whose haughty and melancholy reserve was little understood by the honest settlers, and that poor little Angus was his victim: the one possessed.

The expression of this feeling—not in words, but in a sort of distrustful avoidance—made Mrs. Lindsay consent to the proposition of her husband to return to their home for the harvest. Several families were venturing on this hazardous step, encouraged by the temporary tranquillity of the country, and thinking that their savage enemies had quenched their blood-thirst at Wyoming,—thus rather taking courage than warning by that fearful massacre.

The Lindsays found their home as they had left it three months before; nothing had been molested; they all speedily fell into their old in-door and out-door duties and amusements. And so passed a few weeks of quiet happiness. Captain Lindsay and his man always took their arms with them to the harvest-fields, which were in sight of the house. The two elder sons usually worked with their father. On the last day of the harvest, when little remained to be done, the boys asked permission to go to a stream, about two miles away, to angle for trout.

In his moody abstraction, or fearlessness, Captain Lindsay consented, and the boys set out in high glee. Little Archie, who was also with his father for that day, begged to be taken with them; but the lads did not

wish to be so encumbered, and hurried away. Just as they were passing from the clearing into the little cow-path leading through the woods to the creek, Angus looked back and saw the child standing by his father, in tears, gazing wistfully after his elder brothers.

"Ah, Douglas," exclaimed he, "let us tak' Archie wi' us. See how the puir bairn is greeting."

"No, no; he'll only fright the trout, and we canna wait. Come awa."

The lads reached the creek in safety, crept stealthily along its shaded bank, selected their places in silence, and flung their bait upon the water. Douglas seemed to enjoy the sport keenly, but Angus was remorseful for having said nay to his little brother's entreaty.

"Oh, Douglas!" he exclaimed, at last, "I canna forget Archie's tearfu', wistfu' face. I'm sae sorry we left him!"

"Dinna fash yer head about Archie, but mind yer fish!" replied Douglas impatiently.

Angus was silent for another half-hour. Then he suddenly gave a short, quick cry, made a start forward, and peered anxiously down into the water.

"What noo?" said Douglas, petulantly, for the cry and movement had scared a fine trout that seemed just about to take his hook.

"Oh, brother," answered Angus, trembling, "I ha' seen Archie's bonnie face in the burn, and it had sic a pale, frightened look. I doubt something awfu' has happened! Let us gang hane."

Douglas laughed as he replied, "It's yer own face ye saw in the burn, and no Archie's. How could it be his, when he's maist twa mile awa?"

"I dinna ken, Douglas," replied Angus, humbly, "but I maun believe it was Archie's face. There it comes again! And father's, and Davie's! Oh, brother, the Indians!"

Shrieking out these words, the poor boy staggered backward and fainted. Douglas, though a good deal alarmed, had sufficient presence of mind to apply nature's remedy, fortunately near at hand; and under a copious sprinkling of cold water, Angus speedily revived. Douglas no longer resisted his entreaties, but silently gathering up their fishing tackle, and taking their string of trout, set out for home, walking slowly, and supporting the trembling steps of his brother. As they neared the borders of the clearing, where they were to come in sight of the harvest-fields and their home, Angus absolutely shook, and even the cheek of the bold Douglas grew white.

The first sight which met their eyes, on their emerging from the wood, was their house in flames, with a party of fiendish savages dancing and howling around it. The boys shrank back into the wood; and, crouching down together beneath a thick growth of underbrush, lay sobbing and shuddering in their grief and terror.

At length, Angus gave a start and whis-

pered joyfully, "Oh, brother, I've seen mither, and wee Effie, and Jenny—an' they're a' safe—hid away in the bushes, like us."

"But do you see father, and Archie, and auld Davie?" asked Douglas, believing, at last, in the second-sight of his young brother.

"No, no," replied Angus, mournfully, "I canna see them ony mair. They maun be a' dead, Douglas."

"I'll no believe that," said the elder brother, proudly; "father and Davy baith had their arms wi' them. Davie is no' a bad fighter, and ye ken a braver soldier could na be found in a' the world than father."

They lay thus, talking in fearful whispers, and weeping silently, until the shouts of the savages died away, and silence fell with the twilight, over the little valley. Then, slowly and cautiously they crept from their hiding-place, and stole through the harvest-fields to the spot where they had left their father and little brother, and Davie.

And they were all there—dead. They appeared to have fallen together—faithful old Davie lay across his master's knees, which he seemed embracing in death. Little Archie had evidently lingered longest alive; his flesh was yet soft and slightly warm, and he had crept to his father's arms, and lay partly across his breast.

All, even to the sinless baby, had been tomahawked. Yet, bathed in blood, as they were, the poor boys could not believe them dead, but clasped their stiffened hands, and kissed their lips, felt for their heart-beats, and called them by their names in every accent of love and sorrow. At last, finding all their frenzied efforts vain, they abandoned themselves utterly to grief.

The moon rose upon them thus—weeping wildly over their murdered father and brother—stained with their blood, and shuddering with their death-chill. Never did the moon look on a more desolate group. Captain Lindsay's brow seemed more awfully stern in its light, and his unclosed eyes shone with an icy gleam. Archie's still tearful face showed most piteously sad; while the agonised faces of the two young mourners, now bent over their dead, now lifted despairingly toward heaven, seemed to have grown strangely old in that time of terror, and horror, and bitter grieving. Thus the hours wore on; and, at last, from utter exhaustion, they slept—the living with the dead.

They were awakened by the warm sunlight and the birds who sang—how strange it seemed!—as gaily as ever, in the neighbouring wood. The boys raised their heads and looked, each into the other's sad face, and then on the dead, in the blank, speechless anguish of their renewed grief. Douglas was the first to speak. "Come, brother," he said, in a calm tone, "we maun be men noo, let us gang back to the fort: may be we shall find mither there, wi' Jenny and the bairnie, 'gin you're sure ye saw them a' in yer vision."

"But we canna' leave these here to their lane," said Angus.

"We maun leave them; we are no' big enough to bury them; but we'll cover them ower wi' leaves and the branches o' the pines, and when we get to the fort, we'll ask the soldiers to come and make graves for them. Come wi' me, Angus, dear."

Angus took Douglas's hand, and rose; but soon staggered and fell, murmuring, "Oh, brother! I'm sair faint and ill. I think I am dying. Stay wi' me a little while, and then ye may cover us a' up together and gang awa'."

"Dinna say sic sorrowfu' things, Angus; yer no dying, puir laddie; yer but fainting wi' hunger, and I the same," said Douglas, in a tone of hopeless despondency. Just at the moment, his eye fell on a small hand-basket, in which the labourers were accustomed to take their luncheon to the harvest-field. It was now lying where the dead had left it, against a pile of wheat-sheaves, and was found to contain some fragments of bread and meat, of which they partook.

Somewhat refreshed, the boys set about their melancholy duty. They did not attempt to move the bodies from the positions in which they had found them; they left little Archie on his father's breast, and faithful old Davie with his face hid against his master's knees.

Douglas took out his pocket-knife to sever a lock of hair from his father's and his little brother's heads, for mementos. "Oh! dinna tak' that lock, Douglas," said Angus, with a shudder, "did ye na see the bluid on it?"

Alas! it was difficult to find a lock on the head of either father or child not darkened and stiffened with gore.

When they had taken the last look, the last kiss, and had completed their mound of boughs and leaves, the two children knelt beside it, and prayed. Surely the God of the fatherless was near them. Better in His sight, their pious care of the dead, than the most pompous funeral obsequies: sweeter to Him, the simple prayer they sobbed into his ear, than the grandest requiem.

It was nearly noon when the boys left the little valley, and took their way toward the fort. They had first visited the ruins of their house, and searched around them and the garden, diligently, but vainly, for any trace of their mother, and nurse, and sister. From a tree in the little orchard, they filled their basket with apples, and set forth.

They had advanced but a mile or two on the dark, winding, forest path, when they heard before them the sound of footsteps and voices. In their sudden terror, thinking only of savages, they fled into the thickest recesses of the wood. When their alarm had passed, and they sought to regain the path, they found to their grief and dismay that they had lost it. Still they kept on—apparently at random—but angel-guided, it seemed, in

the direction of the fort. Yet night came upon them in the dense, gloomy wood; and, at last, very weary and sorrowful, they sank down, murmured their broken prayers, and clasped in each other's arms fell into a chill and troubled sleep.

Douglas was awakened in the early morning, by a touch on his shoulder. He sprang to his feet, and confronted—Brant! Behind the chief stood a small band of savage attendants, eagerly eyeing the young "pale-faces," as though their fingers itched to be among their curls.

"Who are you?" asked the warrior, sternly.

"I am Douglas Lindsay; and this is my brother, Angus Lindsay."

"Is Captain Lindsay your father?"

"He *was* our father," replied Douglas with a passionate burst of tears; "but ye ken weel enough we hae no father noo, sin' ye've murdered him. Ay, and puir auld Davie, and the wee bairn Archie, ye devils!"

"No, boy," replied Brant, in a not ungentle tone, "we did not murder your father. I am sorry to hear he has been killed. He was a brave man, and never took part with the rebels. I promised him my protection. It must have been some of Captain Butler's men; they are about now. I would have risked my life to have saved his. I will protect his children. Where were you going?"

"To the fort," put in little Angus, eagerly. "may be we shall find mither and Effie, and Jenny a' there. Oh! Mister Thayendenaga, tak' us to the fort, if it's no' too far, for we hae lost our way."

Brant—who was an educated man, and had little of the Indian in his appearance or speech—smiled to hear himself addressed by his pompous Indian name (a stroke of policy on the lad's part), and replied: "That is easy to do. Cherry Valley is just over the hill; only a little way off. Let us go."

Saying this, and briefly commanding his warriors to remain where they were, until he should return—an order received in sullen silence by the savages, who glared ferociously upon their lost prey—the chief strode forward through the forest, followed by the two boys. When they reached the brow of the hill overlooking the settlement, he paused and said, "I had better not go any further. I will wait here till I see you safe. Good bye! Tell your mother that Brant did not kill her brave husband. Say he's sorry about it—go."

The children sought to express their thanks, but he waved them away, and stood with folded arms under the shade of a gigantic oak, watching them as they descended the hill.

Mrs. Lindsay's part in the sad story is soon told. On the day of the massacre she heard the firing in the harvest-field, and, from the windows of the house, witnessed

the brief struggle of her husband and Davie with their foes. The fearful sight at first benumbed every faculty—but one cry from her baby roused her from her stupor of grief and terror. She snatched the infant from the cradle, and rushed with it into the woods, followed by Jenny, the maid. The two women concealed themselves so effectually in the thick under-brush, that they remained undiscovered, though the shouts of the savages came to their ears with horrible distinctness, and even the blaze of their burning home reddened the sunlight that struggled through the thick foliage above them.

When, at length, the party left the little valley, it passed within a few yards of the fugitives. Oh! how fervently the mother thanked God that her baby slept tranquilly on her bosom, and by no cry betrayed their hiding-place! They did not venture to leave their leafy sanctuary until evening. They were on the side of the clearing opposite the harvest-fields, and near the road leading to Cherry Valley. This they found, and set out at once for the settlement, which they reached in safety about midnight, and were kindly received at one of the fortified houses. The next day a party of brave men, moved by the passionate entreaties of the two women, set out on what was thought a hopeless search for Captain Lindsay, his sons, and servant. They reached the harvest-fields safely, found there the bodies as they had been left, hastily buried them; and, after vainly seeking for the missing boys, returned to Cherry Valley, taking a dread certainty and a faint hope to the afflicted wife and mother.

Prostrated by her fearful bereavement, yet not wholly despairing, worn with cruel anxieties and fatigues, Mrs. Lindsay at last slept, watched over by her faithful nurse. She awoke in the early morning, raised herself eagerly from her pillow, looked around, and then sank back in tears.

"Oh, Jenny," said she, "I hae had sic a blessed dream! I dreamed I saw my twa boys—only twa noo, Jenny—my brave Douglas, and the bonnie Angus—coming over the hill wi' the sunrise. But they'll no' come ony mair—they are a' taken frae me—a' but this wee bit bairnie," she murmured, pressing her babe to her bosom, and sprinkling its brow with the bitter baptism of her tears. For some minutes she lay thus, weeping with all that fresh realisation of sorrow and desolation which comes with the first awakening from sleep after a great bereavement. Then she arose and tottered away from the bed, saying, "Lift the window, Jenny. I maun look on the hill o' my dream."

Jenny obeyed, and supported her mistress, as she looked out on the lovely landscape, kindling in the light of an August morning. "Ah, Jenny," she said, "it is a' as I dreamed—the yellow corn on the hill-side, and the dark pines above—the soft blue of the sky—

the clouds a' rosy and golden, and the glory o' the sunlight spread a' abroad, like the smile o' the Lord on this wicked and waeifu' world. And,—look!—look! Oh, mercifu' God,—there are the bairns!"

This history, fortunately, has nothing to do with the terrible massacres and burnings, which, a few months later, desolated Cherry Valley and the neighbouring settlements. Mrs. Lindsay and her children were then safe in the city of New York. Immediately on the close of the war they returned to their friends in Scotland.

Among the Highlands, Angus Lindsay lost his extreme delicacy of health, with it, gradually, his mysterious faculty; yet he was ever singularly sensitive, thoughtful, and imaginative; and when he grew into manhood, though not recognised as a seer or a prophet, he was accorded a title which comprehended the greatest attributes of both—Poet.

Mrs. Lindsay returned to the family estate with her children; but the widow of her husband's friend was not deprived of her sad sanctuary, to which she had finally a dearer, if not a more sacred right, as the home of her daughter, the wife of Douglas Lindsay.

WILD COURT TAMED.

In October last we described a Heathen Court—Wild Court, in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane—which it was proposed to convert and civilise. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes had obtained leases of thirteen out of the fifteen or sixteen capacious houses whereof it is composed; five leases for twenty-one years, and the rest for thirty, at a ground-rent of not quite two hundred pounds a-year. As we before said, in their early days, these houses in Wild Court seemed to have been well tenanted; they were built when Drury Lane was almost a fashionable thoroughfare, and were probably tenanted as chambers by lawyers. They contained, therefore, well-proportioned rooms, had solid staircases, and in other respects seemed to admit rather easily of conversion into decent and well-ordered dwellings. We need not repeat what we have already said of the condition into which they had sunk before the alterations were attempted. One does not easily forget such facts as that there were open troughs of ordure passing through the upper rooms into a half-stagnant open sewer in the parapet, immediately below the uppermost windows; that the cellars were full of refuse filth; that the open stairs were the night haunt of the filthy, and the back yards of a morning ankle deep in all abomination. We have now to add to the preceding report that what we saw was not by one-tenth so horrible as what is found to have been

lurking there unseen. It was thought to be an exaggeration when the sanitary reformers used to aver that there lies stagnant under London as much filth as would make a lake six feet in depth, a mile long, and a thousand feet across. We begin to believe that this calculation was very much indeed under the truth.

Wild Court, as we said at the time, did not by any means impress us as the most squalid or the filthiest place we knew in the metropolis. It was indeed far from that, and it was tenanted by people, certainly poor, but by a whole grade more prosperous than they are commonly to be found in Rotherhithe or Bethnal Green. And here, though there were only thirteen houses, all calculation was defeated by the filth that was found under them. The active business of conversion was begun in February; and from February to April, the carting away of corrupt matter was the main process; actually more time being consumed in that work than in the whole business of reconstruction by bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, and other workmen. We are inclined to turn with loathing from the details that we must express—for very shame's sake—with the utmost brevity. There were more cesspools than houses, sixteen cesspools to the thirteen houses, each or some of them sixteen feet deep and about five feet square. Out of these, before they were filled up and obliterated, there had to be taken one hundred and fifty loads, all be it remembered lying under thirteen houses; and that was but a fraction of the evil; for, in addition to that, from under the same thirteen houses, there were removed three hundred and thirty cart-loads of accumulated filth, animal and vegetable, collected in the basements and elsewhere, including vermin. The vermin lay hidden in crusts five and six inches thick, comprising, according to a fair and sober estimate made by an eye-witness and superintendent, a ton of bugs.

If all calculation is exceeded in this way, by the discoveries made on excavation under only thirteen houses in a court of scarcely more than average filthiness, who dares to reflect upon the whole mass of abominations that lies at the roots of London!

In Wild Court, as it used to be, there lived two hundred families, numbering in all—apart from the unlicensed crowd that nestled at night on its staircases—a thousand people. In Wild Court as it is to be—omitting the house or two at one end, which the society has not yet been able to obtain—there will be accommodation for a hundred families, or between three and four hundred people in a hundred and eight rooms. Already eighty-three families are in occupation of ninety-two well ventilated, decently appointed rooms. Twenty-two were tenants of the court in its days of filth, who abide by it in its days of decency; the rest are new-comers. They submit

to a few simple rules for the preservation of wholesomeness, which forms part of their contract with the society. They are, as weekly tenants, to pay their rents every Monday morning; and with exemplary punctuality they do it. After two or three months' working, the arrears due from the eighty families are not found to amount to fourteen shillings, and even that does not represent loss, but very recent debts, that will be wiped out in a week or two.

The cost of reconstruction has exceeded the original estimate. The vast accumulation of filth was not only a source of expense for quicklime and disinfectants, but it had rotted the foundations of the houses to an extent which made it sometimes necessary that they should be strengthened by new masonry. The lower walls are still impregnated with a foul moisture; and it is impossible until next year to convert the basement storeys into airy and well-lighted workshops for such tenants overhead as may require them. But, notwithstanding the defeat of previous calculation in this manner, experience thus far goes to show that the profit realised upon the outlay incurred by transforming foul dens into wholesome dwellings, will not in this case fall short of twelve per cent., the rents being rather below than above those paid (or left owing) formerly.

The transformation, we were glad to find on visiting the premises, has been effected in the wisest way. Nothing has been done for mere effect, with a view to the creation of a show place. A large water-tank at the top of each house supplies the tap and the water-closet. Upon the little gallery attached to each floor of each house there is not only the tap over its own drain, for water supply, and perfectly distinct from that of the water-closet, but there is also a shoot by which all dust and refuse may be poured into a covered bin below, and enough of surrounding railing to be used by the people of that floor, for the drying of such little stocks of linen as they wash for themselves in a place appointed for the purpose. These railings, and the back yard common to all, form a sufficient drying-ground, and supersede the use of the drying-poles which are thrust out of window, and, when duly festooned, obstruct what circulation of air might otherwise be possible in most of our close London courts.

The internal arrangement of these houses is very simple. Most of the rooms are of good size and height, and as the majority of those people who inhabit places of this kind can afford the rent of one room only, wooden partitions, not reaching entirely to the ceiling—put up, without any additional charge, to the tenant—shut off a space on one side of every large room so occupied. A decent arrangement for the sleeping accommodation of the family is thus made possible. Single

rooms are not willingly let to families numbering more than four, and no tenants are allowed to admit lodgers, or to give sleeping accommodation to more than the number agreed upon when they entered. Nor are they suffered to keep animals in their apartments. Each tenant's room must be scrubbed at least once every week. A superintendent lives upon the spot, who is to have access to all the apartments, and right of interference for the preservation of the property, and the maintenance of the conditions under which alone it is possible for the houses to continue wholesome. Beyond that, there is no attempt to exercise control.

The quality of the rooms, according to the original plan, is lowered a little as one mounts the stairs, and thus a variation occurs in the rents, the price diminishing as one ascends; the scale of charge also, and for the same reason, is lower for back than for front rooms. The rent of the front rooms varies from between three shillings and two and threepence. The rent of the back rooms varies between half-a-crown and one and eightpence. The provision of a decent room for one and eightpence is the fulfilment of a condition most essential to be borne in mind by those who would serve society to the best purpose in providing better dwellings for the poor. The single room provided for the highest price—three shillings, is airy and spacious, provided with an excellent fireplace, cupboarded, and well-partitioned. Throughout the houses, indeed, the fireplaces are good, and there is not one room without an ample cupboard. There are ventilators in the doors and walls, and a grating in the centre of each ceiling communicates, by a large pipe, with the outer air. No ornamental work whatever has been introduced; the rooms are precisely such rooms as their tenants have been used to feel at home in, with the one vast difference, that they are clean and wholesome.

Some tenants with large families, or better means than others, occupy two rooms; but the majority, as we have said, content themselves per force, with one. They all seem to be able to earn their living without falling into any serious straits. Half of them, or more than half, are costermongers; the rest are tailors or shoemakers; one, we observed, called his ground-floor room a dairy. Every room contained the necessary articles of furniture: in one of the cheap upper rooms—through which an open sewer ran when we last saw it—a clean and healthy woman was perfuming the air with beans and bacon. Somebody, in a room below, scented his entire floor with a stock of lavender. We will not affirm that we smelt nothing whatever, worse than this, for it is one thing to erect water tanks, another thing to get an efficient water supply out of a London company. An occasional hitch in the matter of water will occur even to the rich, since nobody has power to protect himself, and a temporary difficulty in

this respect happened to be afflicting Wild Court when we paid our visit. In the way of all wholesomeness and cleanliness stands that which should be made their main support—the system of water supply in this metropolis; which is as bad as trading companies can make it.

It is not much to say, that in the short time since Wild Court was reconstructed there has been no case of fever in it; it is more to say, that not only the superintendent notices, but the tenants themselves notice, the change made even by so short an experience of good lodging, in the aspect of the children. Health has come to their cheeks, light is at home in their eyes, they are more brisk, active, and happy at their play. Of their elders, we saw none who looked discontented, and there is no reason to doubt that they will, in due course of events, come by the

“Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.”

POOR ANGELICA.

In the fasta of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy women, there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kauffmann. The flower of her life was spent in this country; but she is scarcely remembered in it now, even among the members and lovers of the profession which she adorned. Those who wish to know anything definite concerning a lady who was the pet of the English aristocracy, and the cynosure of English painters for some years of the past century, must turn to foreign sources, and hear from foreign lips and pens the praises of poor Angelica. Though undeniably a foreigner, she had as undeniable a right to be mentioned in the records of British painters as those other foreigners domiciled among us at the same epoch: Listard, Zucchi, Zoffani, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Roubiliac, Michael Moser, Nollekens, Loutherbourn, Zuccarelli, Vibares, and Fuseli. Of all these worthies of the easel there are copious memoirs and ana extant, yet the published (English) notices of Angelica would not fill half this page. In Sir William Beechey's *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, there is no mention whatsoever made of my heroine; nor, which is more to be wondered at, is she named in Mr. Allan Cunningham's excellent *Life of Sir Joshua*. Yet Angelica painted the president's portrait; and the president himself, it is darkly said, was desirous on his part of possessing not only the portrait of his fair limner, but the original itself. Even the garrulous, tittle-tattling, busybody, Boswell, has nothing to say, in his *Life of Johnson*, of the catastrophe of Angelica's life; although it was town talk for weeks, and although the sinister finger of public suspicion pointed at no less a man than Johnson's greatest friend, JOSHUA REYNOLDS, as cognisant of, if not accessory to, the

conspiracy by which the happiness of Angelica Kauffmann was blasted. In Smith's Nollekens and his Times there is a silly bit of improbable scandal about the fair painter. In Knowles's Life of Fuseli we learn in half-a-dozen meagre lines that that eccentric genius was introduced to Madame Kauffmann on his first coming to England, and that he was very nearly becoming enamoured of her; but that this desirable consummation was prevented by Miss Mary Moser, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy (appropriately a Swiss), becoming enamoured of him. Stupid, woeful Mr. Pilkington has a brief memoir of Angelica. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, once, and once only, alludes to her. In Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary there is a notice of Angelica about equal, in compass and ability, to that we frequently find of a deceased commissioner of inland revenue in a weekly newspaper. In the vast catalogue of the Museum Library I can only discover one reference to Angelica Kauffmann, personally, that being a stupid epistle to her, written in seventeen hundred and eighty-one by one Mr. G. Keate. I have been thus minute in my English researches, in order to avoid the imputation of having gone abroad, when I might have fared better at home. I might have spared myself some labour too; for my travels in search of Angelica in foreign parts have been tedious and painful. That which M. Artaud, in that great caravanseraï of celebrities the *Biographie Universelle*, has to say about her is of the driest; and a Herr Bockshammer, a German, from whom I expected great things, merely referred me to another A. Kauffmann, not at all angelical; but connected with a head-splitting treatise on the human mind.

I will try to paint my poor Angelica. Calumny, envy, biographers who lie by their silence, cannot deny that she was a creature marvellously endowed. She was a painter, a musician; she would have made an excellent tragic actress; she embroidered; she danced; she was faucund in expression, infinite in variety; she was good, amiable, and virtuous: full of grace, vivacity, and wit. Fancy Venus without her mole; fancy Minerva without her ægis (which was, you may be sure, her ugliness). Fancy Ninon del'Enclos with the virtue of Madame de Sévigné. Fancy a Rachel Esmond with the wit of a Becky Sharp. Fancy a woman as gifted as Sappho, but not a good-for-nothing; as wise as Queen Elizabeth, but no tyrant; as brave as Charlotte, Countess of Derby, but no blood-spiller for revenge; as unhappy as Clarissa Harlowe, but no prude; as virtuous as Pamela, but no calculator; as fair as my own darling Clementina, but no fool. Fancy all this, and fancy too, if you like, that I am in love with the ghost of Angelica Kauffmann, and am talking nonsense.

She was born (to return to reason) in the

year seventeen hundred and forty-one, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was baptised Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine. Angelica would have been, enough for posterity to love her by. But, though rich in names, she was born to poverty in every other respect. Her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, was an artist, with talents below mediocrity, and his earnings proportionately meagre. He came, as all the Kauffmanns, before him did, from Schwarzenburg, in the canton of Voralberg, and appears to have travelled about the surrounding cantons in something nearly approaching the character of an artistic tinker, mending a picture here, copying one there, painting a sign for this gasthof keeper, and decorating a dining-room for that proprietor of a château. These nomadic excursions were ordinarily performed on foot. In one of his visits to Coire, where he was detained for some time, he happened, very naturally, to fall over head and ears with a Protestant damsel named Cléofe; nor was it either so very unnatural that Fraulein Cléofe should also fall in love with him. She loved him indeed so well as to adopt his religion, the Roman Catholic; upon which the church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Marie-Anne-Angélique-Catherine, and hence this narrative.

If Goodman Kauffmann had really been a tinker, instead of a travelling painter, it is probable that his little daughter would very soon have been initiated into the mysteries of burning her fingers with hot solder, drumming with her infantile fists upon battered pots, and blackening her young face with cinders from the extinguished brazier. We all learn the vocation of our parents so early. I saw the other hot, sunny evening, a fat undertaker in a fever-breeding street near Soho, leaning against the door-jambs of his shop (where the fasces of mutes' staves are), smoking his pipe contentedly. He was a lusty man, and smoked his pipe with a jocund face; but his eyes were turned into his shady shop, where his little daughter—as I live it is true, and she was not more than nine years old—was knocking nails into a coffin on tressels. She missed her aim now and then, but went on, on the whole, swimmingly, to the great contentment of her sire, and there was in his face—though it was a fat face, and a greasy face, and a pimpled face—so beneficent an expression of love and fatherly pride, that I could forgive him his raven-like laugh, and the ghastly game he had set his daughter to.

So it was with little Angelica. Her first playthings were paint-brushes, bladders of colours, maul-sticks, and unstrained canvases; and there is no doubt that on many occasions she became quite a little Joseph, and had, if not a coat, at least a pinafore of many colours.

Kauffmann, an honest, simple-minded fellow, knowing nothing but his art, and not much of that, cherished the unselfish hope that in teaching his child, he might soon teach her to surpass him. The wish—not an unfrequent event in the annals of art—was soon realised. As Raffaele surpassed Perugino, and Michael Angelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. But it did not happen with him as it did with a certain master of the present day, who one day turned his pupil neck and heels out of his studio, crying, “You know more than I do. Go to the devil!” The father was delighted at his daughter’s marvellous progress. Sensible of the obstacles opposed to a thorough study of drawing and anatomy in the case of females, he strenuously directed Angelica’s faculties to the study of colour. Very early she became initiated in those wondrous secrets of chiar’oscuro which produce relief, and extenuate; if they do not redeem, the want of severity and correctness. At nine years of age, Angelica was a little prodigy.

In those days Father Kauffmann, urged perhaps by the necessity of opening up a new prospect in Life’s diggings, quitted Coire, and established himself at Morbegno in the Valteline. Here he stopped till seventeen hundred and fifty-two, when, the artistic diggings being again exhausted, he removed to Como, intending to reside there permanently. The Bishop of Como, Monsignor Nevroni, had heard of the little painter prodigy, then only eleven years of age, and signified his gracious intention of sitting to her for his portrait. The prodigy succeeded to perfection, and she was soon overwhelmed with Mæcenases. The dignified clergy, who, to their honour be it said, have ever been the most generous patrons of art in Italy, were the first to offer Angelica commissions. She painted the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, Count Firmiani, Rinaldo d’Este, Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Massa-Carrara, and “many more,” as the bard of the coronation sings. John Joseph Kauffmann’s little daughter was welcome in palazzo, convent, and villa.

I am glad, seeing that Angelica was a prodigy, that J. J. Kauffmann did not in any way resemble that to me most odious character, the ordinary prodigy’s father. There was the little prodigy with flaxen curls, in a black velvet tunic, with thunder and lightning buttons, who used to play on the harp so divinely, and used to be lifted in at carriage windows for countesses to kiss; and had at home a horrible, snuffy, Italian monster of a father, who ate up the poor child’s earnings; who drank absinthe till he was mad, and pulled his miserable son’s flaxen hair till he was tired; who was insufferably lazy, unimaginably proud, mean, vain, and dirty—a profligate and a cheat—who was fit for no place

but the galleys, from which I believe he came, and to which I devoutly hope he returned. Miserable little dancing, singing, guitar-playing, painting, pianoforte-thumping, horse-riding, poem-reciting prodigies have I known;—unfortunate little objects with heads much too large, with weary eyes, with dark bistre circles round them; with rachitic limbs, with a timid cowering aspect. I never knew but one prodigy’s father who was good for anything, and he was a prodigy himself—an acrobat—and threw his son about as though he loved him. The rest,—not only fathers, but mothers, brothers, and uncles,—were all bad.

But J. J. Kauffmann loved his daughter dearly; and, though she was a prodigy, was kind to her. He delighted in sounding her praises. He petted her; he loved to vary her gentle name of Angelica into all the charming diminutives of which it was susceptible. He called her his Angela, his Angelina, his Angelinetta. He was a widower now, and his strange old turn for vagabondising came over him with redoubled force. The father and daughter—strange pair, so ill-assorted in age, so well in love—went trouping about the Grisons, literally picking up bread with the tips of their pencils. Once Angelica was entrusted, alone, to paint, in fresco, an altar-piece for a village church; and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scaffolding, gracefully, piously, painting angels and lambs and doves and winged heads; while, on the pavement beneath, honest J. J. Kauffmann was expatiating on his daughter’s excellences to the pleased curate and the gaping villagers; or, more likely still, was himself watching the progress of those skilful, nimble little fingers up above—his arms folded, his head thrown back, tears in his eyes, and pride and joy in his heart.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheritance. Money, he had none to give her. He gave her instead, and nearly starved himself to give her, the most brilliant education that could be procured. He held out the apple of science, and his pretty daughter was only too ready to bite at it with all her white teeth. Besides her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of, and had a surprising talent for, music. Her voice was pure, sweet, of great compass; her execution full of soul. Valiantly she essayed and conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian pieces. These she sang, accompanying herself on the clavecin; and often would she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

But painting and music, and the soul of a poet, and the form of a queen, how did these agree with poor father Kauffmann’s domestic arrangements? Alas! the roof was humble, the bed was hard, the sheets were coarse, the bread was dark and sour when won. Then, while the

little girl lay on the rugged pallet, or mended her scanty wardrobe, there would come up—half unbidden, half ardently desired—resplendent day-dreams, gorgeous visions of Apelles, the friend of kings, of Titian in his palace, of Rubens an ambassador with fifty gentlemen riding in his train, of Anthony Vandyke knighted by royalty, and respected by learning, and courted by beauty, of Raffaele the divine, all but invested with the purple pallium of the sacred college, of Velasquez with his golden key—Aposentador, Mayor to King Philip—master of the revels at the Isle of Pheasants—as handsome, rich, and proud, as any of the thousand nobles there. Who could help such dreams? The prizes in Art's lottery are few, but what can equal them in splendour and glory that dies not easily?

At sixteen years of age, Angelica was a brunette, rather pale than otherwise. She had blue eyes, long black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she could never be prevailed upon to powder, long beautiful hands, and coral lips. At twenty, Angelica was at Milan, where her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an end. She was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers; nobles sent her flattering notes; ladies approved; bishops and archbishops even gave a half assent; nay J. J. Kauffmann himself could not disguise his eagerness for the syren voice of his Angelinetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelica herself was true to her art. She knew how jealous a mistress Art is; with a sigh, but bravely and resolutely, she bade farewell to music, and resumed her artistic studies with renewed energy.

After having visited Parma and Florence, she arrived in Rome, in seventeen hundred and sixty-three. Next year she visited Naples, and in the next year, Venice; painting everywhere, and received everywhere with brilliant and flattering homage. Six years of travel among the masterpieces of Italian art, and constant practice and application, had ripened her talent, had enlarged her experience, had given a firmer grasp both to her mind and her hand. Her reputation spread much in Germany, most in Italy; though the Italians were much better able to appreciate her talent than to reward it. But, in the eighteenth century, the two favourite amusements prevalent among the aristocracy of the island of Britain were the grand tour and patronage. No lord or baronet's education was complete till (accompanied by a reverend bear-leader) he had passed the Alps and studied each several continental vice on its own peculiar soil. But when he reached Rome, he had done with vice, and went in for virtue. He fell into the hands of the antiquaries, virtuosi, and curiosity dealers of Rome with about the same result, to his

pocket, as if he had fallen into the hands of the brigands of Terracina.

Some demon whispered, Visto, have a taste.

But the demon of virtù was not satisfied with the possession of taste by Visto. He insisted that he should also have a painter, a sculptor, a medallist, or an enamellist; and scarcely a lord or baronet arrived in England from the grand tour without bringing with him French cooks, French dancers, poodles, broken statues, chaplains, led captains, Dresden china, Buhl cabinets, Viennese clocks, and Florentine jewellery—some Italian artist, with a long name ending in *elli*, who was to be patronised by my lord; to paint the portraits of my lord's connections; to chisel out a colossal group for the vestibule of my lord's country-house; or to execute colossal monuments to departed British valour for Westminster Abbey by my lord's recommendation. Sometimes the patronised *elli* turned out well; was really clever; made money, and became eventually an English R. A.; but much more frequently he was Signor Donkeyelli, atrociously incapable, conceited and worthless. He quarrelled with his patron, my lord, was cast off, and subsided into some wretched court near St. Martin's Lane, which he pervaded with stubbly jaws, a ragged duffel coat, and a shabby hat cocked nine-bauble-square. He haunted French cookshops, and painted clock-faces, tavern-signs, anything. He ended miserably, sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes at Tyburn for stabbing a fellow-countryman in a night-cellar.

My poor Angelica did not escape the widespread snare of the age—patronage; but she fell, in the first instance, into good hands. Some rich English families residing at Venice made her very handsome offers to come to England. She hesitated; but, while making up her mind, thought there could be no harm in undertaking the study of the English language. In this she was very successful. Meanwhile, Father Kauffmann was recalled to Germany by some urgent family affairs. In this conjuncture, an English lady, but the widow of a Dutch admiral, Lady Mary Veertvoort, offered to become her chaperon to England. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and was promptly put in execution.

Angelica Kauffmann arrived in London on the twenty-second of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-six. She took up her residence with Lady Mary Veertvoort in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The good old lady treated her like her own daughter, petted her, made much of her, and initiated her into all the little secrets of English comfort. Before she had been long in this country, she was introduced by the Marquis of Exeter to the man who then occupied, without rivalry and without dissent, the throne of English art. Fortunate in his profession, easy in circumstances, liberal in his mode of living

cultivated in mind, fascinating in manners, the friendship of Joshua Reynolds was a thing of general desideration. To all it was pleasant—to many it was valuable.

Lord Exeter's introduction was speedily productive of a cordial intimacy between Angelica and Reynolds. He painted Angelica's portrait: she painted his. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, she was enrolled among its members,—a rare honour for a lady. But, the friendship of Sir Joshua soon ripened into a warmer feeling. He became vehemently in love with her. There is no evidence, or indeed reason, to suppose that Reynolds's intentions towards Angelica Kauffmann were anything but honourable. There was no striking disparity between their ages. The fame of Angelica bid fair in time to equal his own, and bring with it a commensurate fortune; yet, for some inexplicable reason—probably through an aversion or a caprice as inexplicable—Angelica discouraged his advances. To avoid his importunities, she even fled from the protection of Lady Mary Veertvoort, and established herself in a house in Golden Square, where she was soon afterwards joined by her father.

At the commencement of the year seventeen sixty-seven, Angelica Kauffmann shared—with hoops of extra magnitude, toupees of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness—the mighty privilege of being the fashion. Madame de Pompadour was the fashion in France just then, so was Buhl furniture, Boucher's pictures, and the Baron de Holbach's atheism; so, in England were "drums," *ridottos*, Junius's Letters, and burnings of Lord Bute's jack-boots in effigy. The beauteous Duchess of Devonshire—she who had even refused Reynolds the favour of transferring her lineaments to canvas—commissioned the fair Tyrolean to execute her portrait, together with that of Lady Duncannon. Soon came a presentation at St. James's; next a commission from George the Third for his portrait, and that of the young Prince of Wales. After this, Angelica became doubly, triply, fashionable. She painted at this time a picture of Venus attired by the Graces—a dangerous subject. Some of the critics grumbled of course, and muttered that Cupid wouldn't have known his own mother in the picture; but decorous royalty applauded, and ('oh dear, how decorous!') aristocracy patronised, and the critics were dumb.

So, all went merry as a marriage bell with J. J. Kauffmann's daughter. A magnificent portrait of the Duchess of Brunswick, put the seal to the patent of her reputation. No fashionable assembly was complete without her presence. In the world of fashion, the world of art, the world of literature, she was sought after, courted, idolised. One young nobleman, it is stated, fell into a state of melancholy madness because

she refused to paint his portrait. Officers in the Guards fought for a ribbon that had dropped from her corsage at a birthnight ball. The reigning toasts condescended to be jealous of her, and hinted that the beauty of "these foreign women" was often fictitious, and never lasting. Dowagers, more accustomed to the use of paint than even she was, hoped that she was "quite correct," and shook their powdered old heads, and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender. Scandal of course, was on the alert. Sir Benjamin Backbite called on Lady Sneerwell in his sedan-chair. Mrs. Candour was closeted with Mr. Marplot; and old Doctor Basilio, the Spanish music-master of Leicester Fields, talked toothless scandal with his patron, Don Bartolo of St. Mary-Axe. The worst stories that the scandalmongers could invent were but two in number, and are harmless enough to be told here. One was, that Angelica was in the habit of attending, dressed in boy's clothes, the Royal Academy Life School; the second story—dreadful accusation!—was that Angelica was a flirt, an arrant coquette; and that one evening at Rome, being at the opera with two English artists, one of whom was Mr. Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, the painter of Garrick in Richard the Third), she had allowed both gentlemen gently to encircle her waist with their arms—at the same time: nay, more, that folding her own white waxen arms on the ledge of the opera box, and finding naturally a palpitating artist's hand on either side, she had positively given each hand a squeeze, also at the same time: thereby leading each artist to believe that he was the favoured suitor. I don't believe my Angelica ever did anything of the kind.

Scandal, jealousy, reigning toasts, and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angelica continued the fashion. Still the carriages blocked up Golden Square; still she was courted by the noble and wealthy; still ardent young Oxford bachelors and buckish students of the Temple wrote epistles in heroic verse to her; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios; still from time to time the favoured few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoort's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's songs—by the grand Italian pieces, and the simple, plaintive, Tyrolean airs of old;—still all went merry as a marriage bell.

In seventeen sixty-eight there appeared in the most fashionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, distinguished, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the bearer of a noble name, and the possessor of a princely fortune. He dressed splendidly, played freely, lost good-humouredly, took to racing, cock-fighting, masquerade-giving, and other fashionable amusements of the time, with much kindness and spirit. He speedily became the fashion himself, but he did not

oust Angelica from her throne: he reigned with her, a twin-planet. This was the Count Frederic de Horn, the representative of a noble Swedish family, who had been for some time expected in England. Whether my poor, poor little Angelica really loved him; whether she was dazzled by his embroidery, his diamond star, his glittering buckles, his green riband, his title, his handsome face and specious tongue, will never be known; but she became speedily his bride. For my part I think she was seized by one of those short madnesses, of frivolity to which all beautiful women are subject. You know not why, they know not why themselves, but they melt the pearl of their happiness in vinegar as the Egyptian queen did: she in the wantonness of wealth; they in the wasteful extravagance of youth, the consciousness of beauty, the impatience of control, and the momentary hatred of wise counsel.

Angelica Kauffmann was married in January seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, with great state and splendour, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed their union: rich were the presents showered upon the bride, multifarious the good wishes for the health and prosperity of the young couple. And all went merry as a marriage bell—till the bell rang out, first in vague rumours, then in more accredited reports, at last as an incontrovertible miserable truth, that another Count de Horn had arrived in England to expose and punish an impostor and swindler who had robbed him of his property and his name—till it was discovered that Angelica Kauffmann had married the man so sought—a low-born cutpurse, the footman of the Count!

Poor Angelica, indeed! This bell tolled the knell of her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible, by a deed of separation dated the tenth of February, seventeen hundred and sixty-eight; a small annuity was secured to the wretched impostor, on condition that he should quit England and not return thereto. He took his money and went abroad. Eventually he died in obscurity.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel swindling speculation on the part of the Count de Horn's lacquey, or whether it was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy against the happiness and honour of Angelica. A French novelist, who has written a romance on the events of my heroine's life, invents a very dexterous, though very improbable, fable of a certain Lord Baronnet, member of the chamber of Commons, whose hand had been refused by Angelica, and who in mean and paltry revenge, discovered, tutored, fitted out, and launched into society, the rascally fellow who had been recently discharged from the service of the Count de Horn, and whose name he impudently assumed. Another novelist makes out the false count to have been

a young man, simple, credulous, and timid—lowly-born, it is true, but still sincerely enamoured of Angelica (like the Claude Melnotte of Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*). He is even led to believe that he is the real Prince of Como—we beg pardon: Count de Horn—imagines that a mysterious veil envelopes the circumstances of his birth; but, when the truth is discovered, and he finds that he has been made the tool of designing villains, he testifies the utmost remorse, and is desirous of making every reparation in his power. A third author, M. Dessalles Regis, not only avers the premeditated guilt of the false count, but alludes to a dark rumour that the Beauséant of the drama, the villain who had dressed up this lay-figure in velvet and gold lace to tempt Angelica to destruction, was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds. For my part, I incline to the first hypothesis. I believe the footman to have been a scoundrel.

A long period of entire mental and bodily prostration followed the ill-starred marriage. J. J. Kauffmann, good fellow, comforted his daughter as well as he was able; but his panacea for her grief, both of mind and body, was Italy. He was weary of England, fogs, fashions, false counts—there was no danger of spurious nobility abroad; for could not any one with a hundred a-year of his own be a count if he liked? Still Angelica remained several years more in this country; still painting, still patronised, but living almost entirely in retirement. When the death of her husband the footman placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on an old and faithful friend, Antonio Zucchi, a painter of architecture; and, five days afterwards, the husband, wife, and father embarked for Venice. Zucchi was a tender husband; but he was a wayward, chimerical, visionary man, and wasted the greatest part of his wife's fortune in idle speculations. He died in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, leaving her little or nothing. The remainder of poor Angelica's life was passed, if not in poverty, at least in circumstances straitened to one who, after the first hardships of her wandering youth, had lived in splendour and freedom, and the companionship of the great. But she lived meekly, was a good woman, and went on painting to the last.

Angelica Kauffmann died a lingering death at Rome, on the fifth of November, eighteen hundred and five. On the seventh, she was buried in the church of St. Andrea delle Frate; the academicians of St. Luke followed the bier, and the entire ceremony was under the direction of Canova. As at the funeral of Raffaele Sanzio, the two last pictures she had painted were carried in the procession; on the coffin there was a model of her right hand in plaster, the fingers crisped, as though it held a pencil.

This was the last on earth of Angelica Kauffmann. Young, beautiful, amiable, gifted by

nature with the rarest predilections, consecrated to the most charming of human occupations, run after, caressed, celebrated among the most eminent of her contemporaries, she would appear to have possessed everything that is most desirable in this life. One little thing she wanted to fill up the measure of her existence, and that was happiness. 'This is man's life.' There is no block of marble so white but you shall find a blue vein in it, and the snow-flake from heaven shall not rest a second on the earth without becoming tinged with its impurities.

SOMETHING LIKE A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

JOHNSON—we call him Johnson, because that is not his name; and we would rather not be personal—Johnson called upon us the other day, on purpose to present us with a neatly-bound copy of his collected works. We were extremely busy at the time, and so we told him, but Johnson was not easily got rid of. Assuring us he would not detain us many seconds, he took a seat, and—as the time-piece on our mantle-piece can witness—entertained us for one hour and ten minutes with the story of his grievances.

Johnson had written, he assured us, no less than five successful plays—all of which had been acted, and all applauded to the echo. "And now, sir," he continued, "What's the use of it? Five plays, sir, all successful! And yet, sir, every one of them forgotten! Here, sir," and Johnson dealt a vigorous blow on the unconscious and neglected volume. "Here, sir, I bring them out in a collected form, and not a copy has been asked for! Depend upon it, sir, it's all up with the drama. There was a time when men who wrote but one play gained celebrity, and here, sir, I've written five, sir—Five!"

We consoled with him as we best could, and tried to hold out brilliant visions of the justice to be done to him by generations yet unborn: but it was useless; Johnson would not be comforted. Grateful, however, for our sympathy, he did the kindest thing he could have done. He left us. Not, though, till we had given the most solemn promise that we would at our very earliest leisure read through the whole of the collected works, from title-page to *Finis*.

We placed the copy of the works of Johnson on the shelf behind us, and there for several days it stayed as unmolested and unnoticed as its thousand brethren that still encumbered the warehouses of Johnson's publisher. One morning, however, we thought that we would look at it, and see what Johnson really had produced, for we confess we had forgotten the very names of his plays quite as completely as it seemed the public had. Accordingly, we looked along our shelves for it; but for some time in vain. The volume was a thin one, and must, we supposed, have

slipped behind its bulkier neighbours. We were just giving up our search as hopeless, when all at once we caught a sight of it, and in such company, that it made us smile despite ourselves, as we remembered the poor fellow's sad complaints, that he—the author of no less a number than five plays—was still unread—forgotten!

Johnson was squeezed between two volumes of the works of Lope de Vega!

The accidental juxtaposition of the two dramatists was certainly a somewhat strange one. Poor Johnson! We had promised him posthumous and undying fame for his five dramas—his, "Five, sir—Five!" as he so proudly dwelt upon their number; and, for the life of us, we could not help laughing at our prophecy, as we asked ourselves, how many plays of all the hundreds the great Spaniard wrote, are heard of now. Nay, how many were there that even long survived their author. A per-centage, truly, most disheartening to Johnson!

At once, we mentally ran over all we knew of Lope de Vega—the "Prodigy of Nature," the "King of Comedy," the "Spanish Phoenix," as he was styled by his various critics—the man whose name became admitted into the Spanish language as an adjective expressing the extreme of excellence. At once we turned to different memoirs of the poet, and looked over the astounding arithmetical calculations that in different lands, at different times, have been made to state the number of his works. And if the reader does not know already, we should like to hear him guess how many plays he thinks it possible that Lope de Vega wrote. We have prepared him, doubtless, to suppose the number large, but in spite of all our warnings, we defy the boldest guesser to come near the truth. Let him think of a number that may seem preposterous. It will be much below the mark. Nay, let him even work out that mysterious problem in mental arithmetic which we remember puzzling over in our school-boy days, and having thought of a number, double it, add ten to it, and so on—we forget exactly, the true formula. Still will the total, in all probability, fall considerably short of the number of plays composed by Lope de Vega.

The lowest calculation that seems based on anything like solid grounds, is that given by M. Damas Hinard, in an admirable memoir of the poet, prefixed to a French translation of his plays; or rather some of his plays, for we should like to see the man who could translate them all, in one lifetime, supposing all to be extant. M. Hinard informs us—a statement in which Schah, the German historian of the Spanish drama, and others coincide—that Lope de Vega wrote the prodigious number of fifteen hundred plays!

Fifteen hundred plays! Written by one man's hand—conceived by one man's brain!

Well may another of his biographers, Mr. G. H. Lewes, say, "It really takes one's breath away to hear of such achievements." But we have not yet done. At the imminent risk of having our veracity impugned, we must go on to tell what else Lope de Vega wrote. As though the fifteen hundred plays were not enough for one man's work, we find he wrote besides about three hundred interludes and autos sacramentales (a species of dramatic composition resembling our ancient miracle-plays); ten epic poems; one burlesque poem, called *La Gatomaquia*; various descriptive and didactic poems; a host of sonnets, romances, odes, elegies, and epistles; several works written in mingled prose and verse; eight prose novels; not to mention other prose writings, or his numerous prefaces and dedications! What a labour for one lifetime! Were it for nothing more than the stupendous quantity of his productions—leaving quality altogether out of the consideration—Lope de Vega would be one of the greatest wonders in the whole history of literature.

And yet his wonderful rapidity was not a mere flow of words unhampered by ideas. In speaking of the quantity of his productions without regard to quality, we would by no means insinuate that in the latter respect they would not bear examination. We will not, it is true, go to such lengths as his friend and pupil, Montalvan, does, when he declares that if the works of Lope de Vega were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would not only decide the comparison in point of quality, but would also "be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together." But setting aside the exaggerations of his devoted admirer, this much is pretty certain: not only did Lope de Vega actually produce fifteen hundred dramas, but they were—as our friend Johnson tells us his own five were—all successful! They delighted all Spain, charmed even the sombre spirit of Philip the Second, and—sure test of success—

In present dramas, as in plays gone by,

they brought in money to the theatres' treasures, and secured a competence to their author.

We have already stated that the number of his works given above is that recorded by M. Damas Hinard, and others. But, as if this were not sufficiently miraculous, some of his biographers adopt a considerably higher figure. Montalvan, above alluded to, asserts in his *Fama Postuma* (a work published in honour of Lope de Vega, in sixteen hundred and thirty-six, a few months only after the poet's death) that he had written EIGHTEEN hundred plays, and FOUR hundred autos sacramentales! This is the number also quoted by Lord Holland, in his *Life of*

Lope de Vega, published in eighteen hundred and six.

Bouterwek, in the volume of his *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit*, which treats on Spanish literature (published about eighteen hundred and eight) surpasses even Montalvan in his estimate of Lope de Vega's fecundity. He says that "Lope de Vega required no more than four-and-twenty hours to write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, tercets, and octaves, and from beginning to end abounding in intrigues, prodigies, or interesting situations. This astonishing facility enabled him to supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of two THOUSAND original dramas." He tells us that the theatrical managers would wait at Lope's elbow, carrying off the acts as fast as he could write them, not giving the poet time even to revise his work; and that, immediately upon one play being finished, a fresh applicant would arrive to prevail on him to commence a new piece! A wholesale manufactory of dramas, truly! What would friend Johnson think of orders coming in like this?

Another calculation Bouterwek goes into, as to the amount of paper Lope used. He tells us, "According to his own (Lope's) testimony, he wrote on an average five sheets per day; it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five." This computation, however, strikes us as somewhat doubtful, inasmuch as it proceeds on the supposition that Lope's average of five sheets per diem extended throughout the whole seventy-three years of his existence, commencing at his birth—when for a day or two, at least, he would not do much, precocious though we know him to have been—and finishing with his death. We should hardly think that Lope quite meant this when he laid down the average, though really we feel so bewildered amongst all these high figures, that we know not exactly what to think. We feel as if we were working out sums in astronomy, and calculating distances of stars, instead of reckoning a literary man's productions. However, come we at once to the last grand total—right or wrong. Bouterwek says it is estimated, "that allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses."

Lord Holland also adopts this estimate, but, like all the rest of them, manages still to magnify it, even while he quotes. He tells us "twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed." And yet we find Lope de Vega himself, in the *Elogue* to Claudio, one of his latest works, declaring that, large as is the quantity of his printed works, those which still remain unprinted are even yet more

numerous. So, if we take Lord Holland's statement of the quantity actually printed, and remembering that the printed portion is not half of what Lope de Vega wrote altogether,——

But no. We must refrain. We are getting once more into the high numbers, and we begin already to feel giddy. So we must let Lord Holland, Bouterwek, Montalvan, and the rest, say what they please; we cannot possibly keep pace with them, but must needs content ourselves with the very moderate figure we commenced with, and say that Lope de Vega, after all, wrote only fifteen hundred plays.

For this quantity, however—marvellous, nay incredible, as it may seem—pretty conclusive evidence may be advanced. It would be tedious to enumerate all the facts which tend to prove it. Two will suffice. In the first place, that number was given by Doctor Fernando Cardoso, the intimate friend of Lope de Vega, in the funeral speech he made over the poet's grave. It is just possible, we grant, that on so solemn, and yet so exciting, an occasion as a funeral oration, the orator may be induced to speak more highly of his friend departed than, perhaps, strictest truth would warrant. Nay, we have heard it said, that even sculptured epitaphs have been known, ere now, in some slight manner to exaggerate the merits of the dead. But figures will not stand this sort of thing. There is a stern matter-of-fact principle about figures—an absence of all poetry, sympathy, or feeling—that at once suppresses anything like trifling with them. Orators may win men to anything, but figures know that two and two are four, and they will stick to it, say what you will. Therefore, however anxious the doctor may have been to make the most of his subject, he would hardly, we should say, have ventured on the hazardous experiment of “cooking the accounts,” at a time when his arithmetic could be immediately set right by simple reference to the files of play-bills. Managers did keep some accounts, we suppose, even in those days.

Still less safely could Lope de Vega himself in his own lifetime have ventured on exaggeration in this matter, and so we feel we must, at least, place some reliance on the statements he, from time to time, put out of his own progress. He was in the habit of publishing at various periods, in the prefaces to his new works, either a list or an account of the number of his plays then written. Accordingly, we find the figure regularly advancing from the year sixteen hundred and three, when, in the prologue to his *Pelegrino*, he gives a catalogue of three hundred and thirty-seven plays; to the list contained in his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, published in sixteen hundred and nine, when they amounted to four hundred and eighty-three; to that given with a new volume of his plays, in sixteen hundred and eighteen, when they had reached the number of eight hundred;

to a list of nine hundred plays, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty; to one of a thousand and seventy in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-five; and, lastly, in his *Eclogue* to Claudio (sixteen hundred and thirty), he says: “But if I come now to tell you of the infinite number of comic fables, you will be astonished to hear that I have composed fifteen hundred.”

Pero si ahora el numero infinito
De las fabulas comicas intento

* * * *

Mil y quinientas fabulas admira.

Is our account of Lope de Vega's labours yet sufficiently miraculous? Shall we now leave him with his fifteen hundred plays, and other works, content to let our readers wonder that he did so much? Or shall we risk their incredulity by telling them that he did more? We feel half tempted to go on, and in a brief sketch of some of his adventures and occupations to show how much of his life, of little more than threescore years and ten, must have been taken up by other matters than this mighty mass of literary work. For Lope de Vega was a soldier, a secretary, an alchemist, a priest; he married twice, and had a family; he studied and became proficient in the Latin, Italian, French, and Portuguese tongues, and yet found time to write his fifteen hundred plays!

Our readers may suppose he was not long about anything he took in hand. In fact, if we believe his friend, Montalvan, he began at once as he intended to go on—almost we may say from his cradle. We are told that he understood Latin at the ripe age of five; and also, much about the same time commenced composing Spanish verses, which he dictated to his playfellows to write down for him—for he became an author before he had learned to write. He sold his verses too (the clever dog!) for toys and sweetmeats. How rarely do we find the genius and the man of business thus combined! Between eleven and twelve years of age, he himself informs us, in his *New Art of Dramatic Writing* (*Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*), he had written several petites comédies, in the antique Spanish form of four short acts. At fourteen years of age (Anno Domini fifteen hundred and seventy-six) he ran away from college to see the world; and, in the following year, entered the army, serving both in Portugal and in Africa, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The next year he came home again, and engaged himself as page and secretary to the Bishop of Avila, working away, of course, at his poetry all the while, as none but Lope de Vega or a steam-engine could work, and producing, amongst various other things, a pastoral comedy in three acts, called *La Pastoral de Jacinto*, the author-soldier-secretary being then sixteen years of age! Sent by his patron, the bishop, to the university of Alcalá, he went to work at the

solid fare of philosophy, theology, and mathematics, taking at the same time, by way of a relish, the Italian, Portuguese and French languages. But even all this was insufficient for his voracious appetite. So—to carry out the simile—he flew to the occult sciences, as to a lump of bread and cheese to finish up with. And now he was never happy but when in the midst of crucibles, furnaces, and alembics. If any one could have found out the grand secret, it would surely have been Lope de Vega. He didn't; so we must needs suppose the alchemists were labouring under a mistake.

Next, Lope de Vega fell in love. Some say with one lady; some say with two. We should incline to think the latter—one at a time, could hardly be enough for him. He didn't marry them, nor either of them. Some time afterwards, thinking it time to settle down in life, he made his mind up to become a priest. He underwent the necessary preparations, and was on the very eve of being ordained, when he fell in love again. The church and priestly vows were no more to be thought of. He married. This was in fifteen hundred and eighty-four.

Scarcely was he married, however, than—just by way of a change—he got into prison, owing to a duel. He escaped, of course; it was not likely he could wait until his time of imprisonment was over. He went to Valencia, remained there some time writing, until upon the death of his wife he flew once more to battle, for excitement, and embarked on board the *Invincible Armada*, which Philip the Second was then fitting out to invade the English coasts. The *Invincible Armada* being thoroughly destroyed, Lope next visited Italy, spending some years in Naples, Parma, and Milan. Returning once more to Madrid, he married again, and by his second wife was soon made a happy father.

Now he was writing in earnest for the stage, poverty and himself, as he tells us, "having entered into partnership as traders in verses;" and a very large proportion of his plays were the production of this trading firm during the tranquil years of his second marriage. He lost his second wife in the year sixteen hundred and seven, some sixteen years after he had married her, and then he joined the Inquisition, and finally became a priest.

His priestly duties were numerous, but even yet he managed to find time for the theatre, and the very year that he was made a priest (sixteen hundred and nine) he wrote his *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, and we would rather not venture upon saying how many plays.

But we are not writing the life of Lope de Vega. We have already gone at a much greater length than we intended into the story of his travels and adventures. One more short anecdote in illustration of the wonderful rapidity of Lope's pen, and we have done. We find it in Montalvan.

The writer for the theatre at Madrid was at one time at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was extremely anxious on the subject, so Lope and his friend Montalvan were applied to, and they agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the *Tercera Orden de San Francisco*, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the Saint (we beg the pardon of leading tragedians now living—the criticism is Montalvan's, not our own) more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, the second to Montalvan's. These were despatched in two days, and the third act was to be divided equally between the two authors, each doing eight leaves. Montalvan went home at night, and being well aware that he could not equal Lope in the execution, he thought (misguided Montalvan!) that he would try and beat him in the despatch of the business. For this purpose he got up at two o'clock in the morning, and managed to complete his portion of the act by eleven. Montalvan then went out—not a little proud of what he'd done, no doubt—to look for Lope. He found him in his garden, very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. What! not at work? Montalvan doubtless thought he'd got him now! He asked him how he had got on with his task, when Lope answered,

"I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast, wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden, which has not a little fatigued me."

Then, taking out the papers, he read to his collaborateur the eight leaves and the triplets, "a circumstance," Montalvan adds, "that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language."

Well might it have astonished him, indeed! It would have surprised us, if anything could. But then it can't—at least when it relates to Lope de Vega.

And now, out of all the astounding number of his works, how many are there that are ever heard of now? Lord Holland mentioned nine that were still played in his time. More, many more than these are read. But yet how small a portion of the mighty whole!

Poor Johnson! Your collected works must form a very much more bulky volume, before you've any right to grumble.

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A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

WE stood on the deck together,—I and my husband—I, shrouded in warm wrappings, with folded arms, leaning against him. How strong he was! How firm he stood! How delightful it was to me to lean there so!

It was late, and a wild night; a strong wind blowing, and our ship bounding on over high-swelling waves. It should have been moonlight—the moon was at the full—but only now and then a wind-rent in the clouds let her pale light through.

We did not talk, the wild wind would have blown our words away, and my heart and soul were very full. Leaning there I thought I had found life-long peace, a refuge from all trouble and distress. What a beautiful future I pictured!

We were both young: I some five years the younger: a mere girl in age and in appearance, yet all too old at heart. Measuring life by the bitterness of gained experience, by its pain, and not by the number of its days and years, I was no longer young. My life had long been a struggle; a series of conflicts in which I always came off heart-wounded, sometimes hand-disabled, never subdued. I had been ever at war with circumstance. There was a strange and secret strength somewhere within me, that would not be crushed out: that would not let me yield. But though too strong to submit myself a willing slave to any imposed yoke, my nature was not strong enough, I was not wise enough, to gather all powers of soul, and heart, and mind together, into conscious possession, and then yield meekly, quietly, and entirely to the recognition of the controlling power of a higher will. So I had fought on as blindly as vehemently, doing battle boldly for real and unreal rights, resenting deeply both real and supposed injuries.

No mere woman can live long so,—at war with all around,—I had grown heart-sick, and utterly weary; soon I should have lain down, and yielded. But a great change came to me. While I had been struggling and striving in a night of great darkness, in which the things after which my ambition prompted me to reach always eluded my eager hands, God laid in my path, at my very feet, a good gift.

I was a governess when my husband began to woo me. I was his equal by birth, but what did that serve me? He was far above me in station now, was handsome, and much courted and admired. The daughters of the family with whom I lived would have been proud to win him, but he turned from them with his simple, frank indifference, and bent the power of his nature to loving me! I was rather small, generally very quiet in manner, not beautiful, and not plain. I believe I had a certain dignity of my own, which had been useful to me in my unprotected state. I felt that when I chose I could compel respect, and gloried in the power, though it made me more feared than loved.

I do not know what it could have been in me that served to draw my husband's notice upon me, and then to win me his love. I think, for his was a most faithful heart, that he must have regarded me, first, for the sake of some real or imagined likeness to my brother, my dead brother, who had been his friend. And yet it was hardly me he loved; of my real nature, its force, its aspirations, its vehement unrest, he knew nothing. He loved me as he saw me, looking through some medium of his own interposing.

Of course he was my first lover. Who else would have turned from our three household Graces,—the grown-up daughters of the family—brilliant, accomplished, dowered, and, apparently, sweet-tempered, as they were, to me? poor, plain, and proud, as I was considered. So, of course, he was my first lover! If I loved him aright I could not tell,—if I ever loved him as a wife should love, I do not even now know. I felt it infinitely sweet and strange to be beloved—to be the object of such manly, protecting tenderness as his. I asked no questions,—when I could once believe in his love, I gave myself up, abandoned my whole being utterly, to the great, new joy. There was nothing to distract my mind, nothing to divide my affection with him, and I had very large capacity of loving. His loving me was a sufficient proof of his goodness, of his disinterestedness, and great-heartedness. I was satisfied, and Harold could not long doubt that I loved him, and I am sure he never suspected me of accepting him for any other reason. He could see my eyes well over with delight,

my cheek flush, and my hands tremble when he gave me any new proof of the love I hungered, and yet half-dreaded, to be convinced of.

I remember, how well! the first thing that excited my mistress's (so I called her in my proud humility) suspicion of the truth, and that first stirred up a joyful, thrilling hope in my poor heart. Mr. Warden came to the house one morning, it was earlier than he had ever called before, and I was in the large school-room, giving a music-lesson to the youngest girl, the three elder sisters were in the room that day, busily occupied with various works of idleness, and still in morning-costume, so that an authoritative knock at the hall-door caused some alarm and stir. But I went on giving my lesson, wearily endeavouring to do the work of both teacher and pupil. The door opened, and some one entered before the young ladies had effected their escape to their dressing-rooms; there was a movement and flutter, but I did not look round, or imagine that it in any way concerned me.

"Mr. Warden was particularly anxious to see our school-room, and to discover in what praiseworthy manner you young ladies were occupied here; so I have brought him in to take you by surprise," I heard my mistress say in her most gracious voice.

Then I just glanced round, for I always felt a sort of interest in Mr. Warden for the sake of a remembered and happier lang-syne, though I did not expect him in any way to reciprocate it. He was standing at the far end of the room, surrounded by the four ladies: in his hand he held a most glorious bouquet of hot-house roses, which they were all admiring; he did not hold them carelessly and indifferently, and as if half-ashamed of carrying them, as gentlemen generally do flowers; but carefully, and tenderly, and half-proudly. I saw this at a glance, and, meeting his eyes, bowed slightly, and turned back again to the music-book and my pupil's heedless fingers, expecting that in a moment, the ladies, the visitor, and his roses would have vanished from my domain. But the fragrance of those flowers reached me, it grew more and more deliciously strong;—they must be near.

I turned my head very, very slightly, and became conscious that some one stood behind me—that the precious flowers almost touched my cheek.

"How very sweet they are," I ventured to say, the flowers drawing the words from me; for their perfume seemed to have entered my heart.

"Are you not weary, Annie? Your pupil does not seem very attentive—isn't it tiresome work?" Mr. Warden asked.

He was bending down to me, flowers in hand. Somehow I could not answer—something in tone or words touched me like remembered music, and I longed to weep.

He had heard of me as Annie all his life, and so forgot to call me anything else, even now, when I was a poor governess, and he—but I am sure he never thought of that. He found me again, after having lost sight of me for years, he found me unhappy, and took me into his great heart.

I had not yet voice to speak when Mrs. Stone bustled up.

"Has not Amelia been attentive this morning, Miss Aston?" she asked with a great appearance of concern.

"She has not been less so than usual, ma'am," I answered coldly.

"You should complain to me, my dear, when you find her troublesome; she is rather a giddy child, I know. Come now, Amelia, and have your bonnet put on, a walk will do both you and Miss Aston good."

So saying, the lady went to the door with the child, thinking that we followed her.

"A moment!" Harold interposed as I was rising to do so. I sat down again in my chair by the piano, bending my eyes on the pencil-case my fingers were playing with, and wondering vaguely what he could be going to say. "I brought these for you," Mr. Warden began hurriedly, holding out the roses; "you said the other day how fond you were of flowers. I came down from London last night, and brought these from Covent Garden—may I leave them with you?"

I did not hold out my hand, so he laid them on my lap—they looked wondrous beautiful on my black dress.

Harold glanced round the room; we were alone; the young ladies had disappeared to dress, meaning that Mr. Warden should escort them for a walk that bright winter's morning.

"I want to know," he began confusedly, "are you happy here? How do they treat you? Do not be proud with me, remember—"

I raised my eyes, full of tears, gratefully to him. He should see that at least I was not proud to him, to any who treated me kindly.

"Mr. Warden!" Mrs. Stone called from the passage; "I know you are fond of flowers—I want to show you something rare in my conservatory. Oh! here you are! I beg your pardon for leaving you, I thought the girls had taken you into the drawing-room. This way, if you please—you must stoop your tall head a little, I fear."

I was alone—I sat as he had left me—there lay the flowers, I did not stir or touch them, I only bent down over them, their fragrance filling my soul, and, perhaps, a tear or two falling on their petals. That fragrance must have been a kind of intoxication, such wildly beautiful thoughts stole in with it.

It was winter: but this precious gift over which I bent carried me away to some heavenly garden of perpetual rose-rich summer. I gazed at my real roses, soft pink, rich crimson, snow-white, bright golden, they shut out the great, bare room, the gaunt bare

boughs swinging before the windows, they kept out sense of cold and emptiness, and filled my heart with warmth and sweetness. I do not know how long I dreamed.

My reverie was broken into roughly. Mrs. Stone entered with a stormy rustling of her handsome dress that told of some excitement.

"Oh!" she began, looking sharply at me; "Mr. Warden forgot his roses here, I suppose, I wondered where he had left them. He is gone out with the young ladies; Amelia is with her sisters, so you can go into the garden, if you please. You need not have touched those flowers, Miss Aston; put them in water in the drawing-room, if you please; no doubt they were brought for Julia, but Mr. Warden is rather shy, and perhaps did not like to offer them."

The lady approached, and looked more closely at my flowers.

"He must have given several guineas for that bouquet at this season," she continued; "very extravagant! but, however, he is a young man of large fortune, and, as a bachelor, can afford such extravagances—his father, I understand, was among the most wealthy of our merchant-princes—by the way, how does it happen you know him so intimately?"

"He was a friend of ours,—of my brother's, when I was a child."

"Indeed! then, of course, you know all about the family. Has he any near relatives living?"

"I believe not," I answered.

I had risen, and stood leaning against the piano, my flowers gathered up heedfully in my folded arms. I half guessed what Mrs. Stone would say next, and stood on the defensive.

"I observed," the lady continued, "that Mr. Warden called you by your Christian name. That was all very well when you were a child, but I am sure, as a sensible young woman, you will see that now it is hardly becoming. There is a wide difference of station and position, you must remember. For a governess to be treated with such an appearance of familiarity by a handsome young man of fortune, is not 'the thing.' You hear me, Miss Aston? Do not crush those flowers!"

I had gathered them rather closely to my bosom—I held them more loosely as I answered,—

"I do, madam!"

"I am sure you will acknowledge that I am right. I will mention the matter to Mr. Warden, if you choose—he appears to be rather an unsophisticated young man, and perhaps does not know much of the ways of the world."

"I think Mr. Warden will act according to his ideas of right, and not according to what any one may tell him of the ways of the world, Mrs. Stone."

"That scornful look and tone is most unbecoming, Miss Aston. I have told you before, that if you cannot better control your

temper, and treat me with more respect, I shall not be able to keep you, sorry as I should be to be forced to dismiss you. You know how much you have suffered already from the evil, but natural, interpretations put upon your frequent changes of situation. I wonder you are not more guarded. You cannot, I am sure, complain to Mr. Warden, or any one else, that you have experienced anything but kindness here."

"I shall not complain—certainly not—to Mr. Warden!" I interrupted.

"That is right; for once your pride is proper and becoming. You need not stand there any longer, I have done, I only wanted to warn you; I am sure you understand me. Take those flowers and put them in water, as I requested, they are beginning to droop. I am sure Julia will be pleased. I do not think Mr. Warden very clever, but he is a fine young man, very steady and good tempered, and Julia is ambitious and will spur him on, so they will suit well."

"Possibly!" I answered, "but about the flowers you are mistaken, ma'am, they are mine; Mr. Warden laid them where you saw them,—I had not touched them when you came in." I did not stay to see the effect of my words, but went up to my own room. There I put my treasures lovingly in water, and then sat by them thinking, and my heart softened as it had not done for many a day. I felt so grateful to Harold! Any way, it was so kind—so thoughtful to bring such lovely flowers for me! In my heart I was always most deeply grateful to him; but I do not remember that I ever thought of being so to Heaven for any of my happiness, and so my very gratitude grew to be a pain to me and a bane to him.

But I must not anticipate, though you know mine to be a sad story.

It was not so very long after my receipt of that first, most precious, gift—(I have the dust of those flowers now!)—that Harold asked me to be his wife.

It was on one early spring evening, when I had stolen half-an-hour's freedom from my slavery and gone alone into the garden. At least, it should have been spring by the calendar, but it was a wintry evening, bleak, black, damp, and cold. A very dismal and dreary evening, and so I loved to linger out in its ghastly, chill twilight. I believe I was always happier in what other people called most miserable weather. It seemed as if I relished throwing my defiance in Nature's face, and yet I loved her with no half love-liking. Just then, my proud, exulting heart joys in proving its happiness, its little dependence on aught external.

I had not paced, but rushed, up and down the broad gravel-walk, beyond the chance of surveillance from the house, till I was weary; then I stood leaning against a great tree, and the solemn desolateness of the time and the scene would steal icily to my heart, and I

folded my arms and gave way to a sombre, doubting, almost despairing, train of thought.

I loved the old tree I leaned against, though it grew in an enemy's soil. My heart had throbbed against it many a time—not with joy, but with grief, scorn, or impatient rage. And many a time my bitter, burning tears had fallen upon the turf above its roots. No one else ever stood there, leaning so, and I had grown to fancy the tree endowed with some power of sympathy, and that it bent down regardfully to me, and swept its branches lovingly over my face, and whispered consolingly in my ear. But my friend was mute and still that night, with neither touch nor tone for me. The evening was sullenly quiet, and there was no wind-horn murmur among the bare boughs.

As I stood leaning there—hidden from the path—I heard a step, a firm, crushing step, coming down the gravel-path. I knew who came—at least my heart knew—for it beat high against the tree's rough bark, stirred for once by somewhat else than pride or pain. But it did not beat there long. I was soon found, though I stood quite still in my hiding-place. Harold reproved me tenderly, and yet authoritatively, for staying out in that raw, cheerless air. I answered, not proudly, as I should have done had any other spoken so,—but meekly and sadly: Then we both forgot the weather as that beaming, handsome, honest, face was bent down close to mine.

He loved plain-spoken truthfulness; and, if I blushed and pressed my cold hands beneath my shawl tight down over my swelling heart, yet I frankly accepted the love he frankly offered, and I did not scruple to let him know that I took it very thankfully.

Then I was drawn close to him. It was cold no longer,—my heart was warm and full. I suppose we walked up and down a long time—I remember it grew dark—but the sky cleared, and some few stars looked down upon us.

Harold simply told Mrs. Stone of our engagement, that we should be married as soon as I could make it convenient, and he had made proper preparations for receiving his wife, and added that he trusted I should meet with kindness and consideration for the little while it might be necessary for me to remain under her roof.

He spoke very courteously, but plainly and decidedly.

Mrs. Stone was surprised and mortified, and she could not quite well conceal it. She had not thought Mr. Warden's infatuation had been so great. She had had vague schemes, too, for sending me away, and then securing him for one of her own daughters.

She was silent a moment, and then said in a hard, unmoved voice,

"Of course you are aware, Mr. Warden, that Miss Aston must fulfil her engagement with me—a prior engagement to that so

hastily, and, to speak plainly, it seems to me, so unbecomingly, formed with you. She is here as a governess, and must continue here in the capacity for which she was hired for three months from this time."

A flush and a frown came upon Harold's face, but I interposed,

"I shall be quite ready, Mrs. Stone," I answered, "to perform all my duties as usual till the time for which I was engaged has expired. I do not think you can accuse me of having ever wilfully neglected duty; I do not know why I should do so now."

"Very well! This is, I believe, the last day of February"—

"The first of March, I think, m'am; is it not?" I asked, turning to Harold.

"I think so," he answered discontentedly.

"On the first of June, then, you leave my service?" Mrs. Stone said. "Till that time," she added, "I shall of course expect that my daughter's education will be carried on without interruption."

I bowed assent. Harold took his leave, chafing sorely at Mrs. Stone's manner, and at having to leave me for so long a time to her tender mercies. I was not sorry to remain where I was, my present happiness was quite enough, and I should be glad to grow quietly acquaint with that ere there came any further change. I crept out of the room soon after Harold went away, and was alone with my joy till morning.

It was well for me that I was love-strong and proof against annoyance, for that house was no home or rest for me.

They even tried to come between me and Harold's love, filling his ears with tales—some of them, alas! too true—of my violent temper, my singularities, my excessive pride, and my utter unsuitableness for making any man's home happy. But they soon gave up this attempt. Harold looked through their assumed to their real motives with the clear vision of a simple, sincere nature, and treated me only the more tenderly and pityingly when we met. This was not very often, or for long at a time: we had no opportunity of gaining any real knowledge of each other. During those three months I had time for thinking over the impending change; I might have weighed and tried my love had I had scale, or table of weights to guide me—I had not. I knew that I sickened at the bare thought of anything intervening between me and Harold, and shutting out the glimpse of a glorious, free life beyond my prison-walls that he opened to me, and I did not question of what nature and kind should be the love between husband and wife, or doubt whether we could make one another happy. I had one relative, a maiden aunt, in but poor circumstances, of whom I knew but very little; to her I went when that long three months had expired; from her house I was to be married in a fortnight's time.

In spite of my happiness I had grown paler

and thinner of late. I had been kept wearily and closely employed all day; or rather had kept myself so, choosing to do more, rather than less, than formerly; and often sat up late at night busy with my needlework and my pleasant thoughts. Harold, worried at my frail look; he was glad my aunt lived in the country; I promised to try and get rosy and strong there. As her house was small, and I knew she had a nervous horror of strangers, particularly of gentlemen, it had been arranged that Harold should not follow me to Ilton until the day before the wedding. The fortnight I was there he was to spend in London, near which he had taken a house.

I found myself at my aunt's door at the close of a fine June afternoon.

Her door! I remember I smiled as I looked at it; it was such a tiny cottage-door; how would Harold get in? I laughed to myself as I stood waiting a moment, before I knocked. Everything laughed too; the green leaves in the sunshine overhead, the bright, trimly-tended flowers in the narrow borders on each side of the narrow path. Then, how the butter-cups laughed in the fields beyond!—such fields! so rich and dark-grounded and gold-spangled, bounded with hedges white with hawthorn. Field after field swelling and waving almost as far as I could see; only here and there a double row of tall elms or drooping limes, marking where some lane wound among them, or a little snowy patch of blossoming orchard varying their gorgeousness. And over the fields went the slow-fitting, dark-blue shadows cast by the hovering clouds. Perhaps, somewhere near, out of sight, they were making hay already—some very delicious fragrance was floated to me by the soft wind. I laughed again, and then turned to knock at the little door.

It was opened; my aunt peeped out shyly. She was relieved to find me alone; but looked as if she half-expected my handsome giant were lurking near.

"My dear, I am so glad to see you! God bless you! But I didn't expect you for an hour yet. Quite welcome, and everything is ready; though, but are you sure you are come alone? I heard some one laugh."

"I stood by myself, and laughed to myself, auntie. Yes, I am quite alone! I did not come by the coach; my luggage is coming by that, though."

"Well, you know, my dear, I shall be delighted to see you—Mr. Warden; but I am glad he did not come here yet; and what shall we do with him, love, when he does come? You say he is so tall, and my house is such a little one."

"If he cannot walk in to see me, he will crawl, perhaps."

My eyes were brimming over as I spoke, and aunt looked into them. She nodded and smiled to herself, and then sighed.

"And now you must come up-stairs—not

many stairs, you know—and I am sure you must want your tea."

My aunt bustled about, busy in taking off my bonnet and shawl. She kissed my forehead and smoothed my hair, and told me I had my mother's eyes; and sighed again, and prayed God keep me and guard me. Then she went down to make my tea, and I stood gazing out of the opened casement-window. I can exactly recall how I felt them!—can see all I saw from that window—and remember just where each rose grew of those that clustered round and tried to peep into the room. I picked one and put it in my hair, that I might have its fragrance near. Then I folded my arms softly on my bosom and looked steadfastly out, and such a peace came into my breast, and tears came softly down on to my hands! But then I only looked out—I did not look up.

"Annie! Annie!" my aunt called at the bottom of the stairs, and I went down. A little table was drawn up to the bowery window; and the tea smelt fragrant and delicious, and was most refreshing. Every thing reminded me of the country, the bread, the butter, rich cream, and fresh eggs. Aunt and I sat and chatted and sipped our tea; and I felt very good and patient with her gentle talk; and afterwards we went out of the little back-door, through the little back-garden, into the fields behind, where they really were making hay. "I hope it won't all be made before Harold comes," I said. And then my aunt asked me a thousand questions about this formidable Harold; and from him we got somehow to the very important subject of my wardrobe, and discussed most thoroughly what I had and what I should want. My aunt had a kind neighbour, she said, who often offered her the use of his pretty pony-phaeton. If I could drive she would borrow it, as the best shops near were at Hard, seven miles off. I was not at all afraid of driving over those smooth, quiet roads; so when we went home, Mary, the little maid, was despatched, with my aunt's compliments, to this obliging neighbour, to beg the loan of his carriage for to-morrow. I stood on the door-step; I could not go in, it was such a balmy June evening; and it was so new and delicious to feel myself my own mistress—to expect no hasty summonses to remind me of my bondage. I saw Mary trip away demurely through an orchard, then emerge and pursue the narrow track across a golden meadow, then disappear again behind some trees and shrubs, from among which I could see sundry chimneys arise. She came back presently to say, with a half-smile, that Mr. Swayne returned his compliments, and the carriage was quite at her mistress's service; and so was he, if she would like him to drive her. So Mary had to trip back again with a message that Miss Aston had a niece staying with her who would drive her; she was obliged to Mr. Swayne.

"Mr. Swayne is such an odd man!" my aunt said, quite bashfully, I fancied.

"Not so odd to think he should like to oblige you, auntie?" I answered.

Aunt only shook her head, and sighed again. The little placid sigh that seemed habitual to her, and that always made me feel impatient with her.

Aunt Aston, I knew, kept early hours; so I soon bade good-night. Mindful of the economy practised in her little household, I first put out my candle, and then sat in the window, 'neath the starlight, for hours. To dream happily on the basis of things probable was so new a delight, I could not easily be satisfied; and when at last my thoughts set themselves in musical order, I went to bed only to sing them over in my sleep.

But I remember I slept little that night; it seemed as if my soul under my eyelids kept up too much light. The red dawn woke me, and I did not close my eyes again; but while the first heavy dewiness was in air and on earth, I visited the hayfields, buried my face in the hawthorn-hedges, withdrawing it disfigured by one or two unfriendly scratches, shook the petals of some late-blooming apple-trees in showers down upon my upturned face, and gathered my hands full of wild pink and white-briar roses. Their perfume now always calls to my mind the bowery lanes round Ilton! There was a very wild life beating at my heart that morning, in spite of the quiet step with which I paced about. I went in with dew-dabbled skirts, torn hands, and hair dishevelled from its usual scrupulous neatness. Aunt Aston was down, and breakfast waiting; but I had a second toilette to make before I was presentable; and then I glanced ruefully at my hands when my aunt directed my attention to them. Harold would not like to see them so disfigured. I would wear gloves in future in my country rambles, I thought.

My aunt usually breakfasted at seven. That morning it was past eight when we sat down; and, before we had finished, our carriage was waiting for us at the door. I had, what seemed to me, a large sum of money in my possession—a whole year's salary untouched, and a little money saved from the earnings of former years besides. Yet saved is hardly the right word. My money, as soon as received, was always thrown into a drawer. I hated the sight of it. My wages—as I scornfully termed it. I felt nothing of the nobility or the worship of labour. I always resented—never gloried in—my state of servitude. My salary had, as Mrs. Stone reminded me, been handsome, and my expenses very few. I had worn mourning for years, and my plain black dresses had cost me little. So now I felt quite rich, and, for the first time in my life, it gladdened me to hold money in my hand. I wanted to look well, and I fancied I might improve my appearance by

dressing better. Harold had loved me as he found me; so, for him, I would gladly look as pretty as possible.

What my purchases should be was again the subject of conversation as I drove my aunt along the pretty, winding, fragrant lanes, down into the little valley, crossing the bridge over the placid river, through Lord A.'s beautiful chestnut-studded beech-groved park, which the use of Mr. Swayne's name enabled us to cut across. Then, slowly up the one long steep hill of the neighbourhood, across a small tract of open down, where the wind blew fresher, and I fancied the sea might not be far off, and down again gradually, the church-spire and house-tops, and clustering trees of Hard lying beneath us.

Arrived, our pony was dismissed for a few hours' rest. We had so much business to do! Hard was a very small town; but its shops were well supplied, and our fastidiousness had as good a chance of being gratified as at many a larger place.

Aunt Aston and I did not very well agree in our opinions about dress. She had the quietest, most Quaker-like taste for herself; but for a young person, like me, she fancied brighter colours, and recommended pinks, and blues, and greens, most indiscriminately.

My soft, pearly-coloured silk, delicately-patterned muslin, and cloudy-coloured *barège* did look rather sober-hued; so I bought some bright pretty ribbons to please Aunt Aston, and then we thought it prudent to ascertain the amount of our expenditure before buying more. I had already made a large hole in my small fortune; so that would do for to-day, we thought. We must calculate and consider a little before we laid out more there. Then we had visits to pay to the dress-maker and milliner. That last, I remember, was a most unsatisfactory visit. How plain I looked in her gay, flowery bonnets! but in one of soft, transparent white my poor face pleased me better; and in the choice of a second I allowed Aunt Aston to have her way. I was quite sick of my morning's employment by this time, and my aunt was tired too. She had friends in the town; should we go and see them? I said "Please no!" and so we went to a confectioner's, and thence sent for our little carriage, and away home. What a time we had spent! I felt a kind of contempt for myself and for my companion, who talked over our purchases with lively interest, as we drove home in the golden afternoon silence. I was warm and out of temper, in consequence of which, and of my languid, indifferent driving, I nearly overset our carriage, and very much frightened my aunt. She was silent, and I penitent, after that.

"A box come by the carrier for you, miss," Mary announced, as she came to lead the pony home, when we had got out.

"For me? are you sure?" I asked.

"Miss Annie Aston, Thorn Cottage, Ilton, is on it, miss; so I think it's for you." Of course there was but one person in the wide world would send anything to me. I sat down in the parlour window-seat, and took off my gloves, my bonnet, my shawl, deliberately, before I proceeded to examine its contents.

Mary considerably had it uncorded by the man who brought it. I opened it at last, and Aunt Aston proceeded to examine the contained treasures. I found a letter on the top, and was fully occupied with that. These things were "for my little wife, whom I have a right to bury under heaps of finery if I choose, and if I could bear to have her out of my sight; and who has no right to wave gifts of her husband's away with any proud flourishes of her little white hand," the letter said.

Harold had commissioned a lady-friend, a friend of his mother's, to choose these things for him, describing to her the little person whose wearing was to endear them. They were well enough chosen, yet rather too gay perhaps, and much too costly, I thought.

I stood musing, my letter in my hand, turning over with my foot quite absently the heap of treasures Aunt Aston was examining. I was doing mischief; my shoe was dusty, and with it I was touching a white lace something. Aunt called out to me, and then I roused myself, and listened to her comments.

"Annie, I'm afraid Mr. Warden is extravagant, dear; you must talk to him about it. How beautiful this is! We must send that to be made up—the coach passes our door this evening at six; you must choose what you will send. Did you see this brooch and bracelet—pearl and amethyst!—is it not pretty? You must be married in this; it is lovely! How you will astonish the people in the village! and the church is quite the other end of it. How will you get there?—there will be such a crowd! My dear child, what will you do with all these things?"

"Look here, aunt," I said. I had found a little separate packet of silk and ribbons, all of a pretty sober colour, on which was written, "For Miss Aston (Annie's aunt)."

"How very kind and thoughtful he is," aunt exclaimed.

"Of course he is, auntie dear," I said, proudly, my heart swelling with happiness. "The poor dress I had meant for you is thrown into the shade."

We made a selection from among my abundance, and despatched a large parcel to Harold by the coach that evening. Among the variety I had found one dress fit for Mary's wearing, and by presenting her with which I quite won her heart.

My unrestful spirit was beginning to weary of Thorn Cottage at the close of the fortnight.

The low, rich, lovely country even, became tedious, as I had nothing to do but enjoy it. I longed for hill-climbing, and most intensely for that great treat Harold had promised me, being by and on the sea. I was tired of dreaming over my needle-work, in my long walks, in the hay-fields, in the night-time—dreams I had no one to share: my spirit was thirsting to taste the communion, the perfect sympathy, which I fancied was to take all the pain of over-fulness from my soul for the future. My aunt could only sigh and smile, warn me not to hope too much, and caution me that in marriage, no doubt, as in every temporal estate, there was much to endure as well as much to enjoy. "Not hope too much!" I startled her one day by passionately exclaiming, "Was there then no joy in life? My past had been bitter enough to give me a right to demand joy for my future." My aunt began a tearful and prayerful and tender little lecture on meekness, and patience, and trust; but I could not bear it then, and went away with a perturbed spirit. I sat in my window up-stairs till it grew dusk enough for the moonlight to show its power. I had found a sweet thought before I had sat there long. Harold—my one friend, hope, joy—my life, my very life—was coming to-morrow. And I had forgotten all doubt and anger at the one who raised it, and had sat long smiling out into the moonlight, and hugging my happiness, when my aunt came timidly in. She had a candle in her hand; I thought she had been crying. "He is coming to-morrow, to-morrow!" I whispered, as we bade each other a very loving good-night. I lit the candle she brought me from her's, soon to put it out, for I liked the moonlight-streaked dimness.

Next day, aunt was much more fluttered and nervously expectant than I. Then she was so full of business, too! though what she had to do, I could not tell.

Her dress was home, fitted admirably, and became her very well. Everything of mine that I cared to have then was ready: it seemed to me that we might sit down and wait quietly.

I forgot to say that I had made the acquaintance of my aunt's polite friend, Mr. Swayne. He was a widower; his wife had been my aunt's schoolfellow and one particular friend; so there was the intimacy of almost relationship established between them. He was to be present at our marriage, giving me away, and at his house Harold would sleep the one night of his stay in Ilton.

While my aunt fluttered and fidgeted about the house, up-stairs and down, and in and out the kitchen, I did what I could; filled every glass and vase I could find with fresh flowers, took the covers, at my aunt's request, from the pretty furniture, and superintended the hanging of snowy muslin curtains in the windows; then there was no more to be done anywhere, I was sure.

Harold would come by the coach at six in the evening. Tea was to be ready for him, and more substantial fare. I had first smilingly, then gravely, to remonstrate with my aunt about the over-abundance of eatables she wanted to provide.

"Gentlemen had such appetites—when they came off long journeys, especially," she said.

I put off my black dress that day. Early in the afternoon aunt and I went up to make our toilettes. I looked anxiously at my face in the glass. Country air had done something for me. The hue of my skin was freshened, and my cheeks boasted a little colour. I put on a pretty new dress, the tint of which suited me. It was not too bright, too dingy, or too delicate. My brown hair (I had plenty of it then) I braided very carefully. I fastened my soft lace collar with a pretty brooch—not the grand one, but one of Harold's presents, nevertheless. I had protected my hands carefully since the first morning, and the scars of the scratches had disappeared from them and from my cheek, and the transparent lace sleeves fell cloudily and becomingly down over those hands he admired. How carefully I looked at myself—scrutinisingly and gravely—till the very gravity of my poor face provoked me to laughter. But I thought of Harold—fancied him—so grand and tall and handsome—standing beside me, and turned away from the glass, disconsolately sighing out, "What can he find in poor little me!" I gathered a dark red rose from beneath my window, and put it in my hair, but without venturing to look at myself again.

I was warm; for it was a very brilliantly-sunny afternoon—but a delicious breeze came in at the open casement; so I sat down there to read. I had a book Harold had given me "because every one was talking about it"—a new poem—in my hand. I had not much cared to read it, as he had not done so, and I should not be following where his eyes and thoughts had gone before. I had had the book a month and had not opened it; and now I turned over the leaves, carelessly, at first, but my attention was soon caught.

I have that book lying by me as I write—it delights me still. I can read it more aright now, but not with the interest of feeling of that time. I had wanted to forget my sickening expectation for a little while. I was soon completely absorbed, forgetting even the giver of that as of all my other pleasures. Is it not often the way of the world to forget the giver in his gifts?

It was not a book to be easily read, understood, and forgotten. It called out all the power of my nature. I read on breathlessly, only, when my eyes were dim, pausing to look up and out over the wavering land.

My aunt knocked at my door, and then came in, saying:

"I would not disturb you before, Annie; but now it is nearly six I thought you could not know how late it was."

"Indeed I did not," I answered.—"It is so very, very beautiful."

"What is, my love?"

"This book I have been reading—a poem Harold gave me; we must take it away with us: he must read it—we will read it together."

"Then he likes poetry as well as you do?" asked my aunt.

"Of course," I answered, confidently.

"How nicely you look! I am sure he will be pleased. But you are so like your mother! The brow and eyes are hers exactly, and——"

"You do think I look well?—really, dear aunt? Better than the little, dusty, dusky traveller who stood at your door a fortnight since to-morrow?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes; you are not like the same creature."

"I am very glad you think I look well."

I picked up the book reverently (I had dropped it when Aunt Aston startled me), and put it with things I was to take away with me; and then we went down-stairs.

I walked up and down the room while we waited—I could not sit still. The rumbling of wheels reached us in the country silence, while the coach was a long way off. But it was at the gate at last. Harold jumped off almost before it stopped, much to aunt's alarm, who was peeping shyly out from behind the curtains. I did not know if I ran out, or stood still, or what I did; I only knew that soon I was gathered within Harold's arms, and then held off at a little distance and examined. I raised my eyes inquiringly to his; I was soon sure that he was satisfied, and glad to cast them down, because the hot blood would rush blindingly across my face.

Then he introduced himself to my aunt, and thanked her so heartily and cordially that tears sprang to her blue eyes, for having taken such excellent care, as my appearance testified to, of me. And when he sat down she forgot how tall he was, and how afraid of him she had been, and they chatted away easily and gaily: and all the while my hand was clasped so close and tight in his! We had tea, and then we—Harold and I—went out into the hay-fields. Aunt ran after us to the door to beg Harold to take care not to knock his head as he went out; and he laughed his honest laugh, and she went smiling back, and up-stairs into my room, to make some last arrangements for me. The hay-fields that night! For neither of us were there ever such hay-fields again. Oh, my husband, you were happy then!

Next day we were married. I said farewell to my good aunt, to pretty Ilton, to bluff Mr. Swayne, and we went forth—he and I. For a little while I mused over the

anxious, sad expression of Aunt Aston's face, but soon forgot to wonder at it any longer.

FLAGS.

THE flags of all nations are all primarily associated with the army and navy, the troops of soldiers and the fleets of ships. They are signals, however much they may afterwards become trophies of honour and gallantry. Each nation manages to have such flags as may be readily distinguished from those of other nations: and among those of any one nation a wide diversity exists in the sizes, the shapes, the patterns, and the colours, by virtue of which they may be made to signify different things and to convey different intelligence. The terms flag, pendant, ensign, jack, colours, have different conventional meanings in the language of soldiers and sailors. A military man seldom applies the word flag, except to the small flags attached to baggage-wagons, to distinguish them one from another. What the world usually calls a soldier's flag, he calls his colours; and of these there are many kinds, as camp-colours, field-colours, guard-colours.

We must, however, follow a fleet out upon the ocean to appreciate the true value of red, white, and blue—the true significance of any bright colours. As to national colours, on land, it matters little what they are. If our allied friends the French choose to adopt the red, white, and blue—be it so; and if we would hang out red, white, and blue in their honour—be it so. Optical philosophers tell us that red, yellow, and blue are complementary each to the other two; and if we choose to change vowel e into vowel i, and hang out red, white, and blue as complimentary to France—be it so.

The naval value of brightly-coloured flags may be understood when we consider the relation which the various ships of a fleet bear to each other. A fleet being at sea, the captains must all receive orders from one fountain-head—the admiral in command. This admiral has no messengers, no aides-de-camp, who can rattle off in a few minutes to convey orders; he is on board one of the ships, far distant, perhaps, from many others, with an intervening sea so rough that no small messenger-boats could live in it. But, although circumstances are against any such mode of communication, visible signals are available with considerable advantage. The ships being all on one general level, each is visible from all the others, except under some special circumstances; and the captains manage, at any rate, that each ship shall be in view of the admiral's ship.

Here, at once, comes before us the value of red, white, and blue—signals made by means of colours—a chromatic language.

James the Second has the reputation of first embodying into a code a system of signals made by coloured flags. The thing was done in a piecemeal manner before his time, but he rendered the useful service of bringing it into form, and the existing system is only an extension of that which he devised. It is believed that at the Battle of the Hogue the code of signals was first used in its complete form to convey both sailing and fighting instructions. There are two different principles on which signals, whether of sounds or colours, may be conveyed. In one system, the signal is known at once to express a definite order, or to convey a definite piece of information, according to a code of rules previously learned in a book. In the other system, any particular signal relates only to a particular number; and the meaning of this number can only be known to those who have access to a particular book, wherein certain conventional meanings of numbers are set down. Some of the orders are given and sentences transmitted, by the former method, referring to manœuvres which are not required to be kept secret, and which are understood by most officers and experienced seamen; but the rest are of the other class. A signal officer may tell his captain that the admiral exhibits a particular number as a signal, but it does not follow that that officer knows the meaning of the number. There is a cipher—a code of signals adopted by the Admiralty—which is made known to few or many of the officers, according to the exigencies of the case. Hence there have been many codes of signals proposed by inventors, each of whom claims to have attained greater simplicity and comprehensiveness than any of the others. We have one now before us, in which the author, by combining various small flags in various ways, contrives to express nearly sixteen hundred words and sentences, such as are likely to be most useful at sea. One combination, for instance, expresses bricks, another potatoes, another cannon-balls; seven little flags, particularly disposed, convey the information—Weather has been variable, with rain and dry weather, at the place I came from: while eight little flags, under a certain arrangement, seem to have the magniloquent power of Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, for they imply—Try to pick up something floating in my wake, though you should be obliged to yaw a little out of your course. The flags differ in size, shape, colour, pattern, and arrangement; and it thus arises that so many different combinations may be made by a few flags. Every ship takes out a number of little flags for signals, whatever may be the code by which those signals receive interpretation. The British government, and probably other governments in like manner, have many flag signals which are not made publicly known.

The colours of ship signals are connected in a curious way with the arrangement of the

ships in a fleet. If the fleet be small, it is divided into three squadrons, which—from certain arrangements in the order of sailing—are called respectively the centre, van, and rear squadrons; but if it be large, each squadron is further grouped into three divisions; inasmuch that there may be nine divisions, forming three squadrons, and three squadrons forming the grand fleet. Now, the colour and position of certain flags assist in distinguishing these squadrons and divisions one from another. Admirals are flag-officers; captains are not. The rank of every admiral is denoted by the colour and position of his flag; and thus the flags indicate both the divisions of the fleet and the admirals who command those divisions.

The red, white, and blue, as the admiral's honorary colours, are thus distributed. There are, in the first place, three ranks or gradations of these officers—admiral being the highest, vice-admiral the next, and rear-admiral the lowest. In each grade, too, there are three degrees, named after the red, white, and blue, respectively. Thus there are nine kinds of admirals—three times three; as there are nine divisions in a large fleet, three times three. Each admiral, for the time being, belongs to some one of the nine classes in particular, and not to any of the others. An admiral is higher in rank, and receives higher full-pay and half-pay than a vice-admiral or a rear-admiral; and a vice-admiral is in like manner higher in rank and pay than a rear-admiral. Every vice-admiral has been a rear-admiral; and every admiral has been a vice-admiral, and before that a rear-admiral. There are certain matters of precedence connected with all this, of no small moment in the estimation of officers; thus, an admiral stands on a level in dignity with a general; while a vice-admiral is equal only to a lieutenant-general, and a rear-admiral only to a major-general. The lowest of the nine classes is rear-admiral of the blue.

The manner in which an admiral hoists his flag denotes his rank. The standard, the gorgeous flag of England, is hoisted only when the sovereign is on board; the Admiralty flag, figured with an anchor of hope, is especially indicative of the Board of Admiralty; one especial officer, called the admiral of the fleet; and the highest of all the admirals, hoists the Union flag, which was first adopted soon after the union of Scotland with England, and which contains the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. An admiral hangs out a red, a white, or a blue flag, according to his designation, at the main-top of his ship; a vice-admiral hoists it on the fore-top; while a rear-admiral shows colours on the mizen-top. The position of the flag thus denotes his rank, while its colour denotes the squadron to which he belongs.

The red, white, and blue, even without other colours, can obviously convey a vast number of definite bits of information. We

have just seen that they denote, simply as colours, three groups of admirals; while by the mast on which they are placed, the precedence or dignity of the admirals in each group is indicated. By minute changes of arranging flags on different parts of a ship, an admiral in command may denote an order addressed to the whole fleet, or to the whole of the division in one squadron, or to the whole of the ships in one division, or to one single ship; while the colours and combinations of flags may convey the particulars of the order. In a great fleet, during action, certain look-out frigates are purposely left to watch the admiral's ship, to observe every signal, and to transmit those signals to ships not in a favourable position to see them otherwise. As the outermost ships of a fleet are often some miles distant from the innermost, the colours of the flags (if flag signals be used) are purposely so chosen as to remain visible through a great mass of atmosphere. Red, white, yellow, and blue, are found to be the most conspicuous; but as yellow is apt to be confounded at a distance with dirty white, or white with dirty yellow, three are practically better than four; and thus we have a sound philosophy for the use of red, white, and blue. If these three be too few to ring the changes upon, then come all the varieties of stripes, spots, and checks, by which red, white, and blue can be combined in the same flag. The present French red, white, and blue is a good example of conspicuous effect produced by the simplest possible combination of the three colours in the same flag. Our royal standard has a groundwork, in some parts red and in others blue, with yellow or golden lions, and harps, and so forth. Our Admiralty flag has a yellow anchor on a red ground. Our Union flag has a blue ground, red rectangular stripes, and white diagonals. Our red and blue admiral's flags are plain. Many of the other English flags have a plain ground colour over five-sixths of the surface, but with a cross of stripes in one corner. So it is throughout most of the nations of Europe; the colours on the naval flags are generally red, white (or yellow), and blue. Even his holiness the Pope has one flag with a white lamb and a white cross on a red ground; and another with a yellow St. Peter on a red ground. King Bomba has a yellow griffin on a white ground. Hamburgh has a white castle on a red ground. Venice has an amiable-looking yellow lion on a red ground, holding a yellow sword in one paw, and a white book in another. Bremen has a sort of red and white chessboard, with six times nine squares instead of eight times eight; and so on. Everywhere we find red, white, and blue, or red, yellow, and blue; and we may be certain that something better than mere freak determines the selection of such colours as signals.

We have before said that the disposition of the flags gives a large number of varieties to

the meanings attached to the three colours. There is a book of general signals, belonging to the Royal Navy, containing about a thousand of the most general orders relating to action, sailing, manœuvring, and other sea movements; and yet there are seldom more than three flags used to express any one signal. Some signals depend more on the colours of the flags than on their number or form; some more especially on their number; while distant signals are often made with square and triangular flags, without reference to their colours. Another book of signals contains the vocabulary signals, each indicated by a combination of three flags. The signals conveyed, or symbols represented comprise the letters of the alphabet, and useful words and sentences relating to military terms, geographical terms, and the names of ships.

Captain Marryat, many years ago, devised a set of symbols available for merchant ships, which has been adopted by Lloyd's, the Shipowners' Society, and other bodies. There are ten flags, to indicate the ten numerals, and containing certain definite arrangements of the bright colours. Combinations of three or four of these indicate numbers up to ten thousand. There is a code of signals, containing the names of British men-of-war, those of French men-of-war, those of American men-of-war, those of British merchant ships; the names of light-houses, headlands, ports, and harbours; a vocabulary of single words; and a list of sentences useful to seamen. The number altogether is prodigious, amounting, in one of the editions of the code, to more than forty thousand distinct signals;—and all due to the red, white (or yellow), and blue, taken in relation to number, and sizes, and shapes, and positions!

THE CARVER'S COLLEGE.

As evidence of the pitiable ignorance in which a large number of the inhabitants of this intelligent country are at present languishing respecting the most essential branch of the social duties of life, the following harrowing cases have recently come to light:—

A. B. is a married lady; age not given. Has been married five years. Her husband has been in the habit, during that time, of giving dinner parties, to strengthen, as he says, his professional connections. Doesn't believe, for her part, that they ever did any good, and thinks balls much more likely. (Here the witness began to wander, and was brought back with difficulty to the matter of investigation). During the whole of her married life has been compelled to carve at table in consequence of Mr. B.'s deplorable ignorance. Is in delicate health, and is advised by her medical attendant to break-

fast in her own apartment; but is compelled to descend every morning, to protect the symmetry of the ham from his all-maiming hands. Mr. B. is considered a well-informed man, but cannot carve a fowl. Took what they call honours, she believes, at college, but doesn't know the difference between a mayonnaise and a marinade. Is of opinion that the government ought to do something in the matter, and is satisfied that the evil is of wide growth.

C. D. is a young gentleman, aged twenty-four. Goes to dinner-parties sometimes, but oftener to balls. Can carve, of course; has done so frequently. Don't mean to say he is a good carver. (This witness gave his evidence with considerable hesitation.) Can carve fowls at supper. Of course he can; he's sure he can; has done so hundreds of times. Admits that they had been previously cut up and tied together with white satin ribbon. Well, then! carved them, in fact, by untying the ribbon. Has offered, at a dinner party, to relieve his hostess of a partridge. Hasn't done so often. On her declining, upon the plea of not wishing to trouble him, has not repeated the offer. Doesn't think he was bound to have done so. Can help potatoes, of course, but admits doubts about asparagus. Would use a spoon for both purposes. Thinks carving a bore, and ought always to be done at the sideboard. (Here the witness became so restless, that any further examination was found impracticable.)

In order to remedy the deplorable state of social ignorance evinced by these and other equally distressing cases it is proposed that a carver's college, supported by donations and annual subscriptions, be founded in a central situation, and select classes opened for the instruction of adult pupils.

The course will commence with instruction in the art of cutting bread, and will proceed, by easy stages, until the removal of the backbone of a hare shall be to him, as Butler has it,

No more difficult
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

Arrangements might be made for securing a supply of jointed wooden fowls, practicable raised pies, and other culinary dummies upon which the first essays of the uninitiated might be made, at a trifling pecuniary outlay. It might also be desirable to engage the services of some eminent comparative anatomist, to deliver a course of lectures on the structure of the lower orders of the animal world.

As soon as the students shall have become theoretically acquainted with the ordinary duties of the table, arrangements might be made for apprenticing them, for limited periods, to some dining-room keeper of eminence, with a view to afford them an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of the subject by experimentalising upon real rounds of beef and genuine

legs of mutton, until they should have attained that self-confidence which is so necessary in a carver, and which practice alone can insure. It would be only just to the apprentice to provide specially in the indentures that he should not be required, under any circumstances, to eat any of his own journeywork. As evidence of progress, it might be desirable to deposit, in the windows of the society's offices, two sirloins of beef, the one showing the carving capabilities of the student on his first joining the society, the other exhibiting his progress after six lessons.

When, by theoretical instruction, practical experience, and emulative excitement, the undergraduates shall have become so far versed in the ordinary duties of the table as to know what gastronomy requires to be cut thick, and what thin; when they shall have learnt in which direction to obtain the best cut of venison, and how to divide the ribs from the shoulder in a forequarter of lamb; in short, when acquainted with the more ordinary and elemental branches of the art; it is proposed that select carving réunions should be held in the college hall, at which they should enjoy opportunities of displaying their adroitness. It might be well that the neophytes should be required, on these occasions, to cut up large geese and fowl of mature years, on small dishes, from very low chairs, with knives of the bluntest description. Mysterious side-dishes might also be handed round; which it should be their duty to dispense with as much coolness as if they knew what they were made of; and they should be expected to maintain an easy, unembarrassed flow of small talk, even when in the agonies of dissecting a tough old parmagian.

The course of study should conclude with a series of lectures on those refinements of the art, a knowledge of which is indispensable to the reputation of an accomplished carver. During the course, observations would naturally be directed to the prevalence and character of second-day dishes, with a view to place the student in a position to detect at a glance whether a dish had ever done duty in any other shape. He would thus be enabled to trace the mulligatawny soup of to day back to the curried chicken of yesterday, and again to the boiled fowl of the day before. Some hints might likewise be given on physiognomy in connection with carving, by which the carver could be enabled to discriminate between the honoured guest, to whom it would be proper to offer the wing, from the victim who might, without offence, be put off with the drumstick.

It is confidently believed that, by these means, the day may yet arrive when thousands of our benighted countrymen and countrywomen will be so well skilled in the art of carving, as to be able to define "joints innumerable in the smallest chick that ever broke the heart of a brood hen,"

and supply fourteen people handsomely, from a single pheasant, still retaining the leg for himself.

THE INVALID'S MOTHER.

TO THE SUN, AT LISBON.

O sun! whose universal smile
Brightens the various lands,
From burning Egypt's fruitful Nile
And Lybia's desert sands—

To where some frozen Lapland hut,
Dingy, and cold, and low,
Bids half its gleaming surface jut
In light above the snow;

I loved thee, as a careless child,
Where English meadows spread
Their cowslip blossoms sweet and wild
By Thames' translucent bed!

Now, with a still and serious hope,
I watch thy rays once more,
And cast life's anxious horoscope
Upon a foreign shore.

O sun! that beam'd to Camöen's eyes
Bright as thou dost to mine,
That calmly yet shall set and rise,
On life and death to shine.

O sun! that many an eager heart
With false hope hath beguiled,
Deal gently with me, ere we part,
And heal the alien's child!

A stranger stands on Tagus' banks,
And looks o'er Tagus' wave,
Oh! shall we leave here joy and thanks,
Or weep beside a grave?

Dear rivers of my native land,
Where paler sunshine gleams,
On your green margin shall we stand
And laugh beside your streams;

And talk of foreign flowers and climes
Whose glorious radiance shed
Such pleasure o'er these travell'd times,—
Or shall we mourn our dead?

No answer comes! Beyond the sea,
Beyond those azure skies,
A speck in God's eternity,
Our unseen future lies!

And not as one who braves His will,
(Which, murmur we or not,
Must guide our onward course, and still
Decide the dreaded lot):

But with a deep, mysterious awe,
I see that orb of light,
Which first by His creative law
Divided day from night;

Which, looking down upon the earth
With strong life-teeming rays,
Compels the diamond's star-like birth,
The red gold's sultry blaze;

Or bids some gentle fragile flower
Burst from its calyx cold,
To bloom, like man, its little hour,
Then sink beneath the mould.

O sun! thou cherisher of life,
Thou opposite of death,
Dissolver of the frost-bound strife
That seals up Nature's breath!

Nurse of the poor man's orphan'd brood,
God of the harvest fields,
Ripener of all earth grants for food,
And all her beauty yields;

Deliverer of the prison'd streams
From winter's joyless reign;
Awakener from mournful dreams
To sound and sense again.

They fable of thee pleasant things;—
To bear our loved to thee,
The great ships spread their strong white wings,
Like angels o'er the sea;

And daily in thy heavenly glow
Our sick and weak we set;
Watch for the end of anxious woe,
And sigh, "Not yet—not yet!"

O sun! look down on me and mine
From that o'erarching sky;
Emblem of God's great glory shine,
And His all-pitying eye;

Lest when I on that glory gaze,
Mine eyes through tears look out,
Like one who sees with sore amaze
And faint distressful doubt,

The changed face of some faithless friend,
Who promised generous aid,
Was trusted, tried, and in the end,
The trembling hope betray'd.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM BUCHAREST TO KRAIOVA.

FANCY an agreeable community of gipsies playing at civilisation, and my reader will not have an erroneous idea of Bucharest. Life is nowhere so free from vain restraints and troublesome formalities. There are no grave worshipful persons' about, to shame merry folks into being staid and serious. A true Wallachian looks upon flirtation as the business of life. This may be varied now and then by dancing, gambling, and official peculation; but these are merely casual diversions, and the true-bred Wallachian returns to the first occupation with a quickened sense of enjoyment. He is indeed a political intriguer by nature; but after all, politics are merely an amusement to him, and he would give up the schemes of half a lifetime for the smile of some bedizened old coquette of forty-nine. He is not ambitious; but he likes place for its profits; for the temporary advantage which it gives him over his rivals in love affairs, and over the neighbours who desire to rob him in some way—as most of them do. Every Wallachian nobleman believes devoutly that he has a right to hold some public office, at least once during his

life, to divorce his wife when he pleases, and to outwit his neighbour. He would bear the utmost extreme of want and poverty however rather than follow any trade. Recently the prejudices entertained among the nobility against the learned professions, is happily melting away. I take it, they consented to be instructed by the Greeks in this respect; so it is pleasant to add that the present minister—or, it would be more correct to say, director—of the interior, was a doctor of medicine, and that by far the greatest man in the country, lived long in exile on the honorable earnings of a small professorship in Moldavia.

I know no race of men more winning and interesting than the Roumans, or of conduct more thoroughly objectionable. The men are mostly slight, dark, gipsy-looking fellows, with keen, restless eyes. They are as active as wild men. They are almost as strong and fearless as their old Dacian forefathers. But they consider it the height of fashion and good taste to affect an exaggerated effeminacy of demeanour and habits. It is delightful to see some well-knit gentleman, with a sweeping moustache six or seven inches long, a nervous frame, and the glance of a hawk, whose right place would undoubtedly be at the head of a troop of irregular cavalry, placing his trust in eau de Cologne and cambric handkerchiefs, or waltzing with a six-dandy power fifty times round a room which he could clear from one end to the other at a single bound. But conversation, however carefully subdued, breaks out now and then in strange fiery sallies. There is a racy, fine-flavoured smack about it, which speaks of keen wits and hearty animal enjoyment in the midst of the most artificial scenes. Extraordinary intimacies exist among them. Friends are fond of calling each other by some pungent nickname that would torture the ears of a used-up gentleman of the West; a nickname usually derived from some odd act of roguery, which has of course been found out. They walk into each other's houses unannounced. They stay as long as they please, joining in the meals and occupations of the family, and talking, dancing, singing eternally. They are always combining and arranging practical jokes of an elsewhere unheard-of nature. The ladies enter keenly into this sport, and distinguish themselves in it. A gentleman of the French nation who was visiting not long ago, at the house of a great Boyard, was delighted at the attentions of a lady who formed one of the company. Before the evening was over she implored him to write to her. The enraptured Gaul complied; and, on going out to dinner on the following day, learned to his dismay that his letter was the general topic of conversation in polite society, and had been handed about by his fair friend to all her acquaintances.

Two other stories are worthy of the Deca-

meron. A lady of high rank sent her confidential servant to pay her milliner's bill. It amounted to one hundred and sixty ducats, or about eighty pounds of our money. The roguish servant dressed himself smartly and sought the milliner. She was one of the belles of the city. He made love to her; and, in earnest of his wealth and liberality pressed the hundred and sixty ducats into her eager hand. He became her accepted lover. A few days afterwards, the milliner saw him behind the carriage of one of her best customers; he let down the steps; the lady tripped in, and casually mentioned the recent payment of her bill. The milliner blushed denial; the varlet grinned; the story got wind, and was considered one of the best jokes of the season by all parties.

The Wallachians, however, sometimes meet their masters in practical joking. A Russian major made fierce love to a Wallachian lady noted for gambling and gallantries.

"I want three thousand ducats," said the lady pleasantly.

"Here they are," answered the major with great politeness, "but I shall be at home to-morrow morning, and the least you can do is to call and thank me." The lady went. The major locked the door and quietly departed about his business. In the course of the day there was an unceasing search made for the lost lady. She was traced to the house of the Russian major. Her husband followed, and asked for his wife.

"Wife!" sneered the major, "I have indeed a woman here somewhere, but she is my slave. I have bought her for three thousand ducats. If she is your wife, pay me back the ducats and you shall have her."

The exceeding wit of this jest supplied laughter among all classes for months, and the major became one of the most popular men in the country—such things seem incredible, yet such things are.

It is odd to hobnob at the table with a man in diamond studs who has just committed a burglary; to exchange jests with a card-sharper; and to look round on a company of well-dressed ladies, who are each and all the subject of some astounding history.

The state of Wallachia is a fine example of Turco-Russian rule. The principles of despotic government have been here pushed just as far as they will go. This is the result:—You cannot extinguish men's minds utterly, but you can most thoroughly pervert them. The Wallachians were made by nature a shrewd, active, energetic people. They were formed to be a race of hardy agriculturists, and keen adventurous traders. But,

"Alas!" said a Boyard, mournfully, to me, "we have never known ten years of quiet and peace for centuries."

Their prosperity by no means agreed with the immediate designs of Russia. They were looked upon by the Turks as aliens and unbelievers. The Austrians eyed them with

the lust of conquest. They were made the battle-ground of the endless wars between the Czar and the Sultan. In their most halcyon days they received the melancholy name of the Peru of the Greeks. They were plundered by every party in turn. After supporting for months the harassing burthen of a Russian army, down swept the Turks upon them. Then came a venal Hospodar, with his tribe of hungry sycophants; till public virtue and private worth were paralysed and stricken down. Such also might have been the doom brought upon the whole of the Turkish empire, had Russia been able to effect the conquest of Constantinople.

What if peace had been only another name for Russian triumph? The imagination positively refuses to grasp the scene of unspeakable horrors which would have ensued. It is not so much despotism that dismays us; the government of a wise despot has often been mild and kindly, but Russian despotism is diabolical. It degrades God's image—the very nature and the soul of man. This is not a mere figure of speech; it is not an ungenerous and illiberal sneer at Russia, because we are at war with her; it is merely a plain, indisputable fact. The countries under Russian sway are unquestionably the worst and most immoral countries in the world. Everything is in the hands of a nobility, gay and brilliant indeed, but most entirely unprincipled. The commonalty, the great mass of the people, not only groan under insufferable tyranny and hardships, blows, scourgings, unutterable wrongs; but they are forbidden to exercise the intellect and powers which God has given them, and they are substantially cut off from the great family of mankind.

And how has all this ended? Russian despots have carried out their theory of government to the full; for several generations, the vast empire of Russia has been swayed altogether by the will or caprice of one man. It has been, as a French writer wittily observed, an absolutism tempered by assassination. What has been the result? The wily secrecy of her councils has been confounded; the boasted might of her armies has melted away; the czars have denied their subjects all right to inquire into grievances, and the government has been cheated in every conceivable manner accordingly. The object she has laboured to attain so long eludes her grasp as she stretches out her hand to seize it; and the power she has built up by fraud, cunning, and manifold oppressions, has been contemptuously disputed and pushed down when it threatened to become mischievous. The disciplined slaves who man her armies have never dared to look a host of knights and free-men fairly in the face; and the tricks of her boasted diplomacy have been indignantly unveiled, defied, and despised.

To return to Bucharest. The Austrians

swarm over the country, and every hour brings the travelling carriage of some general officer thundering in from Vienna; or a white-coated regiment, travel-stained and way-sore, piping and taboring down the broken streets of the Wallachian capital. Wallachia is beginning to look almost as Austrian as poor Hungary. There are Austrian hotels, Austrian soldiers, Austrian carriages, everywhere.

There is no getting away from Bucharest without a great many formalities; a passport must be issued, signed and countersigned. I am obliged to spend the whole day about it. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon I find myself at the Austrian police-office; it is filled with a rabble rout of Jew pedlars, Wallachian gents setting out to study at Paris, sly sharp-nosed men who seem always prowling about these countries (probably for no good) an Armenian banker or two, and a few professional Greek gaming-table cheats, who have been just ordered out of the country, and are going to try and sneak across the frontier with their gains and news to Russia. The officiating chief functionary is an Austrian sergeant of infantry; he has the slight disadvantage of not being able to read; he cannot also conceive it possible that a gentleman should come about his own passport, when he might send his servant. The attraction which even an Austrian police-office may possess for a student of manners never enters into his head; he therefore leaves me for half-an-hour perfectly unnoticed, and at last turns to me with an abrupt grunt, and holds out his hand. I take off my hat with all the respect due to an imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry, and give him my passport ready opened. I am aware that an imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry is a person to be conciliated; I address him, therefore, with proper reverence. He asks who and what I am, as if he were discharging an imperial royal apostolic blunderbuss at my head; I venture to refer him to my passport; he is holding it, however, upside down, and repeats his interrogatory in a voice of thunder. I am taken aback at these proceedings, and before I can reply he has doubled up the passport, and thrust it into my hand; he will have nothing more to do with me; I run a narrow risk of being bundled neck and crop out of the office. Fortunately, I am accompanied by one of the gentlemen employed at her Majesty's consulate; he whispers something into the ear of the imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry. In a moment his whole bearing and demeanour is altered. I am Herr Graff, Herr Graden. Will I walk into the next room, and wait till my passport is prepared? The next room is more comfortable; it has a fire, and the Herr Kauzlei, director (an imperial royal apostolic superannuated captain of course), will be glad to see me. Oh, dear me! how I did blush for Austria, and seem to walk on hot coals, as I slunk shrinking into

the next room. A mere honest, inoffensive nobody, who desires to travel—maybe on some useful errand—is stopped for the veriest trifle, or in any case subjected to the caprice of a hound; a gentleman, forsooth, has only to twirl his moustaches, and my poor friends have been taught to bow down before him. Woe is me! it is a mighty fine thing to look at the drama of life in Austria from a private box; but it is a most fearful and shocking position to be in the pit or the galleries.

A heavy snow-storm is falling; I cannot see across the way, and the fur-clad coachman and brisk little horses of my carriage look cloudy and indistinct, as I wrap myself in an immense black bearskin cloak (price twenty-five ducats), and prepare to scud about on my parting errands.

They are concluded at last. I have been summoned in haste to England; there is no public carriage for several days, so I have been obliged to buy one; it has cost fifty pounds; I am fortunate in a lucky chance which enables me to get it at the price. I have been obliged to buy a large sheepskin coat for my servant, who would otherwise run a fair chance of being frozen to death during the journey. I am obliged to lay in a small stock of provisions, as I shall be able to get nothing to eat on the road, and I may be snowed up. Lastly, I have to pay my hotel-bill. My rooms—two small rooms on the entresol or semi-first-floor—are charged about six shillings a-day. The little carriage and pair which I have used for the last month (walking and visiting, or going out at night, being absolutely impossible) has cost fifty golden ducats, which, with a gratuity to the coachman, makes about twenty-six pounds English money. I am consoled: an Austrian general officer of my acquaintance pays sixty ducats, or thirty pounds, a month; the hire of these little carriages having just doubled since the outbreak of the war. The few travelling necessities which I shall have to buy will also cost enormous prices, as the navigation of the Danube is stopped, and every manufactured thing has to come overland from Paris or Vienna. The Wallachians manufacture nothing. Posting, I am told, is cheap; but I shall require fourteen horses, ten for my own carriage, a Viennese chariot, and four for my courier. My posting expenses, therefore, will cost thirteen ducats, or say six pounds ten, between Bucharest and Kraiova, a journey of twenty-four hours; and this despite a government order for horses, which will diminish the ordinary expense considerably.

These little details will enable the reader to form some estimate of the expense of travelling in these countries, and may make him bless the invention of railways and steamboats. It is proper to add, however, that I travelled in great haste, and on a sudden emergency. If I had been able to wait a few days, I might have made my

journey in a public conveyance. I must have undergone, however, in so doing, a mild species of martyrdom—cold, hunger, delays, bad smells, break-downs, interruptions, Austrian policemen, passport showing, cross-questioning, annoyance, and the very imminent danger of robbery. Persons who appear poor and insignificant in these countries have no chance; while comfort and safety are only to be purchased at a lavish expense.

The journey between Bucharest and Kraiova was pleasant enough. I found the atmosphere much clearer in the country than at Bucharest; although there are no coal smoke or tall cloudy chimneys in that small metropolis. We went at a most cheerful pace, and the wheels hummed along the frozen roads, and the feet of the galloping little horses seemed to clatter quite a pleasant tune. A courier preceded me in a post-cart (a sort of wheel-barrow) to order horses, so that they were always drawn out, ready harnessed, as I galloped up, and we were seldom more than three or four minutes changing. In truth, the Wallachian post-houses offer small temptations to delay a traveller. The peasantry are, I think, without exception, the dirtiest race of people I ever saw. They look like chimney-sweeps; and the scattered houses on the roadside are the foulest, blackest, poorest, smokiest, and most uncomfortable I have beheld. It should be added, however, that the better villages do not lie on the roadside at all; and a wayfarer who fancies himself wandering on through an endless uncultivated waste of moor and bog, would be surprised to learn that, just out of his sight, glistens many a pleasant homestead and gay Boyard's house. We passed (as well as I remember) but one village of any importance between Bucharest and Kraiova. It swarmed with Austrian soldiers; but they seemed to keep altogether apart from the inhabitants, and to loiter about the streets disconsolate enough; poking their walking-sticks into puddles, and philosophically chewing the mouthpieces of their cigar-holders. Let the men in possession of a neighbour's house put as bold a face as they will upon matters, there is an uncomfortable feeling in it, after all. The very servants look askant at them as if there was something uncanny in the business. In short, I hardly knew which to pity most: the Austrian army of occupation, or the people whom their necessities and exactions so sorely oppress.

OLD SCANDINAVIAN HEROES.

STRINNHOLM, the Swedish historian, presents a portraiture of the old Scandinavian heroes, so different in some respects from that which we are accustomed to associate with "the bloody Danes" as to render it well worthy of our attention. More particularly when we remember that it is to these old

Scandinavians that we owe a portion of our own national character—perhaps some of its stronger elements—its indomitable will, its perseverance, and, above all, its courage and love of adventure. So far we are proud to acknowledge inherited qualities from these fearless and stern northmen.

Strinnholm says: Belief in the better nature of humanity, or faith in human virtue, was one of the great and beautiful features which distinguished the old northern character. It was with them no unusual thing for quarrels to cease, or reconciliation to take place, in consequence of a man referring his cause to his adversary, and leaving it to him to decide upon the terms of peace, and the compensation or fine which he demanded or was himself inclined to offer. The same noble sentiment expressed by this manly confidence in each other's justice evinced itself in all other circumstances of life. Out of many incidents given by Strinnholm to prove this, we select the following:

An Icelander named Thorsten Fagre killed one of his countrymen named Einer, who had behaved towards him in a faithless manner. The father of Einer, supported by one Thorgils, determined to avenge the death of his son. Thorgils, however, fell in the conflict; Thorsten Fagre escaped, but was declared outlaw by the Ting. Nevertheless, after five years he returned, went to the father of Thorgils, and laid his head upon his knee, which was a symbolical mode of expressing that he placed his life in his hands.

"I will not strike off thy head," said the old man. "It is better where it is. But thou shalt manage my estates during my pleasure."

Another Icelander, named Gisle Illugeson, went from Iceland to Norway in pursuit of Gialfald, the murderer of his father, who was at that time one of the herdsmen of King Magnus Barfot, with whom he was a great favourite. One day, when the king was travelling on the road to Nidaros with a considerable number of attendants, among whom was Gialfald, Gisle, seizing a favourable moment, rushed forward and gave him his death-blow. This was a most serious offence. Gisle was seized, put in fetters, and cast into prison. At that time, three ships of Iceland lay in Nidaros harbour, one of which was commanded by Teit, the son of Bishop Gissur; and the number of Icelanders residing in the city was about three hundred. These met together to take into consideration what was best to be done; but they could not agree among themselves until Teit took up the matter and addressed them thus:

"It would not be any honour to us if our countryman and bold foster-brother should be killed; but we all know the uncertainty of meddling in such matters, and putting life and property in danger; nevertheless, my advice is, that we go to the Ting, and there, as men who are not afraid of our lives,

whether we sink or swim, bring forward our business by a foreman." All replied that they agreed to his words, and chose him as foreman; after which they went to the bath. In the meantime, most of these proceedings were carried to the Ting. On hearing this, Teit hastened out of the bath-house in merely his shirt and linen breeches, with a gold band round his brows; and, throwing on a red and brown striped cloak, lined with grey fur, hurried away. In a moment all the Icelanders had assembled, and, rushing off to the prison to be beforehand with the Ting's people, broke open the prison doors, fetched out Gisla, knocked off his fetters, and placing him in the midst of them, hurried him off to the court.

When the Ting had assembled, and a great deal had been said on the subject—one party urgently pleading the cause of the criminal, and the other as urgently demanding the most severe punishment for his unheard-of offence—Gisla himself came forward, and prayed permission to say a few words. The king granted this permission, and he said: "I will begin from the time of my father's murder, which Giafald committed when I was six years old, and my brother Thormod nine. We were both together when our father was murdered. Giafald said that we two brothers ought also to be killed; and, sir, it is almost a shame to tell it, but I cried."

"Thou hast gained some courage since then," interrupted the king.

"I will not deny," continued Gisla, "that I have for a long time had my eye on Giafald with hostile intentions. Twice was the occasion favourable to me; but in the one case I was prevented by regard to the church, and in the second by the evening bell. I have made a song about you, king, which I should like you to hear."

"Sing it and welcome," said the king.

Gisla repeated the song rapidly. After that he turned to Teit, and said:

"You have shown much courage on my account; but I will no longer place you in danger. I submit myself to the king's power, and offer him my head."

He laid aside his weapon, crossed the Ting-court, and placed his head upon the king's knee, with these words: "Do what you like with my head. I shall thank you if you forgive me, and make me useful in any way you may think fitting."

To this the king replied: "Keep thy head; and sit down at the table in Giafald's place. His fare and his wages shall be thine, and thou shalt do his service."

The same confidence in the noble humanity of his enemy was shown by the Norwegian Thorsten, son of Ketill Raumur; when only eighteen years of age. The incident is well worthy of record, if it were only for the curious picture of life and manners which it presents:—

The forest between Raumsdale and Uppland, in Norway, was infested by a formidable robber, who made the road unsafe for travellers. Young Thorsten, who wished to distinguish himself by some brave action, went thither to put a stop to this mischief. Advancing on his way, he saw a footpath which turned off from the main road, and led into the depth of the forest. After following this path for some time he arrived at a large, well-built cottage. He found it to contain large coffers and great store of goods. The bed which stood there was so much larger and so much broader than any which Thorsten had seen before, that he thought to himself the man for whom it was intended must be very large and tall indeed. Handsome coverlets were thrown over the bed; and the table, which stood in the room, was spread with a clean cloth, on which were placed excellent meat and good drink.

Towards evening a loud noise was heard outside, and a tall, large, and very good-looking man entered, kindled the fire, washed himself, dried himself on a clean towel, and sat down to eat and drink, and then went to rest.

Thorsten—who had concealed himself behind some large packages, and who had silently watched the man's proceedings—stepped softly forth as soon as he was soundly asleep; and, taking up his own sword smote it with all his strength into his breast. The man started up hastily, and, seizing Thorsten, lifted him upon the bed, and laid him between himself and the wall. The man asked him his parentage and name; on learning which he said, "Least of all have I deserved this from thee or thy father, for I never did either of you any harm. Thou hast been too hasty, and I have been too dilatory; for I have intended for some time to give up this way of life. It is in my power to let thee now either live or die, and, if I should treat thee as thou deservest, thou wouldst have no opportunity to tell of this our meeting. But it may be that some good will come of it, and therefore I will spare thy life. I am called Jökul, and am the son of Ingemund Jarl of Götaland. According to the custom of high-born men, although in a manner which may not contribute to my honour, I have endeavoured to acquire property; though I had even now determined to pursue this course no longer. And see now, if I should do a great kindness by granting to thee thy life, thou must go to my father. But endeavour, in the first place, to have a little private talk with my mother Vigdis. Tell her all that has happened; greet her most affectionately from me, and beseech of her to obtain the goodwill and the friendship of the Jarl for thee, so that he may give thee his daughter, my sister Thordis, in marriage. Thou must deliver this gold ring to my mother, as an undoubted token that I have sent thee. And,

if my death should cause her great sorrow, I hope nevertheless that she will pay more regard to my prayer than to thy deed; and thus I feel a presentiment that thou wilt become a happy man. And, when thou shalt have sons and sons' sons, let not my name die out; and the honour which I expect by this means shall be an equivalent for the life which I give thee. Now, draw the sword from my breast, and thus shall our conversation come to an end!"

Thorsten did as he was desired, and Jökul gave up the ghost.

Thorsten now returned to his father's house; and, one day he said to his father, that he would go to Götaland to Ingemund Jarl, as he had promised Jökul. Ketill Raumur warned him of his danger, but Thorsten replied:

"That which I have promised to Jökul I will perform, though it should cost me my life."

He set off, therefore, to Götaland, and arrived at the Jarl's house early in the morning, when the Jarl, according to the custom of honourable men, was gone out to the chase. Thorsten with his attendants entered into the drinking room, and presently the wife of the Jarl came in, as was her wont, to see if anybody had arrived. When she saw that there were strangers, she asked them whence they came. Thorsten replied, that he had something to say to her privately. She bade him follow her to an inner room. When they were alone he said: "I bring thee the news of thy son Jökul's murder."

"That is sorrowful news," she exclaimed.

Thorsten then related to her all that had taken place between her son and himself.

"Thou must be a bold man," said Vigdis.

"Nevertheless I believe every word which thou hast told me; and, as Jökul gave thee thy life, it shall be my advice that thou still retain it; and for the sake of Jökul's prayer I will present thy cause to the Jarl. In the meantime thou hadst better keep out of sight."

When the Jarl returned, Vigdis went to him and said:

"I have news for thee which concerns us both."

"Is it of the death of my son Jökul?" asked he.

She acknowledged that it was.

"He has not died of any sickness?" inquired the Jarl.

"Thou art right," replied she. "He has been killed, and he showed the true spirit of a man in his last moments. He spared the life of his murderer, and has sent him hither into our charge, with an unquestionable token, and with the desire that thou wilt grant him peace and forgive his offence, however sore it be. Possibly, even, he might become a support for thee; for which reason thou wouldst make him thy son-in-law, and give him thy daughter in marriage. Such were Jökul's wishes, who prayed that thou wouldst not leave his last desire unfulfilled.

How faithfully the man has kept his word may be seen by his leaving his own home to put himself in the power of his enemy. Behold here the token which Jökul has sent." And with these words she drew forth the gold ring.

The Jarl heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Thou hast made a bold speech. Thou wishest that I should do honour to the man who has murdered my son."

"There are two things to be taken into consideration," she replied; "first, Jökul's wishes and the man's evident truth and fidelity; secondly, thy own advancing years, which make an assistant necessary to thee, for which purpose he seems well fitted."

"Thou seem'st to take up the cause of this man with great earnestness," said the Jarl, "and I observe that thou art pleased with him. I will now see him, that I may judge for myself whether his appearance promises any good thing."

Thorsten was brought in, and placed before the Jarl.

"Sir," said he, "my affair is altogether in your hands. You know what errand it was which brought me hither. I beseech for reconciliation; but I have no fear, whatever your determination may be. Yet it is the wont of great chiefs to grant life to him who gives himself up into their power."

"I am pleased with thee," said the Jarl. "I grant thee thy life; and the best remedy for the loss of my son is, that thou take his place. That is to say, if thou wilt stay with me."

Thorsten thanked the Jarl, and abode for some time with him. So greatly did he win his favour, that he gave him his daughter Thordis for wife, and wished that he would never leave him.

To this Thorsten replied: "I thank you, and promise to remain with you as long as you live; but after your death, the people of this place will scarcely allow me to hold the office of chief. Besides which, every one must follow his own fate." The Jarl said that he was right; and Thorsten, after his death, removed to his father's estate, in Raumsdale, in Norway. His son Ingemund, after his death, removed to Iceland, where he became a man of much consequence. When he had attained to a great age, his friend, Sæmund,* came to him, one day, and said:

"I am here to tell thee, foster-brother, that a person is come to my house who has not a very good name, and with whom it is difficult to keep on good terms. Nevertheless, he is a kinsman of mine. His name is Hrolleif, and I would beg of thee to let him and his mother be at thy house."

"They are not people of good repute," replied Ingemund; "nevertheless, as thou mightest take it unneighbourly of me to refuse, I will oblige thee."

* The celebrated Sæmund, the compiler of the Edda.

Hrolleif was a wild and disorderly character, so that Ingemund, after a few years, was obliged to turn him out of his house; but he allowed him, nevertheless, to live upon a little farm. Some time after this, a dispute arose between one of Ingemund's sons and Hrolleif about a fish-pond; and, as the quarrel ran very high, Ingemund, accompanied by one of his house-servants, rode down to the water-side, to divide the combatants, when a spear, thrown by Hrolleif, pierced him. The old man, concealing his wound, returned home, his sons being absent. Arrived here, he said to his servant: "Thou hast served me faithfully for a long time; do now that which I command thee. Go to Hrolleif, and say to him that I expect, before this time to-morrow, my sons will demand their father's blood at his hands. I counsel him therefore, immediately to hasten away."

With the help of his servant he went in, seated himself on his chair of state, and forbade lights to be brought into the room till his sons' return. When they came back, and lights were taken in, they beheld Ingemund sitting dead on his chair of state with the spear in his body.

Jökul, one of the sons, a strong, ardent, and high-spirited youth, exclaimed, "let us instantly set off and slay Hrolleif!"

"Thou little knowest our father's disposition," replied another of the sons, the sensible and mild-tempered Thorsten. "Was it for this, that he endeavoured to save him? We must therefore act with deliberation, not rashness. It must be our consolation that there is a great difference between our father and Hrolleif, and that our father now enjoys happiness in the presence of Him who created the sun!"

The same noble disposition was shown by another northman, Askel Gode. During a skirmish, he warned the leader of the enemy not to venture upon the ice, which was unsafe. When he, nevertheless, did so, and lost his life in consequence, one of his near kinsmen sought for revenge; and, seizing the opportunity when Askel was driving in a sledge, gave him his death-blow. Old Askel concealed his wound until his murderer had made his escape, and then admonished his children not to avenge his death.

FIRST UNDER FIRE.

SOLDIERS who have been engaged in "the dreadful revelry" of war, are often asked how they felt while performing their duty in the heat of battle. I believe that—allowance made for all varieties of temperament—there is a far greater similarity in the sensations felt on these occasions than is commonly supposed; and that, although habit blunts, to a certain extent, the perception of danger, it never takes off the keenness of its edge. The impressions of this kind made upon my mind

as a fighting soldier in Mexico, are still quite fresh.

The soldier's love of novelty and excitement is more than a counterpoise to all depressing influences; and at no period of his career does his spirit show itself more buoyant than when he has been ordered out on a campaign. It is only after he has endured some of the stern realities of the situation that he begins to cast a nervous glance or two upon the road before him. One of the most common and natural of the sources of apprehension that disturb the young soldier, and one which his first engagement always finally disposes of, is a fear that his faculties may be so paralysed by the spectacle of carnage during an engagement, that, being rendered faint and incapable of performing his duty, the stain of cowardice may taint his character. With his first battle this apprehension vanishes, and he discovers that when he is once fairly in action, the excitement is intense, and his whole energy is concentrated on the work in hand. Comrades fall wounded around him and are scarcely noticed; there is no time for pity, fear, or anything but action.

I am a Scotchman by birth, but enlisted into the American service. It was not my fortune to come to close quarters with the enemy until I had been nearly three months in Mexico; I consequently experienced a portion of that uneasy state of feeling which I have just mentioned before first meeting the enemy face to face. I had become familiar with the sound, and with the fury too, of shot and shell, in trenches at Vera Cruz, and was on easy terms with them. Constant rumours of attacks, meditated on our rear, had helped also to keep the idea of close conflict familiar. In camp at Vera Cruz, I had become acquainted with an old soldier, Billy Wright, a fellow-countryman, who had served in his youth under Wellington, and been in several engagements without receiving any serious wounds. He had also fought with the Indians in the Florida war. I frequently talked with this comrade on the subject of my first engagement; and his advice to me invariably was, that, as soon as firing had commenced, I should fire and load as expeditiously as possible, taking good aim; in which case, he assured me, that I should feel all right after the first few rounds. Poor old fellow! I passed him as he sat down, after the first few rounds at my first battle, Cerro Gordo, wounded; but he recovered from his wound, however, and was sent home to receive a pension.

We had lain inactive four or five days at Plan del Rio, a few miles from the enemy's strong position at Cerro Gordo, when General Scott having arrived, and examined as closely as possible the enemy's strength and position, at once decided on his plan of action. In pursuance of his design, General Twiggs,

with his division, comprising the regiment to which I belonged, was ordered to advance by a newly-discovered route through the bottom of a ravine, and to gain a commanding position on the top of a high, unfortified hill. It was while moving down the ravine, which had been partially cleared by our pioneers, and while waiting until a party of the rifles should have beat up a suspicious-looking bit of chaparral in front, that we began to feel we were on the point of meeting with the enemy; but we had no expectation of anything more than a skirmish. A shot or two from the muskets of the enemy was followed by the cracking of our rifles; and at double-quick time we descended to the bottom of a steep hill, partly covered with brushwood, on the top of which stood a body of the Mexican infantry, busily engaged in firing down upon us as we came in sight. Luckily for us, their firing did but little damage; and, ordered to charge, we, with a loud hurrah, began running up the hill. When near the summit, we began to fire, and the Mexicans went off, as quickly as our shot, closely pursued by us up the hill. An effort was made by some of our captains to form their men into companies as they reached the top; but they could collect only a few, and soon gave up the attempt. We pursued the flying Mexicans down the opposite side of the hill, which was only divided from Cerro Gordo by a ravine, across which the enemy's battery fired grape among us; while some thousands of infantry, clustered like bees on the top and sides of Cerro Gordo, kept up against us an incessant fire of musketry. Our men now began to fall fast; and it was partly owing to the proverbial bad firing of the Mexicans that our small party of between six and seven hundred—for the united regiments of rifles and artillery did not number more—was not annihilated. As it was, our killed and wounded amounted to about two hundred. The affair lasted between two and three hours; and this was the first time of my meeting the foe face to face.

I found the meeting, after all, not such a terrible affair as I had fancied. To say that I felt no fear on going into action, would be a senseless boast. I did feel considerable apprehension on the first burst, and until heated to a degree of preternatural excitement. After the first few minutes, the fall of a wounded comrade would at the best only cause it to be said, "Poor fellow! There's Smith (or Thompson) down." The first whom I saw wounded in this action, was a rifleman. Just as we reached the top of the hill, he dropped his rifle with a cry of anguish, staggering to the rear. A musket-ball had entered his mouth. The horror imprinted on his features made a deep impression on me at the moment, and the recollection of it haunted me long afterwards.

After our return to the bottom of the hill

from which we had started in pursuit of the enemy, the excitement of action having gradually passed away, we all felt very tired, and were soon on the ground preparing our rest. The groans of the wounded men, who were collected on a plot of grass close by, and over whom our surgeons were busy during the whole night, distressed us, and prevented sleep for a few hours. At length fatigue prevailed.

Next morning, the regiment to which I belonged, together with the rifles and sixth infantry, had the duty assigned to us of charging the hill of Cerro Gordo. While performing my share of that duty, I again felt the same intense excitement, swallowing up all perception of personal danger, and making me feel as if the ground were air. As on the former occasion, this state gradually wore off, and was succeeded by a feeling of great lassitude. I also observed, both in myself and others, certain indications of a 'fulness' of the heart, and an inclination not easily subdued, to shed tears, which lasted for some time after the action.

Goethe—in his Campaign in France, after a preliminary account of having ridden out to a battery on which the French were then playing, for the express purpose of realising in person the effect said to be produced by coming within range of the guns during a cannonade—has described his sensations (known as the cannon fever) thus:—

"In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me; I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can only be described by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you felt yourself quite one with the element in which you stood. The eyes lose nothing of their strength and clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown red tint, which makes the situation as well as the surrounding objects more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible uneasy feeling from it, is produced in us solely through the ears."

Most persons who have been in a similar situation will doubtless recognise the general truth of this description. Yet it is not a complete account of the soldier in active participation of battle. There is, then, an end of horrible, uneasy feeling; he is not shocked, but pleased—exhilarated. Many a comrade tells me, for his own part, what I always feel myself; that, in the day of battle, war acts on the blood like wine. Goethe's brown-red tint, apparently enveloping surrounding objects, I have often heard soldiers describe as a thing they had remarked when

in action; and I can confirm it from my own experience.

The most trying situation for a soldier in front of an enemy, occurs when he is placed with his corps in reserve after the action has commenced. He listens to the firing, and perhaps sees, now and then, a batch of wounded carried to the rear, while he is every moment anxiously expecting his own orders to move forward. Then, he is fidgetty and nervous. On these occasions I have observed in many of those around me, as well as in my own person, a restless uneasiness of manner, a desire to be doing something, manifesting itself in a variety of ways. The order to advance brings sudden relief, and the troop gladly rushes on the danger that it was so irksome to stand by and see.

LAST WORDS WITH PHILIP STUBBES.

GRANT me a few last words with Philip Philoponus, the Reformer, ladies and gentlemen.* I know what a patient long-suffering public you are; how, in this and preceding ages you have borne, without a murmur, all Prynne's folios, all Sir Richard Blackmore's endless epics, all the interminable novels of Mdle. de Scuderi. I know how, after Mr. Baxter's Last Words had been published, you accepted with melancholy resignation the More Last Words of Mr. Baxter. It is a shame, I know, to trespass on your good nature; but Stubbess is in earnest, and is burning to tell you more of the shocking state of things that existed in England in fifteen hundred and eighty-five.

Philip winds up his tirade against costly apparel by a final fling at swells in general. "Is it any marvel," he asks, "if they stand on their pantoffles, and hoysse up their sails so high! But whether they have argent to maintain this gear or not, it is not material, for they will have it one way or other, or else they will sell or mortgage their lands, or go a-hunting on Suter's (Shooter's) Hill, or Stan-gate Hole, with loss of their lives at Tiburne in a rope." Our swells are not quite reduced to such dire extremities in the reign of Queen Victoria. Long after lands have been mortgaged, and credit exhausted, the lively kite can be flown, and the valiant "bit of stiff" can be done. Young Rakewell does not turn highwayman now; he goes through the Insolvent Court, emigrates to the diggings, or joins the commissariat in the Crimea.

It is really astonishing, deceitful as is the heart, above all things, and desperately wicked, what a miserable paucity in invention there is in our crimes. We find the very same rogueries exposed in Philip Stubbess's book as are daily adjudicated upon by the magistrates at our police courts, every day in the week. Speaking of bought hair and coloured (tremble ye ladies with fronts!)

as worn by females, he says, "And if there be any poor women (as, now and then, we see God doeth bless them with beauty as well as the rich) that have fair hair, these nice dames will not rest till they have bought it. Or if any children have fair hair, they will entice them into a secret place, and either by force, or for a penny or two, will cut off their hair; as I heard that one did in the city of Munidnol, of late, who, meeting a little child with very fair hair, inveigled her into a house, promised her a penny, and so cut off her hair,—and besides, took most of her apparel." Civilisation has increased wonderfully—oh, dear, yes! but has crime decreased, or altered one single lineament of its hideous face? Nice dames, it is true, no longer go about with brandished scissors, vowing vengeance to the fair hair of children; but how many "good Mrs. Browns" are there, and how many cases of child-stripping throughout the year at the London police-courts.

Mr. Stubbess proceeds to enter into the discussion of certain questions, into which I cannot, for obvious reasons, follow him. I notice, however, that he rails much at the absurditie of ecclesiastical magistrates making dissolute persons do penance in church in white sheets, with white wands in their hands. The congregation do nought but laugh, he says, and the penitent has his usual clothes underneath. The severity of the measures proposed by Philip for putting down vice would certainly astonish our modern Society for the suppression thereof. Vicious persons, he suggests, should either "drinke a full draught of Moises cup, that is, taste of present death, as God's word doth command, and good policy allow; or else, if that be thought too severe, they might be cauterised and seared with a hot iron on the cheek and forehead, to the end that the children of Satan might be discerned from honest and chaste Christians." If Mr. Stubbess' suggestions were ever to be acted upon (and vagaries far more fantastic and absurd have passed into law even in this, our own time), what a demand for red-hot pokers there would be, to be sure!

Stubbess bewaileth beef. He is speaking of the great excess in delicate fare, the variety of dishes with curious sauces, such as the veriest Helluo, the insatiabest glutton, would not desire; the condiments, confections, and spiceries, and how meats bring destruction. "Oh! what nicety is this!" he cries. "Oh! farewell, former world; for I have heard my father say that, in his day, one dish or two of wholesome meat was thought sufficient for a man of worship to dine withal, and if they had three or four kinds, it was reputed a sumptuous feast. A good lump of beef was thought then good meat, and able for the best; but now it is thought too gross for their tender stomachs to digest." I wonder whether old Philip Stubbess ever courted the Muses—ever

* See Household Words, vol. xi. p. 553.

turned a rhyme in his younger days. If not actually one of the authors, he might have added an admirable stanza, touching beef, to that glorious chant When this Old Cap was New. In respect to how far meats bring destruction, Mr. Stubbes tells us, that a people given to belly cheere and gluttony must eventually and inevitably come to worshipping of stocks and stones. Belly cheer, I am afraid, is yet far from being eradicated in our land, but I have not yet heard that the viands of that great diplomatic cook, Carême, ever drove Metternich or Talleyrand to the worship of Mumbo-Jumbo; that any alderman of London was ever known to bow down, after a turtle dinner, before Gog and Magog; that the publication of M. Louis-Eustache and Ude's work ever made any converts to fetishism; or that there was ever a disposition on the part of the committee of the Reform Club to set up a pagod in the vestibule during the administration of their kitchen by M. Soyer. With all this feasting and belly cheer there is, it appears, but small hospitality in Stubbes' England, and cold comfort for the poor. For, while there are some men who, out of forty pounds a-year, "count it small matter to dispend forty thereof in spices" (?); and though a hundred pounds are often spent in one house in banqueting; yet the poor have little or nothing: if they have anything it is but the refuse meat, scraps, and parings, such as a dog would not eat, and well if they can get that, too; and, now and then, not a few have whipping cheer to feed themselves.

Says Spudeus to Philoponus (Spudeus is one of the most excellent listeners I ever met with)—says he, quite cheerfully, as if the shocking state of things rather tickled him, "You spake of drunkenness, brother—what say you of that?"

What has Mr. Stubbes to say against drunkenness—what hasn't he to say? He says that it is a most horrible vice, and too much practised in England. Every country-town, city, village, hamlet, and other places have abundance of ale-houses, taverns, and inns, which are so fraught with maltworms every day that you would wonder to see them. You shall have them there, sitting at the wine and good ale, all the day long—yea, all the night, too—and, peradventure, for a whole week together, so long as any money is left, swylling, gullyng, and carousing one to another, till never a one can speak a ready word. Then, when with the spirit of the butterie they are thus possessed, a world it is to consider their gestures and demeanours towards one another, and towards everyone else. How they stutler and stammer, stagger and reel to and fro like madmen, which is most horrible: some fall to swearing, cursing, and banning, interlacing their speeches with curious terms of ogglesome woordes. . . . A man once drone with wine, doth he not resemble a brute beast rather than a Christian man? For do not his eyes begin to stare, and

to be red, fiery, and bleared, blubbering forth seas of tears? Doth he not froth and foam at the mouth like a boar? Doth not his head become as a millstone, and his heels as feathers? Is he able to keep one up, or the other down? Are not his wits drowned—his understanding altogether decayed? The drunkard in his drunkenness killeth his friend, revileth his lover, discloseth his secrets, and regardeth no man. After this, Mr. Stubbes relates the following story, which I recommend for modern adoption in the Temperance oration way:—

On the eighth of February, fifteen hundred and seventy-eight, in the country of Swaben, there were dwelling eight men—citizens and citizens' sons—all tailors, very riotously and prodigally inclined. The names of these young Swabs, if I may be allowed to call them so, were Adam Giebens, George Repell, Jhon Reisell, Peter Herdforfe, Jhon Wage-naer, Simon Henricks, Herman Frons, and Jacob Hermans. All of them would needs go to the tavern on the Sabbath-day, in the morning, very early. And, coming to the house of one Anthony Hage, an honest, godly man, who kept a tavern in the same town, called for burnt wine, sack, malmsey, hipocras, and what not. But Anthony Hage not being, though a landlord, a maltworm nor a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society—but being rather of the Lord Robert Grosvenor and Wilson Patten persuasion, and perhaps afraid of the Swaben police.—said they should have no wine till sermon-time had passed, and counselled them to go to church. But they all (save Adam Giebens, who said they might as well go if they could get no drink) said they loathed that kind of exercise. The good host then, not giving them any wine himself, nor suffering his barmaid to draw them any, went, as his duty did him bind, to church; who, being gone, the abandoned young Swabs fell (as is usual in Mr. Stubbes' stories) to banning and swearing, wishing the landlord might break his neck if ever he came again from the sermon; and bursting forth into these intemperate speeches: the Deuce take us, if we depart hence this day without some wine. Straightway the Deuce appeared to them in the likeness of a pot-boy, bringing in his hand a flagon of wine, and demanding of them if they caroused not; he drank unto them, saying: "Good fellows be merrie" (a bold pot-boy), "for ye seem lusty lads." I suppose this salutation was a species of "Give your orders, gents," of the period; and the orders being given, he added: "I hope you will pay me well," which was, perhaps, equivalent to the dubiously-expressed hope of a modern waiter that it is "all right," when he has a tap-room full of suspicious customers. The Swabs assured him that it was so far right, that they would gage their necks, bodies, and souls that the reckoning should be paid. Whereupon much wine was brought, and they fell to their old game of swylling,

gullyng, and carousing, till no Swab could see another, and they were all as dronke as rats. At the last (they must have got tipsy very soon, or there must have been a very long sermon at Anthony Hage's place of worship), the Deuce, their host, told them that they "must needs paie the shotte," (I quote Stubbes literally), "whereat their hartes waxed cold." But the Deuce, comforting them, said: "Be of good cheer, for I want no money, and now you must drink hot boiling pitch, lead, and brimstone in the pit, with me for evermore." Hereupon, immediately, he made their eyes like flames of fire, and in breadth as broad as saucers. The Deuce then broke their necks in sonder, and when Anthony Hage came back from church there was nothing left in the taproom but several empty pots, a strong smell of brimstone, and the body of Adam Giebens, who was not dead, but in a fainting fit. It will be remembered that Adam was the Swab who said that he didn't mind going to church if he couldn't get anything to drink; in consideration of which instance of practical piety he was spared by the demon pot-boy.

It cannot fail to strike the reader that this wild story is a cousin-german to that of the Handsome Clearstarcher. Mr. Stubbes, too, seems fond of drawing his dismal legends from the copious stores of German diablerie. Having had his gird at drunkenness in these set terms, Philip Stubbes proceeds to demolish the landed gentlemen. Landlords, he says, make merchandise of their poor tenants, racking their rents, raising their fines and incomes, and setting them so stray on the tenter-hooks that no man can live on them. And besides this, as though this pillage and pollage were not rapacious enough, they take in and enclose commons, moors, heaths whereout the poor commonaltie were wont to have all their forage and feeding for their cattle, and (which is more) corn for themselves to live upon; all of which are in most places taken from them by these greedie puttockes [Have a care to thine ears, O Stubbes!] to the great impoverishing and utter beggaring of many towns and parishes, "whose tragical cries and clamours have long pierced the skies, crying, 'How long, Lord, how long wilt thou defer to revenge this villany done to thy poor?' Take heed, then, you rich men, that poll and pill the poor, for the blood of as many as miscarry any manner of way through your injurious exactions, sinister oppressions and indirect dealings, shall be powred upon your heads at the great day of the Lord."

As for lawyers, if you want to find vice and corruption in full bloom, you must go with Stubbes to Westminster Hall or the inns of court. But it is no use going there unless you are provided with good store of argent rubrum unguentum—red ointment, or gold, "to grease lawyers' fists

withal;" but if this be not forthcoming, then farewell client: he may go shoe the goose. The glimpse given to us of the progress of a lawsuit in Queen Bess's time is highly edifying, and has a strong family likeness to the lawsuits now well and truly tried before our Sovereign Lady the Queen at Westminster:—"Sheriffs and officers do return writs with a tardè venir, or with a non est inventus, to keep the poor man from his own. But so long as any of the red ointment is propping, they will bear him in hand; his matter is good and just, and all to keep him in tow till all be gone, and then they will tell him his matter is naught! In presence of their clients they will be as earnest one with another as one (that knew not their sleights) would think they would go together by the ears. But directly their clients be gone, they laugh in their sleeves to think how prettily they can fetch in such sums of money, and that under the pretence of equity and justice." As to the lawyers themselves, they lead a happy life, like the Pope. They ruffle it out in their silks, velvets, and chains of gold. They keep a port like mighty potentates; they have bands and retinues of men in attendance upon them daily; they build gorgeous edifices and stately turrets; they purchase lands and lordships. Is this not enough to make the mouths of all Chancery Lane water? to awaken emotions of melancholy envy of pallid and briefless barristers eating the tips of their fingers and the covers of their law books, and the skin of their hearts, in studious, penniless, almost hopeless idleness? Return again, ye golden times—ye auriferous Stubbesian days—when every stuff-gownsmen wore a gold chain, and every Q.C. lived in a stately turret; when judges were corrupt, and lord chancellors took "presents," and attorney-generals were to be "spoken to," like prosecutors in assault cases.

There is this, I think, in favour of my Stubbes, that although severe, he is impartial. To use an expressive though inelegant metaphor, he tars everybody with the same brush. No sooner has he administered to the lawyers those sable trickling drops and penal plumes, by which Sydney Smith has poetised the somewhat prosaic operation of tarring and feathering, than he proceeds to attack the mercantile community. The "marchauntmen, by their marting, chaffering, and changing, by their counterfeit balances and untrue weights, and by their surprising of their wares (!), heap up infinite treasure. And this," Mr. Stubbes continues, "maketh things deare." These avaricious marchauntmen have so "balaunced their chests that they crack again;" and so greedy grow they, that though overflowing with wealth, they will not scruple to take their neighbour's house over his head, long before his years are expired. And besides all this, "so desperately given are many, that for the acquiring of silver and

gold, they will not scruple to imbrowe their hands" (on the sheep and lamb, or over-shoes, over-boots principle, I presume) "in the blood of their own parents and friends most unnaturally." See what wonders civilisation has done in our time. In one respect, at least, we are superior to Stubbes. No grocers, tea-dealers, bakers, go about in our peaceful London streets, with their shirt-sleeves tucked up and butchers' knives in their hands, crying "Kill! kill!" to the great terror of their relations and acquaintances. No marchauntman murders now with sword or dagger, pistol or bludgeon. He murders in his Marting. He poisons the bowl. He puts grave-worms into the sugar-basin and aqua tofana into the pickle-jar, and makes the wheaten loaf a Golgotha. He gathers his tea-leaves in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and sounds the death-trump in the blown-out vesicles of Nice White Veal, and tells cocoa that it is clay, and coffee that it is dust and ashes. And the higher marchauntman, the merchant prince, the titled banker, he never murders now for silver or gold. Oh no! He never embrowes his hands in the blood of parents and friends most unnaturally. Oh dear no! He is contented with failing in a genteel, fashionable way, and killing widows and orphans and young children by the slow but sure process of ruin and misery and despair. No butcher's knife, or chopper, or pole-axe, no uprolled shirt-sleeves for your merchant-prince or titled banker; but kills genteelly, murders his victim "as though he loved him," like that nobleman-executioner of the ancient régime, who, in the royalist reaction that in some provinces of France followed the Reign of Terror, condescended himself to massacre some Jacobin prisoners; but, *tuait avec sa canne à pomme d'or*, killed them with his gold-headed cane.

Can no good come out of England.—Are we so irredeemably bad that Stubbes must be down on us continually. Is Stubbes merely an inveterate old grumbler, croaker, misanthrope, mysogynist, and world-hater, or are we as drefful wicked as Topsy! Flying off at a tangent of indignation from covetousness and greed of wealth, he is furious against the assumption of titles. "The world is such," he says, "that he who hath much money enough shall be Rabbied and Maistered at every word, and withal saluted by the vain title of worshipful, though notwithstanding he be a muck-heap gentleman. And to such extreme madness is it grown, that now-a-days every butcher, shoemaker, tailor, cobbler, and husbandman, nay, every tinker, pedler, and swineherd, every artificer, and other gregarii ordinis, of the vilest sort of men that be, must be called by the vaine name of maisters at every word."

But this is but a transient puff, a trifling cap full of wind of Stubbes' anger. Soon the full current of his wrath is directed

against the monster vice and corruption of the age—usury. He tells us plainly that money-lending at interest is murder. "The usurer killeth not one, but many; both house-band, wife, children, servants, family, and all, not sparing any. And if the poor man have not wherewith to pay, as well as the interest, then suit is commenced against him, outgo butterflies (?) and writs as thick as hail. So the poor man is apprehended, and being once convented, judgment condemnatory and definitive is pronounced against him, and then to Bocardo (the Fleet ?) goeth he as round as a ball, where he is sure to lie until he rot one piece from another without satisfaction, be made. O cursed caitiff! no man, but a devil; no Christian, but a cruel Tartarian, and merciless Turk . . ." but I cannot follow Stubbes any further; for he goes on pitching into the usurers for four closely-printed twelvemo pages of black letter.

Hear Stubbes on the abuses of Sunday, and I will shut him up for good. Come hither and listen to Stubbes, you Mawworms, Cantwells, Tartuffes, and over-righteous hypocrites of every grade and sect. Come hither Sir Joseph Surface, Bart., Lord Thomas Blifil, and Lord Viscount Sheepington (the family name is Wolf). Come hither all you

Whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse, antipathies;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong than others the right way;
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

Listen all you who see crime in a Sunday pint of beer, perdition in a Sunday newspaper, ruin in a Sunday cigar, and destruction in a Sunday razor-strop; who think the Sababath desecrated now, listen to how it was desecrated in the auriferous age and pious times of Queen Elizabeth.

"Some spend the Sabaoth day," says ancient Stubbes, "in frequenting wicked plays and interludes, in maintaining Lords of Misrule (for so they call a certain kind of play which they use), in May games, church ales, feasts, and wakesesses. In piping, dancing, dicing, carding, bowling, and tennis-playing. In bear-baiting, cock-fighting, hawking, and hunting. In keeping of fairs and markets on the Sabaoth! In keeping of court-leet, in football playing, and such-like devilish pastimes. In reading wicked books, in fencing and playing at staves and cudgels."

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SYDNEY SMITH.

I HAVE always had great historic doubts about the reality of SYDNEY SMITH. That there may have been a person of that name, I don't deny—I think it likely, from Thiers's account of St. Jean d'Acre, and other authorities, that there was. Perhaps there were more than one; but it is very evident to me that the witty and wise, the manly and independent Sydney Smith, about whom we have all laughed so often, and for the supposed loss of whom many of us have wept, was a phantasm—or, at most, a character imagined by some gentleman of dramatic power, and admirably sustained throughout every scene.

How can it be otherwise? How can we believe that a man with all those qualities—the kindness that wins affection, the genius that commands respect—was left unrecognised and unappreciated for fifty years of his life, by those who had the best opportunities of knowing his virtues and qualifications? Let us see who those persons were. The Whigs of eighteen hundred were a large and influential joint-stock company for the seizing of loaves and fishes from the Tories. There was no end of their fondness for those piscine and cereal repasts. For many years before that date they had been kept from the public bakeries and ponds, and had complained of the exclusion as a grievous wrong. They had produced the glorious Revolution, they said, and they considered themselves and their wives, and their sons and their sons' wives, and their daughters and sons-in-law, entitled, by right of birth, to all the good things the country could bestow. The country bestowed all the good things it could: and, at last, gorged and replete, the leeches dropped off, and the Tories took their place. They were positively stuffed to within an inch of apoplexy with the fat of the land. There were Whig lords in all the counties, in the enjoyment of patriotic sentiments and immeasurable estates; both, estimable possessions dating from the arrival of the glorious Deliverer. There were stewardships and secretaryships, and commissions in the militia, and livings in the church, in their gift, all independent of kings or governments. They formed a little colony of abdicated monarchs in the midst of the people whom they had sucked

and ruled. Diocletians, and Syllas, and Charles the Fifths, were plentiful in every shire; and the "grey, disrowned kings" were not without their courtiers who followed them (for salaries, of course) into private life. But years passed on—their former glories began to be forgotten—Salona and St. Just became tiresome, and the soul of Whiggery panted for a change. Pompous aristocrats, with coronets fantastically twisted to resemble caps of liberty, began to talk of the rights of man—meaning by that, their own right to a fresh lease of power and pelf. But the country laughed at them, for it could not give them credit for anything but selfishness and stupidity. So, the great lords betook themselves to little jobberies of their own—bought small boroughs, and bribed large ones—but still with no effect. They appeared ridiculous whenever anybody compared the liberality of their speeches with the narrowness of their actions. And at this time, seeing no real individual of their party able to astonish the Tories with the addition of wit and wisdom to the ordinary political banquets of both the parties, my theory is, that they imagined one, and called him SYDNEY SMITH. The class of men most deeply sunk at that time in dulness and self-seeking were the clergy, so they called SYDNEY SMITH a clergyman. They made him a scholar, a humourist—eloquent, gay, benevolent, and, above all, with a mind perfectly free from the trammels of sect or party; a Christian philosopher in holy orders. And they knew how, in this excellent creation, to unite perfect propriety of conduct, perfect orthodoxy of belief, with the more brilliant and captivating qualities of their hero. But, there are liberties people may take with fictitious characters which they could not venture on with flesh and blood. So they put this youth, brimful of energy and goodness, in a curacy on Salisbury Plain. They left him with a broken-down cottage and a hundred a-year; a population not much above the Calmucks in intelligence; and potatoes, enriched with a little butter and salt, on the days when the butcher did not come into the parish, and they were many. Yet how did this imaginary curate bear up? Like Caractacus at Rome—like Marius at Carthage—like a great man under a cloud—with dignity and self-respect. The wit and scholar ate his potatoes in hope;

and promotion came. He led a bear, and made him dance to the gentlest of tunes, and the authors go on to say, he became tutor to his squire's son, and conducted him to Edinburgh. A very unlikely thing, I should say, to have occurred in reality; for Mr. Beech could have sent to Oxford or Cambridge, and could have had a tutor for his son who would have licked the plates and laughed at his patron's jokes, instead of pouring back bright wit of his own, and who would have listened to his stories, and united the offices of toady and instructor in a strictly ecclesiastical manner. But we pass this over as an oversight. The imaginary creation, SYDNEY SMITH, is thirty-one years of age. His fame is instantly secured. He is the centre of a large circle of the rising talent of the time. He projects the Edinburgh Review. He casts a new glory on the whole Whig party; arms it with new weapons, and places it on higher ground. The hereditary castle doors begin to turn on their hinges as the moment of his admission to the domestic hearth draws nigh. The doors are thrown open; marquis and earl and baron receive him with outstretched arms, and mouths distended from ear to ear. They almost discover the treasure of wisdom hidden under all that prodigality of fun. He makes their homes delightful to them—they can scarcely tell why. Their stiffnesses get thawed out of them by that perpetual sunshine of heart and brain. They feel, somehow, as if they were men, and not mere images of departed grandeur. They almost think they could descend to the arena, and have a manly struggle, for the love of the people and the enjoyment of power. Wherever meanness and darkness lurked, there was this tremendous curate with his Ithuriel spear. Wherever there was an argument too heavy for the feeble hand of a superannuated duke, he set feathers to it, and fanned it down, and gave it a throw into the enemy's camp, which transfixed dozens at a time, as Munchausen transfixed the ducks upon his ramrod. All this was acknowledged by these rich and right honourable men; cradled statesmen and pap-boated leaders of the nation. And what did they in substantial acknowledgment? He *must* be a myth? Does it enter into the imagination of the dullest of men that, in actual life, these dreamy pieces of state would have left such a man altogether unprovided for, out of their private patronage, and would have rewarded him, after much entreaty, with a government living without a house in the wilds of Yorkshire, with the descriptive name of Foston-le-Clay? Le-Clay, indeed! Not very good French, but very expressive English.

The fancied Sydney still goes on. He establishes himself in the Yorkshire wilderness. He builds a house, the ugliest and most comfortable in England, at a great expense out of his private pocket; and

sets such an example of a cheerful performance of duty and universal good-will, that we forget his wit, and his literature, and his learning, and see only the generous man, the useful minister, the noble soul. This lasted year upon year. And year upon year Whig preferments must have been falling vacant. But Whigs have sycophants, and cousins, and nieces' husbands; and Sydney is supposed still to be left in Foston-le-Clay. It must be a satire, this biography—a bitter satire. And the Tories are scarcely less satirised in it than these grateful precious Whigs. What! If this were not a merely fanciful picture, do you think no Tory minister, no Tory magnate, would have said, "Well, here is a man who, if he had gone to the bar, would have forced his way into the Lords; if he had taken to literature as a profession, would have exterminated Rabelais, and Swift, and Sterne—Is he to spend his life at Foston-le-Clay? Where, in Heaven's name, is Foston-le-Clay?" And somebody would have brought him a map, and if he had been secretary for the home department, he would have been able to see it was in Yorkshire; and he would have said, "Let us show we can appreciate genius, and mirth, and goodness: let him have the best living in our gift—and we will make him a dean." "A dean, my lord?" replies the confidential private secretary; a nephew, who was plucked at college, and afterwards ran away with another gentleman's wife; "you can't mean that! The man is a notorious wit." "Ah, I didn't think of that. What would the bishops say if I promoted a wit? But hang it, let him have a living of a thousand a-year. Your governorship, Charlie, is six."

The determined carrying-out of this satire is a great failure in the work called *The Life of the Reverend Sydney Smith* (otherwise most tenderly and charmingly written by his daughter); and when the next edition comes out, I hope a new series of adventures will be introduced, for it must be sickening to any of the younger clergy who have aspirations for the kind and true, and who consider an occasional laugh no sin against any of the commandments, to perceive what their fortune is likely to be. They will look for comfort into the realities of life, and subside from Christianity and Sidneyism into selfishness and success.

There is a glimpse allowed, to be sure, of recognition at the end. After giving a good exchange to Combe Florey, the Whigs are supposed to follow the example of a noble Tory—a nobler than the one I have just imagined—and to make him a canon of St. Paul's. So says this veracious chronicle. But he is old; he has seen all his juniors promoted over his head. He has two dozen superiors in his profession, who look down from the awful plateau, or flat elevation, upon which their merits (and other considerations) have placed them, at the man who

never shuffled, nor lied, nor truckled, who was only a sayer of good things, but not a claimant of them; who did not heap all his official preferment on himself; and did not even put his son into the church. Shut up the book; it is a malicious libel on the Whigs.

I suspect, after all, it is a mere reversal of somebody else's career. Instead of an honest, true, open, independent, gallant gentleman of the name of Sydney Smith, it is perhaps the topsy-turvy record of a grovelling, grasping turncoat of another name. Instead of wit and brightness, put down dinginess and stolidity; instead of earnest determination to make the best of the ills of life, of poverty, and neglect, and wilful misrepresentation, put down a grasping after everything to be got, a craving for wealth and station, adulation to a lord, insolence to a curate; and instead of Foston-le-Clay, and even Combe Florey, and a canonry at St. Paul's—hey!—Room there for my lord the bishop!

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

So I stood that night—a wild, weird night—leaning against my husband with folded arms; loving to measure my insignificance; to be at his side, not much more than reaching to his elbow, yet as high as his heart,—to look up into the handsome face so far above me when held erect, so often stooped down tenderly to mine. And I mused, over the bitter things of my past life, imagined the happiness to come for both of us, the happiness of hours, days, years, and a whole life spent together; never knowing end of love, nor weariness of existence. And I felt peace, and knew rest—for a little while—standing secure in the certainty of possession.

We were on our way to Scotland.

The wind blew round us; sometimes driving the waves so violently against the ship's side that the foam splashed up in my face, and driving the clouds recklessly and violently across the wild sky, and the pale struggling moon. And we were rocked up and down, yet standing firm together, the wind and the sea singing us an inspiring song, a loud soul-thrilling anthem; but too loud and too shrill for an epithalamium.

The other passengers had disappeared one by one,—we were alone. I could have remained there for ever, I thought, so supported, so serenaded. Breaking into the world of my imaginings came my husband's voice.

"Annie, darling, it is getting cold! What a rough night it is!" And as he spoke, the strong encircling arm drew my wrappings closer; he went on, "You must not stay here any longer, love; you had better go below, and get a few hours' sleep, for it is long past midnight. I shall get a cigar, and walk up and down a little; I am quite chilly, and I am sure you must be."

No, I was not; and I did not want to go down, out of the wind and the foam-splash into the close atmosphere of the ladies' cabin. I, leaning there, against his heart, had not thought of being cold.

"Get your cigar, if you must have one, Harold, but let me stay, please," I pleaded. "I am not cold at all, and I know I shall not sleep down there, it will be so warm."

But a drizzly rain began to fall; of course, staying out all night would have been a most irrational proceeding, and my husband was very wisely decided. He took me downstairs, guiding my feet carefully in the uncertain light from the lamp at the bottom, and left me at the door of the den, as I called the crowded sleeping-place. Already I had seen, or fancied that he would expect from me, only an implicit and child-like obedience. As yet I had found it very sweet to obey, where to obey had only been to do what was most pleasant; to-night I was inclined to rebel; it was so stiflingly close and warm down there, "might I not go up again?" But Harold pressed a "Good-night," on my lips, pressing me the while to his heart, and my impatience vanished, and I obeyed.

I lay a long time, rocked on my uncomfortable couch, with my eyes obstinately wide open, listening to the firm, rather heavy, foot-step pacing to and fro above me. At last, I suppose, I fell asleep listening, and then the step crushed painfully into my heart and brain, and I awoke in trouble and affright. It was new to me to be on the sea, it was awful, the waves rushed so fiercely past the little window against which I lay! I could but dimly see, yet I heard and felt them; they stirred, not fear, but a wild, half-pleasant excitement within me.

I listened again to the steps above; I felt half-jealous that without me he found pleasure in lingering there so long. At last I heard the sound no longer; "He is going to sleep now," I thought, so I voluntarily closed my eyes, pillowed my cheek on my arm, and composed myself for quiet slumber.

When we touched land next day, all was wrapped in a mist-mantle; we could see nothing, but we went on by land to our first resting-place,—reaching it in the evening. On the morrow I saw the sun shine upon one of the most lovely places in the Highlands,—lovely and grand at once, and more beautiful than I could bear.

Harold had thought to surprise me,—thought I should admire it,—was very glad it was fine weather. I had never till now seen anything of mountainous, or even hilly scenery; the pretty country round Ilton was the most beautiful feature of Nature's face I had ever grown acquainted with.

Now, I stood by the side of the loch in the morning—the early morning—I looked down towards the sea; up to the splendid peak above peak of mountains piled up as far as I could discern; across the wide,

still blue water, to the graceful hanging woods, and leathery sheep-dotted slopes on the other side. What could I do? My heart was swelling, my eyes kindling and dilating, my cheek flushing and chilling—I clasped my hands tightly together, almost as if in pain.

At that moment Harold came up, with a bright, laughing face, and hurrying step, and eyes fixed only on me.

I turned to him; I remember he stopped and looked at me wonderingly; I did not notice that then; I uttered a little of my admiration and delight, in words that seemed to me mockingly poor and feeble. I looked up in my husband's face for sympathy; he smiled down on me, kindly as ever; but somehow my haughty spirit rose up in arms against that smile; a flashing look of something like disdain aimed at him fell back on me, paining only my own heart, and a miserable doubt and dread darted through me.

Breakfast was ready, the urn waiting, and the salmon steaks on the table, Harold said. So I walked in beside him, not taking his offered arm, pretending not to see it.

The day was very warm and lovely, and we spent it on the water. We had hired a light little boat; Harold rowed it across to the other side; we explored that shore a little, then we moored our boat to the stump of a felled tree, and sat in it under the shade of the wood that hung far over the marge. We enjoyed the gentle rocking motion, the sound of the ripple against the side, and the delicious freshness of the light breeze that came up from the sea, and breathed upon our faces. We talked little, and very softly. I had taken off my hat for coolness, and I sat in the bottom of our boat, resting my head against my husband's knee. I liked to feel his hand every now and then, passed caressingly and lovingly over my hair.

"Shall I read to you, Harold?" I asked, after we had sat so a long while, and I fancied he might be wearying of idleness, though I was not. Already I consciously recognised a difference between us.

"If you like, Annie," he answered; "if it won't tire you; but it is very hot."

I produced my treasured book, the book he had given me. I told him how beautiful it was, how much he would like it; and then I began to read. I read in a low subdued voice; I did not want to break in upon the harmony of the soft music made by wind and water.

How quietly I went on, and yet how deeply and troublously the poet's thoughts moved me! Sometimes I felt my cheek grow chill, and my eyes dim with tears, as some passage thrilled through me.

After I had read some time, I glanced round.

"Is not that true? Have we not felt it?" I said, looking up to my husband's face, seek-

ing to meet its expression of emotion and pleasure.

His eyes were closed, his arm rested on some cushion he had brought for me, and I had not cared to use; his head was thrown back upon that arm, and he was fast asleep! I looked at him long, half in anger, half in love. I see the face now as it looked then. His sleep was child-like in its perfect repose; his brow was so smooth, his mouth so quietly happy in its expression, his breathing so low and regular. At least he must be dreaming some beautiful dream—dreaming only of me, perhaps, I thought.

I had lifted my head from its resting-place, I did not replace it; I sat quite erect, and kept myself very still. I put a fern-leaf, from a bunch of them I had in my hat, to mark the place where I had left off reading, and then closed my book. For some time I sat watching the ripples in the waters, and listening to Harold's breathing, with a cloudy face, and a heart that had not quite made up its resolve whether or no to resent this neglect. I got tired of sitting in dignified rigidity. I leaned over the boat's side, and amused myself with the broken reflections of my face and hands in the water; with splashing it up softly to my forehead, and seeing the separate drops, pear-like, fall back upon the face of the lock. And I thought of Undine and water-sprites, good and ill, and tried to look to the bottom of the water, that seemed to repel my glances, by flashing back its own brightness dazzlingly on my eyes,—and imagined the sights fair and foul that might lie there, till I almost saw strange eyes and hands, gazing at me, and beckoning to me, from below. Then I drew back to the other side, and folding my hands, gave myself up to day-dreaming. I knew it must be quite late in the afternoon, now; the wind had quite died away, the water did not ripple, our boat did not stir, there was a great dream-silence, under-toned by the faint hum and buzz of insects in the near wood.

A very audible yawn and noise of stretching and stirring, told me that my husband was waking at last. The noise broke in jarringly upon my delicious dreaming, it was so loud! I did not look up or speak, but sat looking straight before me far away.

"Why I have been asleep, I declare!" Harold exclaimed. "It is just five o'clock. Why didn't you wake me, Annie? You should have thrown some water in my face. You have been sitting there, quiet and patient, waiting for your lord's awakening, eh, you darling little mouse? How stupid you must have thought me?"

"I was very well amused," I answered, coldly.

"How? Reading, I suppose?"

"No; with my own thoughts."

"Your own thoughts, you saucy girl! Have you anything belonging to yourself,

then? Were they not partly mine? those amusing thoughts? Eh, Annie?"

"Whatever else I may owe to you, I have still a right to consider my thoughts free, have I not, my lord?" I asked, only half-jestingly.

"You are angry, Annie! Come, you are vexed with me for going to sleep while you were reading! Your voice is so sweet it soothed me. If you had been speaking I should have listened to the words; as it was, I thought only of the dear voice."

"Did not the book please you?" I asked.

"To tell the truth, I did not understand much of it; I do not care for poetry; you cannot think how strange it seems to me to think of any man's making it the occupation of a life to rack his brains for out-of-the-way thoughts about men and things, and then to twist and turn then ingeniously up-side down and hind-side before, till he has set them into jingling order."

"And that is your notion of poetry?" I asked.

"Do you not think it a just one?"

"Do you not like music?"

"Why do you ask! The two things are so perfectly different. Yes, I like cheerful music; I don't pretend to understand the classicity of the art! But, my dear child, don't let us discuss art, or philosophy, or poetry now. You look quite pale, I am sure you are cold and tired; I am very sorry, it was very stupid of me to fall asleep; please to forgive me, and I won't do so again."

"Pray do, as often as you feel inclined. I will learn not to mind it, I assure you," I answered.

"Learn not to mind, Annie! what do you mean? I do not want you to learn anything: I want you to be happy, and leave everything else to me."

"We must learn while we live, people say. It strikes me I shall have much to learn before I shall be able to do what you wish."

Harold sprang up hastily. He nearly upset the boat in doing so; the side on which I was sitting touched the water's edge,—I lost my balance, and should have made acquaintance with the bottom of the loch, concerning which I had been speculating, had not his strong arms been thrown round me.

"Good Heaven!—Annie!—My wife!"

I had been on the farther side from the shore—the water was deep—no help near—he could not swim—all this flashed through his mind, and I felt how the heart beat against which I was pressed.

"God grant you have not saved what you would have been happier for the losing!" something compelled me to say, as I looked up in his face. There was love himself, most beautiful and perfect, looking out from his eyes into mine, and I did not any longer struggle in his embrace.

"God be praised!" he murmured as he gently released me, and sat me down in the

middle of the boat, when, at last, it had ceased its perilous rocking to and fro. I did not cherish my wicked spirit longer. He took the oars and rowed back. We were both grave and silent for a little while; but Harold's gravity soon vanished, so did all traces of emotion, save that he lifted me out of the boat, and put me down far from the edge of the loch, as if he could not trust me near the water again.

"I ordered dinner at five," he said, as we walked up the beach; "now it is half-past. Mrs. Mac-Something will grumble, I am afraid. You won't be long at your toilette, Annie? remember we are to climb the mountain, to see the sun set this evening."

The evening was only just pleasantly advanced and cool, when we set out on our little expedition. Harold had managed to hunt up a pony for me, as we had some two or three miles to go. He was very merry, and we laughed and chatted gaily as he led my steed and strode on beside me. But when we came to the narrow glen between high threatening masses of rock, that shut out the sunlight and frowned blackly down on us, the light talk and laughter pained me; it seemed impious, my heart echoed it so hollowly. I put my hand on Harold's lips, and said, "Be quiet, please!" very gently. He kissed my hand, and obeyed, seeming to understand; or else it was the grey shade that made his face look grave and pale, and we wound up in silence. I dismounted soon, as the way got rougher; the boy, who had followed us, took the pony; and we went on alone. We, two, who should have been not two, but one.

The highest peaks were almost inaccessible, but the one we ascended was comparatively easy to climb, and we had been assured that the view was awful grand. When we were at the top, the sun was setting; we were just in time. I drew my arm from Harold's. I planted my feet firmly on the craggy ground. At first, everything swam before my eyes in a kind of mist of glory; but after a few minutes' steady gazing, all became distinct.

My soul strove and struggled, it essayed to dilate wide enough to take in all of the beauty, the glory, the grandeur; it endeavoured, passionately, to make God's things its own, containing them. It did not, owning humbly its child-like position and dependence upon the same Being, whose glory was now partially revealed to it, then take a meek, a reverent, an awful joy, in thinking of the Maker of the Universe, as the Father and Friend of every living soul. No! there was strife and pain, and impotent self-abasement, and as impotent, because as blind, aspiration within me. I forgot I was not alone. I cried out in the strange agony, and clenched my hands.

Then I felt myself clasped in his arms, I was turned round, I could see no longer, I felt as if some divine inspiration had been

kept off from me by that human presence. Harold's calm, kind voice, was saying—

"You are too excitable, my darling; I would not have brought you here, if I had known it; you will make yourself ill; be quiet, and lean upon me."

But I struggled till I was free. Struggled so fiercely out of the darkness in which he held me, into the red, glorious, glowing light, that he let me go, and stood looking at me, wonderingly. The calmness of his half-pitying look, irritated me yet more. I poured out a torrent of wildly passionate words: as soon as they were spoken I would have given more than my life to recal them: but we were both silent. Harold drew my arm through his, and led me down.

I was miserable; ungrateful wretch that I was! I shed bitter tears as we proceeded home in the twilight. I thought I had wounded my husband deeply by my mad, impatient, ungracious words. Before I slept, I had thrown myself on my knees, sobbed out my sorrow, my wretchedness, and entreated his pardon. I remember he took me up and kissed me, as he might have done a child; he did not understand, one whit, what it was all about; he had almost forgotten that he had received any cause of offence: I found that to him it seemed a light matter; that in future I need not give way to any such agonising apprehensions of having wounded his calm, not easily-perturbed spirit.

He was too simply, unperplexedly, good for my comprehension. Yet I throned myself on an imagined elevation of intellectual superiority, and scorned his child-like singleness of heart. But this unhappy feeling grew up gradually; there was many a struggle first. I wished to believe my husband a hero, and so to worship him; but the only heroic aspect of his character, was the very one in which my eyes could not see him.

I was a heathen, my husband a Christian! Do not be startled and call up visions of Hotentots, or dark-skinned creatures of any nation; I was only spiritually dark. I had always lived with professing Christians; I had heard their professions, and felt their practice, and I was in heart truly a heathen. My aunt Aston was the only person of Christian practice with whom I had been acquainted; of her I had seen little, and had always inclined to indulge something like contempt for her weakness of character and timidity of nature.

While I lived with the Stones, Sunday after Sunday saw my place in the church-pew regularly filled by my person. My person, I say advisedly, for in my life of slavery the time of service on the Sunday, had always been a time of liberty: a time for the indulgence of day-dreamings, and wild, strange fancies. The Stones lived in an old cathedral-town, and we always attended the cathedral-service; the music there was very fine; the organ was magnificent, and its tones gave

a mystical elevation to my musings. Mine was the darkest corner of the pew; there I shrank back, and dreamed with open eyes the long sermon through.

The first Sunday we were in the Highlands, my husband had taken pains to reach a place where the church would be within an easy distance, the evening before.

It was a wild country place: the houses were scattered far and wide, and apparently there were but few of them; yet the church was full to overflowing, and the people in the plain, unadorned old building, neat and sober in attire, serene and reverent in countenance, impressed me forcibly. Everything was sternly simple about the service and the preacher. Sitting beside my husband, I, glancing up into his composed and attentive face, liked its expression, it was grand in its calmness. I would not have ruffled it for the world; and as I found that once or twice his eyes sought mine, and that he then looked uneasy, observing my straying and dreamy glances, I tried to listen too; but the art could not be learned in one day, and my thoughts would wander.

In the evening Harold asked me, rather doubtfully, if I would go again to church or stay at home—he was going. I would go, I said, and his face brightened. The evening service was very short, and we were soon out again. It was a lovely evening. I felt in my husband's words—in many a little expression and turn of thought, that this Sabbath worshiping was, for him, no empty form; that he came from it holier and happier. That evening there was a kind of sweet, serious, chastened gravity in his tone and in his tenderness that drew my heart nearer his than I had felt it before, and yet made me feel half afraid of him. Very docile in spirit as well as in act; for once, I tried to learn of my husband.

We paced along the low, wild sea-shore, under the stars, in the balmy night air, and I tried to make him speak plainly to me of his faith and hope as a Christian. A girlish shyness on his part—or what appeared to me such—prevented my getting at the depth of his religious feeling. He seemed to have a vague awe and dread of speaking of these things. If this Religion were a real thing, it seemed to me that it would bear to be looked at in the face—to be spoken of in plain words; but I could get from Harold nothing but indefinite generalisations: of his individual experience I could learn nothing, and I did not want to hear from his lips any of the trite common-places that I heard so often before. I found that my husband could not reason—could not even give a reason for his faith. I ought to have looked to his life for the teaching I wanted.

After this evening, the subject of religion came to be an avoided one between us. I am sure I had unwittingly pained Harold by my tone, and I think he dreaded to find

out how shallow were the waters of my belief. He loved me so well, that even this shadowy imagining and dread weakened his own faith. He loosed his anchor from its firmest hold in the haven of true rest, and so was more at the mercy of the wind and waves, liable to be wearily driven about and tossed.

All my influence—and I gradually grew to have much—over my husband was injurious to him—unhappy for him. It was of a destructive kind for any woman to possess—of a fiendish kind for any woman to wield. He grew to fear my uncertain temper, my scorn or sarcasm, expressed seldom perhaps by words, but often by look and gesture, which he read too much aright. I loved power diabolically, because for its own sake. I felt my power over him, and made him feel it too.

Our sojourn in the Highlands was, on the whole, a happy one: looked back on from a later time, it showed very fair and bright. I would willingly have prolonged it, but I fancied my husband began to show signs of weariness at the close of a month. So we went home.

CHAPTER III.

My home was very beautiful. Harold's thoughtful love had collected there, books, birds, pictures, music, flowers; everything he could think of that should help to make my solitary morning hours pass away swiftly and pleasantly. My heart would have been very, very hard had it not been deeply grateful in its first surprise. Our coming to such a home could not be anything but happy. I thought, when he planned and arranged all these things, how many beautiful anticipations of future happiness must have been clustering and brightening round my dear husband's heart.

Such reflections quite subdued me, filling me with a strange pitying love for him. For awhile I kept such a strict watch and ward over my tongue and temper, ruled my rebellious nature with such an iron hand, that everything went smoothly and prosperously; I guarded Harold's heart from the only thing that would wound it; in cherishing his happiness I found my own. But I had no real and sufficient occupation; so much time and nothing to do in it; such a superfluity of unapplied power—such a lack of necessary patience. I soon became conscious that there was always a great aching void at my heart. Where I thought to find sympathy with every thought and emotion, a constant stimulus to all aspiration and mental exertion, I did not always find myself even understood. After awhile my vague uneasiness deepened into torturing longing and disquiet.

In my drawing-room I had found a splendid piano. Harold had said he liked music. I thought I had discovered both an occupation and a motive for it, when I applied myself heart and soul to the cultivation of my musical power. The slightest expression of

a wish to take lessons placed the services of a first-rate master at my disposal. I had the taste of a real musician, and was already more than ordinarily accomplished in the art; now I studied root and branch, theory and practice, throwing all my unapplied energy into my endeavour. My zeal lasted through a whole autumn and winter: I wanted to surprise Harold by my performance, so never let him hear my practice. I employed myself in the composition of a piece. I had attempted this before in the long, lonely evenings often spent at the school-room piano at the Stones. The theme of this present effort was very wild and fanciful; mournful in the beginning—more mournful in the end—dying out into the extreme silence of death. Midway between beginning and end was a lively movement, full of some great tumultuous joy.

I submitted my MS. to my master's perusal. He played it through once or twice. I interrupted him impatiently to show him an ill-expressed meaning. When he had finished he bowed and paid me some compliments, showing me tears in his eyes; but I did not listen or heed—I only wanted the use of his knowledge, not the expression of his praise; and so I somewhat haughtily gave him to understand. He bowed again, and then favoured me with some straightforward criticisms that were really useful.

It was the London season; my husband wished to see me do the honours of his beautiful house. So we were to give a very large party. It rather pleased me to be the centre of attraction in a large circle, and yet I despised myself for the pleasure it gave me. In this, as in many things, I felt my two natures at war.

This particular evening it was more pride for my husband than any care for the opinion formed of me, that determined me to appear to the best possible advantage. I knew many of his old friends and associates would be present, and I wanted him to feel not only not ashamed, but proud, of his wife.

In spite of everything incongruous in our natures, I loved Harold passionately, even when in my maddest moods I rendered him scorn and unwomanly despising in lieu of that wifely duty and loving gratitude he might so justly claim from me—even then I loved him. I never lost sight of this love—it made a torture of many things which indifference would have helped me to bear easily. I had a passionate power of loving in my nature—on whom else could I lavish it?

That night we were happy and gay; we stood in the drawing-room together, waiting our guests, and chatted merrily over the fire. There was nothing to excite any of the feeling which Harold did not comprehend in me, so it slumbered a dead sleep, and I was quietly content. I was not in the least nervous about the reception or amusement of our guests, though this was our first

attempt of the kind. Our rooms looked beautiful, ornamented and perfumed with hosts of lovely flowers. Harold was more than satisfied with my appearance—we were sure all would go well. My husband seemed to expect me to be very timid and anxious, and in want of encouragement, and when I looked up fearlessly in his face, and told him I was not at all uneasy; that I did not care enough about any of these people to be at all afraid; that, only for his sake, that he might not feel ashamed of his poor little wife, should I trouble myself at all about them; he looked down on me with a half-pleased, half-puzzled expression that amused me.

"What a very majestic little queen you would make," he exclaimed, stooping down to kiss me.

"Mr. Gower!" a servant announced just at that moment; but that gentleman had contrived already to be in the middle of the room, though we had heard no noise. Harold greeted his guest in rather a confused manner, and I in the coldest and proudest way.

This gentleman had already been introduced to me, and I disliked him. Harold always appeared to the least possible advantage in his presence. Mr. Gower had a manner of lording it over him which I deeply resented; he seemed to feel for my husband a curious mixture of liking and contempt. I was vexed he should have heard our nonsense, as I knew he would consider it. We were a very uncomfortable trio for the few minutes that elapsed before any one else arrived; I drew myself up stiffly, only vouchsafing Mr. Gower a word or look when it was absolutely necessary. I knew this man had possessed great influence with my husband in his bachelor days; during our courtship I had sometimes heard of Mr. Gower, and always in a way that inclined me, half from jealousy, to think unfavourably of him. His careful observation of me, of which I was all the time aware, rendered my reception of our first guests ungraceful and embarrassed; but I soon succeeded in divesting myself of the troublesome consciousness of that observance.

It was very pleasant to me to see Harold moving about the thronged rooms, always overtopping every one else, so that his handsome, loving eyes seemed to find out his little wife in whatever corner she might be. But when our eyes met, and mine brightened under his look, withdrawing them I was sure to find Mr. Gower observing us. Whether he stood, as he often did, leaning against some door, or table, or part of the wall, idle and indifferent, or whether he were engaged in apparently animated and earnest conversation, he always seemed to watch me.

I exerted myself to talk and to please; often I found myself the centre of a brilliant circle, listened to admiringly, and I thought I only liked this because it so evidently gratified my husband. It was a new phase

of life to me, and yet it seemed strangely old and worn already before that evening was half over. In the gay, superficial, or technical conversation about books and things—the things being pictures, operas, and so forth—no deep notes were struck, or if they were, it was by so mere a chance, by so careless a hand, that they seemed to deserve no heed, till Mr. Gower drew near; then the tone of the gossiping prattle always changed. He chose to interpret earnestly some careless sentences of mine, giving them a profound, hidden meaning; he tried to draw me out, to make me feel he understood me, and was worthy of something more than I gave others. But I grew silent in his presence, I would not be interested by him, and slipped away from the circles he joined. I felt, in some strange, half-angry way, afraid of him.

There were many fine professional and amateur musicians present, among the former, of course, my master. I was asked to play.

"I hear that Mrs. Warden is a very accomplished musician," Mr. Gower said, coming up to Harold; "I am told she has composed a piece which shows wonderful talent and even genius. We must hear it, Mrs. Warden," he added, turning to me.

Now the surprise my playing would give Harold and his pleasure were to be the crowning triumph of my evening, which was altogether to be a triumph—but my own music I had not intended to play. I was very unwilling to do so; to me it seemed a revelation of my inmost soul, and too sacred to be played there and then. But my music-master had noised abroad the fact of the existence of this composition, and I could not avoid performing it without making much more demonstration of my dislike to do so than I was willing.

My MS. was placed on the music-stand—Mr. Gower stood ready to turn over the pages. I felt a presentiment that my music would destroy all my calm and peace for that evening, but I sat down to play. Respect for the mistress of the house in the musician hushed every one in the room. The first chords—the first wails sounded upon a perfect silence; they stirred my soul powerfully, and then I played on, forgetting all and everything but the meaning and burden of my music. I am sure my cheek changed colour as I went on, it flushed and chilled so rapidly. When I had let the last chords die out into the silence there arose a great buzz and murmur, and people pressed round me with extravagant expressions of admiration and delight. I sat still a moment, my hands still lying on the keys, my eyes fixed on them—I was bewildered, and wanted my husband. When I rose I met that strange pair of eyes fixed on me. Mr. Gower had turned over my pages without speaking a word; now he said, "It is too beautiful to be played or praised here." He spoke softly, and offered me his arm. But my eyes had found Harold, and brought him

to me, his arm was ready, and I took that, looking up inquiringly, half-fearfully into his face. He shook his head and said—

"You should not write such sorrowful music, Annie; it cannot please those who love you. It is not at all my sort; I suppose I don't understand it. But don't look heartbroken; every one is praising and admiring it, and appearing quite delighted."

I soon left him, and wandered about among my guests. "I might have known he would not like, or understand it," I muttered bitterly to myself,—"fool that I am!" The congratulations and compliments I received from all quarters only nourished the fever of pain and disappointment in my heart. When every one was gone, I sat down before the dying fire, and sighed wearily.

"A very brilliant evening, Annie!" Harold said, coming up joyously, and putting his hand on my shoulder. "You have had a decided success, my little wife. You will be quite the rage, if you choose to mix much in society. I said you would make an admirable queen."

His words sounded mockingly in my ears; I sat still and silent, and he went on, standing beside me, and speaking gaily.

"I should not like you to be transformed into a woman of fashion; my little quiet mouse to be talked about and written about, as having been here and there, and said and worn so and so. The idea is ridiculous! Gower was saying, that whatever you did, you would do with such earnest, that I had better take care society did not engross you. But why so grave and silent?"

"Do you think I care for society, or for what your world thinks of me?" I asked, scornfully, moving my shoulder pettishly away from under his hand.

"Well, love, I did not know; I thought you seemed to enjoy yourself, seemed to be in good spirits. I suppose all women like admiration, and you have been pronounced fascinating, and I don't know what all. How splendidly you did play! How secret you must have been about your practising; you were determined to shine, I see. But why don't you compose polkas, or valse, or something merry of that kind, instead of such dismal incomprehensible music? Do you know, I don't suppose half the people knew what to make of it, only——"

"Do not say any more about that miserable piece! I cannot bear it to-night!" I exclaimed. "I thought you would understand it. O Harold! it is very hard! when I try hardest to please you, I fail. Do you think I practised, caring to please any one but you? We shall never understand each other, never be happy. I am quite weary of trying, weary of everything. You cannot love me as I love you, or you would learn to comprehend me. Everything turns to pain, to torture. What have I done, that I may never be happy? I have no one but you—

no one; and there is no sympathy between us. We shall leave off loving each other; I shall turn your love to hate. I wish I were dead—dead and quiet." I began to sob violently. I felt what the expression of my husband's face was; though I did not look up at him.

"What is the matter, Annie?" he exclaimed. "For God's sake, be quiet—for my sake. Miserable! What have you said? You are worn out and over-excited, poor child! Pray, pray be quiet. Remember,—"

"Yes—I remember everything!" I answered. "That only makes it worse. I ought to be happy! Yes, of course I ought. You have loaded me with gifts, you have petted and spoiled me; and now, like a naughty child, I quarrel with my playthings! I am ungrateful, discontented, wicked! I have received thousands of benefits; I am sumptuously lodged and clothed in fine linen, and yet I hold up my greedy hands, and cry out for something more. Poor child! No; you should say naughty child!—you should scold and punish me!"

"Annie!" Harold broke in, upon my scornful, passionate words; "Annie! you must be quiet, and listen to me."

I shut my lips firmly, clasped my hands tightly round my knees, and sat staring fixedly into the fire. In its dim red hollowness, I thought I could discern misery, vista after vista opening before me. How could I live with this torturing, craving, perpetual restlessness at my heart? It had been gone a little while; now it came back worse than ever; it would abide there always, I thought. Must my soul live all those future long, long years, alone? wandering on without aim or purpose, finding no rest for her world-worn feet? No! I would die first; or, at least, I should go mad.

And I sat harbouring like bitter thoughts; gazing before me with hot, dry eyes, though my passionate tears still wetted my cheeks.

Harold had not spoken. At last I glanced at him; he too sat looking into the fire; he had seated himself near me. A world of perplexed thought troubled and clouded his face. He felt my eyes on him, and turned his head slowly round to me. He spoke very gently and tenderly.

"I see how it is, Annie. Yes, I do not always understand you; sometimes I disappoint and pain you. You have often borne with my dulness patiently, but to-night your disappointment was more than you could bear. Yes, it was very hard, after you had been thinking you should please him, to have your husband the only one who did not admire your music. You are very clever, and have many thoughts and feelings into which I do not enter. I did not know you, Annie, when I asked you to marry me; if I had,—"

"You would not have done so!" I exclaimed,—"*Oh, misery!*" Then you have left off loving me. I have wearied you with

my temper and my violence! You thought you had won a good and quiet wife—one who would have kept your house in order—be always ruled by you—make your world her world—one who would be always grateful and cheerful, and content; and instead—Indeed, I do not wonder you cannot love the creature."

"You shall not speak so!—hush! I love you—you know I love you. Cannot I make you happy, my poor wife? I have been wrong and selfish; in my hurry to get the treasure I wanted, I did not pause to think if I were worthy to keep it. You were not happy,—I thought, presumptuously, that I could make you so,—that my great, entire love would satisfy you. If I was mistaken and wrong, Heaven forgive me. Heaven pity us both—you most—my poor, poor wife!"

He spoke so sadly that my heart melted utterly. I threw myself on the ground, clasping his knees, and sobbed out:

"O Harold! I see it now. You are too good,—I am not worthy—forgive me! What a wife I am to you! I owe you everything, and I poison your peace,—make you miserable. No! I will not get up, I will stay here. You must tell me,—how shall I make you happy? How can I grow good and quiet? How can I alter myself? You must tell me; you must teach me!"

But he would not listen. He took me up in his arms, soothing and caressing me, as if indeed I had been a child, a penitent, passion-weary child, he carried me up-stairs. I was obliged to be passive now, because I felt utterly weary; so my head lay quietly on his shoulder, and my tears rained down quietly, without effort to control or restrain them. But this sweet tenderness was not what I had wanted,—I wanted him really to teach me—I wanted to have learnt from him the secret of quiet happiness. Ah! if I could only have governed myself—have spoken calmly and gently, and without tears, passion, or reproaches, have let him know how it was with me! That night I lay awake with the miserable consciousness that I had done no good, but great harm,—that now, indeed, poor Harold's heart must be wounded,—that I had told my husband that his love could not make me happy,—that I was miserable!

Tormented for the few hours before daylight by such thoughts as these, I grew more and more restless and feverish. Next day, and for many days after, I was very ill, and during all the time my husband's tender, self-forgetting care of me was a constant reproach and cause of remorse.

The first day I was down-stairs, again, and tolerably calm and strong, I made a great effort to speak to Harold about that miserable evening. He would hear no explanations. I was to forget all about it. I had not made myself ill then, he was sure, I was feverish before. It was all his fault,—he ought to have known better than to

subject me to so much fatigue and excitement. We had both talked nonsense. Not happy? We were both as happy as the day was long. Could I look in his face and tell him that I was not happy? he asked. He had come to the side of my sofa—had sat down by me and drawn my head from its resting-place, to pillow it on his heart. Lying there, looking up into those most loving eyes of his, I said I was happy then.

It was high spring-time, now. As soon as I was strong enough, Harold took me to the sea-side; there we had a pleasant time.

TWO SHILLINGS PER HORSE-POWER.

DATED the seventh of last August, there has come into the world—prematurely born—a Special Report of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Factory Occupiers. For reasons not very cogent as they stand in print, it has appeared proper to the managing committee of the Association to submit to its members an earlier report than the rules contemplated. The reason not stated in print is, on the face of the report, obvious enough;—the Association has become suddenly anxious to forsake some of its positions; to abandon, as dangerous, a large part of the too-extended line of its defences.

All the world being at liberty to march in and look at the abandoned trenches, we make bold to inspect them. Hear, O ye factory owners who have paid your two shillings per horse-power for immunity from all the legal penalties of resistance to the law which commands proper fencing of your dangerous machinery; this is the retired position taken in their new special report by the committee of your National Association. "They have not paid, and they do not intend to pay, damages or penalties in any case whatever." See, what a solid piece of work was this! At the meeting on the twenty-seventh of March last, the report of a deputation to London was read, and it contained the following recommendations. Remember it, all ye mill owners who have paid duly in accordance therewith your two shillings per horse-power! "The deputation are of opinion, that a fund of not less than five thousand pounds should be immediately raised; and they suggest, that all cases of prosecution, which the committee of management may be of opinion can be legitimately dealt with by the Association, shall be defended by, and the penalties or damages paid out of, the funds of the Association." Whereupon, it was moved, seconded, and unanimously resolved, "That the best thanks of this meeting be given to the deputation, for their valuable services, and for the report which they have just submitted. That the report which has now been read be printed and circulated through the trade, together with the resolutions adopted in London, and that every mill occupier be urgently

requested to enrol himself as a member of the National Association;" also, "that the recommendation in the report, to raise immediately a sum of not less than five thousand pounds, be carried into execution, and that an additional contribution of one shilling per nominal horse-power from each mill occupier (making a total of two shillings per horse-power) be at once called for, to enable the committee to carry out the recommendation to defend, at the cost of the Association, all cases which they may consider fairly to come within the sphere of the Association."

We here plant our flag on this abandoned work. It would not stand a storm, and it has yielded, partly to the feeling of the country, partly to a dread of the remote thunders of the law. Let us follow the Association to its new position. It undertakes "to protect its members from improper prosecutions." Nothing more. If, truly, nothing more, then may those members who do not happen to be paupers, who can afford to advance costs that will be reimbursed to them, thank the Association, but decline to pay two shillings per horse-power for nothing. The cost of an improper prosecution falls upon the persons bringing it. No costs are payable, unless the prosecution has been ratified by judicial approbation; if in the face of that, the National Association, setting itself as a judge over the judge, choose to cry "Fie, that is improper!" and so pay the costs of the defeated mill owner, it surely makes use of its funds in opposition to the law, and earns the dangerous and ugly name that law-books will, in that case, give to its proceedings. If it abstain from doing this, it can do nothing.

The Association have—we suspect illegally—been paying three hundred and eighteen pounds, the lawyers' bill of a firm that stopped an action, with consent to pay one hundred and fifty pounds, in pure benevolence, to the widow of a man slaughtered by machinery. This they did for the gentlemen of the firm, quoth the report, considering "the great expense to which they would be put by the action, even if it resulted in their favour,—Government not being liable, like other plaintiffs, in case of failure, to pay the costs of the defendant." Now, this is the one display of strength in their whole case; and we will hear what its worth is. Every point in the Factory Act has been scanned by the Association; and the abolition of the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth clauses—providing for a prosecution instituted by inspectors on behalf of persons suffering from bodily hurt, occasioned by unfenced machinery—has been specifically recommended. These gentlemen who talk of Government not paying the costs of a victorious defendant, and of their just intervention on that ground, must therefore perfectly well know what the contents of the said clauses are. In the twenty-fifth,

it is distinctly and circumstantially provided that no mill owner, prosecuted unsuccessfully for any case of accident within his factory, shall be made liable for the expense to which he has been put by an improper prosecution. The inspector having promoted an action on the part of Government, the clause goes on to declare, that "in case a verdict shall be found for the defendant, or judgment shall be recovered against the plaintiff, or the plaintiff shall be nonsuited, the defendant shall have the like remedies for his costs against the inspector, as he might have had against the plaintiff."

What, therefore, must finally be done with the contributed two shillings per horse-power? It will all go, at last, to the payment of the dinner-bills of foolish deputations; and to the payment of the printers' bills of committeemen who publish pamphlets, called Reports, and Special Reports, loaded with foolish talk about the innocence of patient mill owners, hunted and harried by pseudo-philanthropists for refusing to fence their shafts and protect life in factories; the "negligence, fool-hardiness, and disobedience" of the poor men who, having perished upon unfenced shafts, lie silent in their graves. The only end of all which writing is, that gentlemen who pay two shillings per horse-power for the satisfaction of getting such stuff printed, place themselves in a very unfavourable light before their countrymen. They cannot do better than press upon the managers of their so-called National Association, the propriety of devoting the funds they have in hand to the fencing of some part of the machinery of their subscribers, and dissolving forthwith.

THE SARDINIANS.

In a former paper we described the Island of Sardinia. The people are not less picturesque than the island. Their costume, their customs, their amusements, are all ready to the hand of a melodramatist or ballet-composer. They are handsome, after the dark style of the south, half-Moorish half-Italian. Among the men, beards, moustaches, and long, flowing dark locks frame their dusky, fierce, black-eyed visages. In figure they are slender and active, and like all foresters and pastoral tribes. So much preamble is needful before giving the following descriptions of costumes, in order that our readers might fill in the faces and figures, male and female.

The men's dress consists of the veste, a double-breasted dark cloth waistcoat, buttoned to the neck; the calzonina, pair of very full dark breeches of the same material, extending to the knees, and edged with black velvet; the mutande, white cotton drawers, very full, terminating inside; high gaiters of dark cloth or black leather, for horsemen; ajabbano, or cloak with a hood, like the capote worn by the Moors, of material according to

the taste of the wearer'; and, to crown all, a long black or red cap.

The militia of Gallura, when they went to meet the late King of Sardinia, wore dark capotes, red velvet waistcoats, white drawers, and black gaiters; each was armed with bright-barrelled guns, and mounted on a little, fiery, active horse of Arab descent. The Sardes are famous horsemen and lovers of horses. The female costume varies according to the province, but is always in the same rich parti-coloured style. A loosely fitting gown of a bright-coloured coarse cloth, a bodice of the same material, and a coloured kerchief thrown over the head, is the dress of the peasant women of Alghero. At Porto Torres they wear a yellow bodice trimmed with black velvet, fitting tightly to the figure, the front being open; a white handkerchief covers the bosom; the petticoat is of coarse red cloth; the head-dress a coloured handkerchief dropped negligently on the shoulders and neck. At Tempio, we find a scarlet, blue, or green velvet jacket, with a border of a different colour on the edges; an upper petticoat of a dark cloth, with a bright-coloured border ten or twelve inches deep, and an under petticoat of cloth of a different colour and quality, both very full, with countless plaiting at the waist, worn outside the jacket, and falling over the hips with great elegance. When the fair Tempiese goes out, she raises the outer petticoat from behind, and brings it over the head with a peculiar knack, which gives it a form somewhat resembling the Maltese hood. Altogether it is one of the most picturesque costumes of the island. A head-dress is sometimes of a gaily-coloured silk kerchief, tied into three knots triangularly, one of the knots fitting into the nape of the neck, and the other two into the forehead. They have something of a rosette form, but are so arranged as to show the borders and fringe with a most graceful negligence.

The Gallurese women handle the gun as well as the distaff, join in shooting matches, and take part in the vendetta, of which we shall presently speak.

The Sardes are almost all born poets, after a kind; it is calculated that one in sixty-nine can improvise where only one in thirty-eight can read; for, to improvise, the art of reading is no more needful than to Welsh bards or Highland pipers of ancient time. This facility of improvisation renders possible a most singular kind of feast or frolic, to use a very suitable American phrase.

Sheep constitute the chief wealth of the district of Gallura, of which Tempio is the centre. When the wife or daughter of a flock-owner has a quantity of wool to be plucked or combed ready for the distaff, she invites all the girls of the neighbourhood to come and help her, and all the bachelors to help them, as well as a few friends to look on. For the entertainment of the company she provides vases of flowers, a supply of

bonbons, and rosoglio, with music for dancing when the work is done. An ounce of bonbons is considered a fair return for one hundred pounds of wool. These Tempiese girls, according to Mr. Tyndale, are uncommonly handsome; we must imagine the effect of twenty or thirty of these gentle zitelle, cross-legged on the floor in their picturesque costumes, with each a bundle of wool before her and a lover lolling at her side, all chattering and almost drowning the sharp notes of an indefatigable guitar. Suddenly a cavalier commences his song, accompanying himself on the guitar. He improvises a tale of love, addressed to one of the fair wool-pickers; from time to time murmurs of "Bene, bene!" show that his talent is approved. He ceases his tale of love, and presents a flower to the heroine of his song. She, slightly blushing, places it in her bosom, not without a certain air of triumph; and, after a slight hesitation, asks one of her friends to answer for her. In a whispered conversation he learns the state of her heart, whether the answer is to be cool or jealous, and dictates to her line by line the answer which she sings. Amid the audience all the passions of youth and love are displayed—satisfied vanity, envy, rivalry,—poets anxious to sing, beauties panting to be sung.

We are indebted to Mr. Tyndale's enormous warehouse of Sardinian curiosities for specimens of these songs, taken down at a genuine graminatoggiu or wool-plucking. Their immense length enables us to give only a few verses from a literal translation.

THE LOVER.

Humbly, discreetly, and prudently,
With true devotion,
This flower is presented to you,
That to you alone it may give
The real intention
And sentiment of love.
Continually anxious,
My beautiful Eva, to meet you
And tell and confide to you
This real passion,
If, therefore, you are sincere,
As it is believed you are,
Try to pronounce this evening
The desired decision,
Be it of life or death.
Oh, be not cruel
To your lover, who is steadfast!

And so on for a hundred lines.

THE ANSWER.

If the flower has so great a wish
To know what it does not know,
I will endeavour
To answer its message,
And to tell him that I have been
Open and sincere to all;
Tell him it is my intention
To wish him well and love him
As one truly devoted to him,
And that this smile is

The proof of real affection.

That if he loves me, and holds me in his heart,

As he frequently says he does,

Tell him I hold him also present,

That he may rely alone

On this my pure word,

If the flower has so great a wish (to know it).

But the Sardes can boast of finer poetry than these improvised compliments. A ballad directed against the tyranny of the feudal barons (the worst features of feudal tenure were not abolished until eighteen hundred and thirty-five), contains stanzas which are magnificent even in translation.

Marriage follows love more or less in Sardinia as elsewhere. When arrived at the serious point, sometimes the lover, accompanied by a friend, sometimes the lover's father, proceeds to the house of the girl's parents, and there gravely professes to have lost a sheep, for which he is in search. If the parents are agreeable to the match, they proceed, if they have several daughters, to present them one by one, reserving the one wanted until the last. Then follows the bargain as to exchange of gifts. A day is fixed for the exchange, and the lover gives his betrothed a solemn kiss—hence this meeting is called *ora del facio*; and from this solemn pledge he cannot swerve without dishonour to his betrothed, and taking upon himself the vengeance of her relatives and clan. On the day of betrothal, the friends of the bridegroom, called *paralymphos*, form a procession, and carry the articles composing his store to her father's house, where they knock and pretend to be impatient because the door is not immediately opened to them. The inmates inquire, who and what are these impatient people, and what they bring; to which the *paralymphos* answer, that they have honour and virtue. Then they are admitted—the family and friends in their gayest costume; and they proceed to exchange the *segnati* or gifts; and the list of the various articles being examined, the business is solemnised by a feast. The day of marriage is then fixed, and proclaimed in the village church for three consecutive Sundays. Eight days before it takes place, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, forms a procession with carts loaded with the furniture, &c., he has undertaken to supply, to the house of the intended bride. Here they are examined, condemned if not up to the customary mark, and, when finally passed, repacked and conducted in state to the new house of the bridegroom.

The bride's procession follows a few days afterwards. The musicians, playing on the peculiar pipes of the island, march first, and friends follow, each carrying something: one a looking-glass, another a basket of crockery and glasses, a third a new distaff, with the flax or wool ready to be spun off. Another guest carries the picture of the favourite saint, destined to adorn the nuptial bed. A

pillow, trimmed with coloured ribbons and myrtle, is a favourite gift; and the prettiest maiden of the party carries the vase to be used thereafter by the bride for fetching water from the fountain, but which, on this occasion, is filled with flowers. Each of her friends is the bearer of some little article of future use. Behind them follow the carts with the heavy goods, the horns of the oxen tipped with oranges and covered with coloured ribbons. Some wheat, with a pair of grinding stones, fill a separate cart, behind which follows the ass whose future duty it will be to work the mill, his ears and tail adorned with ribbons and flowers. All the furniture being arranged, is adorned with flowers, which, however faded, must not be removed for many months after the marriage. On the marriage day the bridegroom proceeds with his companions to the house of the bride; who, on his arrival takes her farewell, receives the blessing of her parents, and is consigned to the hands of the priest. The bride takes with her a bottle of wine and a cake of the finest wheat, coloured with saffron and adorned with flowers, as a present to the priest; and distributes several cakes of her own making among her young friends in the procession.

The ceremony being over, they return home; where, at the marriage feast, the young couple, seated next each other, eat soup out of the same basin and with the same spoon. During the festivities which follow the feast, the bride is not allowed to move or speak during the whole day, though around her all is gaiety and merry-making. She must not speak a word until she leaves her grand chair to start for her own house. She is then placed upon a horse gaily caparisoned; and, led by one of the men at the right hand of the bridegroom, the females following behind her, and the men joining in his retinue. The cavalcade is preceded by the *launedda*, or Sarde pipes (an exact copy of the instrument on which Pan and the satyrs perform in ancient bas-reliefs), playing a nuptial song, in the chorus of which the whole party from time to time join. On arriving at the court of the house, the mother receives the bride, and sprinkles her with grain and salt. On reaching the door, she alights from her horse upon a little table covered with a gay piece of carpet, and thus passes into the house without touching the threshold. The bride is then accompanied to the bridal chamber, the nearest relatives sprinkling her with *razia*, bonbons made of sugared nuts and almonds, and a glass of water is emptied at her feet as she enters the chamber. A dance concludes the amusements of the day, in which the bride and bridegroom take no part.

If we turn to our classical dictionary, we shall find that the Sardes are married with almost exactly the same rites and ceremonies as the Romans. The dance, or *Ballo di Tondo*, of which they are passionately fond,

is performed to the music of the true Pan's pipes, and appears to resemble exactly the Greek dances described by the Roving Englishman. All hands take hands or waists, and in a circle execute their favourite step. The ancient English privilege of benefit of clergy, might safely be extended to the Sarde population, as reading and writing are acquisitions solely confined to the priests, the lawyers, who swarm and thrive, and the doctors; but the want of the knives and forks of education is the less to be regretted, as there are no books published in the island, and only one newspaper—a small official gazette. Ecclesiastics abound in the proportion of one to every eighty-four inhabitants, including monks and wandering friars. Nevertheless, there are many rural districts where the services of the church are not performed more than once a year. By way of supplement, convents employ eremiti, a sort of ecclesiastical commercial gents, who carry from farm to farm relics and doll figures of the Madonna, which the innocent country people, kneeling, kiss; and then repay the traveller with gifts of cheeses and other comestibles. By this means, many Sarde convents keep their larders very comfortably stocked. We meet in Mr. Tyndale's Travels with some amusing instances of hospitality and ignorance. But the ignorance may be matched in peasants' colleges in any county of England. For instance:

Arrived at Budduso, a village of twenty-three thousand inhabitants, after threading his way between two rows of hovels, made of mud or granite, forming a street about eight feet wide, the traveller arrived at a dead wall, where his cavallante, or horse provider and guide, exclaimed "Eccola, signore, La Osteria." The Sarde osteria, like an Eastern caravansera, is a place where you may have house-room, finding, as a general rule, your own food and bedding. At Budduso there was a sort of bed in a corner of a room, with a window with a shutter—glass is unknown out of the seaport towns. But the room and the bed belonged to a signore, a lodger, who, however, after giving a supper, insisted on the traveller taking possession of room and bed. He had very much the appearance of the outlaws who so much abound in Sardinia—"an athletic form, courteous hauteur, a cut-throat stare," which last, however, passed away when he learned that "I was not a Piedmontese." In the course of a pleasant evening chat, "he asked where France and England were; thought the latter adjoined Piedmont; doubted if it were as large as Sardinia; but on inquiry who was our king in England, and being told we had no king but a queen, gave a most incredulous stare, burst into a fit of laughing, said, 'Come, cavelliere, una femina! una femina può governare? Come si fa? E vero? per Dio!'" (What, sir! a woman? a woman able to govern? How is it done? Is it really so? By Heaven!) The

padrone of this osteria refused pay for his trouble in buying food. The furniture of the room consisted of heaps of barley bread, a primitively shaped stool, a table, a bed, and a large box. On another occasion the traveller having, according to the custom of the country, sent up his guide to a priest's house to ask the favour of a night's lodging, received for answer that the padre did not choose to admit him. While inquiring into the particulars of so unusual an answer, the priest peeping out of his glassless windows, perceived that the stranger was neither a Sarde nor Piedmontese, and descending hastily, overtook him, and asked in a most courteous manner, if it was he who was inquiring for a night's lodging. To which the Englishman answered hastily that he was; but was then going to seek a more hospitable house. The priest, with great emotion, began a series of apologies, seized the bridle of the traveller's horse, led him back to his door, and almost pulled him off the saddle into his house.

It seemed that the guide was not a perfectly respectable character, and there had been some cases of vendetta in the neighbourhood. A comfortable supper and an agreeable night of conversation followed, constantly interrupted by apologies on the part of the priest for his rudeness. He was not aware that England was an island, and wished to know whether Britannia was a king or a town. He had heard of tea, but had never tasted it, and our traveller fortunately having a little with him, a brew was effected, of which the priest drank seven or eight cups, to the infinite terror of his servant, who fancied that her master was being poisoned. All the while the good priest could not believe that ships were sent all the way to China to fetch dried leaves. Of Sarde simplicity, the following is not a bad specimen. Arriving at a friend's house, my host sent for a few friends to see a curiosity in island natural history—a live Englishman. I retired to my room, and sent my servant for a large tub and some jugs of water, much needed after a long ride in the sun. While in the midst of the operation the door opened, and my host entered, with four visitors in his rear, who, nothing daunted at my nudity, were formally presented to me; and so, wrapping myself up in my dressing-gown, I had to receive and exchange compliments. They inquired what I was about, presuming that I was going to bed for half-an-hour, and, according to their custom, without any clothes. But on replying that I was only taking a cold bath, there was a general outcry of surprise at my venturing to wash in cold water at that time of the evening. "Not necessary, and very dangerous. Do all your countrymen do such things? Are they very dirty in England? And on my reappearance downstairs the ladies took up the examination, and in perfect innocent simplicity asked the oddest questions."

A traveller may make a present to the servant of a house where he has been entertained, but it would be a high offence to offer a stranger host, however humble, any payment in money for his expense and trouble. Genoese flagree brooches, rings, or little coloured handkerchiefs, may be presented with excellent effect, and should find a place in the traveller's baggage.

We could give many more instances of Sarde hospitality to travellers among the higher classes, but one among the humblest will be sufficient :

In proceeding to the mineral springs of San Martin, I halted, for the purpose of learning my way, at an ovile or hut of a shepherd. He was preparing to kill a lamb for his family, and offered to accompany me as soon as he had finished. His hut was composed of a mass of great stones, arranged in a circle of about twelve feet in diameter and eight feet high, with a conical roof of sticks and reeds uniting in the apex. A small piece of matting was the bed for the whole family, a few ashes were burning in a hole in the ground; a bundle of clothes, some flat loaves of bread, and three or four earthen pans completed the inventory of his goods and chattels.

His dogs and pigs basked contentedly at the entrance of the ovile, his sheep fed on the adjoining hill. In less than five minutes the all-potent Sarde knife had dissected the lamb, and we then proceeded together to San Martin, about three miles distant. After sharing my light meal, I offered him a trifle for his trouble, but he indignantly refused it, and on leaving gave me an adieu with a fervent and courteous demeanour which the highest and noblest could not have excelled.

We must not conclude our notes on the Sardes without telling something about the Fuorusciti—the Robin Hoods and Rob Roys of the nineteenth century who live under the greenwood trees and in the rocky passes of the Sarde mountains: outlaws pitied often by all except the officers of law. The name signifies outgoer. The people are chiefly fugitives from law or driven from home by vendetta. They are not to be confounded with common robbers. Strangers have nothing to fear from them. Their utmost demand is for a little powder and shot. Until recently justice has been unknown in the Sarde tribunals, which have been filled by strangers sent from terra firma, who counted on bribes rather than honest fees for their living. All this is altered, and is in course of being reformed under the constitution, which for the first time gave the Sarde equal rights with the Piedmontese.

Mr. Tyndale saw much of them in his forest rambles, and came to the conclusion that a general tone of honour, hospitality, and kindness predominated in their characters; and that they were for the most part victims of injustice or the weakness of the law. On one occasion his guide told him that having been

witness to, although not a party in, a scene of vendetta and bloodshed, he had been obliged to fly from general society, and after for ten years leading a retired life, had returned home on promise of pardon, and it was thus he obtained his knowledge of mountain paths, that made him useful as a guide.

Soon after thus talking, in winding through a copse, our traveller, who had proceeded some distance in advance of his guide and servants, in spite of repeated warnings that he should keep with them, in turning a corner came upon two men on horseback, who stood before him in such a manner as to bar his passage. As he approached, they stealthily cocked their guns and watched his every movement. He pulled up his horse and prepared for the worst. They began by respectfully saluting him. He carried no arms (the safest plan in Sardinia), his dress showed that he was not an islander. After a pause and mutual examination, a conversation began :

"E di terra ferma, il cavaliere?" (The gentleman belongs to terra firma?)

"Signori Si," I answered, raising my cap.

Upon this they exchanged glances, which showed they felt there was no danger for either of us.

"E Piemontese, il signore?" (The gentleman is Piedmontese?)

"No, Inglese."

Another look of astonishment and unbelief followed. Seeing that his imperfect acquaintance with Italian and ignorance of the Sarde language would be the best evidence that he was no enemy, our traveller entered into a general conversation, as if he had no suspicion of his questioners' real character, and they soon joined in friendly chat. After several questions, they asked how he came to be travelling alone, but on his replying that his servants were behind and would be up directly, they both started, fiercely grasped their guns, exclaiming :

"Come? dove sono?" (What! Where are they!) They had moved their horses to some high shrubs adjoining, from whence they looked through a vista in the direction of the path, and remained motionless sentinels on the look-out. Soon the horses' steps were heard in the distance, then the sound of the guide's voice, and before the traveller's retinue arrived, the banditti had recognised a friend in the guide. In a few minutes, gay conversation succeeded the doubts and fears. On setting out again, the two men offered to accompany our traveller.

These two men had become outlaws for very different reasons. Leonardo had stabbed and killed a companion in a brawl at a festa; for fear of the vengeance of the relatives of the slain, he had been obliged to fly from his native village and live for years as a mountain refugee; luckily for him, the parties concerned had kept it a secret among themselves, so that he was not a legal outlaw, but only a fugitive from vendetta.

The other, Giuseppe, more unfortunate, was the victim of the corrupt law system, which a few years ago was all but universal in the Island of Sardinia. He was a respectable farmer, unjustly suspected by a neighbour of stealing three heifers; his neighbour retaliated by stealing from him three cows. Giuseppe, anxious to prove his innocence, and less rash than the majority of his countrymen, placed the affair in the hands of an avvocato, a sort of legal vulture of the same genus as the British attorney. The avvocato took the affair into court; and, for three years, the profession kept up a continuous and purposeless litigation worthy of our own Court of Chancery, by which the cattle owners were both nearly ruined. At length they referred the dispute to mutual friends, who discovered that the false accusation had been got up by the avvocato, and that he had an understanding with the judge. The plaintiff and defendant now shook hands and swore vengeance against the swindling lawyer and unjust judge. The latter, having set about hatching pretences to lodge the farmers in prison, there was no time to be lost; so Giuseppe undertook to settle scores with the judge. He severely wounded, but failed to kill him. His friend was more successful; he killed the avvocato, but died shortly afterwards himself. Giuseppe fled, and had been for eight years an outlaw when he met our traveller.

As a general rule, the Sardes of the plain and mountain in lonely districts prefer private arbitration to law, and are happy in their arbitrators, who are called *saggi*, or wise men, or *racionatori*. At a feast when the decision is given, and reconciliation effected, is the only expense to which the disputants are put: the *saggi* are satisfied with the honour of their authority. Through the mediation of these good old men, lawsuits which would have occupied years and devoured a patrimony, and caused a vendetta which might have exterminated whole families, are settled in a day. Public opinion supports the decisions. In what we may call an action for breach of promise of marriage, the young shepherd who was defendant demurred to the sentence. The *racionatori* rose indignant from their seat under the wild olive, saying, "We have spoken and done justice;" and, saluting the spectators, turned to their homes. But the uncle of the shepherd (and here is a picture for one of our young artists), who was leaning against a knolled oak, with his bearded chin resting on the back of his hand on the muzzle of his gun, started up, and extending his right hand to the *racionatori*—"Stop, friends," he exclaimed; "the business must be finished this moment." Then turning to his nephew, and putting his disengaged hand upon his chest—the other held his gun—he said to him, "Come, sir, instantly obey, or—"

The shepherd no longer hesitated; he sank upon his knees, and asked pardon of the

saggi. Then his uncle demanded for him the hand of the maiden; the betrothal took place; and a feast and a dance, with improvised songs, followed.

We cannot conclude this sketch of Sarde outlaws without giving a scene in the life of the "noblest Roman of them all"—the hero of many a Sarde romance and ballad. Pepe Borm—of whom a Sarde Walter Scott might make a rival to our English and Scotch ballad heroes—had been compelled to fly to the mountains by an unjust accusation. There he became the head of a formidable band, who obeyed him absolutely. His private enemies and the government hunted him like a wild beast, and he, with as little mercy, shot down his pursuers. "Towards nine o'clock in the evening"—writes a noble, wealthy, and patriotic Sarde, the Marquis de Boile, to his marioness in eighteen hundred and thirty-six—"as I was finishing my dinner, a servant came and whispered to me that the celebrated Pepe Borm desired to have the honour of presenting himself to me. The minister of justice and all the official authorities of the village being at table, I ordered, in a low voice, that he should be conducted to my bedroom by a private way. I then went there, and saw enter a man of middle stature, about forty-seven years of age, of calm and majestic deportment. His hair was grey, as was also his long beard; his eyes were dark, and his face much wrinkled. Four others were behind him, one of whom was a handsome young man of twenty-one, of slender figure, with light beard and dark eyes. All were armed from head to foot; each carrying a gun, a bayonet, and a brace of pistols, and each of them held by a cord a dog of the fiercest aspect. Pepe Borm, followed by his sons—for thus he calls his comrades—advanced towards me, and they all kissed my hand with the greatest courtesy imaginable. After apologising for presenting himself thus armed before me, he hoped I understood his position, being continually pursued by his enemies and the hand of the law. He then proceeded to narrate to me the kind of life he had led for eleven years on the mountains, from having been calumniated by his enemies and the law authority without having killed any one. I was extremely delighted with his conversation, and questioned him on many subjects. He then begged me to ask pardon for him; and I replied that he could easily obtain it for himself, *per impunità*—that is, giving up another who had a price upon his head. At these words, drawing himself back a couple of steps, and grasping the handle of the bayonet, which was placed diagonally in his waistband, he exclaimed: "My lord, Pepe Borm has never betrayed any one; if the government does not choose to change the sentence on me, and I am to buy my liberty by treachery, I prefer a thousand times to

wander in the mountains with my sons and honour, which I regard more than my life." At this answer I could not restrain myself; and, giving him my hand, he kissed it most respectfully, bending his head. I promised to do all in my power to intercede with the government for pardon. I also endeavoured to show him that some day or other he might be wounded, and then easily arrested. The four men who were with him, who had not hitherto spoken a word, here interrupted, and simultaneously exclaimed, 'Before that, we will all perish for his head.'

"I ordered supper for them, and retired to a little distance to avoid restraint. I longed for the pencil of Vandyke to paint their animated countenances, turning whenever the door opened. Their five dogs sat beside them, eager for the food thrown to them, but obedient. My *maitre d'hôtel* sat at table with the *fuorusciti*, and had to taste everything, as they hinted that the government troops might have become acquainted with their arrival at the palace, and it was necessary to take care, lest they should die the death of rats. I then went up to them, and they began pledging my health in toasts and good wishes. They gave me an account of their mode of life, wandering about all night, resting, and concealing themselves the greater part of the day. On assembling in the morning they go through the *rosario*.

"At midnight I accompanied them to where their horses were tied up. I was astonished at meeting at a short distance twenty more of the band, with their dogs acting as a *vidette*. Three days afterwards I left my palace at Pulligari, and met them all drawn up on the summit of a mountain, with their muskets grounded, holding their barrels in their left hands. They awaited me and saluted me, raising their caps from their heads with their right hands, waving them in a circle as high as possible, once more demonstrating their gratitude by affecting *vivas*, and wishes for a prosperous journey.

"Much do I regret the fall of a man who might have served his country well, if unfortunate events had not forced him to leave his paternal hearth for the wild mountains, there to lead as a *fuoruscito* a wandering life." Two years after this interview with the *Marquis de Bayl*, *Pepe Borm* was shot dead by a private enemy, while sleeping at the foot of a tree in the *Piana di Murtas*.

It is to be hoped that such victims and such scenes have passed away for ever. The revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, which gave to Piedmont a constitution, extended equal rights and privileges to the island of Sardinia. The recent liberal tariff has abolished all the customs' duties with which Sardinian produce was at one time specially burdened. Lord Nelson wrote, in eighteen hundred and three: "Sardinia is very little known; it was the policy of Piedmont to keep it in the background, and it

has been the maxim to rule its inhabitants with severity, loading its produce with such duties as prevented their growth." I will only mention one instance as a proof. Half a cheese was seized because a poor man was selling it to our boats, and it had not paid the duty. Fowls, eggs, beef, and every article of food are most heavily taxed on export. The country is fruitful beyond idea, and abounds in cattle, sheep, and would in corn, wine, and oil. In the hands of a liberal government there is no telling what its produce would amount to."

Lord Nelson's wishes have been realised; Sardinia is in the hands of a liberal government. Nothing is now needed to make it the most flourishing island of its extent in Europe but roads and harbours, the suppression of convents of ecclesiastical drones, the extension of education, and the example and instruction of a few of those intelligent Lombardy landlords and farmers whom Austria seems intent on ruining.

MUSIC IN POOR NEIGHBOURHOODS.

"WANTED.—A person who can play the violin, and a female to sing and dance. Liberal remuneration will be guaranteed, providing they undertake to endeavour to please and amuse, in a room where from one hundred to two hundred persons assemble every evening. A man and his wife, with two children, will not be objected to. Apply to — Duke of Norfolk —."

Such is an advertisement lately inserted in a London newspaper, although the advertiser is located in a country town. It is one of many which frequently make their appearance, addressed to theatrical and musical people of a humble grade: such, for instance, as the following, which stood in typographical companionship with it:

"Wanted, for the Theatre Royal —, and other theatres, a first-class leading lady; also a good walking lady, combined with respectable utility. A good wardrobe, with youthful appearance, indispensable in each department."

Whether the youthful appearance is to belong to the wardrobe or to the leading and walking ladies, is not clearly indicated. The fiddler and the female singer, however, are those to whom we would here direct a little attention.

The advertisement points to a kind of social want—a want of music among the working classes. The advertiser is a publican; he evidently wishes to combine pints of beer with fiddled dances; glasses of gin with sentimental songs; the dances and songs are not ends in view, but simply means to an end, so far as he is concerned. On the part of his humble customers, however, this is not the case; the dance and the song are as much enjoyed as the beer and the gin, perhaps more. This has become a point of more importance, especially in so densely-inhabited a place as London. It is good for

us all to have a little music, and not less good for the horn-handed artisan than for the white-handed gentleman; it is—let us be thankful for it—a part of our nature to enjoy the concourse of sweet sounds. But the knotty question is, How are those who, in language which used to be employed more frequently in past days than in the present, were called the lower classes, to obtain their music? When a man wishes to smoke his pipe after a hard day's work, may he, or may he not, listen to music at the same time? Shall music be employed as an antidote to pipes and pints; or shall it be rather an addition, an admixture, an emollient, or something which shall rub off the crudities and open the heart to kindliness? Much may be said on both sides of this, as of most other questions; but as operatives, like men of better fortune, will have music in some way or other, there is a problem yet to be solved, how the music can be made to do the most good and the least harm.

In London the street musicians have improved in skill within the last few years; while the German bands and the monster organs, albeit somewhat rough and noisy, do certainly familiarise the ear with much German and Italian music of a superior kind. It is the evening music, however, the music listened to within a building when the labours of the day are over, that somewhat embarrasses our licensing magistrates and our Lord Chamberlains.

During the reign of Charles the Second, according to Sir John Hawkins, the humble classes in London were dependent on such occasional music as the publicans thought proper to give them. There was no variety of parts, no commixture of different instruments. Half-a-dozen fiddlers would scrape Seller's Round, or John Come Kiss Me, or Old Simon the King, with divisions, till themselves and their audience were tired; after which, as many players on the haut-boy would, in the most harsh and discordant tones, grate forth Green Sleeves, Yellow Stockings, Gillian of Croydon, or some such common dance-tune: and the people thought it fair music. It was about this time that an extraordinary man exhibited a musical soul in the midst of sooty black diamonds. This was Thomas Britton, a small-coal man, and the founder of modern concerts. He lived in Clerkenwell, and hawked small-coal about the streets; and in the evening, retiring to his humble abode, and making all as clean and tidy as he could, he was wont to assemble round him singers and players who could join in a concert. His voice was so musical, and his taste so good, that his coal-shed concerts became attractive to persons far above his own station in life. Dr. Pepusch the musician, the great Handel, Woollaston the painter, Hughes, a poet of those days, were among the guests; and not unfrequently the beauti-

ful and witty Duchess of Queensberry would order her carriage thitherward, and enjoy a coal-shedful of beautiful music. But this tells nothing concerning the state of music among the working-classes at the time. Britton was a man gifted beyond his class; he belonged in occupation to the humble, but in taste to the refined.

Everything tends to show that in the last century, the masses of London either had no music, or music of a very rude description. Of course such men as Steele and Addison, and such papers as those in the Spectator and Tatler, revealed a higher taste. One of Isaac Bickerstaff's correspondents claimed to have discovered an infallible remedy for the spleen. He found that "sweet, easy flowing numbers are oft superior to our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry, which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the tarantula; the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music." All this pleasant badinage apart, however, there is abundant evidence that, throughout the first half of the last century, and far into the reign of George the Third, the nobility were in general gay and frivolous, and the working-classes ignorant and gross; characteristics which showed themselves in respect to music as to other matters.

About a century ago, Fielding wrote an essay, intended really to point out the degraded state of morals among the people, but conveying, at the same time, a severe sarcasm on the upper classes. He seems to have thought that pleasures among the great could do no harm, but that the pleasures of the poor required sharp attention. His essay was *An Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, &c.*; and in the course of his argument he observes: "Pleasure hath been, and always will be, the principal business of persons of fashion and fortune, and more especially of the ladies, for whom I have infinitely too great an honour and respect to rob them of any their least amusement. Let them have their plays, operas, and oratorios; their masquerades and ridottos; their assemblies, dances, routs, riots, and hurricanes; their Ranelagh and Vauxhall; their Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, Scarborough, and Cheltenham; and let them have their beaux and daughters to attend them at all these; it is the only use for which such beaux are fit; and I have seen, in the course of my life, that it is the only use to which, by sensible women, they are applied. Such places of pleasure, therefore, as are totally set apart for the use of the great world, I meddle not with." But he did meddle with the amusements of the poor. There was so much robbery and dissi-

pation in the public-houses, combined, as it would appear, with music and dancing, that he recommended stringent measures; and his essay led to the enactment of the statute of seventeen hundred and fifty-two, whereby such houses and rooms were placed under magisterial control.

According to the terms of this act, no house, room, or garden, for music, dancing, or such-like entertainment, could be opened within twenty miles of London, except by a licence annually renewed at the Middlesex quarter sessions. If this law were infringed, a penalty of one hundred pounds would be imposed, and all persons found in those places would be treated as rogues and vagabonds. The dancing and singing-places were not to be opened before five in the afternoon. Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Opera House, were exempt from this law, as having special crown-licences. It is evident at a glance that this statute was meant to meet the exigencies of a peculiar state of society; the anomaly has been, to maintain the act in force when the state of society has changed.

During the second half of the century there do not appear to have been many such places licensed. One was Saddler's Wells, which has since grown into a temple of Shakspeare; another was Bagnigge Wells; a third was Ranelagh; while others were Marybone Gardens, the Bell and the Angel at Edmonton, the King's Head at Enfield, the Long Rooms at Hampstead, White Conduit House, Islington Spa, the Adam and Eve tea-garden, the Shepherd and Shepherdess, &c. Some of these had much celebrity in their day. Bagnigge Wells was a favourite locality; for eighty years ago a song told of—

"Drinking tea, on Sunday afternoons,
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons."

Ranelagh is familiar enough to the readers of Fielding, Goldsmith, and Johnson, for its lake, its elegant boat, its rotunda, its boxes for tea and coffee-drinkers, its orchestra, its vocal and instrumental performances, its strolling and flirting, its hooped ladies, and its powdered gentlemen, its fireworks, and its masquerades; it lingered until the beginning of the present century, when it gave way to bricks and mortar. Marybone Gardens belonged to the old manor house of Mary-le-bone; they were open freely to the public for many years, but a charge was afterwards made for admission, as to a favourite promenade,—and to something worse, if we are to credit Captain Macheath's expression of regret that he had lost money playing with lords at Marybone. The Bell at Edmonton will never be forgotten until Cowper's Johnny Gilpin is forgotten. The White Conduit House lived until a few years ago; for information as to where it is now, ask the bricklayers. Islington Spa has given place to Spa Fields Chapel,—and, in short, nearly

all the old tea-gardens have given place to buildings and streets.

Evidence, taken before a committee of the House of Commons two years since, plainly shows that the old statute, however well intended a hundred years ago, is not fitted for our day. The frequenters of Exeter Hall little dream of the interpretation which might be put upon the old statute, if rigidly enforced. The act virtually prohibits all morning concerts within twenty miles of London; and two of the Middlesex magistrates stated, "Such is the present state of the law, that if the trustees of Exeter Hall should permit the oratorio of the Messiah to be once performed in their splendid building, before the hour of five in the afternoon, their licence would be forfeited, and the hall must be for ever closed as a place of public entertainment; and if the proprietors of Willis's Rooms should allow a few concerts for charitable purposes to be holden there in one season without the machinery of ladies patronesses and committees, it would be at the hazard of paying a penalty of one hundred pounds for every entertainment—nay, it may be doubted whether the kind-hearted owner of any mansion within the proscribed district who should too frequently permit fancy fairs to be held within his grounds, would not be liable to fine and imprisonment, as the keeper of a disorderly house," provided bands of music were stationed in his park, and his high-born visitors indulged in polkas and quadrilles; for the courts of law have decided, not only that the character of the visitors is immaterial, but that it is not necessary (to ensure a conviction) that money should be taken at the doors, or that the place should be used solely or principally for public entertainments." At Exeter Hall, the difficulty is surmounted by arranging that the morning performances shall be rehearsals, without taking money at the doors, while the morning concerts at Hanover Rooms are considered subscription concerts, with patrons and patronesses, and so on. There are many excellent and highly popular places of amusement in London which might be placed in some peril if this musty, antiquated statute were enforced against them.

But what have the working classes been doing in the meantime? The extension of shilling concerts, and the excellent music performed at them, are at once causes and consequences of the improved tone of public intelligence; but working men do not attend them, except in small sprinklings. Look round the hall on a shilling night, at Mr. Hullah's rooms, and at the various parts of the theatre at one of Jullien's shilling concerts, and you will see that the listeners are above the grade of those who are usually deemed the working classes. The harmonic meeting at the Pig and Whistle, at which the celebrated Mr. Baritone will preside, draws a greater number of those who, in the daytime,

wear aprons and paper caps. There is a jollification about it which they like—an alternation of music and chat and smoke; they do not pay for the music, but regard it as a kind of bonus—a something given in by the capital landlord. The question is, not whether this is the best mode in which music can be heard, but whether the music will not lessen rather than increase any disposition towards sottishness. It should be remembered that our London is so densely packed with houses and people, such an extraordinary conglomerate of human beings walled up within bricks and mortar, that open air evening amusements are out of the question, except in few and far between instances. At Dresden, on the other hand, and, indeed, at most of the large German towns, there are public gardens at which all classes assemble in the evening, drinking *zucker-wasser* and other simple beverages, and listening to fine music played by a splendid band.

The law in respect to music-rooms is a whirl of confusion. There are ordinary licences for public-houses; there are music licences for public-houses; there are music licences for buildings which are not public-houses; there are licensing magistrates, who often assume the licence of Unreason. Then there are the licences for theatres and saloons, granted by the Lord Chamberlain, in accordance with an act passed about a dozen years ago. The distinction between the theatre licence and the saloon licence is curious: both relate to any and all buildings, within twenty miles of London, wherein tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, burletta, interlude, melodrama, pantomime, and other stage entertainment is given. The theatre licence is granted to about twenty places in the metropolis, excluding Drury Lane and Covent Garden, which are kept open in virtue of royal patents granted to Killigrew and Davenant in the time of Charles the Second. These patents are still in force, although one theatre has become an Italian Opera-house, and the other has become—anything. The saloon licence gives the same kind of permission as the theatre licence, to represent dramatic pieces, with three or four provisos—that the performances shall not commence before five o'clock; that no smoking shall be allowed in the saloon during the hours of performance; that no tables or stands shall be arranged for refreshments; and that no refreshments shall be supplied, except during the intervals between the performances. The reader will at once see that it is to such places as the Grecian Saloon and the Bower Saloon that these licences refer,—places in which the theatrical saloon is immediately contiguous to a tavern belonging to the same proprietor.

There are thus theatres unconnected with taverns; there are saloon theatres connected with taverns; there are taverns having a licensed room for singing and dancing; there

are harmonic meetings of various degrees of musicality; and there are penny theatres, which require much police vigilance. But unfortunately there are no clear lines of distinction between all these. What with the excise licence, the magistrates' licence, and the Lord Chamberlain's licence, there is sad confusion. Magistrates differ among themselves, and erminent judges differ from magistrates, concerning the interpretation of the law. A respectable publican may be in doubt whether he may have a pianoforte in a well-conducted public room; while another, encumbered by no scruples, may creep close to the edge of the law, and have both singing and dancing.

This is foolish and unjust. Music and the drama should not be regarded as prey, to be hunted and driven about as something unworthy. That they can work into the hearts of the mass of our London population is sufficiently shown by the experience of a theatre in the most densely-populated part of the east end of London, where Shakspeare is well played by good performers, where the prices of admission are to be reckoned by pence rather than by shillings, where the audience is as attentive as at any possible patent theatre, and where the numbers who attend are so large as to leave a sufficient margin of profit to the lessee. Not far from the same theatre is an entertainment certainly belonging to the domain of the fine arts, for it consists of panoramic pictures of some merit, elucidated by a lecture, and accompanied by music, and yet the price of admission is but a single penny. And here is afforded an odd commentary on the licensing system; if the exhibitor had not designated his entertainment a lecture, he would not have been allowed to have any music without a licence, which licence, perhaps, he might never have been able to obtain. This is what we mean by music being, as it were, hunted about, as if something unworthy. The exhibitor just referred to is said to have spent five hundred pounds in a year and a half for panoramas, which are prepared in a painting-room of his own, by artists in his own employ; and he has sometimes had five successive audiences in one evening, each consisting of a room full of penny visitors prepared for about an hour's exhibition. It is only in a densely populous neighbourhood that such a speculation could be successful; but it is precisely in such a neighbourhood that the humanising tendency of pictures and music and good dramas is most needed.

Music in poor neighbourhoods—how to get it, and of what kind? Since it is perfectly useless to deplore the decay of open air sports in the heart of London, we must drive indoor sports into London, and among them must be music. Music wants no driving, however—it grows up even among the most lowly—and if it can be kindly led into a rational direction, so much the better for the workman,

and his wife and children. It is possible that the present confusion in the licensing system may be quite as instrumental in repressing the good as in checking the bad. The penny concert, the penny panoramas, the harmonic meetings, the banjo-player in a taproom, the sentimental singer up-stairs, the theatricals in a saloon—all indicate a want, a tendency, a natural yearning, which may lead to good, if properly managed.

CHIP.

COAL MINING ON THE OHIO.

THE first thing to be done after opening a coal bank—here, where I am working, up the Ohio river—is to fix an inclined plane from the river to the mouth of the pit. This is made of wood, and somewhat resembles the planes in use at the ballast dépôts on the Tyne, minus the engine. If it be intended to haul out the coal with mules, a wooden rail-road is laid from the top of the inclined plane, throughout the pit. If the diggers bring out their own coals, oak planks are laid for the wheels of the cart to run on. Screens are erected either at the top or bottom of the hill. The capital required for commencing a colliery (or coal bank) here, is trifling compared with what is requisite in England—in fact it would, in England, hardly give a supper to the sinkers.

The usual way of beginning to work the coal is, to drive one or two entries, or head-ways, through the substance of the hill, or as far into it as may be thought necessary. Rooms, or bords, are then turned away on each side of the entry. Each digger has a room eight yards wide, parted, by walls, two yards thick, from the rooms adjoining. Each room is “driven” from fifty to a hundred yards. Means for promoting ventilation are never thought of, as the vein is considered to be quite free from inflammable gases. Few faults or interruptions occur in our mines, the only ones that I have seen are clay veins. They vary from six inches to three feet in thickness; generally lie in a perpendicular position, and seldom alter the course of the vein of coal. The coal itself is of first-rate quality for household and steam purposes. The price paid for digging here is a dollar and three-quarters per one hundred bushels of separated coal; which is, I believe, the highest price paid anywhere. In some places the payment is as low as a dollar and a quarter.

The digger is expected to buy all his tools, and to keep them in repair. He must also sharpen them, the master providing means for doing so. He must set all his own posts, or props, and lay the road into his own room. He must find his own house; and, in most cases buy his own firecoal. Very often he must take part of his earnings in store-goods, sometimes greatly to his disadvantage. The

balance due to him is generally paid when the running season closes, in summer and winter. At some banks, when a digger is about to leave, he has the right to sell his room. He must not calculate upon getting more than nine months' work in the year. Some of these things are not quite to the taste of men from Durham and Northumberland.

The coal banks are generally rented of the owner—half a cent per bushel being the usual payment here for the right of working. At some places the coal is leased, at others the rent is so much for each digger employed.

The produce of the mine is conveyed to distant markets in flat-bottomed boats, built expressly for the purpose, they are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length, and about twenty feet in breadth, and are generally loaded five or six feet deep. Two of these are lashed together with strong ropes. At the outside of each are three oars, and each has a large steering oar at the stern. Sixteen hands are required, besides the pilot and cook, to take a pair of boats to Cincinnati, or Louisville; and, if the freight be destined for St. Louis, or New Orleans, a still greater number of men is engaged. These hands are paid by the trip—sixteen dollars a-piece, perhaps, to Cincinnati: twenty to Louisville. The run from Pittsburg to Cincinnati usually occupies six or eight days. Coal boating forms a very lucrative business, although the undertaker (or boss) is liable to loss, on account of the number of sand-banks and snags on the river. Fogs, too, are very common at night. It sometimes happens that the snag pierces the bottom of the boat, and, in that case, its own weight breaks it up in a few minutes, and down go three or four hundred dollars' worth of fittings. A plurality of means for obtaining a livelihood is the great thing in this country, and for any such necessity we, North-of-England men, seem to be little qualified. Some persons here are seldom without work. In the summer they will be farming, in the fall coal-digging, in the winter lumbering, or coal-boating, or they go down to the Lower Countries. It is a common thing for men from these parts to go down to St. Louis, or thereabouts, and get three or four months' work in the winter, and although St. Louis is fourteen or fifteen hundred miles off, a journey of that distance counts almost for nothing.

WEIRD WISDOM.

THERE must have been something fascinating of old time in the true faith of an astrologer.

Life's fitful gleam,
Death's doleful dream,
Stars rule, I ween,

said he; and there was a time, very long since, when he believed what he said very

devoutly. In those days there were supposed also to be prophets. When Mother Shipton heard that Cardinal Wolsey meant to live at York, she said—we state all this on the faith of Lilly, who was an astrologer—she said that the Cardinal would never come thither. Whereupon Wolsey was angry, and desired the king to send the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Piercy, and Lord Darcey to her. Those gentlemen, with their servants, went disguised to the Ring House, near York, and leaving their men there, proceeded to Master Beasly, in the town, and said to him, “Beasly, do you go with us to Mother Shipton’s house.” So when they came there they knocked at the door, and Mother Shipton, what should she say, but “Come in, Master Beasly, and you, honourable lords, who are with him.” Master Beasly would have put the lords to go before him, but said Mother Shipton, who saw none of them, she being within side, “Nay, Master Beasly, do you come in first. You know the way, and they do not.” This they thought strange indeed, that she should know them, and yet never saw them. Well, then, into the house they went, and there was a great fire; and she having bidden them welcome, calling each by his own name, sent for cakes and ale, so that they eat, drank, and were very merry.

“Mother Shipton,” said the earl, “if you knew what we came about, you never would have feasted us with ale.”

“Nay, but,” said she, “the messenger shall not be hanged.”

“Hark you, mother!” said the earl, “did you not say that the Lord Cardinal should never see York?”

“Yea,” she replied, “I said he might see York, but never come at it.”

“Well,” said the earl, “then you must know that whenever he comes at York thou shalt be burnt.”

“We will see that,” Mother Shipton said, and plucking her kerchief from her head, she threw it into the great fire, where it lay quite still, and would not so much as singe. And so she plucked it out, and put it on again.

Then said the earl, “What mean you by this?”

“If this had burned, I might have burned.”

“Mother Shipton,” quoth then the earl, “what think you of me?”

“My lord,” said she, “the time will come when you will be as low a creature as I am, and that is a low one indeed.”

Now this great nobleman was afterwards beheaded.

My Lord Piercy said, “And what think you of me?”

“My lord,” said she, “shoe your horse to the quick, and you will do well. If not, your body shall lie under York pavement.”

Now this nobleman having risen in rebellion, by not flying when he might have fled, was taken, and executed at York, where he was buried all but his head, which, being

stolen, was conveyed to France. And Mother Shipton told him also, that his head was to be stolen from his body, whereat they all laughed.

Then my Lord Darcey said, “What think you of me?”

“My lord,” said she, “you have made a great gun. Shoot it off, for it will do you no good. You are going to warfare. You will frighten many a man, but kill none.”

Came not long after this the Cardinal to Cawood; and, going to the top of the tower, asked, “Where is York, and how far is it thither?” And he said, moreover, “One has prophesied that I was never to see York.”—“Nay,” said one standing by, “she said you should see York, but never come at it.” Then he vowed whenever he came at it to come at her. After this they showed him York from afar, and said that it was indeed no more than eight miles thither. “Well,” says he, “then I shall soon be there.” But the king sent for him suddenly, and he turned back, and died upon the road to London.

And what of Master William Lilly, the astrologer, who is our authority for this tale of the prophetic? There is some curious matter in his life. He was born on Mayday, in the year one thousand six hundred and two, in the county of Leicester: a yeoman’s son. After a little training from a country schoolmaster, he was sent, when eleven years old, to a school at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and remained there no less than seven years. At the age of eighteen his education ceased only because his father could not afford to let him go to Cambridge. He was consigned, therefore, to the friendly offices of Samuel Smuthy, a London attorney, and came to town in the waggon, as he says, “with twenty shillings and no more to buy me a new suit, hose, and doublet, and my doublet was fustian.” On Tuesday, the fourth of April, sixteen hundred and twenty, he said good-bye to his father, who was then in Leicester gaol, a prisoner for debt, and placed himself under the care of Bradshaw, the carrier. “Hark!” he says, on the road, “how the waggons crack with their rich lading!” Coming up by the waggon was mainly a pedestrian exercise, so far as the traveller himself was concerned; and when, after five days of tramp, through stormy weather, young Lilly reached London (it was on Palm Sunday, at three in the afternoon), after satisfaction given to John Bradshaw and his servants, seven shillings and sixpence was the amount of his remaining capital.

He proceeded at once to the house of Gilbert Wright, the patron to whom his friend, Smuthy, recommended him. Mr. Wright was a gentleman who could not write and could not read; but he was a gentleman, inasmuch as he followed no sort of calling. He had been, for many years, servant to Lady Paulet, in Hertfordshire; and when Serjeant Puckering was made lord keeper, he

appointed Mr. Wright to keep his lodgings in Whitehall. Mr. Wright, having espoused a widow in Newgate Market, was recommended by the lord chancellor to the Salters' Company, as worthy to be admitted a member. So he was, and lived to become master thereof. "He was a man," says Lilly, "of excellent natural parts, and could speak publicly upon any occasion, very rationally, and to the purpose. I write this that the world may know he was no tailor, or myself of that or any other profession. My work was, to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the street; help to drive bucks when we washed; fetch water in a tub from the Thames (I have helped to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning); weed the garden. All manner of drudgery I willingly performed,—scrape trenchers, &c. If I had any profession, it was of this nature. I should never have denied being a tailor, had I been one; for there is no calling so base which may not afford a livelihood; and had not my master entertained me, I would have been of a very much more mean profession, rather than have returned into the country."

Mrs. Wright, formerly of Newgate Market died, and Mr. Wright married another wife, also for the sake of her estate, she being competently rich, but seventy years of age, and he being sixty-six, or more. Notwithstanding the maturity of their years, this couple was perplexed by jealousy, and perpetually engaged in quarrels founded on suspicion of each other. Mrs. Wright, also consulted cunning men, with the desire of ascertaining whether she should ever be so happy as to bury her husband; and it was the frequent coming and going of astrologers and fortunetellers that excited the first wish of Lilly to become acquainted with the secrets of their science. He did not make much progress, for want of books. Mrs. Wright II. died of a cancer, and after her death there was found under her arm a scarlet bag containing many things, "several sigils, some of Jupiter in Trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron and one of gold, of pure virgin gold, of the bigness of a thirty shilling piece of King James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven 'VICI LEO DE TRIBUS JUDE TETRAGRAMMATON +.' Within the middle there was engraven a holy lamb. In the other circumference there was ANNAPHEL and three +. In the middle, SANCTUS PETRUS ALPHA ET OMEGA." A former husband of Mrs. Wright II. had procured this charm from Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, to exorcise a spirit by which he was visited. For thirty-two shillings Lilly sold the charm, which was his perquisite.

In the year of the plague, of sixteen 'twenty-five, Lilly remaining in London with his master, practised music at home on the bass

viol, and bowling in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the same year, his master brought home Mrs. Wright III., and died himself in sixteen 'twenty-seven, leaving his widow owner of his property, mistress of his servants and of his house, at the corner of the Strand. Mr. Lilly soon attracted the old lady's attention. "She made me," he says, "sit down at dinner, with my hat on my head, and said she intended to make me her husband, for which I gave her many salutes." She kept her promise, and before she had been many months a widow, Mrs. Wright the Third became Mrs. Lilly the First. She lived six years in that capacity; and, if Lilly himself be a fair witness on the matter, found no reason to regret her choice. Lilly amused himself with fishing, and frequented no company. In one year, widower and drysalter, Lilly began to spend his days of independence and of dignity, in study. He chose for tutor the Reverend Mr. Evans, an astrologer, living in Gunpowder Alley, whom he found, when visiting him for the first time, "upon a bed, if it may be lawful to call that a bed on which he lay, he having been drunk the night before. He raised himself up," says Lilly, "and after some compliments, was content to instruct me in astrology."

The reverend professor was by birth a Welshman, M.A., and in holy orders. He had, indeed, once been incumbent of a living in Staffordshire, but had been forced to fly his parish. His pupil describes him as "the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised or since; of middle stature; broad forehead; beetle browsed; thick shoulders; flat nosed, full lippled, down looking; black, curling, stiff hair; splay-footed. To give him his right he had the most piercing judgment of theft that I ever met withal, yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments, was much given to debauchery, and then, very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or another. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted. He understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all. He had some arts above and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the water of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invoking, as in the time of our familiarity he told me."

Many examples of his cunning, as indeed they were, had this teacher to give to his believing scholar. Witness what he had once done on behalf of a young lady in Staffordshire by help of the great spirit Salmon, who seems to have sufficed for his work without help from the attendant sprites of which there is no mention made—Cucumber or Lobster-sauce.

The young lady had married for her preferment, a rich man advanced in years. The old husband desired to buy some lands for his wife's maintenance, but she was advised

that they had better be bought in the name of a gentleman, a dear friend, though for her own real use and advantage. After the old man was dead the widow could by no means obtain the deed of purchase of those lands from her friend, and in her perplexity applied to Evans, who for a sum of money—forty pounds—promised to place the deed in her possession, by a given time. Then Evans applied himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars. He lived an orderly life for a fortnight, wore his surplice constantly, and read his litany at select hours every day. At the end of the fortnight Salmon appeared and having received his commands vanished for a short time, after which he re-appeared with the very deed in question, and deposited it gently on a table over which a white cloth had been spread. The deed had been kept by the gentleman who was retaining it, together with other of his deeds and securities in a large wooden chest, which was locked in a chamber at one end of his house; but upon Salmon's carrying the document away, all that part of the house had been blown down, and all the gentleman's own proper documents and evidences had been torn to pieces and dispersed upon the wind! There can be no doubt then that Mr. Lilly placed himself under the tuition of a great enchanter.

By the death of Mrs. Lilly the First, her happy widower was left possessed of property very nearly to the value of one thousand pounds. He followed his studies closely for a year, during which time a scholar pawned to him, for forty shillings, a large volume written on parchment, containing the names of those angels and pictures which were thought to instruct in the several liberal sciences. Out of this book Lilly sucked much wisdom. The budding astrologer bought, in the year following, a moiety of thirteen houses in the Strand, and, as a business speculation, took another wife, who had five hundred pounds fortune; but, alas! "was of the nature of Mars." Another speculation, entered upon at the same time, proved a total failure.

Davy Ramsey, his Majesty's clockmaker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. He apprised Dean Williams of this fact, and the dean, who was also Bishop of Lincoln, gave him liberty to search, with this proviso—that if any treasure was found, his church should go part in it. Davy Ramsey then went to John Scott of Pudding Lane, once a page to Lord Norris, who professed the use of the Mosaic rods, and engaged his assistance. Mr. Lilly was invited to take part in the enterprise, and joined it willingly. One winter's night, therefore, it happened that Davy Ramsey, with Lilly, and other gentlemen, entered the cloisters, and began experimenting. On the west side the rods turned one over another—

an argument that there the treasure was. The labourers dug six feet deep, and found a coffin, which, says Lilly, "In regard it was not heavy, we did not open, a neglect we afterwards repented." From the cloisters the disappointed treasure-hunters went into the abbey, where there arose "so fierce, so high, so blustering, and loud a wind, that we believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us. Our rods would not move at all. The candles and torches all but one were extinguished, or burnt dimly. John Scott," says Lilly, "was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do until I gave directions, and commenced to dismiss the demons, which, when done, all was quiet again." Each man went home empty, Davy Ramsey carrying the half-quarter sack he had brought thither to take away the treasure in. Lilly and the wiser heads of the party had no doubt that the miscarriage was caused by the too great number of persons who assisted in the operation—some laughing, some deriding; and it was quite certain that, if the demons had not been dismissed, the chief part of the Abbey Church of Westminster would have been blown to the ground.

What further experiences Mr. Lilly had, how he knew spirits seen in crystals, who showed visions of absent people opening trunks and taking out red waistcoats—with much more after the manner of the wise and spiritual in the year one, eight, five, five—we go not on to tell.

And yet—however the case be now—great students might, without shame to their wits, pore into senseless mysteries in Lilly's days. The astrologers formed a strong body, met and dined together twice every year, and dined well; for Elias Ashmole—the same Ashmole whose museum and library are among the scholastic treasures of the University of Oxford—was astrologer as well as herald and antiquary; and in his diary, after an astrologer's feast, there comes always a twinge. Thus, on the fourteenth of August, sixteen fifty-one, he was chairman at the astrologers' feast in Painter's Hall, and he records how, "This night, about one of the clock, I fell ill of a surfeit, occasioned [not in the least, of course, by sack] by drinking water after venison. I was greatly oppressed in my stomach, and next day Mr. Saunders, the astrologer, sent me a piece of briony-root to hold in my hand, and, within a quarter of an hour, my stomach was freed from that great oppression which nothing which I took from Dr. Wharton could do before." Fits of gout, ague, &c., troubled Ashmole much, and after every astrologers' feast the attacks were severe, but he had his remedies. As thus:—"March eleven.—I took, early in the morning, a good dose of the elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drew my ague away. Deo gratias."

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A VERY TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

SIZE is not the only element of value, even in the case of landed estates, wherein men have a special hankering after elbow-room. Bulk does not constitute brilliancy, nor does immensity necessarily imply importance. Dry deserts that may be measured by geographical degrees, sterile steppes overstriding half an empire's surface, Patagonian plains (lumps of the world's original paste, or dough, rolled out with an endless rolling-pin) are but cyphers compared with tiny patches of earth whose area, if cut out of them would be no more missed than a kernel of wheat from a sack of corn. *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* outweigh in the moral, if not in the material balance, whole chains of ordinary mountains. *Runnymede* was not a commonplace mead, nor *Vaucluse* a vulgar fountain. The spot shines, like phosphorescent adamant, with its own proper light, as well as with every ray it catches from every luminous object near it. No trifling sprinkling of this bright territorial diamond-dust glitters on the British diadem. Besides the great central sun at home, she has distant outposts—fixed stars, twinkling merrily here and there throughout the dark vastness of terrestrial space—which cheer the British wanderer, and help him wonderfully to steer his way. There are *Gibraltar*, *Malta*, *St. Helena*, and *Ascension*: the beloved of aldermen, the tomb of turtle. There are *Ceylon*, *Newfoundland*, *Cape Town*, and *Corfu*, none of which would be estimated in the market by the number of acres of land they contain. Last, and least, there exists another little jewel—a clear chip of rock crystal, a pure *cairngorum*—to the translucent brilliancy of whose native water recent circumstances have acted as the foil.

At the foot of *Denmark*, out in the *North Sea*, in front of the mouths of the rivers *Elbe* and *Weser*, facing *Cuxhaven* in *Hanover* and also commanding the island of *Neuwark*, is another little island called by us *Heligoland* (*Helgoland* by the Germans), which will help us to smile with unaffected pleasure and grin the grin of gladness, at the moment when we are receiving the sincere sympathy, the amiable assistance, the frank friendship, and the candid coadjutorship, of our dear, dear allies the Ger-

mans in general, and the Austrians and Prussians in very particular particularity. We find it convenient to enroll a few foreign soldiers; and *King Hiccup* and his friends are so pleased at our doings, that they testify a disposition to provide board and lodging at their own expense, both for English agents and the recruits they may raise. It is a long way, too, and the road is not quite straight from the *Tom Thumb* German dukedoms to the shores of *Albion*. *Britannia*, therefore, steps forward a great deal more than half way to receive her young pupils in her ample lap. She has stuck her trident on the isle of *Heligoland*, and hoisted the *Union Jack* on the top, to give notice to all whom it may concern that here is a *dépôt* for the foreign legion which the English government is raising in Germany, to help us and our real allies in the *Crimea*.

Look at the map of Europe: there is a spice of humour in the choice of the spot. The advantages which it offers for the purpose are quite out of the common way. In time of peace, *Heligoland* is an advanced sentinel, who can constantly keep her eye open on what is passing in the north of Germany. In war, she is a little *Gibraltar*, from which, as a centre, *Britannia* can send her cruisers to wander about, her scouts to spy, and even her smugglers to trade. At all times, therefore, in spite of its tightness and exiguity, *Heligoland* is by no means to be sneered at, as a possession of importance to the United Kingdom; being a sort of outstretched snail's-eye, which allows us to watch whatever is in the wind on the North-German coast, at the mouths of its two main commercial arteries, *Holstein* and *Holland*. At the present moment, *Heligoland*, in reference to Great Britain, is in a position analogous to that of the mouse in the fable and the lion caught in the net. *Tedescan* art has woven round us meshes and snares composed of four points, conferences, propositions, and mediations; but this little bit of pet-land enables us to laugh in our sleeve at the cunning of diplomatic huntsmen. According to the reports of the government agents from all quarters, recruiting for the foreign legion goes on most satisfactorily, notwithstanding the covert repugnance of some governments, and the open hostility of others. Great numbers of

recruits are constantly arriving at the Heligoland *dépôt*, where a considerable number are still being trained and organised, and where they are behaving themselves so well that the fashionable world of the Hanse towns, although a little frightened at first, are again flocking to their favourite dot in the ocean for their annual sea-dips in it.

The history of Heligoland is very simple. In the fourteenth century the Danes had established a fort there; then, its only church paid a quit-rent to the chapter of Schleswig. Afterwards Hamburg exercised over it the simultaneous rights of lordship and protectorate; and, a desperate quarrel about herrings, ended in its being bombarded and taken by Denmark; but, in eighteen hundred and seven, it was taken by the English. For many years Major-General Sir Henry King reigned over Heligoland as governor. On this high functionary devolved the surveillance of the island and its lighthouse, besides the office of judge and umpire over the internal disputes of the inhabitants. The present ruler is Sir John Hindmarsh, necessarily a captain in the navy, to preside over this extraordinarily marine bit of territory. While the continental blockade lasted, Heligoland was of inestimable value to England as a convenient warehouse for smuggling.

This molecule in the midst of the waters is two thousand two hundred paces long, six hundred and fifty broad at the widest part, and some five thousand yards, or thereabouts, in circumference. It will be supposed that railroads are things uncalled for; nay, even that coaches-and-six, tandems, dog-carts, and high-mettled racers, are not in high request. The island may contain a sedan-chair, or *vinäggrette*, for fashionable ladies; but the actual existence of such a vehicle the deponent had rather not affirm on oath. A hop-skip-and-jump tour of her Majesty's tight little island, is not an impossibility; and an intellectual flea, or a literary gnat, may one day give to the impatient world a nice little volume, with map and woodcuts, entitled, "Travels in Heligoland."

On approaching the island from Hamburg, it looks like a triangular rock surrounded by the sea on every side. The colours it presents have been transferred to the flag it has had the modesty to set up; which is red, white, and green; and Heligoland has not only a national flag, but a national minstrelsy. Here is a refrain apropos to both:

Roth ist der Strand,
Weiss ist der Sand,
Grün ist die Kant;

Das sind die Farben von Helgoland.

which, translated, may be rendered:

Red is the strand,
White is the sand,
Green is the band;

Those are the colours of Heligoland.

To the south-east, only a little morsel

of level ground is perceptible—a tiny tongue of land, which is dignified by the title of The Uterland or Lowlands, and which rises gradually to the foot of the rock to about five-and-twenty feet above the level of the sea. On this stands the lower town, composed of something like eighty houses. In a gorge of the rock is a new staircase, which connects it with the Oberland or Highlands. This staircase, decorated with a smart iron railing, is ten feet wide, is composed of one hundred and seventy-three wooden steps divided into three revolutions, at the bottom of each of which are seats to rest upon, and oil lamps to show light on winter nights. After this, do not boast of the luxury of London and Paris!

On the summit of the rock, towards the north-east, stands the Upper Town, with about three hundred and twenty houses, and a church dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the patron of fishermen and babies (whether pickled or fresh). From this point the rock still rises, till it attains the Alpine elevation of a hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. Not far off (nothing is far off here) stands the light-house, erected by the English with no other materials than stone, iron, and copper. Its rays command an extensive horizon, notifying distinctly to the wave-tossed traveller, "This is I!—Heligoland, who shine so bright. Pursue your way, by the help of my luminous finger-post." But a beacon is an old establishment in Heligoland. In sixteen hundred and seventy-three, the Hamburgians built a pharos on the eminence called the Backeberg, wherein they kept up a cheerful coal-fire, sometimes burning, during winter nights, as much as four hundred pounds of coal.

Do not suppose that the continent of Heligoland is so poor as to be without its dependent islet,—a faithful satellite who never deserts it. Rather better than half-a-mile from Heligoland, on the south-east side, is Sandy Island, which is of the greatest consequence to the tight little mother country, because on that are taken the sea-baths, which put a considerable revenue into Heligoland's pockets.

And why should not your marine six weeks be spent just as well at Heligoland as at Abergavenny, Brighton, Boulogne, or Etretat? For lodgings you have plenty of houses built of brick; so that you need not be afraid of finding room. The natives are hospitable, polite, sober, and hard-working, and are as well worth study as the rock on which they dwell. The men are active on the sea, and exercise no other calling than that of pilots or fishermen; the women attend to the housekeeping and gardening, for there is no Royal Heligoland Agricultural Society. You may lodge either in the upper or the lower town, though the former is preferred for its more extensive seascape and its unlimited supply of breezes,

genuine and fresh as imported. There are neither taxes, duties, nor custom-house officers. For anti-ichthyophagous persons, who cannot eat fish from morning till night, the steamers from Hamburg bring plenty of meat, besides fruit and first-class vegetables. The terrestrial fauna of Heligoland is limited, and would not require the zeal of a Cuvier to describe it. It contains cocks and hens, domestic rabbits, pigs, dogs, cats, sheep, mice, fleas, flies, gnats, earthworms, beetles, sparrows, and a few other well-known species, of equal interest to the scientific world. It generally has one cow; but only during the fashionable season; for, at the approach of winter, it is made into beef, and a new one imported next year. But its oceanic treasures are numberless. If you wish for a good field-day amongst the real game of Heligoland, put on your diving-dress, your bull's-eyed helmet, and your leaden-soled shoes: enter the waves; make your serving-men follow you overhead to ply the forcing air-pump with brawny arms; and you shall see, if you do not perform, wonders.

Yes; come to Heligoland, for a change in the beaten routine of watering-places. I shall probably be strolling on the Unterland when you land. If I like not your looks, I will obstinately speak nothing but German in your presence. And in this I shall be justified by the authorities; for, although the natives have a tongue of their own—which has some analogy with that of the North Frieslanders—German is the only language employed in the schools and for divine service. If I like your looks, I will introduce myself as the writer of this contribution, and will proceed at once to initiate you into life in Heligoland. I shall knock you up very early in the morning—at an hour, in short, only known at home to your housemaid and milkman. You spring out of bed. You need not be a minute dressing; and it will not matter even if you dress in your sleep; for the delicious, the unrivalled air, will waken you the instant you get into it. Your lodging will be on the Oberland, and you make at once for the High Street of Heligoland—the Stairs. As the native flirtations chiefly take place on the landings, we shall doubtless disturb, as we pass down, a pretty little scene of tenderness between a sea-and-sun-browned youth, and a pretty little fair-haired Heligolandess. On the strand we find one of the pilot-boats ready to take us over to Sandy Island.

As to the passage, you need not be under the slightest apprehension. It is performed in large sloops or yawls, capable of carrying thirty passengers at least, and which are placed under the entire superintendence of select pilots, and which are no other than the famous Heligoland salvage-boats, well-known throughout the North Sea, for rendering assistance to trading-vessels in distress, even in the midst of

the most violent storms, and which can be rowed when a sail dare not show itself. An officer of the company of pilots is always present, both at the embarkation and disembarkation; he receives the passage-money which is fixed at four schillings (four pence) each person. In fine weather we are over in ten minutes; in rough, it may take four times ten; but it is only late in the season that such long transits take place. Of course it shall be a fine day when we go; and, looking over the gunwale as it cuts the water into streaming ripples along the sides of the boat, you feel that there is no word to express the wondrous clearness of that transparent sea. Every rock, every pebble, every zoophyte, every waving sea-plant, down, down, down, in the lowermost deep, is seen as distinctly as if the keel could touch it. Your boat stops gently, for it has run its prow into the soft, glistening edge of Sandy Island. Take care! That end of the beech is reserved exclusively for ladies. The gentlemen's bathing-machines are at the opposite extremity.

You have had your plunge, and now for breakfast. What? Here? Certainly. You must have your breakfast on the spot, and it will be unparalleled. I defy you to know the true definition of that ill-understood word, until you have breakfasted after a sea-bath on Sandy Island. That pavilion, with windows all round within, and the thick belt of seats and tables without, opposite to the place where you land, and at an equal distance from the bathing-machines of the ladies and gentlemen, is the refectory. What will you have to eat? Some gorgeous scarlet lobster,—of which a Heligoland appetite seems able to eat any quantity with impunity; the most slippery of slippery oysters; eggs in all forms, from the domestic boiled, or the smooth-faced poached, to the luscious rumbled. What will you drink? The bottles of porter and beer, the cups of tea, coffee, chocolate, despatched in and around this busy pavilion, are not to be counted any more than the golden sands that lie before you. Everything is excellent, and the serving-girls are quick and clever, with now and then quite an original among them, who assists your digestion with jokes and quaint remarks. The cooking is done in a kind of gipsy-hut behind the pavilion; and, if you become a great favourite with your serving-maiden, you will be admitted into the arcana of this queer little cooking-camp, and will get your breakfast hot from the stove,—no bad thing if the morning be a little cold. But then you lose the novel sensation of breakfasting in the company of a bery of mermaids. The ladies, after bathing, issue forth from their machines with their long hair floating down gracefully over their shoulders, to dry in the sun. They leave their looking-glasses at home, and do not use them until they arrive there.

After breakfast comes the slow meditative

saunter along the downs. You may find a tempting sunny hole in these downs, where you may lie down and take a siesta, sung to sleep by the listless and monotonous "Rauschen" of the waves on the shore. Rauschen is the word which conveys the sound so exactly, that I cannot prevail on myself to use any other; and besides, I suppose the waves have a right to express themselves in German on our tight little island, although the Union Jack does spread its colours above it. After your sandy lounge, you take a ramble on the side of the downs, among pavilions and bathers; and here, instead of yellow sands, you find pebbles of every hue and shape; some exceedingly beautiful, and worthy of adorning the fairest wrist, after a little cutting and polishing. Walk to the extreme end of this little promontory, where the waves curl round you on every side. Do not look behind, and you will imagine yourself standing alone in the ocean, where no land is to be seen,—nothing but the green sheet spread out on all sides, with here and there shifting dots of white-crested waves.

But it is time to return to the rock, where we change our toilet, and amuse ourselves till dinner, at three o'clock. The best table d'hôte is the Stadt London, on the Oberland; and here we are sure to meet our mermaid friends, all nicely dried and combed, who make dinner a most cheerful affair. After dinner, we go to a pavilion on the Unterland for a cup of coffee, and after that, comes the promenade along Kartoffel or Potato Walk, to the end of the rock, where everybody sits till sunset. This is the grand sight of our little island, and worth walking a mile or two to see, if we could walk that distance in Heligoland. But do not imagine that we go to bed with the sun. We no sooner see him safely tucked up in his gorgeous sheet of sea, than we bethink ourselves of the pleasant Conversations-haus down below in a sheltered nook, where balls take place several times a-week: the native girls, with scarlet petticoats broadly edged with yellow, dancing among the ladies. On the nights when there are no balls, there is conversation. There are also a billiard-room and a rouge-et-noir table. Here all the visitors meet every evening, and here they find the newspapers, which arrive in the afternoon with the Hamburg steamboat. Plans are discussed for the amusement of the visitors, because you must know there is a Pleasure Committee on our solitary little isle. This committee is composed of gentlemen. There is a treasurer, who receives subscriptions from all who wish to join, and then the committee discuss how they can best lay out the money.

Sometimes, in the dark nights, when there is no moon, the whole company set off in boats for a tour round the island; each person torch in hand, to explore the dark, mysterious caverns, in some of which the waves

roar like thunder, or like wild beasts getting at their prey. This torchlight tour has a magical effect; and, if you have once made it, you are not likely ever to forget it. Fishing parties are also formed—lobster-fishing being in especial vogue. The finest turbot you could buy for money, could never pretend to taste like those delicious amateur fish caught on your own hook in the North Sea. What a supper they make, with the invariable Heligoland accompaniment of a smoking pyramid of potatoes! the native island vegetable. Potatoes and the sheep are the great institutions on Heligoland; the latter performing the duties usually performed by the cow in other countries. Indeed, one of the most amusing features in your evening promenade along Kartoffel Allée is the number of red petticoats with yellow hems, employed in milking the patient little sheep; which afterwards gets its reward of cabbages and other green stuff.

Every profession is represented (except, we are happy to believe, the law), in Heligoland:—Music by a German band and the mermaids, many of whom are syrens also; and painting by Herr Gaetke—of course, a marine-painter. He came to Heligoland about eighteen years ago, determined to win the secrets from the sea, where it was, as it were, at home, and without the restraint of a coast. He went to spend a summer, and he did not leave the island for more than sixteen years. His pictures of Heligoland in all kinds of weathers, his ships in distress, and his wrecks ashore, breathe life. Look round his atelier on the Falm or Esplanade, and you see that Gaetke is no common painter, a good ornithologist, and a capital shot. All those birds on his shelves, constituting every variety of feathered biped that takes its wing across the island, were shot, and stuffed by himself. He therefore gives to his adopted little country a museum, to complete its claim to art and science. Try to make his acquaintance: you will find him an agreeable companion, and the best cicerone on the island.

Finally—if you have a mind to feast on fish; to breathe pure air, at least once in your life; to drink untaxed brandy, wine, and gin; to smoke un-ac-customed tobacco; to get on with your German; to realise, though not completely, Johnson's definition of a ship,—a prison, without the chance of being drowned; to form an attachment which shall last for life, or an aversion which shall grow bitterer and bitterer until you and its object can only quit the island in different steamers; to get a fierce, shark-like appetite; to rise with the lark (if there were one); to go to bed with the hens; and, above all, to behold me, the gifted scribe, in bodily presence—remember that the Heligoland season begins in June and ends in September; make hay, or way, while the sun shines, and swell our list of

fashionable arrivals! Or, if you long for a uniform, the books of the Foreign Legion are not closed.

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

"I HAVE brought home Gower to spend the evening," Harold said, one day, soon after our return home. "I thought you would like it. He is fond of music and poetry, and all that sort of thing; so I thought you would get on well together."

I thought Harold showed a bitter remembrance of those words of mine—I had never forgotten them—in this speech.

"I do not want—" I began; but Mr. Gower was now in the room; it was necessary to receive him civilly.

"Do not want any interruption to your tête-à-tête evenings, Mrs. Warden! But you must be generous. Remember how long it is since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, or my friend, Harold. Since the evening when you surprised us all so brilliantly, you have been invisible. I hope," he continued, "you will give me credit for having been sincerely sorry to hear of your subsequent illness. I trust sea-air has quite restored you."

"I am very well now, thank you," I replied. Of course, Mr. Gower could not know the pain his words gave me.

"We have been staying at Seawash," Harold said. "Do you know it at all, Gower? It is very pleasant there. My wife fell quite in love with it, so we shall often go down there, again, I think."

"It has a very broken coast, has it not? the sea running up into many small bays, and lashing itself furiously against rocky points? I know it well. One autumn some years ago, I was there alone. You know the Devil's Tongue, as they call the longest sharpest point, I dare say, Mrs. Warden?"

"Yes, I do."

"I was returning from a long ramble late one wild evening, and saw the sea—it was very rough,—breaking magnificently on the rock at the end. I went down, although it was growing dusk, and mounted to the top of the little peak. I was not much above the water. I could see no land; it was awfully beautiful to see from that wild point of view the heaving and breaking, meeting and dashing of the great, foamy, angry waves. I am a man of tolerable nerve and courage, but I felt an icy thrill pass through me; it was some time before my heart returned to its regular, quiet beating. Each wave that came whelming the rock at my feet, seemed as if it might swell up and wash me from my little pinnacle, and as if it hungered to do so. One reads of angry, foamy, troubled seas, but no words that I know can express the fearful excitement roused within one, standing in the midst of such wild commotion. There was

an order in the wild going of the waves, too. I observed how, first, the waters on one side gathered themselves together and came rolling on, swift, and fell as fate, only to be met, scattered and broken, by the great army of waters tumbling on from the other side. What a pigmy I felt standing there! Yet I would not, for much, have missed the experience of the hour I spent there. The sky was almost as wild as the sea, only, along the horizon there was a line of gleamy, watery light, and between sky and sea I was shut in!"

Some fascination made me raise my eyes from my work to Mr. Gower's kindled face; but I dropped them immediately, and did not speak.

"Did you get home safe?" Harold asked. "From the Devil's Tongue; people sometimes—"

"Pass into Hell's Throat. Excuse my interruption, I was afraid you might mar, by more genteelly expressing the idea of the nature of the transition. That boiling, surging world of waters gave birth to the idea in my mind. Yes, I got home safe, but not without a little further experience; when I turned and descended from my slight elevation, I saw water before me still; the tide had come up and covered the narrow and lower neck of land along which I had approached the end. I tried it cautiously, and was nearly washed away. I had no desire unhouse'd, disappointed, unanel'd, and with all my imperfections on my head, to lose sight of known life to try some unknown, perchance greater ill, so I gave up the attempt to traverse that wave-washed strip of land."

"What did you do?" Harold asked.

"Do, man! Just nothing. I went back to my former station, wrapped myself up tight in my cloak, and waited. Waiting is a famous cure for the ills of this life, Mrs. Warden."

"Did you know that you were safe there on the point?"

"When it was full moon and the sea roughened by a sou'-wester, that point was sometimes washed over, an old boatman had told me, as we rowed past it the day before. I don't pretend to say but that I waited and watched the waters in great anxiety. Sometimes a slight lull in the storm came, and every wave reached less high than the former had done. Then, with a howl and a scream, the wind rushed across the water, and huge billows would leap, and well, and gurgle up, sometimes over my feet, always drenching me with spray!"

"Well! *chacun à son goût!* You call that experience which you would not have missed for the world? I cannot understand that. Can you imagine the feeling, Annie?"

I worked away diligently with a quivering hand, and answered absently, without looking up, "I do not know."

"Capital fish you get at that same place,"

Harold went on. "It is not like most fishing-places, where you can't get fish. Dinner ready? Very well. Gower, give my wife your arm; I must follow disconsolately for once."

Mr. Gower's narrative, the voice in which it was told, and the gestures accompanying it, had excited me painfully. The hand laid on his arm still trembled, but I stilled it by a great effort, yet not soon enough. He glanced at me significantly and said, "I think you did know, Mrs. Warden."

"We must have some music after you have given us a cup of coffee, Annie," Harold said, when he and Mr. Gower returned to the drawing-room after dinner.

I did not answer. I had secretly determined I would not play. I had not touched my piano since that dreadful evening. The thought of perhaps having to do so to-night had already given me a nervous headache, of which I thought I would, if need were, avail myself, as an excuse.

Mr. Gower was wandering about the drawing-room abstractedly, opening and turning over my books.

"Oh! you have this true Poet's book," he suddenly exclaimed. He came up to me, book in hand. "Is it not splendid? I am sure *you* like it, though I know very few ladies who do. I know the writer. I can introduce him to you, if you have any care to see the external features of the poet. Have you?"

"I think not," I answered.

"Ah! Right, right! It is a very vulgar curiosity that, concerning lions; and often its gratification—which proves no gratification—shivers a thousand beautiful imaginings to atoms. Does it not?"

"I don't know. I have had no experience."

"But you do know and have read this book. Ah! here's a leaf of fern put in at one of the most beautiful passages. That is your mark?"

"Is it the book you read to me on that luckless morning?" asked Harold, laughingly.

I blushed deeply as I said "Yes." I do not know exactly why. Mr. Gower looked inquisitive. "Little as you care for poetry, I am sure you admired this so read, Warden; did you not?"

"So much, that, soothed by the soft sweet voice of the reader, I went to sleep," laughed Harold.

"To sleep!" Mr. Gower gave an expressive shrug. "I have set one or two of these songs to music," he continued to me, "after rather a bungling fashion, I am afraid, but I think my melodies suit their meaning."

"Don't praise yourself, Gower, but let us hear and judge."

"Read the words, then, first," Mr. Gower said, putting the book into my husband's hand.

"Yes, that is pretty enough," Harold said, returning it, suppressing a slight yawn. "Could it not have been said more straightforwardly and comprehensibly in plain prose, though? Don't transfix me with your indignant glances, but let us hear your music."

Harold stretched his great length on the sofa, composing himself to listen. The coffee apparatus was cleared away, and the lamp brought; and I sat down with my idle work to listen too.

Mr. Gower amused himself at the piano some time—coquetting with his memory. Then he began.

He had a fine voice, powerful, and under great control. The first song was set to wild and passionate music. When he filled the room with the greatest possible power of his voice, I cowered back into the depths of my easy-chair, dropping my work, turning my head away from the musician. I looked at Harold. "Noise enough!" he muttered rather drowsily, in answer to my look, and closed his eyes.

I had just turned to observe Mr. Gower. I was curious to know if his own music woke any emotion in him. Yes; his voice died away trembling; yet he turned abruptly round to look at me.

He sang song after song, and Harold went to sleep. Harold had had one or two very hard days' work lately, and had kept late hours. "No wonder he is tired, poor fellow!" I said to myself; and I tried to subdue the great troublous heart-swellings that the strong, passionate singing produced in me. Mr. Gower went on singing or playing. It was a pleasure to touch such a magnificent instrument, he said, and since I would not play—for I had refused—he must.

At last I stole to my husband's side, and woke him softly. I thought Mr. Gower did not know he had been asleep; but poor Harold gave such yawns that he quite betrayed himself.

"I shall weary you as well as your husband if I go on longer," Mr. Gower said at last, rising from the piano, and coming towards us. "I am afraid I have done so already, Mr. Warden," he continued, "you look a-weary, a-weary!"

"It is rather late," I said. "I have a headache. We have kept bad hours since we returned from the sea-side. Harold has been hard-worked, and, of course, I sit up for him."

"So you must forgive our having been rather bad company," Harold said. "I have not learnt to do without sleep, as you seem to have done."

"Five hours is enough for any man, when he is once used to it," Mr. Gower said.

"To exist, but not thrive upon," said Harold, glancing at Mr. Gower's very thin, worn form and face.

"Other things than want of sleep have made the ravages you see," Mr. Gower

answered laughingly, and yet with a latent melancholy in the smile that died away very slowly from his face. "It is very well for you, Warden, and for prosperous, easy-going fellows like you, whom fortune favours, and whose life-paths are smooth and plain, to enjoy your eight or nine hours' sleep. But sleep is too expensive a luxury for us poor fellows, who struggle and strive with the world, and follow an exacting mistress, ever ready to avail herself of the slightest excuse for deserting us."

"Yet you would not change with me. Give up your glorious uncertainties—hopes of fame and dreams of ambition—for my common-place and inglorious certainties? Now would you?"

"No!" Mr. Gower answered slowly, sending his eyes out on some far-journey, and bringing them back radiant with a strange light. "No!" he answered, more assuredly, "I would not change. I would rather fight and battle on till death than know the respectable composure, the dignified indifference, of a man good friends with the world. For me there would be no rest in your life. I fancy I have not known what rest is, since I was a child. But Mrs. Warden's tired pale face reminds me to say good-night—so good-night."

Harold went down-stairs with him.

"Harold, do not ask Mr. Gower here again, please," I said, when he returned.

"Why, dear? I thought I had given you a pleasant evening."

"I do not think Mr. Gower is a good man. I do not think we shall either of us be the happier for having him here. No wife ought to find pleasure in the society of a man who shows no respect for her husband. I don't mind his coming when other people are here, but please don't ask him again when we are alone."

"Very well, Annie. I think I can see what you mean. I am sure you are right; thank you, love. But I am afraid that poor head is very bad again?"

"Yes, but it shall be well to-morrow," I said resolutely.

I struggled, yes, I did struggle bravely, but, O! so blindly! I struggled against knowledge, and pushed it back from me with violent hands, only to have it come and stand there again, on the threshold of consciousness—the knowledge that I was not happy.

Now we were settled at home again, things soon went back into the old miserable way. What was there to prevent their doing so? I had no new power of ruling myself, no new hope for which to live, no new light by which to walk. I loved my husband. Yes! but I know, now, that one poor weak human love will avail nothing when it stands alone, based on nothing, looking up to nothing.

Harold, seeing me look ill and unhappy, urged me to cultivate the acquaintance of some of the many people with whom we had

exchanged visits, to try and make friends, but when I told him I wanted only him and no other friend—that he was enough for me—he smiled and looked pleased, and said no more.

So I fought on alone, my soul never satisfied, my heart never at rest, and every now and then some outburst of long-controlled bitterness or pain betraying me and making my husband miserable. He was very patient, very gentle and forbearing, but at last even he grew weary. His home came to be a place that he entered timidly; not knowing in what miserable mood he might find his wife; soon he entered it less willingly and hurried from it earlier, seeking in his business, in the pursuit of worldly good, distraction from its miseries and cares.

We grew rich; my husband more worldly; even this blame is mine—I, isolating myself from all human interests and cares, preying on my own heart—grew constantly more morbid, sensitive, irritable, and miserable. The distance between us widened daily. We stood afar-off from each other, but God mercifully sent little hands that should have drawn our hearts together.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD been three years a wife before I became a mother. My first baby came to me with the early summer flowers. I date best by them, because afterwards many things overlaid such blessed anniversaries, and made it difficult for me to endeavour, and hard for me to dare, to remember when, in what hour, at what season, this or that happened. And yet I can even now bring present to my senses the delicious fragrance and delicate loveliness of the flowers my husband brought to me so often at that time.

After the birth of my darling, there was a long interval during which I thought I was at peace: physical weakness made quiet and stillness grateful, and the new great joy seemed to fill and satisfy my soul.

Again I smiled to myself as I had smiled—how long ago it seemed!—looking out on the lovely summer beauty of the land round Ilton. I lay still, with meek-folded hands, and smiled into the face of my fair-pictured future, my beautiful new life, through this my own child. I fancied that all the struggle and pain and perplexity of existence were past; I looked back upon all past misery as one waking to some blissful reality looks back upon an ugly dream of the black night. I had found something so sweet, so pure, so delightfully dependent to live for, that I thought I now had grasped Peace, had detained her with my poor weak hands till she had touched with her holy healing my brow and breast.

"Yes! peace has come to me," I whispered softly-smiling to myself, raising the tiny

baby-hand to my lips, while happy tears filled my eyes.

My husband was infinitely glad, and kind and tender. He showed to such advantage in my sick-room! I raised up my happy eyes proudly to him, it was so beautiful to see him subduing his strength to our weakness—my baby's and mine—or exerting it only for us; bending his handsome head down so low, yet then almost fearing to kiss the tiny baby-cheek; looking so concerned if the child uttered a cry, so amused and happy if he woke a doubtful smile in its queer little face! I thought this peace would last. I loved my baby so intensely! he loved it dearly and me anew through it. I thought my deep love all that was needful to make me a good mother. I gave up everything to my child, and Harold thought me a paragon, a perfect example of self-denying love. And for a long time we lived, O, so quietly and happy together!—we three, my husband, myself, and our child.

Our child was a boy; he grew into a dark-haired, blue-eyed, noble little fellow—a tiny Harold. I turned God's free-given blessing into a bane. How should I, undisciplined, unable to rule myself, be able rightly to educate another life? My husband, with his clear, simple, practical notions, and his decided judgment between right and wrong, was a far more judicious and wise parent than I. The child felt it. I worshipped, idolised him; and he would turn from my wild love to meet his father's calm tenderness. The older he grew, the more plainly he showed this preference.

"You hurt me, mamma, let me go; papa is coming," the boy exclaimed, one day. I had been showing him pictures, telling him stories, lying on the ground beside him; he had been listening with tranced attention, his great blue eyes fixed full on mine; he heard his father's step, in the hall, and directly he struggled to get free from my arms.

"Papa will come; stay with poor mamma, darling! Do you not love mamma?"

"No," the boy answered boldly; he struggled himself free, pushed me away, and trampled over me with his little eager feet. I ran after him, but could not catch him in time; Harold came in, and my child's head was struck by the opening door; he fell, and cut his forehead against the sharp corner of a table. The blood flowed, and I was terribly frightened. I caught him in my arms; he had turned sick and quiet with the pain, but when I took him, he called out: "Papa! papa! papa, take me!" I could not pacify him, so laid him in my husband's arms.

I ran for water, sponges, and cloths; when I returned, my boy was sitting on his father's knee, leaning his little head back against his shoulder, and smiling faintly at some funny story Harold was telling him, while he held

his handkerchief to the wound. The child let me wash and bathe and plaster up the cut, but all the while he clung to his father's arm, and persisted in saying that mamma had hurt him. He would not come to me, nor kiss me, but soon fell asleep in my husband's arms. Harold carried him up to the nursery, and waited to see him quietly sleeping in bed. I should have done that, should I not? Was I not his mother? This was not the first time my heart had been so wounded. When my husband left the room with our boy, I threw myself on the floor, and gave way to a wild passion of grief. I wailed and lamented, almost raved. Even my child, my own child, did not love me; it engrossed my husband's tenderness, and rendered me no love in return. My passion, indulged, grew uncontrollable. Jealousy gained sole possession of me. Was I to be nothing now? nothing to father, or child?

By the time Harold came down, I had lost all command over myself. He took me up and laid me on the sofa; he knelt beside me, begging and praying that I would be calm—would, at least, tell him what was the matter. I turned my face away, and burying it in the pillows, which I clenched between my aimless fingers, I shook the couch with the strength of my agony. Poor Harold! what could he do? pained and perplexed as he was. He sent for our medical man, but he was long coming. When he arrived, my passion had raved itself out; I was weak as a child, and suffering from extreme exhaustion. But my state revealed to Dr. Ryton the violence of the paroxysm just past; I believe it was after seeing me that day, that he began first to entertain the opinion that sometimes I was insane.

It is no use. I cannot write calmly and slowly. I must hurry over all that is to come. . . . When I again became the mother of a living child, baby was once more for a little while an angel of peace in the house. I thought that this child, at least, a girl,—with my brow and eyes they said,—should be wholly mine. My husband might engross the affection of our noble boy, if only this little fragile white blossom, this lily of mine, might rest solely and always on my bosom. I did not like to have my husband kiss, I hardly liked that he should see, this baby; I never let him take it in his arms. The first time it smiled brightly at him, and with its little hands clutched at the dark hair of his bent head, acute pain shot through my heart. Do what I could, I was not able to prevent the child from knowing and loving its father. Soon, very soon, I had the agonising, though self-induced, torture to bear, of seeing it turn from my fierce love, to hold out its tiny hands—appealingly, it seemed to me—to my husband. It lisped Papa before ever it had once said Mamma.

Harold's manner to his children reminded me of what it had been to me in the days of

our courtship. There was the same protecting, beautifully sweet, yet manly tenderness. Sometimes I longed to be a child, to share the caresses my boy and girl received. My husband had left off almost all demonstrations of affection for me, but only because I had often manifestly shrunk from them; why, I cannot tell. I loved him, I never ceased loving him.

"Poor mamma is ill," Harold said, sometimes, when I closed my eyes, and my brow contracted with the pain that so often throbbed there now. "Go, little one, and kiss her—very quietly."

"Must I, papa?" the little girl would ask. "I don't want to get down."

A few words in a low voice, and then a little soft mouth would be pressed up to my face. Sometimes I pretended to have fallen asleep, and not to feel the touch that thrilled my whole being through; then the play would cease, and my husband would draw the children into another room.

My husband was much at home during that miserable time. I thought it was to keep watch over his children, and I resented this bitterly. Could he not trust them with me, their mother? Of what was he afraid?

Sometimes the indulgent, pitying, curious tenderness with which my husband began again to treat me, soothed me, and I could lie for hours in child-like quiet, with my head resting on his bosom. But this was not the love and sympathy for which I thirsted, and often my spirit rose up in arms, repelling this condescending affection, which mocked the love I craved. It was through the carelessness or maliciousness of a servant that I first heard how my husband was pitied as the poor gentleman who had a mad wife.

"Mad! they think me mad!" I repeated to myself.

I sent for Dr. Ryton. I cared nothing for what he might think of me. The idea of madness seemed to my proud, wrong-judging spirit, to be attended with a humiliation I would not bear. They might think me anything but mad.

"You think me mad, and have taught my husband to believe me so," I said, in a cold, calm voice, when Dr. Ryton came. He looked at me with a severely scrutinising expression in his grey eyes as he sat down, close by, fronting me. He waited for a moment, as if he expected I should say more, then answered:

"You have taught us to think you so—I had almost said to wish to think you so. Madness was a very gentle name to give your malady; it was conferred in all kindness, in all charity."

"Kindness!" I echoed. "You have taught my husband so to mistrust me that he fears to leave my own children in my charge; and you talk of kindness!"

"Mrs. Warden reflect! Do you remember when I was last sent for to attend you?" Do

you mean to confess that that humiliating wildness of passion was voluntarily indulged?"

I felt the blood rush across my face, but I answered as steadily as he asked:

"Certainly. At the beginning I could have checked and controlled myself. To do so would have given me terrible pain. It was not worth while; it is a miserable relief to me to give way. After the storm comes a calm. In the weakness that follows after my violence, my head is cooler and clearer, and my heart quieter. Life is fainter, its pain more endurable."

"You speak calmly enough now," Dr. Ryton said. "Can you not see the selfishness and wickedness of all this? Can you not see that, if indeed you are a responsible person—and in that light you wish me to consider you—you are sinning most heinously: destroying the peace of a home; wrecking the happiness of your nobly-good husband; alienating your children's affections from you; ruining your own soul!" By Heaven! madam, you had better wish yourself the maddest poor soul in Bedlam than the voluntary abuser and destroyer you wish me to pronounce you!"

I paused and thought; he sitting there, stooping forward, bent his cold eyes on me steadily. A book lay on the sofa by me. I took it in my hand, longing to throw it in my enemy's face, that, at least for a moment, he might start and his gaze waver. But I thought it very important then to restrain myself. I only played awhile with the leaves, and then put the book down. Doing so, I looked up, and saw a kind of smile gleaming on the grey face opposite to me.

"I see you can control yourself, Mrs. Warden, and I also see the violent nature that is in you," Dr. Ryton said.

"Nature! yes, you are right there," I replied.

"A nature, madam, which you have sinfully neglected to control, all the faults of which you have cherished: You are a proud woman; you shrink from the humiliation of being thought mad, but you are blind to the far worse humiliation of allowing the devil within you to rule you."

"Go on, if you please," I said, quietly, as he paused.

"I believe you are miserable, madam. I think you are a servant to whom many talents have been entrusted, and that you have not even only buried them in the earth, but have actively abused them. Your husband is not a man of genius—not even a man of great depth or sensitiveness of feeling; but he has a true heart and a patient soul. He is infinitely your superior. You might well fall at his feet and pray his forgiveness, and let him teach you to ask God's. Have you suffered patiently, as he has done? Have you loved in spite of wrong, as he has done? Have you returned good for evil, as he has

done? I know nothing of your history—why he married you. It was a mistake, no doubt; but you, and you alone, have made it a fatal one.”

“I will think of what you say,” I answered. “You think I have sinned—sinned—sinned! You do not heed that I have suffered.”

“Suffered! You will have to suffer much yet, madam; my prayer for you would be, that you might suffer, till at last the proud spirit should lie low, and be crushed out!”

“But it has been pain and suffering and ceaseless unrest and longing that have hardened me. Yet I am not hardened—I would my heart were a stone! I sent for you, however, for one purpose. Are you convinced I am not mad? I can hear no more of anything else now.”

“Indeed, madam, before you sent for me, I had begun to understand your case otherwise. You are not mad. God forgive you.”

“Say that again.”

“You are not mad.”

“You are to tell my husband so—but stay, I hear his step—here he comes, repeat it to him, Dr. Ryton.”

My poor Harold came in, he looked wonderingly and anxiously at me.

“Have you been ill again?” he asked.

“I have never been ill in the way you have been taught to suppose; Dr. Ryton, repeat to my husband what you said to me.”

“Your wife, Mr. Warden, wishes me to tell you that I have reason to change the opinion I expressed to you some time since.”

“Speak more plainly, if you please, sir,” I interrupted; “you spoke plainly enough just now.”

“In short,” Dr. Ryton continued, only pausing while I spoke, not turning towards me, but looking at my husband steadily and compassionately; “she is no more mad than you or I?”

“What is it, then?” Harold asked.

“That Mrs. Warden herself must inform you,” he answered. He went, and Harold attended him to the door. I sat down to think. It was some minutes before Harold came back, and I did not look up to see the expression of his face. I said in a hard voice, “I want to be alone—I will go to my own room—Lily is in the nursery, Harold will be home from school in half-an-hour, you will not want me till they go to bed.”

“As you like,” he answered, indifferently and wearily; “I am going out—don’t you remember I told you they wanted you, but you would not come? It is the party at Gower’s mother’s.”

“Going out again to-night—and there?” I asked, pausing at the door.

Harold turned to the window.

“Is it any wonder?” he asked recklessly.

“No! it is no wonder that you should leave your home so often,” I replied quietly, while a burning recollection of half-heeded

scandal came to my mind. I went up to my room, but I did not pass the hours as I had intended—the poison of a malicious sentence rankled in my heart. I paced gloomily about; a throng of strange thoughts pressed for recognition, but a demon-hand, torture strong, held the entrance against them, and possessed me against my desire, spite of my endeavours. “He loves you no longer! no longer!” a mocking voice cried. I laughed scornfully to myself—I did not believe it; and yet the words came again and again, each time louder than before. I would not doubt—I would know—I thought. The wintry afternoon (it was a bleak March day) had long blackened into night, my fire was almost out, and my room dark and cold, when little feet came pattering up to my closed door, and my children’s voices called me. They were come to say “good-night.”

I opened my door, but that room was too dim and chill, and peopled with too unholy and unhappy thoughts for them; so, with my little girl in my arms, and my boy’s hand in mine, I went down into the empty drawing-room, where the fire blazed cheerily and the lamps burnt brightly.

“Papa is gone out,” Harold said, glancing round the room disconsolately.

“Papa is gone,” Lily echoed sadly.

But I sat down by the fire, Lily still in my arms, and bade Harold bring the great book which was his delight, and I would tell him all about the pictures.

It was brought and rested on my knee, the boy lying on the ground beside it. I leaned my cheek against my little darling’s soft hair as her fair head rested quietly on my bosom, and I told wonderful stories to my boy with his upraised, wondering eyes. I was very gentle, and we were very happy. When nurse came there was a great outcry, and so I sent her away again. The children sat up an hour later than usual; my Lily fell asleep upon my bosom, and I carried her up-stairs, and put her to bed myself.

“You are a dear, dear mamma to-night,” Harold said, when I bent over him and kissed his face after he had laid down. Tears streamed from my eyes—very sweet tears—I went down to the empty drawing-room, and sat by the fire, crying quietly a long while. Then I wiped my eyes and thought, “If he loves me still, if there is yet time,” I said, and in my mind I turned over a fair white page of life, and I essayed to lift my heart penitently to God; but I sickened when I thought of all my past, and said “There is no hope—there is no hope!”

It was past midnight when Harold came home, I was still sitting by the fire.

“You up still?” he said, as he came into the room.

I did not answer; there was a great struggle within me, I longed to throw myself on his bosom, or at his feet, and to weep out my strange new thoughts, and hopes, and

resolves there; but I knew I should startle him, and that I had taught him to dread and to hate my tears. Besides, the idle tale I had heard forced itself on my recollection—my pride bade me know if that were true or false, before I humbled myself to one who might no longer care for me.

"Are you not going to bed now?" my husband asked, throwing himself into a chair opposite me.

"Presently," I answered, and stole a look at his face. I could read nothing there; his eyes were fixed on the fire. How should I begin?

"Harold! I have something to ask you!" Something in my voice attracted his attention; his eyes were on me immediately.

The struggle to keep calm and speak quietly, made my voice sound strange and hard, even to myself. Yet I tried to speak gaily—to tell him what I had heard, as a false thing I did not believe; knew I should hear him contradict; repeated only for his amusement, for the sake of hearing that contradiction.

But when he had heard me, he turned back to his fire—gazing, silently with a moody brow.

I urged him to speak. I grew afraid. Then he rose, and turned a stern face upon me. I had never seen him look like that before.

"Wife!" he began . . . I cannot, even now, write the words he said. They sounded cruel, but were only truth. He did not answer my charge against him—did not notice it; he only reminded me of what I had made his home. His words smote me, how heavily. I threw myself down before him. I clasped his knees. I laid my head upon his feet.

"I cannot bear it to-night. Perhaps I have been harsh. I cannot be patient longer," he said. Gently but firmly he put me by, and then he went away.

I lay where he left me for some minutes, half-stunned. But I heard his voice, and the noise of horses' hoofs ringing loud and clear on the frost-bound road.

I was at the window, and had opened the curtains and shutters just in time to see my husband riding away. Whither?

I did not go to bed that night. I lay on the ground by the window, where I had thrown myself, not unconscious for a minute. I remember what I thought about as I lay: how I should destroy myself. But my energy was deadened, my brain numb; and I did not rise to seek the means.

I watched the stars, so bright in the bright-blue heaven. I watched them blankly then; now I can recal exactly how they looked, and how they paled before the ghastly dawn.

Ours was always a late household. No one was stirring yet, when there came a heavy trampling of feet on the carriage-drive before the house, and then a knocking

at the door. Every sound seemed muffled to me, for I was half-dead with cold and pain.

I rose with difficulty, vaguely wondering, and crept down-stairs. The knocking grew louder, but my hands were almost useless, and trembled long enough at the door.

Long enough! The door was open all too soon.

Without, waited my husband, patiently—ay, very patiently! He waited, but he made no noise.

I know all that followed that dread sight. I cannot write it. One picture you shall have that will be vividly present to me ever.

Harold, my husband—white, cold, blood-stained—laid upon a couch, lying there blind, and deaf, and dumb. His wife as surely—so I thought straightway—his murderess as if she had stabbed him to the heart (God knows she had!), stretched beside him, pushing the defiled, dust-soiled, blood-stained hair from his disfigured brow, and pressing there her vain kisses; dyeing her livid cheek red, laying it against his; putting her hot, livid lips to his cold, rigid ones, and crying to him wildly, ceaselessly, "Harold! husband!"

They took me away by force. No one pitied me much. Then, I really went mad. God was only too merciful to me—I went mad!

My husband, riding in reckless misery, he knew not where, had been thrown, and dragged along the ground, his dark hair trailing in the dust.

I believe he had been driven out by resentment at an unjust accusation, mingling with despair at the thought that his last chance of peace and quiet at home had fled, now that jealousy had taken form and substance in my mind. I do not believe his heart had ever for a moment wandered from his home; finding no rest on his wife's, it had learnt to love his children with something more than a father's tenderness. He had suffered. O! how he had suffered!

TURKISH POEMS ON THE WAR.

In the East, singers and rhapsodists supply the place of newspapers. There, on the old classic ground of antiquity, we still may witness the origin of some new Iliad, singing the siege and fall of Sebastopol, which promises to be a modern Troy. First the rhapsodes, afterwards, perhaps, a Homer. Scarcely, had the present war lasted a month, before the rhapsodes in Turkey lifted their voices in the streets and coffee-houses. There was, moreover, the advantage of a printing establishment, if the lungs of the declamators and singers should fail. It is thus, that some war-like Turkish poems on the Oriental question have come over to us; fragments, perhaps, of a great future Iliad. These ballads enjoy a very extensive circulation. They are being sung and repeated, with the permission of government, in Constantinople and many

other places of Europe and Asia. The broad-sheets are adorned with several engravings, illustrative of the events and persons described in the text—rough, clumsy productions, but not the less agreeable to the taste of the masses of Mussulmen. There is considerable confusion of time and place in them; geography, chronology, and history, appearing in a state of extraordinary fermentation.

First of all it appears, in despite of diplomatic assurances, that the war is looked upon by people in Turkey as a religious war, undertaken to resist the invasion, and to do away with the dominion of the infidels. The poems are full of the old Mussulman ardour of conquest. Once being excited, the followers of the Prophet want to lay their hand on the world; their next enemy, after the Muscovite Kral, is the Czar of the Catholic community. It appears, that Turkey still holds its central position, whither all other nations hasten to assemble, England and France amongst them, to fight the infidel Muscovites.

We have seen six poems on the war. The first two refer to the Danubian period of the struggle, when none but Turks and Russians were engaged, and brings the events of war down to the relief of Silistria. As was due, it is headed by the portrait of Omer Pasha. We shall select the most striking passages—beginning with the narrative of the complications that led to the outbreak of hostilities. "They say," commences the poet:

the world-conquering foe
Stretches out his hand after the seat
of the Osmanli.
The infidel Muscovite has again become
very arrogant.
May he soon meet his fate!
The infidelity of the rebel is without
limit.

But Sultan Abdul Medschid, on seeing this, summoned a great council of vizirs, professors, and geometers; the Koran was read, the commentaries were consulted, and orders were given to prepare for war. Then

The poor and rich said: We have
heard it and obey.
Thereupon the chapter of the Koran
"We have conquered," was read.
They said: Let no one cling to this
perishable world!
The body to the soul shall be the
sacrifice.
We have heard this word. Let us prove
it by deeds.

The summons penetrates into every corner of the empire, and all the nations obey it.

Many hundred thousand soldiers came
by land;
Many ships came by sea.
Even from China (sic!) God be with them!
By Allah, that was a journey, they said.
Many hundred thousand soldiers assembled

By our Lord's command. We shall have
bloodshed.

If it be God's will, we shall fight the
infidels.

By his indulgence so it will happen,
they said."

No sooner have they assembled, than the armies are marching to the Danube and fighting begins at Batoum and at Rustschuk, Widdin, and Tartukai.

At first he took the lead himself,
Selim Pasha, the hero of the age. They said
The armies are ready, the lines are drawn
up,

The standards are planted on the battle-
field,

The infidels are beaten, their soldiers are
dispersed,

Their bodies hanged up—bleed them,
they said.

The armies of Islamism went to fight,
We have beaten the infidels endless.

They fled and retired into
the fortress.

And cried all at once:

"Mercy!"

Having proceeded thus far (without much military description, but with great national and religious enthusiasm), the poet is carried away by his inspiration, and goes on alternately to praise the deeds of his heroes on the Persian frontier and on the Danube; the passage of the river by Ismail Pasha; Mustapha Pasha's expedition to Albania in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine; and, lastly, again, the victory of Omer Pasha at Oltenitz. Finally, however, thanks and praises are given to the follower of the Prophet, the Sultan. Therefore—

In consequence of this victory,
The sub-lieutenant of the fifth company,
Of the first battalion of the fourth regiment
Of the Imperial guard, Redif,
Ordered the Friday's prayer to be read
From the pulpit, before the inhabitants
of Silistria,

For the Gasi Abdul-Medschid-Chan."

Here the first poem concludes.

The second is shorter, but more lively and vigorous. It resembles a summons to take up arms, more than a narrative of the war.

We have a religious war with that
infidel,

Whom we already know a long time.

We send an army to Rome (!)

Our battle-field stretches as far as St.
Petersburg.

For allies in this war we have the lion
of God, Ali,

Ehalebek, Omer and Osman.

With these allies the war will last up
to the day of resurrection.

We have taken the crowns of many rebels.
From you (the Russians) also we shall
still get much poll-money.

In our hand is the sword and shield.
Have you not yet felt the fire of the
Osmanli?

It never recedes. Deliver up what you
have taken;
And return to your life of fishermen.
We have many vizirs and doctors of law.
Sometimes many thousands of infidels
Have fought against the house of Osman.
But we have conquered those foes,
When the house of Osman unfolded the banner
and took to the field.

The next piece is of a later date, going down
to the death of Nicholas.

Brother, hear, now let us begin to talk :—
The Muscovite Kral says : I have a
great claim.

We said : Tell us, Giaur, what that
claim consists of ?

The Giaur says : Open me the road
to Jerusalem, I have a business
there.

Abdul-Medschid-Chan-Gasi summoned
his ministers.

They said : " That is a trick ; let him
not carry his business beyond the Bosphorus.

The doctors, the philosophers, altogether
came to this decision.

Our religion is truth, our actions are
in harmony with the commands of
the Koran.

There was a Russian general, called
Menschikoff ;

As soon as he heard this, he resolved
upon making war.

At last he fled, ready to do so,
On the command of the Muscovite Kral.
Our military road leads to St. Petersburg.

The manifesto, the concentration of the
Ottoman forces on the Danube, under Omer
Pasha and Ismail Pasha, the achievements at
Kalafat, and the battle at Citate, are all sung
in proper order.

He (Omer Pasha) told the Muscovite :

" Thou shalt stay on the one side and
we on the other side.

To us the doors of Paradise are open ;
Our mothers are not ashamed, when they
have children.

This, is the second example we have given on the
battlefield of the Church.

In fact, our military road leads to St. Petersburg."

A passing allusion is made to the Greek
insurrection, which affords the poet an oppor-
tunity of inveighing against Muscovite per-
fidiousness, advantageously contrasting it
with the courage and perseverance shown by
the Turks in the defence of Silistria, and the
reconquering of the Danubian principalities.
At length, the English and French make
their appearance, partly by land, partly by
sea, and the campaign in the Black Sea is
resolved upon :

" The Imperial fleet put to sea,
The English and French fleets assisted us,
We have determined to burn Odessa.
The fleet of the three powers, with a hundred thousand
soldiers,
Went, on the morning of the seventh of No-
vember.

From Constantinople to Eupatoria (!)
Going to the centre of the Crimea,
we have to live in Sebastopol.
The English took Balaklava.
The French puzzled the mind of Men-
schikoff.

Leaving the waggons of ammunition,
he fled to St. Petersburg.
England and France are in our secrets.
In the valley of Inkerman many hun-
dred thousand souls were burned.

We have to take Sebastopol in a
short time,

To take prisoner the Kral of Russia,
And deprive him of his crown and throne."

Having thus summarily disposed of the
Czar, the poet goes on to prophesy the final
humiliation of Russia :

You (the Russians) have nothing more
to do with the trumpet ;

At last you will return to your occupa-
tion of fishermen.

But the death of Nicholas intervenes.

The Kral of Russia could not resist,
And gave up his soul to hell.

His ministers were beaten.
We have a great God, who made the
world out of nothing.

The effect was :

They lost their senses and began
to wail for the dead man.

Some say : Give up thy place of
honour,

Others say : Thine injustice is mine in-
justice.

With so dirty a corpse you must go
down.

Thus far it is enough now to have nar-
rated the war,

Afterwards we shall relate the further
events.

The picture on the printed sheet represents
a sarcophagus, on which a dead man is lying
in Russian uniform.

Another poem is inscribed : The Story
of Menekli Ahmed Pasha, being a dialogue
between Ahmed Pasha and Russia (Alexander
the Second), the latter of whom is supposed to
lean herself on Sebastopol. Ahmed Pasha
points out the great power of the French and
English, and of the Sheik Schamyl.

Nothing, he says, can resist them :

Nicolai Paulovitch fainted and went
away ;

Menschikoff became sick, after him, and
went away ;

Nachimoff fastened his ships and
went away—

We have seen it, now your turn is
come.

On this Alexander the Second gets fright-
ened, lays all the guilt on his father, and re-
signs himself to his fate.

Two figures at the bottom of the sheet re-
present Ahmed Menekli Pasha and Alexander
the Second, who, indeed, looks very miserable.

The last poem of the series is the longest, and is not so much intended to be sung, as to be performed in the streets and coffee-houses. It is inscribed, *Narration of the War: the beginning very much resembling that of the third poem.* Afterwards it passes into a dialogue between Omer Pasha and the Muscovite; when both personages are supposed to converse very politely on their different chances and duties. The following will be found interesting:

The Muscovite says: Know it well,
This year you will see it in the Crimea.
I have read the gospel in the Church
of St. Sophia,

When going from Pera to the Porte.
Omer Pasha says: We shall take it,
When fate holds her sway.

As regards Sebastopol, we know the
plan,

In a short time we shall be in pos-
session of it.

The Muscovite says: You do not know
my skill.

Sebastopol will not be taken so easily.
I have mines there, that are invisible,
When you hit on them, look at the
smoke!

At last Omer Pasha ominously glorifies
himself in the concluding lines:

Seven kings have ordered my portrait
to be made,
And sent it everywhere.

The engravings, added to this poem, represent four generals. In the middle, Omer Pasha and Ahmed Pasha; on the right of the latter, General Canrobert; on the left of the former, the late Menschikoff. To each personage have been added his accompanying emblems; Menschikoff having a carriage (the same probably in which he fled after the battle of Alma); Canrobert and the Turkish generals, French standards and Turkish horse-tails.

ROSES.

O! THE ineffable delight of a trip into the country, to see a show of roses, when you have a high-spirited, fast-trotting, rose-fancying hobby-horse to ride! "Cato,"—one of our most learned authors, informs us—"Cato seemed to dote on cabbage." Myself may boast of out-Catoing Cato, in one respect: for I dote to distraction on cabbage-roses. Take a full-blown Provins to bed with you; lay it on your pillow within reach of your nose; sniff at it an amorous sniff from time to time till you fall asleep; perform similar ceremonies the first thing when you wake in the morning, and you will not be too hard on my infatuation. I particularise a Provins, because although the tea-scented roses are delicious, while the Macartneys smell like apricot-tart, and the Jaune Desprez is a happy blending of raspberry jam with the finest otto,

or atargul; nevertheless, all roses by name do not smell equally sweet. In fact, some roses are no roses at all. The Christmas rose is a hellebore, which deserves a little protection with a hand-light if we desire it to wish us a happy New-year; the Guelder rose is a sterile snow-ball, which ought not to repudiate its classical title of Viburnum; the Rose Trémière, or Passe-Rose, is a hollyhock, which renders excellent service in the decoration of garden scenery; the Rose of Jericho is a cruciferous individual (?)—the note of interrogation shall be discussed hereafter—belonging to the same Linnæan class as cabbages and turnips, and in no way related to any sort of rose, "for, though it be dry, yet will it, upon imbibition of moisture, dilate its leaves and explicate its flowers contracted and seeming dried up;" the Rose-Laurier, or Laurel Rose, is the oleander, an elegant shrub with bright pink flowers, delighting to grow by the water's edge, but which, Algerian colonists say, poisons the brook that runs at its foot. The Rosa Mundi, the World's Rose, or Fair Rosamond, was a pretty young woman who was considered by her friends to be under no particular obligations to Queen Eleanor; the Rose Effleurée, the Handful of Roseleaves, or bouquet for children and families, is a nice little volume of tales and poetry. I am sure that the roses of heraldry—stained-glass roses and gothic stone roses—have no right to claim any other than a verbal relationship with the legitimate family of Rosaceæ. And the rose on the spout of my watering-pot is only a bit of red-tin pierced with holes. All these, (with the exception of the lady) are false, sham roses, of fleeting merit, and mere outside show; whilst a real rose, even in its grave of pot-pourri, exhales a pleasant odour, and is sweet in death.

Know, ye who are unfamiliar with roses, that the queen of flowers, like the changeful moon, presents herself under different aspects. There are roses which resemble the beauties of the south; they blossom once in their season, they dazzle you with their charms, and then they depart. You have to wait for another generation of blooms. There are others—we call them perpetual roses, while the French style them *rosiers remontants*—which do not begin perhaps quite so early but which, having once begun, go on continually, till old Father Nip-nose comes to town. Even then, if you can shift them into warm, light, and airy quarters, in their pots or tubs, they will go on flowering, and flowering, till you fear they will flower themselves to death. Observe, that some of the old-fashioned sorts maintain their ground against new-born rivals. What an indefatigable bloomer is the old crimson China, or *semperflorens*! What an emblem of perseverance and hardihood is that sweet-scented, semi-double, faithful friend, the Portland, or *Pæstan* rose, which will present you with a cluster of bright red

buds reflecting the gleams of December sunshine! The *biferi rosaria Pæsti* merit their repute of more than two thousand years; for, after all, we stand most in need of flowers which will carry a cheerful face under adverse circumstances. Any plant, or man, can be full of bravery during the hey-day of summer and prosperity; but our strongest sympathies are with whatever will make a goodly show, and even bear blossoms, in spite of the insults of the north-wind and the disdainful looks of the sun. Amongst the most unflinching bloomers is the Stanwell Perpetual, a *spinosissima*, or Scotch rose, with small double flowers of a very pale blush, which assumes for its motto, *Never say die!* Another stout-hearted flower, belonging to quite a different race, is *Aimée Vibert*, with its bright and almost evergreen foliage, and its thick clusters of pure white blossoms.

Perhaps, though not the most continuous in its succession of blooms, yet for lateness, as well as for the combined perfections of form, scent, hardness, and colour, the best autumnal rose yet raised (certainly in the Portland or *Quatre-Saisons* class), is a turn-coat flower whose history I blush to relate. But it averts your censure like other fair offenders; for, if to its lot some floral errors fall, look in its face, and you'll forget them all. It made its appearance during Louis the Eighteenth's time, and was named *Rose du Roi*, or the King's Rose, in compliment to him. But when Bonaparte came over from Elba, and put the legitimate king to flight, the proprietor, thinking that his new rose with any other name would bring in more money, deemed it good policy to rechristen it *Rose de l'Empereur*, or the Emperor's Rose. But the hundred days were a limited number—fate did not choose to make them a hundred and one—and the Battle of Waterloo again changed the aspect of political affairs. The rose rattled once more, and was re-styled *Rose du Roi*. It is known in England as the *Crimson Perpetual*—I should have called it the *Crimson Weathercock*. To complete its diplomatic education, it only wanted to have passed for a time as the *Rose de la République Rouge*, or the Red Republican Rose. No autumnal rose-garden is complete without the two *Desprez*, the red (or *Madame*), and the yellow, or rather the salmon-coloured. The *Géant des Batailles* is also a hero whose prowess and whose manly beauty insure his gracious reception by the ladies. None of these are what the nurserymen call new; most of them are quite antiquated; but they will hold their own, and maintain their ground, long after Louis Philippes and such-like loose ragged things have been swept clean away by the breeze of forgetfulness.

I think that if you can make only one voyage of rose-discovery during the summer, it is better, more sentimental, and altogether more poetic, to defer it till the

robin has commenced uttering his autumnal notes. One out-of-the-way rose-garden that I wot of is a gem in its own peculiar style. To get to it, you put your square-built old pony into your rumble-tumble four-wheel; you drive through high-hedged lanes and over breezy commons till you reach the turn-pike-road, which traverses a rather secluded district of the county; you pass gentlemen's seats on the right and the left, with their verdant parks and noble timber-trees; you drive through a village, with the prettiest of gardens before each cottage—no two of the cottages or gardens being exactly alike—while overhead is a flickering bower of cherry, plum, and walnut-trees, chequering the road with sunshine and shade; you pass a brick-kiln or two (symptomatic of the soil); and, after peeping over clipped quickset hedges at the brightest of pastures and the richest of crops, you reach a solitary way-side inn—the *Merman*. The pony knows where he is as well as you do, and stops. From out a stable-door steps a hale young man, with one hand partly bound in a cotton handkerchief, and the other covered with scratches more or less recent. He has been budding roses these many days past, and, as our noble allies say, *Il vaut souffrir pour les roses* (Roses are worth a little pain); nevertheless, he unharnesses old Smiler, who straightwith proceeds, snorting and whinnying, into the well-known stable. You enter the house, and find everything clean, countryfied, and way-side-inn-like, without the slightest pretensions to metropolitan adornments. You are met by a tall, gaunt, dignified woman, certainly not handsome, and assuredly never better-looking than she now is. She is the mistress of the house, and the rose-grower's wife. She looks as if she thought it would be a sin to smile more than once a-week; but she is an admirable cook—and did you ever know a good woman-cook who did not look dreadfully cross at times? You order dinner for five precisely, and step into the garden by a side-door, invisible from the road. The master, the enterprising horticulturist, has heard the sound of your rumble-tumble's wheels, and is coming to meet you—with slow step, unfortunately, for he has lost a leg since he began to grow roses. You have before you a tall, stout man—stouter since his loss—not handsome, but with an honest, open face, which prepossesses you at the very first glance. Between brother enthusiasts, preliminary ceremonies are short; so you walk up and down amidst hundreds and hundreds of roses—tall, middle-sized, short, and level with the ground, climbers, dwarfs, standards, pot-plants, white, blush, cream-colour, straw-colour, pink, crimson, scarlet, slate-colour, spotted, edged, striped, and blotched. You investigate the character of the early summer roses, whose bloom is past—you inquire into the prospects of the newest new varieties, and often get a shake of the head as the only response of the

oracle—you ask whether the good old sorts still remain at par in the market, and Jove replies, with a complacent nod, that they are a wholesale staple article of public consumption. "This bed," he says, "entirely of Bath white moss, has been budded to order for America." You then look round and decide upon your plants, combining a sprinkling of the unknown and the speculative with a larger proportion of the approved and the true. And, then, a sharp magisterial voice rings the dinner-bell with the tongue of authority. You dare not remain longer in the garden, even if you wished to, which you probably do not; for, immediately after crossing the threshold of the side door, you enter, to the left, a neat, snug little parlour with the window open, staring point-blank at the roses, and a little white-clothed table, hardly big enough for your party, but tending much to merriment and good fellowship. You take your seats, and instantly stern Minerva drops amidst you such mutton-chops; such green peas, such potatoes, and such melted-butter, followed by such a currant tart and such a rice pudding, that—oh!—words may express thoughts, but not sensations. The goddess concludes her miraculous performance by the production of a cream-cheese of her own manufacture. Expressions of your appreciation and delight burst from your lips, and—marvel of marvels—she smiles! Then, a bottle of wonderful port, and an invitation to the master to partake of it; he obeys the summons, and sets on the table a dish of Elton strawberries and a green-fleshed melon, grown in some hole and corner stolen from the roses. Then you ride your hobby-horses full gallop: how such a thing, sent out at such a price, turns out no better than a handful of coloured rags; how so-and-so's stupid gardener committed an outrageous donkeyism; how such another's inventive genius would produce leaves and flowers from a ten-year-old broomstick; how this year's committee of the Highnamitishire Horticultural Society is working; and, above all, whether the rose-fever has yet attained its climax! Then you stroll once more round the garden to fix upon a few additional protégés; you drink a parting cup of tea; Smiler takes his place between the shafts; you drive homeward through the cool evening breeze, and, as you watch the glow-worms lighting their lamps amidst the dewy wayside grass, you make a vow never more to judge of a woman's good qualities by her looks alone. Verily, rose-gardens are bits of consecrated ground, cut out and separate from common earth. If you could drop into the midst of this one, at the end of July, after having been shut up for nine months in a smoky city, you would go down on your knees before the flowers.

Roses have had a good deal to go through; it is true they have had a good long while to go through it in. When I began

rose-growing, nobody would look upon a rose in any other light than as a pretty sort of thing very well for school-boys to talk about after a course of Virgil, Horace and Anacreon, and permissible for kind-hearted old maids to shelter in the obscure retreats of their obsolete gardens; but, as florist's flowers, the idea was not to be entertained. Dahlias then were all the rage, and were carrying off exclusively, innumerable silver cups, tea-spoons, sugar-tongs, medals, certificates, and highly-commendeds. Mr. Cathill (horticulturist, Camberwell,) records that when Mr. Rivers first began to speculate largely in rose-growing, his old foreman, long since gone to his last resting-place, came one day, with a very grave face, and said,

"Master Tom, you are surely out of your mind. What are you going to do with all those brambles? It is a shame to plant them on land that would grow standard apples!"

And so it was with myself and my friend: a lady, who imported the art from France into our neighbourhood, and who did me the honour to make me her disciple. We were looked upon as benighted heretics, humanely tolerated as amusing enthusiasts, and just escaped ostracism as heterodox gardeners; because, while others were running mad after Mexican tubers with repulsive effluvia, alike offensive to man and beast, we cared only to complete our respective collections of a hundred fine varieties of the rose. If many were too polite to say so, they certainly thought, that it was a burning shame, so it was, to grow nasty prickly roses in a garden that would produce double dahlias; and the scorn of the public attained its height when they heard of our begging ladies for their worn-out parasols to shade both our very dark crimson and our double-yellow blooms, and when they overheard us rejoicing at a pic-nic water-party when a thunder-storm drove muslin skirts and white chip bonnets pell-mell below the hatches,—that the delicious shower came just in time to save our last-inserted buds! But it is a long lane which has no turning; and the poor neglected roses soon came to a path which led them to make their triumphal entry. I daily make use of some convenient plate, engraved with the cyphers H.H.S., which my roses won at the Highnamitishire shows. My roses and I well-deserved the reward thus bestowed in the shape of pieces of silver; for I worked them all with my own proper fingers, and they exerted themselves to the utmost to return the obligation.

I strained just now at the word individual, as applied to plants; because it has been a question, among the dons of vegetable physiology, What is an individual in the world of botany? and judgment has been pronounced that a bud is an individual. A bulb, therefore, such as a Tripoli onion (which is nothing more than an overgrown bud), may claim to be no more than a simple individual; but an oak-tree is a herd, a crowd,

a throng, a joint stock company, composed of as many individuals as there are buds on its trunk, branches, and twigs. What most concerns us here, is, that buds enjoy a vitality of their own, which is more or less independent of the rest. In cold wet climates, certain plants being unable to flower to any useful purpose, revenge themselves and have their own way in the end, by throwing off living buds, which take root and settle themselves in the world with the utmost facility. Such plants are styled viviparous, or plants which bring forth their young alive. There are even leaves whose fecundity of constitution engenders a crowd of little budlings round their outside edge. Unless the practice of budding were extensively employed, the supply of choice roses could not meet the demand.

New varieties of roses (with a few rare exceptions) originate from seed. Suppose you have raised an invaluable novelty, like the *Rose du Roi*, or my own *Maria*. Your plant is, at first, unique; only a single specimen exists in the world. How to propagate it, distribute it, bring it into the market, and make money of it? Its seed, supposing any attainable, would probably produce offspring inferior to itself. Cuttings are a tardy and limited means of multiplication; besides, several subsections of the genus *Rose* strike root, as cuttings, with difficulty. Layering is a still slower process, and often not a bit more certain. Budding accomplishes all we can desire.

It has been discovered experimentally, that the buds of shrubs and trees, if skilfully and surgically inoculated upon other shrubs and trees nearly related to themselves—that is species belonging to the same genus—will grow and thrive. In a few cases, the faculty is extended a little more widely; thus, a lilac scion, grafted on an ash-stock, will live just a little while,—a summer or two. But the nearer the relationship, the greater the success; but even then, vegetable caprice has often to be contended with. For instance, many pears do well on quince stocks, others do not do well; and there is no knowing, except empirically, what the exact result will be. Therefore, if any gardener tells you gravely that he has budded a rose on a black-currant bush, or grafted a white-currant scion on a red-cabbage stump, look him full in the face; do not laugh, if you can help it; but set him down in your private memorandum-book as,—I will not here say what.

Now though, theoretically, any one species of rose may be budded upon another, this general rule will scarcely be carried out in practice; because common sense would prevent your budding a vigorous species on a weakly one, or a hardy species on a tender one. There are families of roses—the teascented, for example—which are killed by any but our mildest winters, and must be

treated almost as greenhouse plants. For general purposes, the best stocks are furnished by the dog rose (*Rosa-canina*). Choose such as have grown in exposed situations, and have well-ripened wood, in preference to the green and immature, though pretty stems, that have been drawn up lank, under the shelter of trees. The sweetbriar is not sufficiently hardy. Extra robust and tall stocks may be obtained from the Highland rose, which grows in the valleys of the Grampian hills. If you want to cover a wall with a climbing rose on which to bud a number of varieties, the crimson Boursault will answer satisfactorily, and all the better that it is a thornless species. Beginners are apt to be too fond of over-tall standards; but experience will tame down their lofty ambition to from two feet to two and a-half.

You will have remarked the beautiful effect of looking down upon a valley or a forest from the commanding eminence of a mountain side. Remember this principle when you are planting the stocks that are to form your future rose-parterre. Standard roses, once budded, grow but little, if at all, in height. They increase in thickness; and it is curious that in that respect the growth of the stem is subordinate to that of the head; that is, a vigorous head will form a corpulent stem, while under a puny head the body will remain puny,—an apt lesson for administrations and governments in general.

Wild rose-stocks are now an article of commerce. By giving an order to proper persons you may obtain a supply to any reasonable amount. The nearer home they are found, and the sooner they are replanted in your nursery, the better. November is the month of months for the purpose. In the early dawn of rose-growing in England, you could not get what you wanted through such regular channels as now; but what you did get were finer stocks, in consequence of their being less sought after. I had an agent in my service who was an enthusiast. On being shown a collection of standard roses in splendid bloom, he instantly caught the idea, and impatiently longed for the arrival of autumn, to be let slip to scour the country. He seldom brought in large quantities at once—nor did I want them; but what he did bring were magnificent fellows, such recruits as are not easy to enlist at present. One evening he came to me out of breath, but radiant with triumph. From a small bundle of clean, well-rooted dog-roses, he selected one, and waved it in the air, as a theatrical fairy waves her wand. "This, sir," he said, "cost me three whole days and part of a night; but I was determined you should have it. I had known of it all summer long, in a retired corner of Squire Preservem's park, and I had no need to tie a knot in my handkerchief, to bear it in mind. But the other day they warned me off the land; they thought I must be a poacher. They wouldn't believe me,

and treated me as a liar, when I said that I only wanted to stub up a few old briars for a gentleman of my acquaintance, to change into roses. But I watched my opportunity, and took it at last. I crawled up one ditch, down another; wet, or dry, was all the same to me. I lay squat for hours in a bed of nettles, and afterwards crept on all-fours through a thicket of furze and holly bushes. Never mind that; here it is, at last. Isn't it a beauty, sir?"

It was a beauty. The following summer I headed it with that bright-cheeked gallant, Brutus or Brennus (for he is so doubly christened), who grew, and grew, till he formed a shade beneath which I could sit in my garden-chair.

In a few words, I will let you into the secret of converting a briar into a standard rose; but still, you must take lessons of some obliging friend, like mine. You must see the thing done, and then practise it yourself on the first straggling hedge-rose that falls in your way. Note, too, that cherries, peaches, and apricots may be budded in the same way as roses.

Your pupils arrive, in autumn, at your seminary for young roses. You will have previously engaged a sufficient number of what the French call *tuteurs*, tutors, or stakes, to support them in an upright course of behaviour. Arrange them into forms, or classes, according to height. Inspect carefully their lower extremities; remove all corns, bunions, straggling roots, and whatever is likely to sprout into proud flesh, or suckers. Plant them at exactly the same depth as you observe them to have grown in their native site. Fasten each individual stock either to a stake of its own, or to a long horizontal twig supported at each end by two upright posts. They will thus pass their winter vacation, though they will not remain absolutely idle; for they will be making themselves at home and pushing root-fibres at times when you believe them to be fast asleep. In spring, watch the swelling buds that show themselves the whole way up the stem. When they are about a quarter of an inch long, cut off all but two, which will be allowed to grow, to be budded, at the height required. Of course, select strong, healthy buds, as near to and as opposite to each other as possible. Into these the whole vigour of the briar will be directed.

In July, after a thunderstorm, or when the ground has imbibed a soaking shower, some kind friend will send you a twig of a matchless rose. Take it in your left hand, look out for a plump, healthy, dormant bud; cut off the leaf, leaving half-an-inch of the foot-stalk; insert your knife a quarter or a third of an inch above the bud; cut downwards, and bring it out a quarter of an inch below; remove with your thumb-nail the woody portion, leaving a small shield of bark with a bud in the centre. This is the bud

you want to make grow on your briar. To keep it moist, while you are preparing its new resting-place, you may drop it, if you like, into a glass of water; a snigger and more convenient receptacle is at hand,—your mouth.

On the branch to be budded, make two slits in the bark like the two straight lines which form the letter T. The perpendicular stroke will run along the branch and terminate where it springs from the main stem; it must be a little longer than the bud you intend to insert. The horizontal stroke will be formed by a cut across the branch, and must be a little wider than the bud you want to put in. You must just cut through the bark, without dividing the wood beneath. Cut those slits with a pen-knife on a piece of paper, or on any fresh twig whose bark peels readily, and you will instantly see what their object is. With the handle of your budding-knife gently push or lift the bark on each side of the perpendicular slit, or stem of the T, so as to cause it to rise. Or you may do it with your thumb-nails. As fingers were made before knives and forks, so thumb-nails were invented before ivory-handled budding-knives. Do nothing that can injure or irritate the interior of the wound. If you poke inside it for half an hour, and plough up the skin, you will injure its delicate organisation, and in nine cases out of ten you may whistle for your bud. Instead of that, the bark once raised, take the bud out of your mouth, and slip it in gently till it reaches its place. Be as quick as if you wished to spare your patient's sufferings. It really is a surgical operation. The bud once settled between the divided bark, bind up the wound with ligature of softest lamb's wool. If you have not been clumsy, the bud will grow; and then you must unbind it, and let nothing else grow on the briar either at top or bottom. At the end of two or three summers you will have a handsome-headed rose-tree, from which you may gather basketsful of bouquets, if you prune it properly,—sometimes if you abstain from pruning it.

The other day I saw an outer barbarian clipping the head of a standard rose with a pair of shears. I thought, and was very near telling him, that he deserved to have his own nose thrust between the blades. There are roses, such as the old unrivalled cabbage yellow, and the pretty little Banksias, with their white or nankin-coloured tufts of tiny violet-scented flowers, which, I believe, cannot bear even the smell of iron. They will refuse to flower if you come near them with a knife in your pocket, even if you do not take it out and open it. You may get rid of their dead and used-up wood as well as you can, by breaking it off; but the scent of steel agrees not with their constitution. What becomes of them, then, when they fall into the hands of these merciless butchers and assassins of roses? Many other roses, and

exquisite ones too, if cut too close back, will produce nothing but leaves, year after year. Fearfully numerous instances of this wanton ill-treatment may be seen in the suburban villas that swarm round large cities, where simple people get ignorant jobbing gardeners to prune their roses by the year. But rose-pruning is a fascinating amusement, which grows upon you, like billiards or chess; and I had as soon engage a fellow to eat my dinner, take my walks, or perform any other pleasurable action for me by the year, as prune my roses. It is true, different roses require different pruning, and you say you know nothing of the art. Never mind. Try. By entering thus into intimacy with your roses, you will become acquainted with every phase and condition of their existence. You will learn to distinguish one from another by the look of the twig, as well as by the aspect of the flower. Your humble servant could readily name a hundred varieties of roses, on being shown a handful of leaflets, trimmings, and prunings. That, however, is nothing. Doubtless, Rivers, Paul, or Mitchell, have men in their employ whose more practised eye would extend the list further. One of the great hyacinth rears in old times, in Holland, has asserted that he could recognise, by the bulb, almost every variety out of a collection of two thousand!

The sports of roses deserve to be mentioned, because several beautiful varieties have resulted from their antics. The York and Lancaster will now and then bear blossoms one half side of which is white, the other half red. The common Provins took it into its head to send forth a branch bearing the crested Provins, which the art of budding has rendered more or less permanent. The darling little moss Pomponne metamorphosed itself out of the common Pomponne (itself a miniature beauty of the highest merit), some say in the neighbourhood of Bristol, others in the garden of a Swiss clergyman. The caprices of roses must be complied with, if you would have them smile upon you. The coal-smoke of cities disgusts them utterly; the most tolerant of a highly-carbonated atmosphere being perhaps the maiden's blush and the old double white. It is of little use to plant yellow roses within I don't know how many miles of Temple Bar. I have never seen that admirable rarity, the old double yellow cabbage, blossom well, except when growing at the foot of a low wall, over the top of which it could straggle as it pleased. Nor has any good been done with it by budding, that I am aware. Perhaps we have no stocks on which to bud it, but must ransack the wilds of Persia to find them. The enemies of roses are legion. Of insect vermin the host is fearful. The maggots and worms and caterpillars and grubs which attack your heart's delight in spring must be picked out patiently with finger and thumb. Aphides, "our little

green cousin who lives on the rose," are comparatively harmless. A thunderstorm proves an excellent preventive; but thunderstorms are not always to be had at command. I take the tip of each twig in my hand, and brush off the clustering parasites with a painter's brush. An amateur (who deserves to be looked upon favourably), has invented a double aphid-brush, closing with a spring handle, which, says the advertisement, in a very simple and easy manner, instantly cleanses the rose from that destructive insect the green fly, without causing the slightest injury to the bud or foliage. Finally, encourage lady-birds and the sightless grubs of lace-wing flies, which latter, though blind, find out the succulent aphides, and instead of reserving them to act as milch-cows, pump them dry at once and throw away the empty husk, exactly as you would treat a St. Michael's orange.

There are roses which ought to make more way than they do—they are too shy, retiring, and perhaps fastidious in their habits. The microphylla, or small-leaved rose, bears most voluptuous flowers amidst delicate foliage; yet it is, like the cuckoo bird, seldom seen though often heard of. The multifloras, a charming family, comprising the seven sisters, would gratify us by making more frequent public appearances. The white Chinese anemone-flowered rose is all that is simple, and pure. It is clear that certain roses have suffered somewhat, both from evil tongues as well as evil eyes. Listen to the indignant complaint of that high-spirited horticultural traveller, Robert Fortune. "In the first volume of the Journal of the Horticultural Society I noticed the discovery and introduction of a very beautiful yellow or salmon-coloured rose. I had been much struck with the effects produced by it in the gardens of Northern China, where it was greatly prized, and I had no doubt that it would succeed equally well in this country. But from some cause—probably ignorance as to its habits or to the treatment required—my favourite wang-jan-ve, as the Chinese call it, was cried down. It had been planted in situations where it was either starved or burnt up; and in return for such unkind treatment, the pretty exotic obstinately refused to produce any but poor miserable flowers. Then the learned in such matters pronounced it quite unworthy of a place in our gardens amongst English roses; and I believe in many instances it was either allowed to die or was dug up and thrown away. Five or six years had elapsed since the introduction of this fine climber, and it had never been seen in its proper garb. But the results in two places proved it to be a rose nearly as rampant as the old Ayshire, quite hardy, and covered from the middle of May, with hundreds of large, loose flowers, of every shade, between a rich reddish-buff and a full copper-pink. The old standard plants in the open ground were one mass of

bloom, the heads of each being more than four feet through. The successful cultivators would inform you that no great amount of skill was necessary in order to bring the rose into this state. It is perfectly hardy, scrambling over old walls, but it requires a rich soil and plenty of room to grow. The Chinese say that night-soil is one of the best manures to give it. Only fancy a wall completely covered with many hundred flowers, of various hues—yellowish, salmon, and bronze-like, and then say what rose we have in the gardens of this country so striking; and how great would have been the pity if an introduction of this kind had been lost through the blighting influence of such ignorance and prejudice, as have been shown by the person to whose care it was first intrusted." I have eased my mind by speaking a word in favour of ill-used, mismanaged roses. I will now mention a woeful blank which some enterprising rose-raiser ought to fill forthwith; we sadly want a thoroughly double Austrian briar, with the petals orange-scarlet above and yellow beneath. The desideratum only bides its time.

As to gathering roses;—when you wish to offer to your affianced love something as charming and fresh as herself, avoid making the attempt in windy weather. If a gentle shower will not come to your aid, water liberally all day long. Next morning, at three o'clock, or a little before, turn out of bed, and cut the choicest specimens,—none of them more than three-quarters opened,—before the sun has had time to kiss the dew off their leaves. Arrange according to your own, and your *Dulcinea's* fancy, and tie with a true-lover's knot of blue satin ribbon. When done, put the bouquet, or bouquets, in water, in a cool unoccupied room, with the blinds drawn down, till the moment arrives for the roses to appear in the divinity's presence.

Every one is acquainted with the French fashion of decorating graves with flowers. The way in which those flowers are generally respected, is an equally well-known fact. But everybody does not know the severity with which any violations of the little grave-gardens are punished. The *Moineur* for September, the twenty-second, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, states in its police report, that a woman named Badé, employed to keep up the flowers on a certain tomb in the *Cimetière du Sud*, conceived a singular method of fulfilling, without cost to herself, her office, which was liberally recompensed. Two handsome rose-trees, which overshadowed this tomb, withered and died. Shall she go and buy others to replace them? By no means. She remembers that, on another grave some distance off, there are growing two magnificent plants of the same species. She takes them up; steals them; and employs them to adorn the grave which is entrusted to her care. The guardian

of the Cemetery had already noticed a similar abstraction on the part of that bad woman. A complaint is made, and she gets for her pains—a year's imprisonment! Better law this, I think, than we usually get at home. Dear reader, I write as one—may you not read as one—who has put Roses on the graves of the beloved.

TWO DINNER FAILURES.

THOUGH Christmas comes but once a-year, and dinner comes—or ought to come—once a-day, three hundred and sixty-five times, in the year's course, I doubt if any number of extra banquets, at other times, could compensate for the loss of a dinner on Christmas day. I am qualified to speak on the subject, for I have gone two Christmases dinnerless. There might be, perhaps, some usefuller and more efficacious method of celebrating the great anniversary, than by devouring certain stated and set-apart meats and condiments, whose consumption is almost invariably followed by indigestion amongst the younger branches, and the indulgence in which frequently compels the strongest-stomached and bravest in gastric functions of us all to unloose the ultimate button of our waistcoats; yet if there be any observances on earth defensible—any festivities in the world excusable on the ground that they are not enjoyed in secret, in solitude, or in selfishness, that they are imparted, that they bring old acquaintance together, that they draw tighter the bonds of friendship, and staunch the wounds of enmity, that they are the delight of the young and the solace of the aged, that they promote good-fellowship, peace, and good-will among all men—these Christmas merry-makings are things that will live and will smell sweet to posterity to the latest time.

I like leaves in summer, and the glittering frost and whitewashing of Nature's outbuildings in winter; but from muggy weather in January, and snow in July, good sense deliver me! So, by a parity of feeling, do I look evilly upon a man who orders plum-pudding after his joint at an eating-house in the middle of the year; so did I once quarrel with a dear friend because he gave me roast sucking-pig (at other times a celestial dish) for dinner on Christmas Day. There is a reason in roasting eggs; there should be a wise discrimination in the time and place of eating traditionally festive dishes. Pudding can be out of season as well as oysters. You would not roast cockles at a vestry-room fire. You would not sing a goose with Tennyson's poems. You would not bid a convict condemned to die on Boxing Day, twine holly round the bars of his cell on the twenty-fifth of December. I will go farther than this. I cannot help thinking that a man who eats wrong dishes at Christmas time, or

neglects to eat the right ones, must have some moral obliquity, some deformity of sense, some hump in his heart. There is engraven ineffaceably on my mind the newspaper details of a famous and cruel murder, whose date has utterly escaped my memory. In the report, I remember reading that the murderer and his victim—a woman—dined together on the Christmas Day preceding the murder off boiled scrag of mutton and turnips. I remember the heads of my family shaking their heads gravely when that fact was made public. No good, you see, could come of such a dinner.

With this strong feeling on the subject of Christmas in its connection with the pudding, it may easily be understood how the two Christmas disasters I am about to narrate made a strong and lasting impression on my mind, and why I reckon them as of decided importance among the griefs of which I have had my share.

Disaster number one, took place in a foreign clime, in the city of Paris, full twenty years ago. Yes; it must be twenty, correlative circumstances tell me so; yet I am not twice twenty years of age yet; and it appears to me that I can remember full fifty Christmas dinners preceding the one on which the disaster took place. And there must have been two repasts again preceding those: one composed of pap, the other of chopped meat and bread crumbs. Perhaps the dinners of my nonage—(childhood is so prompt to exaggerate)—counted double: perhaps I regaled sometimes in my dreams, or dined with the fairies, or played at pudding with my brothers and sisters. At all events twenty years ago I was a very little boy, and was invited out to dinner. The value of such an invitation may be appreciated when I tell you that I was a little stranded Englishman, in a strange land, among three hundred strange boys, in a great public school; that it was my first Christmas abroad, and that I was far from being familiar with the French language. The masters used me well enough, and the big boys did not beat me (the ennobling system of flogging is happily quite unknown in French schools), but I was very lonely, and friendless, and miserable. I did not know anything of the French games, I was a protestant, and could never divest myself of an uneasy notion that the corpulent ecclesiastic in the purple soutane, who came to prepare the boys for their first communion, looked upon me as an irredeemable brand for the burning—a living sample of those little wooden wheels, towed and turpented, used for lighting fires, and known, I believe, as blazers—and that he warned the other collegians to be chary in their companionship with me, for their souls' health. Indeed, Gueret, aged twelve, who was the greatest reprobate in the establishment, was the nephew of a bishop, and had once been convicted of stealing a peg-top,

told me privately, on more than one occasion, that I could not be saved. I had a brother in Paris—many years older than I—who was studying at the Conservatoire; but he was so tall, had come to see me so seldom, had such a gruff voice, and wore such a fluffy white hat, that I was frightened of him, and called him Monsieur Frédéric. Once, and once only, on the occasion of a projected visit on the next holiday to the Jardin des Plantes (pocket-money running rather short), I was emboldened, I may say, incited, by some of my schoolfellows who had boundless notions of my brother's wealth, to write to him, soliciting the loan of a ten sous piece. I suffered infinite agony of mind and consciousness of guilt till the answer arrived. It came at last in the shape of a bonny, new, two franc piece. I remember keeping it for a whole day and a half in an old morocco jewel-case, building all sorts of castles in the air as to the manner in which it was to be spent. But the holiday came, and the big boys undertook to lay my money out for me, to the best advantage. They laid it out to such advantage that, alas! they spent it all, and I solemnly declare no part of the feast came to my share, save a brown loaf, a stick of barley-sugar, and a cup of iced liquorice water, or coco.

I had a sister, at school in the convent of the Sacred Heart. I went to see her when I could get an exeat—about once in three weeks; and I may reckon among the adventures of my life that I have eaten plum-cake in a convent parlour, and have sate on the knee of a live abbess. But I had no other English friends or connections—my mother was far away—and I was homesick, and my small heart was weary. The boys without, as I have said, positively illtreating me, were apt to dance round me, to call me derisive epithets,—Rosbif, Pommedeterre, and the like;—they worried me dreadfully about a small tooth comb I used, and the like of which, I suppose, had never been in France before. There were some, who, though young, were politicians, and whose bitter taunts caused me often to bedew my pillow with tears for the involuntary share I had had in the Peninsular war, and the unconscious yet unpardonable degree in which I had been accessory to the illtreatment of Napoléon Bonaparte by Sir Hudson Lowe.

When Christmas came, and uprose Batten. Blessed be Batten evermore, and may the way of the world be soft to his feet, now, wherever he may be. Batten was a pharmacien anglais, — he kept an English chemist's shop in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, nearly opposite the British embassy. He was a meek, mild, fair little man, who earned, I am afraid, but a scanty livelihood in purveying those much-prized blue-pills, and those indispensable black doses which are, to the British aristocracy and gentry travelling abroad as the

air they breathe. Take any continental town—Tours, Nice, Pau, Ghent, Florence, Bad-Ems, Bonn,—wherever the well-to-do English form a colony, forthwith there sits down a merchant to supply them with black dose and blue pill. Religion (of a bitter aloe and pepper admixture) comes next, a circulating library next; a consulate, perhaps, at last; but medicine is the primary necessary, and it must be supplied. So Batten sold the “pil-cerul” and the “nig-mist” to the English wayfarers in Paris. He had a very little wife, who was, for a wonder, quite as timid as himself. She used to cry a good deal. He had a good many children who had taken to the language, from their French *bonne* very kindly, and squabbled with one another in a delightful infantile jargon. Finally, he had (confound her!) an Irish servant of all-work, cook, housemaid, house-keeper, and major-domo, who was tall, raw-boned, choleric and red-elbowed, who was the tyrant of the whole household—a most devout Catholic, a very faithful, good, honest-hearted creature, and the terror and torment of Batten’s life.

My big brother was engaged to eat his Christmas dinner with some great lady who lived in a pavillon rouge hard by the Parc de Monceaux. By the way it was neither a pavilion nor red, but was a great, staring, whitewashed house. I never knew a people (save, perhaps, the inhabitants of the Island of Barataria) so prone as are the French to call things by names which do not belong to them. But Batten, who had some previous knowledge of my family (originally due to black-dose and blue-pill, I believe), invited me and my sister to partake of his Christmas cheer at the Pharmacie Anglaise. We both obtained the requisite permission. At five o’clock that dark December afternoon we found ourselves, attired in gala-costume, in the friendly Batten’s salon, happy, hungry, and full of home-thoughts.

There was Batten in a white waistcoat, looking—with his fair glossy hair plastered over his meek little forehead—to my irreverent mind far more like a waiter than a doctor, yet with sufficient odour of lozenges and ipecacuanha pervading him to vindicate his Apothecaries’ Hall’s pretensions. There was Mrs. Batten in a pink dress, and with pink eyelids too. The pudding had, perhaps, proved too much for her sensibilities. There was Cousin Louisa, a relative and retainer of the house of Batten. She was hideous, but friendly, and was quite a Child’s Own Book of stories and games. There was Captain Chiff, late of the Royal Waggon Train, who had lived in Paris ever since the peace of eighteen hundred and fifteen, and was reported to repose himself, every autumn, in the debtors’ prison of Clichy (at the suit of some creditor who was compelled by law to pay a franc a-day for his support there), just as one might retire to a villa in the country. There were two Misses Chiff, angular, mu-

sical, and frost-bitten, nasally-speaking. And finally there was great store of children—the young Battens, ourselves, and some youthful pilgrims at various Parisian boarding-schools, similarly circumstanced, who had been bid to eat the fattened pudding by the friendly Batten.

We, children, were very happy and noisy, and talked and laughed much, comparing our school experiences among ourselves. The elder guests were decorously cheerful; but I could observe (I was a bit of an observer even then) that a gloom hung over our hosts. Mrs. Batten’s eyelids, I repeat, showed symptoms of recent lachrymatory irritation. Batten was perturbed in spirit. He looked frequently towards the door; he asked me much too frequently if I was ready for my dinner; and he changed colour, and looked positively wretched when the door opened, and Irish Mary, so was the tyrannical servant-of-all-work called, came to lay the cloth for dinner. I noticed (inquisitive urchin) a certain wildness in that domestic’s eye, an unsteadiness of gait, a mingled imbecility and ferocity of expression. You know how precociously shrewd children are—how they are gifted with a sort of second-sight—how the little scholars in Shenstone’s charming poem eye the birch-tree, and shape it into rods, and tingle at the view. Well, I noticed all these things about Irish Mary; and another of my senses became awakened to a certain odour, half saccharine, half alcoholic, and I shaped it into rum, and trembled for the pudding.

Mrs. Batten had already dropped a tearful hint about a French female cook, who had been engaged the day before to prepare the dinner, Irish Mary having given symptoms of a recurrence of a disorder known as tantrums; which tantrums were evil spirits that lasted ordinarily about a week, and required to be laid in a red sea of rum. But the French cuisinière had broken down in an early stage of the proceedings. She had fainted: her syncope being attributed partly to the confined atmosphere of the kitchen; (which, as in many French houses, was on the floor above our heads), partly the mortification of having been worsted in verbal single combat by Mary, whose broad Connaught quite diminished her French; partly through tight lacing. The vast majority of French female cooks have waists like wasps, and wear lavender boots. At length, after we had waited what seemed to me an inconceivable time, dinner was at length announced. We, youngsters, were bestowed at a side-table. My dignity was a little hurt by this, as also by the insulting but well-meant offer of Cousin Louisa to cut up my meat for me; but I was consoled by thinking of pudding. We had some very nice soup first, some turkey roasted and stuffed with chestnuts. The roast-beef was to follow, and then—then—the pudding.

It was to have followed, but it didn’t. We waited a long time—a very long time. Our

elders talked about the weather, the political disturbances, uneasily. Mrs. Batten left the room. She returned in a flood of tears, and whispered, sobbingly to Batten. The chemist started, trembled, rose and spoke—

"Oh, children! children!" he said, wringing his meek little hands, "I fear you must make out the rest of your dinner with cake and wine!"

Good gracious! what had happened? Had the French cuisinière sunk under syncope? Had her sweetheart, the Sapeur-pompier, arrived, and revenged her by sabering Irish Mary? Was the pudding spoilt? Yet we could smell it still (all odours are sentient in a French house), but, mingled with the smell, came souging on the draught (all French houses are full of draughts) a wild demoniac sound, as of some person singing in the upper storey.

I know not what impulse seized us, but we all rushed up-stairs—Captain Chiff leading the van, bravely, the Battens bringing up the rear, weeping, and we, children, hovering on the flanks like skirmishers. We reached the kitchen, and there we saw a sight that would have made sore eyes sorer. Everything was in confusion; but on the hearth confusion was worse confounded. There, O lovers of Christmas and its cheer, there was the remainder of our looked-forward-to dinner! Beef, pudding, mincepies, vegetables, melted butter, charcoal, ashes, brandy-sauce, saucepan-lids, and horse-radish, all blended together in one hideous holocaust; and in the midst of the ruins of this culinary Carthage sat the infamous Irish Marius, wildly drumming with her heels on the floor, and with a ladle upon a stewpan!

She was tipsy. Her hair was dishevelled; her face was red. Empty bottles of every description (she was not particular in her drink, though she preferred rum) betokened the way she had been going. But she heeded not our presence; and in the very face of Nemesis—of us, defrauded innocents—of her wronged master and mistress—thus she sang, in a loud, long-sustained howl—

Flare up, Mary!
Flare up, Mary!
Fiddleiddle um tum
Tow row! row!

Slowly and sadly we descended the stairs, to make out the rest of our dinner with cake and wine. As we regained the salon, the air and the words that the wretched woman was singing changed. She sang—

Hee roar, up she rouses,
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

What was to be done with the drunken sailor was a secondary consideration: to what was to be done with the drunken cook. She could not be paid her wages, turned out of doors, or given in charge in a foreign land. I believe Batten sent her back to Connaught

at the earliest opportunity. But he never gave any more Christmas dinners.

Of Christmas disaster number two, though I was personally concerned in, and a sufferer by it, I must speak more in the third than in the first person. Indeed many of the circumstances which helped to lift the veil of mystery that at first enveloped this disaster were only subsequently elicited by the testimony of other parties. Witnesses had to be examined, evidence sifted and compared, before the full horror of the event that took place in Rhododendron Villa, Addison Road, Bayswater, could be fully comprehended or placed before the public in a narrative form.

An interval of ten years must be supposed to have elapsed between the first and second Christmas disaster. I had grown above side-tables, and had a soul too haughty to have my meat chopped. I was old enough to shave, to blush, and to be in debt. I was old enough to feel a pleasure, and call it pain—to fall in love with a stay-busk, some erenoline, and some false hair, and think that it was lovely woman. I was old enough, in fine, to be invited to eat my Christmas dinner at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Charkison Rabbets, one of the eighteen clerks of the Petty-sky-blue-seal Office (since abolished), and fool enough to have my hair curled, and to put on silk stockings and pumps.

We were very genteel—oh, excruciatingly genteel, but not very lively. Our boots were as bright as the fire-irons, and the younger portion of us, when spoken to, blushed a much deeper red than the fire. A footpage opened the door. We were waited upon at dinner by a stately female domestic, who was an astonishing compromise between a housemaid and a thoroughbred footman. She wore ringlets, but they ought to have been powdered; she wore an apron, but it should have been plush.

The dinner was very genteel. We had fish; boiled turkey and oyster sauce; kick-shaws. People drank wine with one another, and had affections of the spinal marrow in doing so. I made my usual highly-successful mistake of pouring sherry into a port-wine glass, following it up by my inimitable feats of upsetting my glass, turning a deep peony red, looking at myself in my spoon, and then wishing that I could sink through the earth, that the pudding would come, or that I were dead.

The pudding: it was below, and though Mr. Charkison Rabbets was a genteel man, in the copper. It was below, under custody of Jane Buck the cook. It was still imprisoned in its cloth, leaping, bubbling, blobbing, rumbling in its cavernous bath of boiling water. It had yet to be withdrawn, to be plunged into cold water, to be garnished with holly, and soured in brandy sauce, and to be served up on the dining-room table, to the pride of Jane Buck the cook, and the delight of a genteel party.

The little footpage was engaged outside the dining-room door—I will not say in selecting for his own refection tit-bits from the dishes that came out. The genteel housemaid who should have worn plush was waiting upon us. Jane Buck was in the front-kitchen, and was thinking that it was pretty nearly time to see about taking the pudding out of the copper.

It was now just dusk. We had dined at three o'clock, a genteel, but not fashionable, hour. The cook had just turned to go into the kitchen where the copper was, when she saw, looming through the area window, and darkening it, the dresser, the pie-board, her own work-box, and a human face!

It was a large, dark, and very ugly face, closely shaven, but surrounded by long, lank, black greasy hair; and round the occiput was a mark, as if the face's proprietor had been in the habit of tying a string round his head. It might have been the face of a bravo, of a murderer, of Medusa, of the awful Bull-and-Mouth itself; but it was worse than all these to the unfortunate Jane Buck.

The face, accompanied by the body that owned it, speedily entered the kitchen itself. A wide-awake hat of ashen hue surmounted it. The face was some six feet from the ground; below that was a long, voluminous Spanish cloak: and that was all, save Jane Buck and the twilight.

The cook did not scream: she did not faint, but she turned deadly pale, trembled in every limb, and faltered—

"My 'usband!"

It was indeed her husband; her wicked, vagabondising, brandy-drinking, short-pipe-smoking, wages-squandering, kitchen-stuff-devouring, unfaithful husband. Jane Buck's husband was the famous, but abandoned, artist, Signor Buck. He was by vocation a juggler, but was sometimes an acrobat, and had been seen as an Ethiopian serenader. He had deserted his wife for years, paying her only periodical visits to extort money from her. He had even taken from her the only pledge of their union—a son, aged five—and the unhappy mother had once caught a glimpse of her wicked partner, in tights and spangles, standing on the head of another reprobate similarly attired, and holding forth their innocent offspring—the babe was also in tights and spangles—at arm's length, and by one leg.

"Thomas Buck," continued the cook, quaveringly, "what 'ave brought you here? What do you want?"

"Blunt!" answered the head and cloak fiercely. At the same time a gaunt, bony, knotted hand extended itself from the ample folds of the Spanish garment. It struck the pie-board violently. Then seeming to waver, it shook for a moment in thin air, then, almost unconsciously, closed upon the leg of a turkey in a half-emptied dish. The twilight obscured the cannibalistic action; but, from a

crunching sound and the previous antecedents of Signor Buck, there is every reason to believe that he was eating the drumstick of the turkey.

"Tummas Buck," replied Jane his wife, "you 'ave 'ad my wages, my savins—you have drunk my perkisits—you 'ave taken away my dear, dear little boy—what 'ave you done with him, Tummas?"

"He's a fizzer now," answered Signor Buck, gloomily.

"A fizzer?" ejaculated the cook.

"Prenticed to a swallower," the cruel father answered. "He's a doing carvin'-knives now, but he'll square red-hot pokers in doo time. But where is the blunt? I must 'ave it—I aint got a mag—I'm dry—give me blunt, plate, or linning, or grease."

"I won't," said his wife, indignantly.

"You won't!" exclaimed the signor, violently; "you won't! then to Spain—to Spain!"

This was too much for Jane Buck: brute as he was, she loved her husband. She flung her arms round him, promised him money, and entreated him not to go to Spain.

"To Spain! to Spain!" the signor continued to ejaculate. "To Spain! Gods! had I but a marlinspike!"

What the dissolute juggler would have done with a marlinspike, or whether he wanted one, or anything indeed, save money from his foolish wife, is problematical; but the threat, coupled with the expression of his wish for the nautical instrument in question, moved his wife to empty out her pockets and her workbox before him, and bid him help himself.

Signor Buck was just in the act of transferring the contents of these objects within the penetralia of his Spanish cloak when the parlour bell rang violently, and the cook ran out of the kitchen, bidding her husband await her return.

Signor Buck was never seen again. Four silver spoons and a fish-slice, the property of Charkison Rabbets, Esq., were never seen again; and, worse than all, the Christmas plum-pudding—the pride, the hope, the joy of the family—disappeared with the spoons and the fish-slice, and was never seen again, and we went puddingless that Christmas-day.

Heaven send us all many more Christmases, and no worse disasters than these to chequer them!

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THE BUCKLER SQUIRES.

TEN years have passed since my first visit to Riverport—there railways had not yet penetrated. A lumbering cross between an omnibus and an ancient stage-coach crawled up and rumbled down many little hills. We left the castle and the cathedral, the half-deserted city—melancholy in spite of gay uniforms, scarlet and blue; for round-about railways, rejected by city pride, have taken away all the trade of thirty-four gallantly appointed coaches, with consequential coachmen and Lothario guards, who, bugle in hand, charmed and broke the hearts of unnumbered chambermaids.

We travelled—slowly but steadily; for the roads were hard and sound—sometimes between high chalk banks, encumbering many a rood of fertile soil, sometimes between thin plantations of young upright trees, extending for miles, where the loud crack of the driver's whip waked up some combative cock-pheasant from his doze after an early morning meal. We passed fields destined for wheat, where two great strapping fellows, with four strong horses dragging a clumsy wooden plough, slowly and with monstrous dignity turned up miles of light soil. This was a county of hops, for whose benefit all other crops were starved. When all his science, and capital, and credit, had been exhausted on the hop-garden, the farmer treated the poor corn-fields to a sort of Barmecide feast, by scratching them with a superfluity of horse and man's labour, and nothing more. Next, we passed hop-gardens in their winter state. The creeping vines with the green foliage, the clustering flowers, and rich perfume, were gone. The late gardens were a waste, bare as a deserted camp, with huts (of hop-poles) left standing. So, first ascending as if by steps of short ascent, and then as steadily descending, we reached the brow of the hill, where the vale of Riverport opened before us.

It is a vale, such, in summer time, as we dream of in dreams, or fancy in school-days, if exiled to some school among the dreary flats of a fen country, after reading *Rasselas*. The last part of the road creeps down along one side of a steep, turf-covered hill, thinly sprinkled over with yew-trees of unknown

age, that seem stretching their monstrous arms, and point to where a Druids' cairn marks the interval between the skin-clad Britons, whom Caesar conquered, and the smock-frocked natives, who drink, not mead, but beer. Sheep feed on the sweet turf of the hill sides, in great flocks, white-faced and black-faced; with few traces of the ancient horned breed of the county, that made the wealth of the yeomen of Kent in Robin Hood's day, before the invasion of the "hops, carp, and pickerel." On the descending side, the mighty basin, smooth as if scooped out by Titan navigators' spades, is lined over with the many divisions of the varying fields. Here stubble fields, where the brown partridges cower as we pass. There pastures dotted with speckled cattle, black and white, more picturesque in the meadow than profitable to the butcher,—hop-grounds and the richly brown red of lately-ploughed fields. These repeated, again and again, carry the eye from the steep winding road which we skid down, beyond the fields, and the high banked hedges, to an ancient park of undulating slopes, thickly timbered with oaks, fast changing colour in the winter winds. Lower still, Riverport appears, with its solid church-tower, a grey speck upon the landscape. Masts and brown sails mysteriously moving, tell of unseen barges slowly creeping up a winding river before a favouring wind. More farms, farm-houses, with dusky thatched roofs, and long wooden barns. Then, on the other side the river, up rose, by degrees, the rounding hills, half-fields and half-plantations, where more hop-poles grow and more pheasants breed.

It was very pretty, ten years ago, to look down on this scene, and to take in the details as they grew with sight.

But, when we reached the boundary of the park we had admired in the distance, it was impossible not to be struck with the signs of desolation. The park palings broken down in a score of places; the lodge weather-stained, covered with mangy thatch; its little garden overgrown with weeds, and vegetables run to seed; a brood of dirty children staring and shouting as we passed; the mansion itself—a large, many-windowed brick building—absolutely deserted.

Our coachman—a cross-breed between an

hostler and a ploughman, and not of the talkative breed—only growled out, in answer to our curious questions, "That's Buckley Park. I've heard that the grandfather of the squire drove his coach-and-six, but this un's a poor creatur'."

We rolled slowly on, and crossed a narrow high-backed bridge, where a gang of idle country louts lounged over the parapets, slanging the bargees as they tided through the arches.

Riverport had a village of a single street, with a church, an almshouse, and a dozen taverns; before whose doors red-cravatted, flannel-shirted, giant bargees and nondescript ruffians—a mixture of the pauper labourer, the poacher and the tramp—with the help of slattern women, several fiddles and an organ, fought, shouted, and made a hideous din. The village, with church tower, and cottages with quaint chimney-stacks—so picturesque from a distance—formed a straggling, filthy lane, of decayed dwellings of stone, mud, and timber, used at haphazard. Every window was open; and, at almost every one, some slattern woman lolled and screamed to the children playing in the street.

A man with a fishing-rod is not afraid of a dirty village. My visit was to my old friend, Splinters (lately settled in Riverport, in all the new-flown dignity of the alphabet granted by the dignitaries of surgery and drugs), with a behind-thought, as the French say, of experimenting on certain famous trout streams. The village doctor knows everything. Is he not the Confessor of the nineteenth century? Hence my knowledge of Buckley or Buckleigh Park.

Where Buckleigh Hall now stands, stood, so says Domesday Book, at the Conquest, the dwelling of a Saxon Thane. The Conqueror gave it to William de Bouclere, one of his captains, with many thousand acres besides. From father to son, with scarcely a break from the direct line, the hall, the park, and a fair estate, had descended up to the time of the grandfather of the last owner. The stone keep and castle built by the first De Buckleigh, was dismantled in the wars of the Roses. A Bouclere Buckleigh, in Queen Elizabeth's time, built a pleasant mansion, after the fashion of that age. In William the Third's time, terraces, and clipped yew trees, and famous gardens were added by a prudent man, who married a Dutch merchant heiress. The time of George the Second gave a fantastical, powdered, patched Dame Agatha Buckler, anxious, above all things, to be genteel; so she took advantage of a fire to alter what was spared into a sash-windowed, pillared, porticoed hall. Successive alterations in the same spirit, with the help of stucco and stone pillars, reduced the once picturesque hall to a heavy yellow square parallelogram of carpenters' architecture; as unlike the ancestral house of the family as the last male heir

was to the knight who won his manor at Hastings.

In course of time, the Buckleighs were transformed into Bucklers. The first of the family was also the last who did anything to mark his name upon the county history. The Buckleighs and Bucklers were squires and justices of the peace; they never aspired to be knights of the shire. They generally intermarried with other Bucklers, cousins more or less removed, and were not prolific. We don't hear of any Bucklers famous in the army or the navy, the law or the church.

Some of the Squires Buckler kept hounds; all hunted and shot; committed poachers to the county jail; and drank to the king (over the water) until there was no king there to drink to: and then, with equal zeal, drank to King George fifty years ago. The Bucklers made it a point of honour to drive four horses, or a set of horses, as it was called, and not to allow their daughter to marry any one who could not keep a set for them too; hence, tradition mentions many withered, discontented spinsters, and some shocking runaway marriages by maiden Bucklers, who were thenceforward chased out of the county by a union of squires and squireesses. It need scarcely be said that, with the important exception of the Dutch heiress who introduced asparagus-beds and forcing-houses, but who died early of apoplexy, leaving one son, the Bucklers encouraged no innovations. Had ploughing by the horse's tail ever been the custom in England, it would have survived last in Buckler Park.

The Bucklers were hospitable to neighbours of their own rank, after their own heavy fashion. In the servants' hall, and kitchen, there was a sort of open house for all comers. Some lazy fellows or untidy women, beside the numberless cousins of the army of dependents, were always in the kitchen having cold meat, bread and cheese, and strong ale; of which last huge butts were brewed every October. They were charitable, too, after their fashion. On certain days, and especially St. Thomas's day, consecrated by immemorial custom, a crowd of the villagers marched up with basket and wallet, and received fixed allowances of food, clothes, and firewood, without distinction or inquiry; so that in course of time every family able to obtain a footing in Riverport counted on "Thomassin," the annual dole from the Hall, as so much income to be added to their lazily-earned wages. Indeed, during the last Buckler's time the doles were as good as cash; for Mr. Joe Brunt, landlord of the Jolly Boatman, was always prepared to give gin and ale, bread and meat, for flannel and faggots, either to clear off an old score or to commence a new one. So dole days were always celebrated by a general jollification at the Jolly Boatman. There were few, either husbands or wives, who, after partaking of Mr. Brunt's good cheer, did not leave the Buckler Hall bundle behind the bar.

The Bucklers, too, were religious, after their fashion; that is to say, the squire seldom failed to appear and to slumber in the huge enclosed family pew, safe behind curtains from inspection; except from that of the charity boys in the Buckler uniform of green and yellow in the gallery. The Bucklers did not approve of education for the poor, and it must be confessed, that nothing serious was done in the Buckler charity school to interfere with their prejudice.

The Buckler tenantry were settled down on some of the richest land in the county, at rents which had not been raised for many generations. They grew magnificent crops of weeds; and trusted to a good season, now and then, to set them all straight. A Buckler tenant was commonly, at least, a year in arrears. His farm-buildings—profusely patched with green timber, which he used wastefully, because he got it for nothing—almost tumbling about his ears. He was always grumbling, as was natural; for those who grumbled got an allowance. One knowing fellow obtained two reductions of rent by asking for a new barn, which he eventually built of the squire's timber, carted by the squire's team. Another deluded tenant, whom accident had sent to an uncle in the north, in his youth, was rewarded for some spirited improvements, by having his rent raised. He did not seem to mind that much; but, on its being observed that his daughter played the piano, he received notice to quit—the only instance of ejectment ever known.

You might know the Riverport and Buckler labourers anywhere by their lounging gait, and the ingenuity with which, when standing still, they managed to lean against a tree or a post. They seemed to crawl through life with one eye constantly turned toward the Hall kitchen, and the other, toward the workhouse, as the final, certain end of their journey. They touched their hat to the squire, with the profoundest humility, and mocked him, behind his back, in their peculiar dialect, over his own harvest-beer.

With such landlords, such tenants, and such labourers on the outlying farms, the Home Park farm, and the park itself kept pace in decline. Everything was taken out, and nothing put in; weeds buried the corn, thistles, rushes, moss, and nettles, overran the turf. The old fruit trees died out in the gardens, no one troubled himself to graft or plant. Once or twice, one of the squires ordered a collection of young fruit trees for walls and standard; but, when they came no one took the trouble to tend them when planted. The gardeners were the only persons who got a good supply of vegetables. They kept pigs in their own Dutch garden. The squires of Buckler Hall were like the Dutch-planted pippins; they gradually wore out without any special extravagance; they muddled their income away in miserable litigation, and the expenses of buying more land, and borrowing

money to pay for it, and each succeeding inheritor grew poorer, prouder, feebler in constitution, shier, and more reserved than his predecessor.

The last squire, Arthur Buckler, declined invitations, and, by degrees, his neighbours ceased to call. He was not a young man when he came to the property; and, as he did not show any signs of marrying, in spite of vigorous assaults made on his bachelorship by ladies willing to renew the glories of Buckler Hall, the moss-covered walks up to the hall were never marked by the carriage wheels of neighbouring squires, and were only trodden by villagers hurrying thanklessly along to receive their charity-doles—the last remnant of the pride of the Bucklers.

At length, a few months after my visit, the bell tolled, and the last of the De Bucklers was magnificently buried; leaving behind him a village of paupers, where strapping, able-bodied fellows kept the relieving officers in constant work, and took their relief as if it had been their wages—a workhouse full of silly children, deserted wives, and mothers never wed, and an estate so covered with mortgages, bonds, and law costs, that it was not worth claiming by any of the remote descendants of female heirs, whom the pride and coach-and-four of the Bucklers had sent wandering to distant counties and to foreign lands.

After due time for the performance of those solemn ceremonies with which the tribe of legal bo-constrictors consume an estate, huge placards and column-long advertisements informed the neighbouring squires and squires that the estate which the first De Buckleigh won with his battle-axe was to pass away under the hammer of Mr. Cerule Smug, the noted auctioneer. Then curiosity broke loose; the hall, the gardens, the park, the home-farm were all explored. The neighbouring town sent forth fly-loads armed with catalogues of the pictures, furniture, plate, valuable library, carriages, harness, farm-stock of the late Arthur de Malpas de Buckleigh, Esquire;—the auctioneer having revived the old names. The moss-covered avenues were cut up with vehicles of all descriptions, from the Honourable Ridley Rowpoint's four-in-hand drag to Moses Mordecai's racing-pony dog-cart. But there was very little to see. The furniture was worn out, and its fashion was neither ancient nor modern. Of rich oak carvings and quaint needleworked tapestry there was none. The varied cellar of wines was strongly suspected by the knowing to have been imported, with a collection of pictures, by the bland auctioneer. The library was composed of dark volumes of controversial divinity of Queen Anne's day, a few stray volumes of the St. James's Chronicle, Clater's Farriery, Racing Calendars, and a set of the Ladies' Magazine. The gardens were a waste; in the park half a dozen mangy does wandered dolefully. A monstrous barn,

of admirable workmanship, dating back to the fourteenth century, was full of nothing but cobwebs. A few melancholy cows and a pair of aged hairy-legged cart-horses were the only sign of farming stock. The carriages figuring in the catalogue were an ancient family coach, in which a hen turkey was hatching her broods (not for the first time apparently), a chariot with three wheels, and a wonderfully tall gig.

Nothing remained to show the ancient glories of the De Buckleighs, except the avenue of oaks, the groves of beech-trees, and two solitary cedars waving over either end of the mouldering terrace.

Although the great Mr. Smug exerted all his eloquence, and dived into Domesday Book, and the History of Landed Gentry by the ingenious Mr. Perk, there were no bidders. The village was the natural appurtenance of the Hall, and there were few rich enough and bold enough to embark in an investment so dilapidated that for many years there must be perpetual outgoings, and few comings-in, in order to put the estate into decent condition. A century of neglect had to be recovered.

So the auction fell dead, advertisements announced that all that beautiful estate, including the park and mansion,—with the manorial rights, and also all the village of Riverport, were to be disposed of by private contract, on application to Messrs. Brown and Crayton, Solicitors. The mansion was shut up, the few servants and dependents migrated, some to settle on their savings, others to the workhouse and the almshouse. In a more remote part of the county, before the age of railways and high-roads, Buckleigh Park might have grown into a wilderness for gipsies to settle on, and tramps to appropriate. Some did, on the unfenced land.

At length a rumour ran through the country—travelling by way of the parish surgeon, the parson, and the lawyer—that a London man had bought the Buckleigh estate, and was going to live there. Among a certain class peculiar to every agricultural county, as much indignation was excited by this intelligence, as if a burglarious entry into the Hall had been effected by “the London man.”

The class I mean are respectably descended from old squirearchical families, or fancy they are; in any rate, they have not been in trade for at least two generations—it includes a select few of the learned professions—briefless barristers who have retired to cultivate a few hundred paternal acres, and been made magistrates on the strength of connection and profession; parsons (a decreasing number, I am glad to say) who despise their flocks, especially the broad-cloth section.

These squires and their dames with very moderate original education, not much enlarged by travelling, or sharpened by the rapid and miscellaneous society of the great world of great towns, where dulness, unless

gilded with millions, so soon finds its proper place, associate with each other, ruminate over the same round of stationary ideas, and speak a language—unintelligible to strangers—composed of a mosaic of allusions to county or parish gossip. They generally agree in worshipping a county idol. Sometimes, it is a duke or an earl,—in less titled counties, a baronet of the Browncoated school,—and this idol is their standard of taste, fashion, morals, and politics. To be noticed by the idol is to be happy, as that fortunate Peri commemorated by the late Mr. Thomas Moore;—to be unnoticed is to be miserable and contemptible. Loyalty to their idol, whose reflected brilliancy is supposed to give the worshippers a certain degree of importance, is the special virtue of these squires. It is not safe to suggest that any one not belonging to the set has fatter pheasants, finer horses, a better port wine, or more anything than the idol.

A shriek of horror was raised at a county tea-table, when a young rebel—a medical student fresh from St. George’s—ventured to hint that perhaps the new purchaser might be a person of taste and spirit.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed a chorus, “the idea of some tailor or grocer or alderman succeeding to Buckler Park; building a villa with transparent drawing-room windows, a green door, a brass knocker, and a leaden Cupid for a sun-dial; cutting down the old trees, and having his vulgar city acquaintance to visit him.” However, as no one of the species was prepared to protect the county by paying the price of the estate, Buckler Park passed into the hands of the London man.

Surveyors came down with chains, and mysterious triangles, and dumpy levels. Trees were felled and vistas opened. On one day it was announced that the Hall was to be levelled to the ground; and the next that every tenant and every cottager who did not hold a lease had received notice to quit. The new man was beginning to take possession with a strong hand. The whole park and home-farm was divided by red lines of draining tiles,—the gardens and the farm-buildings shared the fate of the Hall, and nothing except the Dutch garden was spared by the ruthless improvers; who, with new-fashioned spades and picks, barrows and carts, cleared all before them, and left not a stone or a brick to show where the last Buckler died.

From time to time I used to meet at Lignum’s Hotel, Gray’s Inn, Mr. Clipper, a cousin of my friend Splinter, a junior partner of Binds and Clipper, the legal firm who did the business of nearly all the squires round Riverport, and shared their antipathies and genteel prejudices with a zeal not injurious to their interests. My before-described journey through his native parish was always an excuse for indulging the curiosity, which, by a sort of

fascination, I felt about Buckler Park. My questions he answered, nothing loth. It was comical to watch the struggle between Clipper's loyalty to his clients' county hatreds and the sacred awe with which he looked on every millionaire. "Well," I would say, "and how does the new man get on at Riverport?"

"O! awful, upon my word! A complete radical—a leveller—no respect for anything ancient—don't understand the feeling of the poor people—and has brought his detestable manufacturing notions into the county."

"Indeed! how's that—going to stand for the county on a programme of the Red Republic?"

"O no, nonsense! But you see, he won't leave anything alone. Not left a vestige of the old place, and brought all new people on the farm; interferes in the parish school; wants all sorts of new-fangled notions to be taught there. With this education, we sha'n't have a servant soon. Won't let the poor fellows work in the way they've been accustomed, got a foreigner for a bailiff, and set up a manufactory on the bank of the river."

"What, on the old brickfield? Why, I thought you sold up the last tenant of that brick-field for his rent?"

"Well," said Clipper, "it's no use talking to you. However, I assure you it's very aggravating to have a new man coming down among some of the oldest families in England, showing off his money—though, to be sure, the poor's rates are very much reduced. Confound it, I can't go into the town without hearing of some one wanting an order to see Buckley Hall, and talking about the pictures and the statues, and the library, and the aviary, and the conservatory, and the model cottages, and the new school—hang his impudence! Why, sir, I've heard my father say that, in his time, no one under the rank of a peer, or a prime minister, or at any rate a very old baronet, presumed to have a picture-gallery. The model cottages are the worst of all, to make all our people dissatisfied; and schools where—upon my soul, you won't believe it—they teach even singing and drawing. They'll have a piano in every cottage, next. But that's not the worst. You see, money will do anything nowadays; so they've put the new man into the commission of the peace, and made him a deputy-lieutenant. You see, our people are obliged to be civil, for the new man's a sort of favourite with Lord Browndown and the Earl of Domperley. To be sure, since he's been there, the shooting is very good at Buckley Park; the cock-shooting in his new plantations by the river is famous after a frost, and he has an uncommon good notion of managing the woods; I must own that. So he does somehow manage to get very good society. Why, my client, Squire Thicksedde (the Thickseddies have lived on their own estate since the time of Henry the Eighth) was persuaded by his

wife—who wanted to see the Hall there was so much talk about—to accept an invitation to a shooting-party; and he wanted to know how the new man managed to grow such crops of turnips. You'll scarcely believe it—but it's true, upon my word—he sat next at dinner to two men, and had a good deal of talk with them; and you'll never guess who they turned out to be, for Earl Domperley and Bumptious, M.P. for the county, were there. Why, one was a painter, a fellow that does pictures for a living; and the other a newspaper man, and writes those vile things about the magistrates and the aristocracy. It was Mrs. Thicksedde who found it out, and you may imagine how shocked she was; for it was she who turned her back on her favourite niece for marrying a cotton-spinner—a rich man, too!"

"And who," I inquired, "is this horrid new man?"

"O! it's Mr. Wagerman; he was an engineer, they tell me, or a stoker, or something of that sort once; but now he owns coal mines and all sorts of things. Rather a gentlemanly man, I must admit, and has a capital cellar of wine, but a perfect revolutionist."

After this conversation, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of paying a second visit to Riverport. An invitation from Splinter to try the partridge-shooting of one of his patient's farms in September, gave me an opportunity of comparing past and present—the old squire and the new man.

A branch railroad—another of the innovations due to the dreadful Mr. Wagerman—brought me within a couple of miles of Riverport. As we descended the steep side of the beautiful valley, Buckleigh Park in the distance seemed unchanged; the noble trees, waved their broad arms above the turf as of old; but green patches of young flourishing plantations, stretching over scores of acres, covered hill-sides formerly bare and barren. So soon as we skirted the park, the well-built wall, the neat lodges, new clumps of ornamental trees, the healthy verdure of well-cultivated turf, fed over by beautiful cattle, gave signs of wealth, taste, and agricultural progress.

A broad straight drive through ancient trees brought to view the new hall—built of a cool grey stone, quarried close at hand—somewhat in the Elizabethan style, but without slavish absurdity of details; with a central tower and wings, in style and colour far more ancient than the hideous building it had replaced. Nearer approach gave to view a long stately terrace, adorned with vases of marble filled with flowers, and statues in bronze. Turf banks, with brilliant flower-beds, contrasted with the carved stone buttresses. At either extremity, trees, that had seen beneath their boughs many generations of De Buckleighs, completed the picture. In front, a herd of mottled fallow-deer, with here and there a black buck and a white doe, cropped the

short sweet grasses which, with the aid of drain-pipes and careful cultivation, had superseded the rushes and moss of the old park. Further on, separated by an invisible fence, fed the pets of the dairy. Pure Alderneys, with dark beseeching eyes; worthy of Juno, and more than one dappled, full-uddered Durham, and a choice flock of sheep, which gave a truly rural air to the delightful scene.

Entering the house-farm from the park—disturbing as we passed scores of half-tame pheasants, that fluttered up a moment, and then settled down again to feed—I found continued revolution. Every fence perfect, every gate swinging easily and catching fast; fields drained, dried, squared, and released of useless hedges (with enough left for shelter); some rich with yellow corn fast falling before the scythe and reaping-machine,—very different from the old style, where scarlet poppies and yellow charlock fought bravely, and not without success, for half the ploughed ground. Other fields, shaded with all the colours of green roots, Scotch turnips, swedes, and mangolds, flourishing and extinguishing weeds, where never anything but weeds grew before. Already, on a twenty-acre piece, clear of oats, half-a-dozen of Howard's iron ploughs, each drawn by a pair of quick-stepping horses, driven currie fashion, were at work,—a practical satire on the Alexandrine style of four straggling horses and two clumsy men dragging a clumsy plough. Active boys, of a breed new to Riverport, were at work everywhere making war on weeds.

The lazy, drawling, thoughtless ways, once chronic in Buckleigh Park, had yielded to earnestness and active intelligence; just as the mangy deer had been superseded by a fine herd. A miserable five-score of bony, profitless sheep, by two great flocks of Cotswolds—the last great triumph of the skill of the English stock-breeders—the clumsy wooden ploughs, harrows, and head-thickening, soul-deadening flail, were replaced by the best work of the Ransomes, Garretts, Hornsbys, and Crosskills, for sowing and gathering agricultural crops.

To get implements with money and a friend to choose them, is easy enough; to get labourers to use them, and make them work the pace required for the profitable use of modern implements, requires qualities money cannot buy.

From the fields to the farmstead was the natural course, to see where was the produce, and what the fertilisers of fields converted in a few years from barrenness to overflowing crops. Good sweet haystacks in the corners of the grass fields, a fine array of round corn stacks, neatly built on stone tressels ranged around the huge barn, gave good promise of the interior of the farm-buildings. The huge barn, no longer empty or cobwebbed, had been turned into a business-like agricultural manufactory. In one division a steam-engine roared

and worked machinery that threshed, winnowed, and cast forth wheat at one end, and sent the sheaves of straw rolling up into the loft at the other. Under another division, twenty-five great bullocks were fattening in the boxes which have immortalised the name of Warne—from the enlightened Lothians to benighted Sussex. The same capacious barn-roof covered a byre for the milking of cows, and pens of numerous pigs, whose food was cooked by the steam-engine boiler.

But enough of agricultural technicalities. From the farmstead to the village was the next step. More revolutions there. In the distance, saddle-backed, steep-roofed, belfried buildings, told of chapels, or schools. The high-backed bridge was clear of idlers, perhaps a rural policeman on his rounds had something to do with the clearance; but wages to any extent for hard work had more. An earthquake or an army of navigators had been at work in the main street; for fully a score of ancient dwellings, with their green groundsel-covered and black thatched roofs, had disappeared, and were replaced by cottages pretty enough for pictures. Even the butcher's shop—projecting with an overhanging roof, capital for shade, and convenient for displaying deceased muttons—was a bit of architectural effect. The windows where rags formerly did duty for glass had disappeared, and so had the dishevelled mothers and dirt-coloured children. The tenants, matched the houses. Faces and hands had not been forgotten when the water was applied to the diamond-paned windows and the scrubbing-brush to the floor.

A familiar humming sound drew me towards the belfried stone building, in whose style I recognised the picturesque taste of a sculptor who does not disdain to be an architect, or wood-carver, or anything else, small or great, where beauty is required. This was the infant-school, built and supported at the cost of the new tenant of Buckleigh Hall, and well filled with little recruits, from as far round Riverport as little legs can go or be carried. There, the future peasantry and yeomanry of Buckleigh estate were being trained—a rosy, happy, chirping set. A little further on, the parish school appeared; but, O! how changed—cleaned, repaired, refitted. A trained master, bound to know something, had replaced the makeshift pedagogue. Maps, pictures and diagrams—the famous black-board which so much puzzled Lord Harrowby's inquiring friend, explained the necromancy by which the wild boys of the village had been reduced to order, and inspired with a degree of intelligence really alarming to any inquisitive stranger like myself, who may venture to put a question on arithmetic or geography.

In a word, the church, the schools, the cottages, the shops, the streets, and the inhabitants of Riverport, witness the care of a

landlord not solely bent on screwing out the highest interest for his investment.

Riverport is now a quiet village, and semi-nude boatmen no longer run a-muck through the one street, or fight pitched battles in the churchyard. They smoke the pipe of peace and drink mild ale without defying the passers-by to mortal combat. The squeak of the fiddle may be heard at the Bargee's Rest in the evening; but at an early hour every public "retires into the privacy of its own domestic circle," as the parish clerk sententiously informed us.

Do these material changes give unmixed contentedness? Are the wives satisfied that their husbands work longer hours, get more wages, and drink less beer; that their children are taught to read, and write, and to wash their faces and hands; to sing hymns and psalms, and reverently pray in church? Well, not quite. From Roman Horace's time to Sisty Caxton's there have always been praises of time past to be found.

An old woman of vinegar aspect and suspicious alcoholic odour, complains grumblingly of the new man; that there is no life in the place now; and that the Hall isn't what it used to be. "Why, I can remember the time when my good man could go and get as much dried wood out of the plantation as he could carry, and no one said a word, and now you mayn't take a stick. To be sure, they give away coals, and flannel, and meat to some; but they ask so many questions, and want to know if the children go to school, and those that won't don't get none, except they're sick or so. Ah, those were the days when we went Thomassin' and got the best of ale, and beef, and clothes, every one alike, an' no prying into what you did. There was my poor son; just for nothing, Squire Wagerman took and sent him across the water, poor lamb. They false-swore him. He never touched the pedlar's pack, I'm sure. And though my lady comes in her carriage, and brings me a few bits of things, I say these are not like the old times."

Very likely there are plenty more in the village of the same mind.

There are farmers, too, holding land under Mr. Wagerman who grumble a good deal at his tyranny, but do not seem inclined to leave. On Riverport farms I find the reverse of the Irish landlord system adopted. The worse a man farms the higher his rent is raised. One old fellow grumbles grievously because his land has been drained against his will, with that of his neighbours, and because he was charged four pounds per cent. interest for the operation. He confesses that he can feed sheep all the winter where they all rotted before; but still he does not hold with draining, nor like paying, nor like leaving either. He complains, too, that he is never left alone. His buildings were all tumbling about his ears, or rather his cattle's ears, and now nothing will serve the squire

but a complete new set and a water-wheel to work a threshing machine: and he'll have to pay for that, though father used flails, and his father afore him. The young men accommodate themselves better, and it is plain to see that the force of example is ploughing in many mental seeds, grubbing up narrow mental boundaries.

But, next to the change in the village, the greatest change is in the labouring men.

"When Mr. Wagerman first settled here," said my friend and guide, "piecework was unknown in the parish, but he seemed determined to make the men earn their wages or leave the parish, and as it nearly all belonged to him, he had a fair chance. The first fight was when the ploughmen refused to use a pair-horse iron plough. That was settled, by the parish ploughmen being discharged, and others sent for from counties where crawling with a long team and an idle boy is unknown. The ploughmen soon gave in. Then came hay-making time. The new squire set a hay-making machine to work; first the hay-makers broke it—that wouldn't do. The squire's blacksmith, a capital mechanic, imported from railway works, set it to rights. Then they struck in a body; but that did not help them far: there was the machine, and by collecting all his gardeners off and grooms, and giving a hand himself, the hay was got in in good order. The ignorant people who struck against machinery, although the squire employed a hundred times more men than any previous squire of Buckleigh Park, at first found work in summer tramping about. In winter they were obliged to return home. There was grubbing up hedges, draining, and other improvement work to be done. Mr. Wagerman offered it by the piece. They struck again. They would not work by the piece: no, they would go on the parish first. A servant sent on horseback with a message to the telegraph soon settled that business. Four-and-twenty hours brought a supply of labourers very happy to work piece work. At a week's end the parish labourers out of work applied for parish relief, but they were not to be so indulged. The new squire met threats of Swing fires with his insurances: undertook the reclaiming of a piece of waste, then recently enclosed, with spade labour. The trenching was offered at a price sufficient for a good man to earn three shillings a-day. All able-bodied men were referred to the spade-work on the common, and parish relief refused. Some worked and did well, some took employment with neighbouring parishes, some left the district; all worth having came to the squire's terms and conditions, and earned more money than ever they had earned in their lives.

"With a steam-engine going, instead of the flail, with his smart-stepping horses in the plough, with drills, clod-crushers, and scariers to look after, men could not crawl through their work, nor remain stupid, if they

had any brains. They not only earned more, but spent less at the public-house. Wholesome cottages, which they are made to keep clean, continue on the lessons learned in the fields. The Squire Wagerman's wife helps and assists all she can, although with this generation it is up-hill work. To do what has been done requires a resolute and wealthy person, who fully understood how to treat men, and how to use machinery. Mr. Wagerman tells me he looks forward to rest in future, when the generation now learning in the infant-schools shall be at work."

There are many men with estates, who mean well, but know not how to execute. Many who do not discover that it is for their interest to make those under them intelligent, sober, industrious. A great landowner can do more than a great prince; he can inoculate a whole county with a good example, if his good wishes are carried out with radical good sense.

This is no fiction; Wagerman is a real man. An estate cultivated in a most barbarous, unproductive manner has been made fertile by simple means. A village where dirt, ignorance, idleness, intemperance, were chronic, has been rebuilt, sewered, and cleansed: schools have been established for the young, industry has been made essential to the labouring, independence has been cultivated among all. And this, by a man, who thought it worth his while, not less than his duty, to sink some years of a large income, in restoring a moral tone to degraded labourers, as well as fertility to an exhausted soil.

THE URSINUS.

THERE are few subjects that present to the psychologist more curious traits, and more subtle enigmas than lady poisoners. The character is so opposed to all our ideas of feminine feeling and affection, that, except under circumstances of extreme excitement, resentment of slighted attachment, blind jealousy, or revenge of injured honour, its existence would seem hardly possible. If we search for motives, we find them to be generally of the most selfish and grovelling kind. They are, commonly, to put out of the way some or all of the people around who have money to leave. Other base passions come into play, but Mammon, the basest spirit that fell, is generally at the bottom of their career. It is amazing the variety and amiability of character that is worn for years, to cover the foul fiend within. For long periods these female vampyres live in the heart of a family circle, wearing the most life-like marks of goodness and kindness, of personal attraction and spiritual gifts; caressed, fêted, honoured as the very pride of their sex, while they are all the time calculating on the lives and the purses of those nearest, and who should be dearest, to them.

Some of these modern Medeas have played the part of the fashionable, or the æsthetic;

some, of the domestically amiable; some, of the devoted attendant on the sick and the suffering. Heaven defend us from such devotion! May no such tigress smooth our pillow; smile blandly on us in our pains which she cannot take away, though she has the satisfaction of knowing that they will take us away; and mix with taper fingers the opiate of our repose! Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwanziger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning, and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path.

The Widow Zwanziger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministrations were sought by people of much higher rank than her own; she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought, and still it practised its cunning. At length, in her four-and-fiftieth year she was detected, and arrested. In prison, she walked amid the apparitions of all her victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having lost everything else, she might yet enjoy her fame.

All women of this class have had an extraordinary degree of vanity,—and, what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was an enthusiast in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the distinctions of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison with that of watching the operation of some subtly lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marchioness, but the princess of poisoners; and yet it remained for Madame Ursinus to give additional touches of perfection to this peculiar character. She was at once a lady of fashion, a pietist, a writer of useful tracts, a postess, and a poisoner. Through all the dangers of these various careers, she lived to the good old age of seventy-six, and died—lamented! Brinvilliers, Zwanziger, and Gottfried confessed that they were conquered by their crimes; but Madame Ursinus, branded in

public opinion, continued to defy it, and conquered even that; and to the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, without confession, remorse, or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the reputation of a saint. Surely it is worth while to dig up from the rubbish-heap of the Prussian criminal court, a few fragments of the history of such a woman.

The widow of Privy-councillor Ursinus lived honoured and courted in the highest circles of Berlin. Her rank, and the reputation of her husband, whom she had lost but a few years, her handsome fortune, her noble figure, and impressive features, together with her spirit and her accomplishments, made her a centre of attraction in the society of the time. She lived in a splendid house, and her establishment in all its appointments was perfect. We may imagine the sensation created by the news of her arrest.

Madame Ursinus was seated in the midst of a brilliant company on the evening of the fifth of March, eighteen hundred and three, at the card-table, when a servant, with all the signs of terror in his face, entered, and informed her that the hall and ante-room were occupied by police, who insisted on seeing her. Madame Ursinus betrayed no surprise or emotion. She put down her cards, begged, the party with whom she was engaged at play to excuse the interruption, observing that it was some mistake, and that she would be back in a moment.

She went, but did not return. After waiting some time, her partners inquired after her, and learned to their consternation that she was arrested and carried off to prison, on a charge of poisoning.

A confidential servant, Benjamin Klein, had complained in the preceding month of February of indisposition. She gave him a basin of beef-tea, and some days afterwards some medicine in raisins. This, so far from removing his complaint, increased it; and when his mistress, a few days afterwards, offered him some boiled rice, he said he could not eat it, and was much struck by observing that she carefully put it away where no one else could get it. This excited in his mind strong suspicions that there was something in the food which was detrimental to health, and associated with his condition. He resolved secretly to examine his mistress's room and cabinet, and in the latter he found a small parcel, with the ominous label—Arsenic.

The next day his attentive mistress brought him some stewed prunes, which she recommended as likely to do him good; and this time he accepted them with apparent thankfulness, but took care that none of them should enter his mouth. He communicated his suspicions to the lady's maid, in whom he had confidence; and she quickly carried off the prunes to her brother, who was the

apprentice of a celebrated apothecary. The apprentice communicated the prunes and the suspicion to his master, who tested them, and found them well seasoned with arsenic. The apothecary very soon conveyed the discovery to the magistrate, and the magistrate, after hearing the statement of the servant and the lady's maid, arrested the great lady.

People, of course, now began to look back on the life of this distinguished woman; and it was presently remembered, that her husband and an aunt, to whose last days she had paid assiduous attention, and whose wealth had fallen to her, had gone off suddenly. Madame Ursinus was at once set down as a second Brinvilliers, and wonderful revelations were expected. The general appetite for the marvellous became ravenous and insatiable. There appeared almost immediately—it is wonderful how quickly such things are done—a book, by M. Frederick Buchholz, entitled the “Confessions of a Female Poisoner, written by herself,” which was rapidly bought up and devoured, as the veritable confession of the Ursinus.

But, alas for the hungering and thirsting public, Madame Ursinus was not a lady of the confessing sort! She was a clever, far-seeing soul, who had laid her grand plans well, and had allowed no witnesses, and feared no detection. True, if she had poisoned her husband and her aunt, the witness of the poison itself might be forthcoming; but chemical tests for poisons were not then so well known as they are now. The bodies were disinterred and examined, and no trace of poison was found. The state of the stomach and intestines were most suspicious; but the doctors disagreed as to the cause, as doctors will; and so far Madame Ursinus was safe.

But, there was no getting over the fact that the prunes intended for the cautious Benjamin Klein had arsenic in them; and the Ursinus was too shrewd to attempt to deny it. On this point she did confess, promptly, frankly, and fully. But then, she meant no harm, at least against him. She had no intention of murdering the man. What good could that do her?—he had no money to leave. No; her motive was very different. In early life her affections had been thwarted through the usual obduracy of parents; she had married a man whom she highly esteemed, but did not love; another friend, whom she did love, had died of consumption; and she was disgusted with life. The splendour and gaiety which surrounded her were a hollow splendour, a wearisome gaiety. She had been prosperous, but that prosperity had only accelerated her present mood. She had outlived the relish of existence, and had resolved to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent soul! of the force of this poison, she wanted to learn how much would be sufficient for its object; and therefore she had done as young doctors are said to do in hospitals—made a few experiments on her patient, the unfortunate

Benjamin Klein. She had given him the very minutest quantity, so as to be quite safe, and had cautiously increased the successive doses—not with the least intention to do him any permanent harm, but to ascertain the effectual dose for herself. She would not for her life have hurt the man. In society she had been noted for her sensibility—for the almost morbid delicacy of her nerves and the acuteness of her sympathies. That was all. As to the charges of having administered poison to her nearest connections, she treated the calumny with the utmost indignation. The judges were puzzled; the Ursinus was resolute in the protestation of her innocence; and the public were at a disagreeable nonplus.

And what really had been the life and character of the Ursinus? Sophia Charlotte Elizabeth Weingarten was the daughter of a so-called Baron Weingarten—who, as secretary of legation in Austria, had, under a charge of high treason, crossed to Prussia, and assumed the name of Weiss. Fräulein Weingarten, or Von Weiss, was born in seventeen hundred and sixty. While residing in her teens with an elder married sister, wife of the Councillor of State Haacke, at Spandau, occurred that genuine love affair which her parents so summarily trampled upon. She was called home to Stendal, and, in her nineteenth year, married to Privy-Councillor Ursinus. The privy-councillor was a man of high standing, high character, and most exemplary life; but, unluckily, all these gifts and graces are often conferred upon or acquired by men who do not possess the other qualities that young ladies of nineteen admire. The worthy councillor was old, sickly, deaf, and passionless. In fact, he was a dull, commonplace, diligent, unimaginative pack-horse and official plodder; most meritorious in his motives, and great in his department of public business; but just the last man for a lively handsome girl of nineteen. On the other hand, he had his good qualities, even as a husband. He had no jealousies, and the most unbounded indulgence.

Soon after their marriage they removed to Berlin, where, amid the gay society of the capital, Madame Ursinus soon contracted a warm friendship for a handsome young Dutch officer, of the name of Rogay. Rogay, in fact, was the man of her heart. She declared, with her usual candour, in one of her examinations before the magistrates, that she was made for domestic affection. That as there was no domestic affection between herself and her departed husband, neither he nor she pretended any. They agreed to consider themselves as a legal couple, and as friends, and no more. As to Captain Rogay, she made no secret of it that she clung to him with the most ardent feeling of love.

This attachment, the privy-councillor—the most reasonable of men—so far from resenting, encouraged and approved. He wished

his wife to make herself happy, and enjoy life in her own way; and there is a long letter preserved in the criminal records, which he himself wrote at her dictation, to the beloved Rogay, on an occasion when he had absented himself for some time, urging him to renew his visits, and that in the most love-like terms, the tenderness of which the old man underlined with his own hand.

But Rogay came not, he removed to another place, and there, soon after, died. Here was now another subject of suspicion. Rogay had cause, said people, to keep away; while she fawned on him, she had killed him. But here, again, the testimony of two of the most celebrated physicians of the day was unanimous that the cause of Rogay's death was consumption and nothing more. The physician attested that he had attended Rogay while he was living and suffering under the roof of Privy-Councillor Ursinus; that Madame Ursinus displayed the most unequivocal affection for him; that she attended on him, gave him everything with her own hand, and that no wife could have been more assiduously tender of him than she was. She called herself Lotté in her communications with him; not only because her name was Charlotte, but because she was an enthusiast of the Werter school, and loved to be of the same name as Werter's idol. But yet Rogay withdrew himself and died alone, and at a distance.

Three years after the decease of Rogay died Ursinus himself. Old he was, it is true, but he was in perfect health. The kind wife made him a little festival on his birthday, and in the night he sickened and died. He had taken something that disagreed with him—but what so common at a feast? Madame Ursinus sat up with him alone; she called not a single creature; she hoped he would be better; but the man was aged and weak, and he went his way.

The year after, followed as suddenly her maiden aunt, the wealthy Miss Witte. One evening her doctor left her quite well, and in the night she sickened and died. The Ursinus was quite alone with her, called no single domestic, but let the good lady die in her arms. Both the bodies of the husband and the aunt, now Klein's affair took place, were disinterred and examined. There was no poison traceable, but the corpses were found dried together as if baked, or as if they were mummies of a thousand years old. The skin of the abdomen was so tough that it resisted the surgeon's knife, and the soft parts of the body had assumed the appearance of hard tallow. The hands, fingers, and feet of the old man were drawn together as by spasms, his skin resembled parchment, and the stomachs of both bore every trace of injury and inflammation which had reduced them to an inseparable mass. Yet, the eminent doctors declared that poison was not the cause of death in either case, — but apoplexy

or—in short, that there was not the remotest symptom of poison.

So, instead of the pleasure-loving multitude obtaining a spectacle and a fate, the whirling sword of the executioner and the falling head were exchanged for perpetual imprisonment, and the handsome, wealthy widow of forty was sent to spend the remainder of her days in the fortress of Glatz.

Here she assumed a new character. Her part of the interesting woman of fashion was played out; she had become interesting beyond her wish, and fate had now assigned her another part,—to defend her life and reputation. There was a call to develop her powers of fortitude and of intellect, and she embraced it; not only before the tribunal of justice, but in her whole conduct through the thirty long years which she continued a prisoner.

No sooner had she entered on her quarters in the prison of Glatz, than she set about writing an elaborate defence of herself. In her room, which was the best the fortress afforded to its captives, and which she was allowed to furnish according to her pleasure, she placed a little table under the narrow window in the massy wall, and arranged upon it everything that was necessary for literary labour. She was surrounded by books: not only for refreshment of her mind, but for laborious research and instruction. In this defence at which she laboured, for she was by no means satisfied with that of her paid advocates, she now discovered the uncommon abilities with which she was endowed. If any one had ever entertained a doubt of her powers of reasoning and calculation, of the clearness of her foresight, and the acuteness of her penetration, that doubt was here at once dispelled in the most convincing manner. She proved herself so profoundly vast in the law, that she now struck her legal advisers with astonishment, as she had done the judges on her trial. Her defence, which was addressed to her relatives, presented her in the new character of a masterly writer and legal scholar. This defence is still extant, and no defence of a murderer, not even that of Eugene Aram, is a more striking specimen of talent and of well-assumed virtue and virtuous indignation.

"Scarcely," she says, "can I call to mind, without the overthrow of my understanding and the utter prostration of my whole being, the accusation of being the murderer of my husband and my aunt. My innermost soul becomes worked with terror at the recollection of the moment when I was seized with all the horrors of death by the opened graves of my beloved relatives; when surrounded by all the pangs of a deadly cruelty, and pursued by the furies of a thousand-tongued imprecations, I heard myself cursed as the destroyer of those who sank so safely to slumber in my arms. Had Providence then heard the sole wish of my heart, the

sole voice of my super-human anguish, that moment would have annihilated my life and my sufferings, and yet have flung the light of the sun on all the evidences of my innocence, which now, however, is made plain by other means.

"In vain have I been for ten long months pursued; martyred, broken to pieces, crushed in soul and body by the reproach of that shamefully horrible crime, and exposed to all the contempt and malice of the public. In vain have the graves of my loved ones been opened, the repose of the dead violated, and proceedings taken in the first capital of Europe, in this age of knowledge and humanity, under the eyes of the most amiable and kind-hearted of kings, that have no example, and with posterity will have no credence. In vain have I, unhappy one, been represented by inhuman writers as a monster and a terrible warning; in vain have I been painted, in the blackest and the most venomous of colours, as a lesson to my own, and a dark eternal memory to after times; in vain have I been a thousand times murdered and tortured,—the highest authorities, the clearest evidence, pronounce me guiltless."

In the prison she was allowed a female companion, and was often visited by distinguished strangers, whom so far from shrinking from, she was ever eager to see, never failing to describe her misfortunes in vivid colours, to assert her innocence, and intreat their exertions for her liberation. Many of these, however, thought that the lot of the poisoner who rustled in silk and satin over the floors of the fortress—compared with that of other convicts, who for some rude deed done in a moment of passion laboured in heavy chains, welded to carts, or with iron horns projecting above their brows, sweltered in deep pits—had nothing in it of a severity which warranted an appeal to royal mercy.

But, in her seventieth year, the royal mercy reached her. She was liberated from prison, but restricted for the remainder of her life to the city and fortress of Glatz. Here she once more played the part, not of a poisoner, but of an innocent woman and an aristocratic lady. She again opened a handsome house, and gave entertainments; and they were frequented! Nay, such was her vanity, that she used every diligence to draw illustrious strangers into her circle. An anecdote is related on undoubted authority, which is characteristic. At one of her suppers, a lady sitting near her actually started, as she saw some white powder on a salad which was handed to her. Madame Ursinus observed it, and said, smiling, "Don't be alarmed, my dear, it is not arsenic."

Another anecdote is not less amusing. Immediately after quitting her prison, she invited a large company to coffee. An invitation to coffee by the poisoner, as she was called in Glatz by old and young, was a

matter of curiosity, the grand attraction of the day. All went: but one individual, who had been overlooked in the invitation, out of resentment planned a savage joke. He bribed the confectioner to mix in the biscuits some nauseating drug. In the midst of the entertainment, the whole company were seized simultaneously with inward pains and sickness, gave themselves up for lost, started up in horror, and rushed headlong from the house. Glatz was thunderstruck with the news, which went through it like an electric flash, that the Ursinus had poisoned all her guests.

Regardless of these little accidents, the Ursinus lived a life of piety and benevolence; so said the gaoler of the fortress, and her female companion. She sought to renew her intercourse with her sister, Madame von Hoeke, saying: "We are again the little Yetté and little Lotté; our happy childhood stands before me." But the sister kept aloof, and the wounded, but patient and forgiving Ursinus, exclaimed: "Ah! that life and its experiences can thus operate on some people, by no means making them happier. God reward us all for the good that we have been found worthy to do, and pardon us our many errors!"

She died in her seventy-seventh year; and her companion declared that she could not enough admire the resignation with which she endured her sufferings through the aid of religion. She left her considerable property partly to her nephews and nieces, and partly to benevolent institutions. A year before her death she ordered her own coffin, and left instructions that she should lie in state with white gloves on her hands, a ring on her finger containing the hair of her late husband, and his portrait on her bosom. Five carriages, filled with friends and acquaintances, followed her to the grave, which was found adorned with green moss, auriculas, tulips, and immortelles: an actual bower of blooms. When the clergyman had ended his discourse, six boys and six poor girls, whom the Ursinus had cared for in her lifetime, stepped forward and sang a hymn in her honour. The gravedigger had little to do; female friends, and many poor people to whom she had been a benefactress, filled the grave with their own hands, and arched the mound over it. It was a bitter cold morning, yet the churchyard could scarcely contain the crowd. And thus the poisoner passed away like a saint.

WISHES.

ALL the fluttering wishes
Caged within thy heart
Beat their wings against it,
Longing to depart,
Till they shake their prison
With their wounded cry;
Open then thy heart to-day,
And let the captives fly.

Let them first fly upward
Through the starry air,
Till you almost lose them,
For their home is there;
Then with outspread pinions,
Circling round and round,
Wing their way wherever
Want and woe are found.

Where the weary stitcher
Toils for daily bread;
Where the lonely watcher
Watches by her dead;
Where with thin weak fingers,
Toiling at the loom,
Stand the little children,
Blighted ere they bloom.

Where by darkness blinded,
Groping for the light,
With distorted conscience
Men do wrong for right;
Where in the cold shadow,
By smooth pleasure thrown,
Human hearts by hundreds
Harden into stone.

Where on dusty highways,
With faint heart and slow,
Cursing the glad sunlight,
Hungry outcasts go:
Where all mirth is silenced,
And the hearth is chill,
For one place is empty,
And one voice is still.

Some hearts will be lighter
While your captives roam
For their tender singing,
Then recall them home;
When the sunny hours
Into night depart,
Softly they will nestle
In a quiet heart.

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I was mad, of course they kept my children from me. Dr. Ryton took them to his own house. But their absence retarded my recovery. When once my ceaseless cry to have them back had been heeded, I recovered my reason; slowly, but surely, I grew quieter.

My Aunt Aston had come to nurse me. I owed it to her that I had not been consigned to the tender mercies of an attendant at a madhouse—mercies tender enough for me, in truth! She watched with me, bearing my violence, and concealing the extent of it as much as she could; and she pleaded for me to be allowed to see my children. Dr. Ryton had loved my husband as a friend; so he had hardly patience to pity me; he left me much to the care of a stranger.

When I could be moved, my aunt took me and my children to a new place. I did not ask or care where. It was by the sea—a wild, lonely, lovely place. I was perfectly sane then, but as weak and helpless as a child. I did not suffer much, even mentally;

for spirit and flesh were alike subdued; my mind was as worn and as much weakened as my body.

Nobody saw me there but my aunt, my children, their nurse, Dr. Ryton, who saw me often there, and stayed sometimes unwillingly for days together, as much to watch them as to attend me, and Mr. Morton, the pastor of the district, an aged, most loving-spirited man. In him I saw the beauty of holiness, but I did not feel it. He tried to quicken my spiritual life, to rouse me from my almost idiotic apathy, and to turn a broken spirit upward. My only answer to him was—"Leave me; let me alone; let me be quiet."

My poor aunt sighed, far more heavily than of old, and shook her head; she thought me drifting into another world, laden with a cargo of unrepented sin that must sink me eternally.

"Shall we not tell her now? Would it not be better?" she asked of the grey-headed old man, who was turning from me disappointed, but unwearied. He shook his head.

"Be patient and hopeful; with our merciful, all-pitying Father nothing is impossible. It is not His time yet."

"But I know it! I know it!" I said to myself, as they left me. "I am dying," and a strange ecstasy thrilled through me.

Every day, through the long months of early and mid summer, I was carried down close to the sea's marge, and laid there on a mattress in the fierce hot sun. But that sun did not scorch or even warm me; my heart was nigh dead, and I was always cold.

Dr. Ryton thought me sinking into life-long idiocy, with my frequent moan and ceaseless complaint of cold. But I was living a thought-life, but so faint and so deep down, they could not know it; it was only now and then that I was conscious of it myself.

So I lay there, day by day—following my children with my eyes as they played upon the beach. They did not come very near, they were half-afraid of the still, white figure, and of the wild eyes fixed on them day after day.

"When will papa come home? when will he come and play here with us?" they asked Dr. Ryton one day.

They were hushed up and taken away, and the words seemed to me to come back out of a strange dream of some far past.

I remember that often I held up my hand feebly between my eyes and the sun, a gesture they did not understand. I wanted to watch how daily it grew more transparent, for I became thinner, paler, more shadowy day by day. The bright sun never burnt my white, sickly skin. For a long time they thought me dying, thought my brain was dead already.

Thank Thee for this most chiefly among Thy tender and numberless mercies, O God,

I thank Thee for this most fervently. I did not die, I lived!

Summer was not yet wearing into autumn, when my noble boy, my first-born, my young Harold, was taken ill. They did not know that I understood them, when they talked of fever and danger in my presence. It was resurrection day to me, the day on which I heard them. Yet hardly so, I trust, for it was a resurrection to a knowledge of pain and a dread of death.

Their words sounded thunder-loud in my ears, which lately had received sound very faintly and sense very vaguely. They stunned me only for an instant. I think my gradual fading away had been half-voluntary, for I was often dimly conscious that I had yet the power within me to rise and live. And now I rose up! It was wet, I think, that day, for I was laid on the couch by a fire; they had spoken and gone away.

I got up; I could stand; I walked from the room. In the passage I met a servant, who started back in affright, and ran to call assistance. But I crawled up-stairs and found my way to my child's room, and went in and up to his little bed.

"Let her alone," I heard Dr. Ryton say, as my aunt started forward and was hastening to me. I thanked him most truly for those words. My boy turned to me with a cry of "Mamma, mamma!" I was very weak and I sank down on his bed and his fever-flushed cheek was laid on my cold bosom. They let me stay: my boy fell quietly asleep—the first sleep he had had that had been quiet and refreshing since he was taken ill, they said.

He woke better. I watched him night and day; new life came to me a second time through him. And he loved me so! He would not suffer any one else to wait on him. And I watched the waning and waxing of the fever night and day: and the danger seemed over. The child grew worse and died. In my brief joy I had not turned to God; in my deep fresh agony I did not turn to him.

I could not sink back into the oblivion of my death in life. I sat watching by the dead beauty of my once so bold, bright boy: they talked of Heaven, hope, faith, meeting and consolation. I heard, but heeded not at all. My grief was fierce and passionate at first; I laid the child's dead-cold hand on my heart, but it could not freeze nor still it. I was outwardly quiet, lest they should think me mad again; but my heart burned, and night and day my spirit cried:

"Oh! Cruel! Cruel and Pitiless!" it raved against the Omnipotent; it lashed itself into impotent fury against the Will of the Great, Calm, and Just One.

My little girl they had sent away, but too late. She fell ill, and they brought her home. I would not believe it was the fever; she was always delicate, a little white blossom, and she had pined and fretted for her

brother. It was the day that my boy was laid in the ground that my Lily came back to me, and I turned with my great, undiminished, concentrated power of loving to this fragile little form. Perhaps it was my impatient love, my hot kisses, that confirmed the fever-poison in her veins. She woke in the night, the second night after we had buried her brother, burning hot, and talked wildly of papa, of Harold, of Heaven. I called Dr. Ryton and told him the child was restless and not, I thought, quite well.

"I expected this," he answered. "Pray Heaven she may recover!"

"It is not the fever," I said, speaking against knowledge. "It is not the fever; she has caught cold."

"We shall see," he answered.

Oh! how cruel his coldness seemed!

"You must save her!" I cried.

"I shall try!" he answered, "but if she dies—"

"Dies! Have you—has God, no pity?" I interrupted.

There were many days of hope and fear. Other physicians came, and were commanded, implored, to save her. I prayed for her life, wildly, on my knees, with all the power I had. But she grew worse. One night I could no longer bear to watch her sufferings. I rushed out into the open air. It was a fresh, blowing night, and moonlight. I ran along the shore—the waves broke noisily upon the beach. "Alone, alone, alone!" that was all the wild winds and the wild sea said to comfort me. Turn to Nature for consolation! To "Nature, the mighty and all pitying mother!" She flings back your moan in your teeth! She mocks and echoes your cry.

My head was hot, and I felt bewildered. I went to where the waves washed the stones, —I knelt down and let one break over my bowed head. Then I rose and shook my wet hair to the cold wind,—that refreshed me, and I turned to the house again.

A black shadow fell across my path. Dr. Ryton stood between me and the setting moon. My heart stood still; what tidings! "She sleeps, you must not go in to her. We think she is saved!" The words were spoken in a cold voice, Dr. Ryton had no sympathy with my grief, or joy. The cold words fell on my spirit like heavenly dew, but as yet I dared not hope.

As we entered the garden, I signed to him to go into the house first. I stopped,—I fell on my knees—what could I say?

"Oh, God! hast thou heard my prayer? Is it for my sake thou sparest this flower!" So I thought, but I could not pray then.

As I rose, again a shadow flitted before the moon. I thought it had set—the shadow fell so blackly on my face, but when I looked up, I looked straight on, and into her white serene face.

Mr. Morton was in the house: he met me

at the door, and led me into the room where Dr. Ryton sat.

The two men looked at each other.

"Poor child!" the old man said, leading me to a seat.

"Poor child!" he repeated, looking at me tenderly. His gentle pity calmed me more than aught else could do. With my thin, shaking hands, I began to try and bind up my heavy wet hair, conscious of my wild, disordered look.

"Build up more patience than hope, Mrs. Warden," Dr. Ryton said, and I started, it was so long since anybody had called me by that name. "All is uncertain, even yet; on her waking, your child's life will hang upon a thread; any agitation will snap it. Every one about her must be calm and quiet, and she will ask for you."

"You will be very composed and still, will you not?" Mr. Morton asked; "even though she should say things that would naturally shock and startle you. Even though," he continued, "she should speak of having seen her father."

"Her father! yes! she spoke of him the night she was taken ill," I answered, dreamily, and I pressed my hand on my brow, there was such pain there. But I subdued all sign of emotion, indeed some spell seemed on me that held me tranced. I rose to go away,—I meant to sit outside my child's door, and listen for her waking. Again Dr. Ryton and Mr. Morton looked at each other, the latter bowed his head.

Dr. Ryton spoke, very hesitatingly for him, "One moment, Mrs. Warden. I have more to say; for your child's sake, be calm. You have never inquired where your husband was buried, have never heard any particulars of his—"

He did not say that last dread word, and yet how loud it sounded to my consciousness,—Death. A thrill of agony ran through me.

"Buried! Harold, my Harold, in the quiet churchyard, in sound of the sea! But, no! do not think I am wandering! I know you mean my husband, not my child; both are dead and buried."

They exchanged doubtful glances. "It must be told now!" Dr. Ryton said, firmly. "It is very important," he began, "for your child's sake, that you should learn first from us what she will tell you; for we fear if it was left for her to tell, that the surprise would overcome you, and that then your agitation—"

"Why do you hesitate?" I exclaimed. "Cannot I bear anything for her sake—my only remaining treasure? Am I not used to pain and sorrow? But I will not complain. He is very good if He spares my child; and I shall learn, from her, to thank Him."

"It is not bad news we have to tell you."

"No news can be good to me, save what concerns her. If she lives, I may yet—but, O, my husband!"

"It is of him that Dr. Ryton would speak," Mr. Morton said.

"Of him? Spare me!" I exclaimed.

"You saw him brought home, and you remember nothing more, do you, Mrs. Warden?" Dr. Ryton asked.

"Nothing more!" and as I spoke the terrible sight that ghastly dawn broke upon, came back to me, how vividly. "Cruel!" I cried, hastily. "Why do you torture me? But, yes! it is right, do not spare me, I did not spare him. Tell me all,—I am firm and quiet."

"If God, whose goodness you have doubted, in His infinite mercy—"

"Be gentle," Mr. Morton pleaded. "See," and he pointed to my quivering frame. I could not control that,—every word seemed to lacerate my wakened heart.

"Mrs. Warden, God has been infinitely good to you. When you were taken away, your husband was not dead."

"Did he live to forgive me? Did he speak of me?" I asked.

I did not at all gather their meaning yet. How should I anticipate such mercy?

"He often spoke of you,—he often speaks of you: your husband lives, but—"

Dr. Ryton was very wise! That but—perhaps it prevented my dying of surprise and joy, and life grew precious.

"He lives, but he does not forgive me!" I said. "I deserve that pain, but it is terrible."

Dr. Ryton did not answer me, but said:—

"There is a slight stir up-stairs; your aunt is coming down, and the door is open; you might go in and watch now, but remember agitation will kill your little girl. She will tell you that her father has kissed her this very night, and you must not look surprised. Can you trust yourself?"

I bowed my head and rose. My pain had gone, it was all a dream, I thought; a dream in which life and death, and grief and joy moved confusedly.

I stumbled a little way. I thought it had been day-break, but there came night. I felt about in the black-darkness, and could find no way out of it.

My strength was overtaken; it gave way utterly.

Yet I did not find rest, for I did not entirely lose consciousness. The many days that I lay ill, I struggled against the darkness round me, and tried with my feeble hands to clear it away from before my eyes. I wanted to think and to understand—I had dreadful dreams or thoughts, I know not which to call them, as I lay, and these haunted me long after. The central idea was always that of Harold alive, stern and unforgiving. Once I fancied we met in a crowded London street, that I rushed to him, and fell down at his feet—that he spurned me away.

When the mist clouding my mind at last cleared away,—it was, I remember, towards

the end of a very serene, beautiful day—I found that they had laid my Lily beside me, that it was her kisses on my cheek that roused me, though I had dreamed that other lips had been pressed there. With an intense longing tenderness, not all for her, I took her gently into my arms. What a joy to know her yet mine! How beautiful and loving she was!

"Papa has been here, mamma; dear papa kissed me!" were the first words she said.

"A dream, my darling!" I answered; "Mamma has been dreaming, too."

"No, mamma, aunt says it is true. He bent over me, and gave me a long, long kiss, just as he used of a night, at home."

"When was it, my darling?"

"The same morning that I wanted you, and aunt said you could not come. Did he not kiss you, mamma?"

I did not answer, and the little girl's head dropped wearily down upon the pillow.

"Why are you crying, dear mamma?" she asked, soon again lifting up her head to look into my face.

"I am so glad to have you, my darling. So glad you are getting well." I kissed her, and she soon fell asleep.

Not long after, Aunt Aston came up with some tea. "It is true, then?" I asked.

"He has been here? Where is Dr. Ryton? How long is it since I was laid here?"

"Yes, he came, dear. Dr. Ryton went home with him. You have been ill several days."

"Where? Where does he call home, aunt?"

"London. He is gone back to London."

"He is gone, then!" My heart was very sick and sad, and yet I was very grateful to God. I turned away, and let the tears flow from under my closed lids.

I sobbed quietly a long while, and then some new purpose dawned upon me. I would not lie and weep and lament, I would—But I was so weak,—what could I do? Trust in God—who was loading me with mercy and kindness—and wait.

"Won't you have your tea, dear?" aunt asked, timidly.

I sat up and took it. Then my head felt cool and clear, and I seemed stronger. It was still early in the evening, so I humbly asked aunt to help me dress, I wanted to go down. She said Dr. Ryton would return to-night, I must speak to him and hear all. When I was dressed I sat down beside my child, and watched her quiet sleep. She was very thin and weak still, but Aunt Aston told me that she was to go out to-morrow, if it were as still and mild as to-day, and that the doctors said that now she would get over the fever, and be stronger than she had ever been before.

I asked aunt to go down, and to let me know when Dr. Ryton would see me.

When she went, I slipped down on my

knees, with my eyes on my dear little girl's lovely face. I could pray.

I thought of Harold's love as turned from me for ever, so my heart was very sad, and I prayed for patience, but my heart was very resolved too, and I prayed for strength. But I did not feel that I prayed aright. I could not feel that my prayer winged its way to the eternal footstool, and I determined that I would learn how, in what spirit, to pray.

I had a Bible, and went to fetch it. But I heard voices below, so I crept down as hastily as my weak clinging to the bannisters would let me.

Dr. Ryton was not come; it was Mr. Morton whom I had heard. Aunt Aston went up to put Lily into her own bed when she should wake, and to watch her while she still slept.

The warm evening light was pouring into the room down-stairs, it bewildered me somewhat after the dimness of my own. I looked out silently for a few moments, raising my head up from off the couch where my aunt had put me, trying to collect my thoughts. But the brilliant glow on the cornfield, yellowing now rapidly, and on the still surface of the blue sea, dazzled me.

Mr. Morton came to my side, as I turned round wearily from gazing on the external brightness. The gentle manner of that good old man encouraged me to ask him many questions. He could tell me much, but not all, that I wanted to know. He could tell me about my husband's visit, of his having seen his little girl waking, for a moment, when I left her; and of his having watched beside her while she slept after I fainted. Had he stood by me, too? had he bent down over me? But no! I knew he had not, I dared not ask. He told me, also, that my husband had been to the churchyard, that he had knelt and wept by our boy's grave.

Why had they not told me sooner that my husband lived? I asked.

He had lain very long between life and death, Mr. Morton said. Dr. Ryton had many times utterly despaired of his rallying, and had, at others, hardly dared hope that he would ever recover health of mind and body after the dreadful injuries he had sustained; so he had thought it best to let me believe him already dead. Others about me had often longed to rouse me, by any means, from the apathy lying so heavily upon me, and had wished to tell me the truth; but Dr. Ryton had sternly bade them do so at peril of my life. When my boy's danger did at last rouse me, and when my husband was first considered to be steadily and surely gaining strength, Dr. Ryton still told them not to tell me yet; he thought it right that the discipline of conscious suffering should first do its work. He was not wise there. It was love and mercy that wrought a blessed change.

Where had my husband been? Why had

Dr. Ryton ever left him? Who had nursed him? And as I asked that last question, a cry of agony broke from my lips, at the thought that I, his wife, had rendered myself unworthy that office.

Mr. Morton could tell me that Mrs. Ryton had most heedfully nursed my husband, and that Dr. Ryton had only left him because Harold, when conscious, implored him to be here, to watch over his children. He knew that Harold in those short intervals of consciousness had talked much of his children, and been painfully solicitous for their welfare, and that even in his delirium, he had still spoken of them; but whether, and if at all, how, my husband mentioned me he could not tell.

After I had exhausted Mr. Morton's knowledge by my eager questions, I was ready, and very willing, to listen calmly to the old man's wisdom. That evening he spoke to my heart and to my need. I was very weak, and worn, and weary, and had little hope of happiness in this world, and yet I had an infinite mercy for which I desired, and as yet hardly knew how, to thank God. That my husband would ever again take me back to his heart and home, I scarcely hoped; and if I hoped the time would come, it looked so distant that my weak spirit wearied at the dreary desert to be traversed first. But that my husband lived, that I was free from the blood-guiltiness that had lain on my conscience, that my Lily had still a wise and tender father—did not these things demand boundless gratitude?

As, day after day, I sat in spirit very meekly at that good man's feet, the darkness gradually cleared away. By degrees I learned all the story of his own life, of his loves, and losses, and martyrdom of pain; I learned how his faith had been purified, and his soul sublimed, by patient suffering of the Lord's will.

Then, stilled to reverent attention, I heard the story, and was instructed in the teaching of another life. In my weakness and spiritual ignorance I had somewhat of the simplicity of a child, I listened simply to what was simply told, and all I heard came to me fresh and strange, and infinitely sweet and consoling. Through the unperplexed medium of the soul of a faithful believer, I could look clearly and steadily at the grand idea of the Christian life.

And while I listened and learned, I exercised my newly-striven-after patience. Doctor Ryton did not come, and days passed in which I heard nothing of my husband. During those few quiet, even though somewhat anxious, days, I grew familiar with my future life. I did not harass and perplex myself by effort to discern its features, to depict its joys and sorrows, endeavours and failures, and far-off success; but I tried to realise to my own consciousness the spirit in which I ought to live, and in which, with God's help, I would live.

I often wept during those days. Night and morning my pillow was wet. But they were quiet; penitent, resigned tears, sad and yet sweet and blessed tears.

If wild regret for that dread and sinful past essayed to destroy my new peace, to lash my soul into tumultuous unrest, I knew now how to still the troubled waters; if my spirit failed me sometimes, and my heart quailed and sickened as I imagined what might be the poor forlornness, and the ceaseless longing, and the ever-failing endeavour of my future—yet I could, even then, pray; and having prayed, could look down pityingly on my heart's trouble, and yet control its emotions.

I began to have some dim idea, some, not knowledge, but imagination, of what it would be to be able, in all scenes, trials, dangers, distresses, temptations, and pains of life, to be calm enough to feel that round all our restlessness flows "God's rest!" to be able to merge all hopes, fears, doubts, and dreads, in a perfect, unfailing trust in Him who makes all things work together for good to those who believe in Him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE breath of autumn seemed to breathe upon, and sanctify as it saddened, the glowing beauty of the land; and nature appeared to sympathise with the sweet, patient soberness and penitence that softened my soul.

It was just the weather for my Lily, too—mild and still, with no fierce summer heat: she and I grew stronger together.

We very often sat long in the churchyard by little Harold's grave. It was generally there that Mr. Morton talked with us. In that churchyard lay the dust of all those who had been dearest to him on earth; so the spot was as sacred to him as it grew to be to us.

We went there alone one day—Lily and I. It was rather late in the afternoon. I did not mean to stay long, but it was so very serenely and perfectly lovely there that day.

I sat down, and took Lily on my lap. She was playing with a handful of wild weeds and flowers, and singing, as her custom was, very softly to herself. I had my arms round her, and rested my cheek on her soft hair—it was just as I had held her so long ago. But where was the bright boy, who had leaned against my knee and fixed his large blue eyes so earnestly on my face?

I looked out over the sea, far into the hazy distance, and slow tears dropped down one by one. The sea and the sky were all one colour, a soft greyish blue. On the sea there were no billows, in the sky no clouds; there was no wind to stir wave or cloud, or the black boughs of the large yew under which I sat: there was only a great and gentle peace—a perfect stillness over all. And was there peace in my heart?

Those slow heavy-falling tears came down one by one, and yet I hardly knew I wept, till, passing my hand over her head, I found my child's hair wet. I was not thinking of the past—I could not bear to do that yet; I was looking forward to an atoning future—a future of active and patient doing and bearing.

Clasping my fair child, I thanked Him fervently for His long-suffering kindness—I thanked Him most of all for this life that lay before me. Thinking of these things, peace did come to my heart. Resolving to live a life out of self; to live for others, to care for others, and, for myself, only to rest on God's mercy; I began for the first time in my life to know what peace of mind was. O, the blessed hours of that afternoon!

I sat facing the sinking sun; it seemed as if the haziness of the horizon would quench his beams, and as if he would sink without leaving any light and glory in the west. But the sky brightened afterwards.

The little gate of the churchyard was just behind me.

Lily turned on my lap to peep round my shoulder, when the latch was lifted with a sharp click.

My arms fell from round her—I trembled so with indefinite expectation. For a moment she was still; then she darted away from me with that old cry, "Papa—papa!"

I had not dared turn—I did not now. I rose, sick and agitated; the golden sunlight bewildered me, and I drew back into the black shadow, and leaned against the old yew-tree. As its large stem interposed between my poor eyes and the setting sun, I thought of the shadow that had passed between me and the sinking moon as I rose from my knees that night in the garden. For the first time, I knew that it had been Harold's. He had seen me, then, in sorrow, endeavouring to pray, and had gone away without one word! I leaned back very faint. Was this my strength, my patience, my faith?

So near, and yet so far! The pain was very sharp. Would not my poor heart burst? It longed so earnestly, so wildly, for his forgiveness, his kindness, his pity—it dared not hope for his love.

I could see nothing from where I stood, between the old tree and the church wall; but I heard a sound—the churchyard gate shut hastily, and then the noise of retreating footsteps. With Lily in his arms, he had gone away, then! He had come only to see her—there was no thought for me!

I sank down then. I could reach to lay my head on the little mound of my boy's grave; and I thought my heart would beat its last there. If, forgetting my task undone, for a moment I cried, "O, would that I were dead!" Thou hast forgiven me, oh, Thou infinitely kind Father! for Thou hast patience with us, remembering that we are but dust.

After a little, I lifted up my head and rose from the cold earth. I stepped out of the dark shadow into the light of the level sun, and then I knew how near my husband stood!

What could I do? I did not dare look up. I watched how, as he stood, his shadow reached just to the edge of the little grave. I had not long to doubt, or watch. Our little girl was in his arms, he put her down very gently! "Ask mamma to speak to poor papa!" he said. Then I looked up; my sad eyes were gladdened by his old dear smile; I cried out that I could not bear it, and I felt myself clasped fast in his arms.

And was this how we met? Yes! it was more than I could bear. I was weighed upon, burdened, bowed down, and humbled to the dust.

And Harold—it was long before I could look up at his dear face—and then I saw it changed. On the white brow were scars, thank God, none so ghastly as those of my dream; and the black hair was thinner, and its blackness dimmed. Round his eyes—but it was not at first I could meet them—were lines of care. All this was my work and not time's, and he took me at once into his arms, bent down over me, pitied me for my distress, mourned over my frail looks, whispered kind words of hope and joy, and—but he was good. O Harold! Harold! and I thought you could be stern, and cold, and unforgiving to your poor sinful wife!

And was my future to be saddened by nothing but my own heart's remembrance of its sin? Was this great love of my husband's mine yet? Was there no atonement to be made, no forgiveness to be painfully won, ere it could return to me?

It was this that humbled and softened me, more than all; the mercy shown me was so infinite.

I soon learnt—though I asked nothing, being so satisfied with what I knew—why I had waited in vain so many days for the tidings that did not come.

Harold had risen too hastily from a bed of convalescence to pay that visit to his dying little girl, to shed those tears over his dead boy; he had been fettered by a promise not to speak to me, told that I still thought him dead, and warned that any sudden shock of surprise, might make me a mad-woman, or an idiot for life. But he had had too great a struggle with himself to restrain the impulse to rush to me, and take me in his arms when he saw me kneeling, and so wan and ghastly by the pale light of the moon. The excitement and fatigue had been too much for him, Doctor Ryton had hurried him away and had kept him a prisoner till the day we met.

I do not think there was no shadow over my husband's love for me then; but his tenderness was greater than ever, and the shadow has passed quite away now.

That evening in the holy church-yard, kneeling by our boy's grave, we celebrated a second marriage—a second marriage, more sacred, more spiritual, and more happy than the first. I had found my rightful place then, at my husband's feet. Was he not most nobly and grandly good? I had learnt to reverence him, and so found rest on earth.

My happiness was ever sobered by memory of the past, and chastened by the looking forward to a future, to which the angel-hand of our dead boy pointed us: but I was O, how happy!

In all this I have expressed but little of my gratitude. My history shows what boundless mercy I had to be grateful for—it is my life that must tell if I am grateful.

You know why I have written this for you. God bless you, I can say no more, no better! You saw how I shrank from your innocently-put questions about my early married life; but I told you they should be answered, and they are.

It is very many years since I had the foregoing narrative from the writer:

Beating heart and burning brow,
They lie very quiet now.

The husband and wife are dead. I need not write this woman's eulogistic epitaph, for "her works live after her:" her memory is held sacred in many a home. I should like stern lips to quiver, and proud eyes to fill with tears reading her words: it can do no harm, and may do good—so here is that poor Wife's Story.

CHIP.

WHAT SHALL A RAILWAY-CLERK HAVE FOR DINNER?

It is an admitted fact that the stomach, —or, as Rabelais calls it, the great gaster,—is an unruly but invariable companion of all branches of human nature. Railway-clerks are branches of human nature, and are just as much favoured by this raging organ as lords who legislate about Sunday beer, and dine at clubs on that day if they please.

The railway-clerk is sufficiently well paid to be able to obtain a dinner—at least, if he avoid Epsom races, eschew irregular companions, and look at her Majesty's effigy steadily in the face before he throws away that precious picture wantonly. Yet some railways give their half-hour for the digestion or indigestion of a bad dinner in the middle of the day; others—the great Ichthyosaurus-Megatherian line, for instance—delay the dinner-hour till five o'clock; after which our railway-clerk (especially if

the making-up of accounts is going on), goes back again to work till twelve or upwards. Perhaps an anxious little wife is waiting to take home a loving, hard-worked husband to a late and humble supper; perhaps the twain have been separated for the entire day, and then comes the temptation to sit later than is healthy, especially when the toils of the next day commence so early. Perhaps, in a lighter season, some precious hours are snatched for mental improvement—for reading, writing, and the lecture-room (for your railway-clerk is not necessarily an animal only covered with figures, as a Nineveh bull with arrow-heads). But this comes not to our purpose—when is the railway clerk to dine?

Is it necessary that all the clerks be detained at one time? If so, railways are unlike any other institution in existence. If matters be well organised, and if you have leaders instead of martinets, everybody may get some leisure. And with the when comes the where of the question, and we will try to answer both by one solution. Railway-clerks are not resident on the premises. Many of them live near, many are compelled to live far away from the scene of their labours. Most of the stations are seated in the most unenviable neighbourhoods, and the doubtful beef, dried-up ham, or saveloys of a ham and beef establishment, or a plate of that ingenious compound known as à-la-mode (not, by the way, always a bad thing in its way), or the routine of chop and steak, chop and chop, form the staple of entertainment for the snatched half-hour. Now, even this would be not so bad, if it could be got at a decent time; but the chance of a bread-and-butter lunch (as at the great Ichthyosaurio-Megatherian) is a poor stamina for those who work from nine A.M. to five P.M., and we cannot help wondering whether the great iron monster cannot feed its cubs better.

Now why cannot our railway authorities, with their gigantic stations, their exaggerated halls, their sumptuous waiting-rooms, and princely hotels, why cannot they find something like a decent, cheap, and wholesome table-d'hôte for their own clerks, open, we will say, at one, two, and three o'clock, so as to allow of a certain number going to dinner without stopping the necessary work of the station, and likewise remaining within reach of call if imperatively required? Instead of "Chop, sir?—yes, sir—sixpence—bread, seven—tatoe, eight—any greens, sir!—no, sir,"—we might have a good cut off a large wholesome joint, or a sole, or a slice of cod, wholesome vegetables and bread, for something like four shillings or four-and-sixpence a-week, everything being well served, and the large number rendering it a good speculation on the part of the company.

Under such an arrangement, especially with some senior clerks acting as stewards, not only men connected with railways, but

those employed in all large establishments, would get better dinners, would be less distracted from their work, and enjoy more comfort than they can command at present. Every one knows both the economy and the wholesomeness of large joints.

We speak advisedly on this subject. We know those who had remained through long days of utter exhaustion, until broken health has taken from them wasted years, to seek some new employment. We have known those whom a life among eating-houses has eventually severed from all home ideas. Men are not mere machines (though even a machine requires feeding), and if we would make our railway-clerks a permanent instead of a perpetually-migrating body—if we would uphold railway credit as an active agent of civilisation—we must recollect that our railway-clerk has a stomach, and we must find out how, when, and where he is to dine.

SUPERNATURAL ZOOLOGY.

We open the first printed herbal, called the *Ortus Sanitatis*; it was published in the last years of the fifteenth century, and tells what was known, not of plants only, but also of birds, beasts, fishes, and stones, three or four hundred years ago. We have sketched in some back numbers of this journal the superstitions that formed part of the belief and science of our forefathers, so far as regards men and spirits, and fulfil now an exceedingly old promise by here setting down a note or two about their supernatural zoology; for of the wonders of their botany it will be quite enough to speak in one short paragraph.

They figured in good faith the *arbor vitæ*, or the *lignum vitæ Paradisi*, and stated that the flesh of any man who ate it would be firm for ever, and that such a man would be exempt from every care. The wood of this tree is not destroyed but purified by fire. Bitumen, floating on the Dead Sea is also reckoned among plants, although it is defined to be the dung of demons. Butter ranks among herbs as the flower of milk, and cheese has a like privilege. It is said, by-the-bye, that Zoroaster in the desert ate nothing but cheese for twenty years, and was during the whole time free from ache or pain. The *Diptannum* or *Biptannum* is described and figured as a sort of mint growing in rocky places, and well known in Thessaly and Crete, which being eaten expels arrows or any steel or iron weapons from the body. Arrows shot into a goat by the hunter, if the goat nibbles *diptannum*, are shot out again. Dew falling upon stones or plants congeals and produces manna. If gathered quickly it is green; if it remain long on the plant or stone it will acquire a whitish colour. *Mandragora* is male and female, and is figured with roots in the respective similitudes of a man and a

woman. The plant itself, which is not fabulous, is described by Serapion and Dioscorides as having been used for the same purpose now answered by chloroform, before painful operations with the knife or actual cautery.

We say no more of botany, and will omit from our zoology all record of the fabulous properties ascribed to common things, as that the spittle of a young man kills scorpions, or that a toad being burnt to powder and the powder left to itself there will be produced out of it a new toad, and not only one but many; or that to get rid of mice one should fumigate the house with the left hoof of a mule. We speak only of some of those animals that are no longer named in any volume of zoology. Such a creature is the *Amphisbœna*, which is a snake having a head in the right place and another where its tail should be. This animal, being particular about its eggs, holds up always one head to watch them while with the other head it sleeps. On the authority of Avicenna, it is stated, that to see or hear this animal is death, and that whatever it bites dissolves. The *Cacus* is our old Arcadian friend who drags his prey backwards into his cave, and used to exist not only in Virgil's poetry, but also in books of science. *Cerastes* was a serpent with four horns, of which knife handles were made, that sweated when near poison. In the terrible old days of treachery and passion it was quite worth a man's while to have some means of testing the meat into which he cut.

The *Cephus* was a man below, a sort of dog above; this creature was never seen except at games in Rome given by Pompey. The *Centrocata* had the body of an ass, the legs and head of a lion, the voice of an ox, and a mouth splitting the head quite open from ear to ear. *Draco*, the dragon, is an old acquaintance. In all early books on zoology he is carefully described, and there is a good deal said about his medicinal properties. He lived in caves on account of the heat of his body, and was big enough in India to crack elephants, India being the great seat of an interminable war between the elephants and dragons. There is a stone in the dragon's head which is not a stone unless extracted while he is alive; after his death it ceases to be hard. This stone is the chief glory and aid of Eastern kings. They cause dragons to be put to sleep with medicated grasses, and then stone them almost as easily as raisins. All things poisonous fly from a dragon's fat. The dragon's tongue taken in wine banishes nightmare. The dragon's flesh is of a glassy colour and cools those who feed upon it; for this reason, the Ethiopians, who live in a hot country, prefer that sort of meat. For old acquaintance-sake we have stopped some little time with the dragon, before passing on to the *Draconopedes*. This is the serpent with a woman's head that tempted

Eve. Bede is of opinion that it showed only its alluring face to Eve, and hid its serpent's body behind the trunk or among the leaves of the tree of knowledge. The *Jaculus* was a winged serpent that descended upon trees and killed by a look whatever lay beneath. *Leviathan* is the great horse on which the devil rides. It has terrible battles with the whale, and when they fight the fishes round about swarm in a crowd round the whale's tail. If the whale be vanquished, all the fishes are devoured; if the *Leviathan*, or *Levin*, be baffled, he pours out of his throat a fearful stench, which the whale repels by squirting at it a great flood of water. In that case, the fishes, the whale's vassals, are saved by their feudal lord.

Maricomorion was a beast rarely seen, of about the bigness of a lion. It had a serpent's tail, a lion's feet, a man's head, and in its mouth three rows of teeth. It was of a reddish colour. Imitating the tones of the human voice, it invited the approach of men and then devoured them. *Nepa* was a serpent of which the female perished in the giving birth to young. The *Onocentaur* was the Bully Bottom of the old zoologist, he had an ass's head on a man's body.

A wonderful beast is the *Pathyon*, of which the heathens thought that it partook of the nature of divinity. It has a purple coat, all radiant with scintillating light. Its bones are wonderfully hard and strong, and its nerves can only be torn asunder with the greatest violence. The *Pilosus* is as a man with the hooved feet of a beast; the blessed *Hiero* describes it in the life of Paul the Hermit. In the zoology of our forefathers, even the horse beloved of poets, *Pegasus*, was figured and described. After that, we need not be surprised at meeting also with the *Pigmies*, mature at the age of three years, old at seven; or at being told, as matter of science, how they ride on wild goats armed with arrows to make war against the cranes and capture eggs.

As there was no system preferable in those days, the arrangement of plants, beasts, birds, &c., was made alphabetical. In turning over the leaves of our book, we have looked from *Pegasus* to *Pigmies*, and now pause at *Pediculo*, the curse upon man's head. They are either produced from perspiration, we learn, or exhaled through the pores of the skin. They swarm in the heads of travellers, because in travel men perspire much and meet with a paucity of baths.

Turning on to letter R, we pause at *Regulus*, the basilisk. We find him discussed again under the head birds: for as he is partly cock and partly serpent, it is hard to know whether he is rightly bird or beast. At the sight of him, the breath of him, or the sound of his hiss, men become dropsical and die. The fatal part of him when he kills by being looked at, are three hairs under his head. The basilisk is produced out of an egg laid

by an aged cock and hatched in a dunghill, or some say by a serpent, but this is uncertain. They who have seen the egg, say that it has not a shell, but instead of shell a skin so tough that it can scarcely be broken with a hatchet.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the well-known proof of the fine spirit of the Rhinoceros, that he dies of grief when made a captive. The Salamander is depicted by the naturalist on a comfortable litter of fire. It is an animal without a spleen, and with the liver on the left side of the body. Pope Alexander had a robe made of the wool of this animal, which was not put into water but into fire when it wanted washing. We will hurry on to the Unicorn, because the representation of that animal on the British arms as of equal size with the lion—although in other respects accurate—is calculated to give an exceedingly erroneous impression. The unicorn is quite a small animal, though noted for its strength.

Of course the many-headed Hydra is described with scientific accuracy, and that we may end the alphabet of beasts with a Z, let us speak of the Zubro. This beast, which is depicted throwing into the air three dogs at a time, and trampling on another, is so swift, that, it turns round on its own dung as it is falling, and tosses it back to a great distance with its horns, in order that it may fall as a petard among, and suffocate the dogs by which he is pursued.

We will now treat of surprising birds, and briefly. The Barliata are a sort of Barnacle geese, growing at sea on putrid wood, to which they hang by their beaks till they fall off. The beaks are, as it were, the stalks by which they grow. The good bishop, Jacobus Atheniensis, in a history of Eastern travel, says that he has seen such birds growing upon trees by the seashore, and hanging by the beak as pears hang by the stalk. The Carista is a little bird that flies unhurt through fire. Need it be said, that a few centuries ago, the zoologist included among birds blowflies and stagbeetles?

There was of course also Fenix, the Phoenix, dear still to insurance companies, though why they love it we know not, since it is a type of nothing else but arson. This Arabian bird—there is but one—when old, collects aromatic herbs under a hot sun, and fans them into flame with its own wings, and so burns itself up, with the direct purpose of rising again in an improved state from the ashes. Manifest arson, gentlemen of the Phoenix Fire Office! The new Phoenix first appears in the ashes as a worm, but grows rapidly; and this indubitable fact in natural history used to be taken as a proof of the resurrection. Of Gripes, the griffin, and his deeds in Hyperborean mountains, we need only say, that here he is among the other birds; here too is Harpia, the harpy. Then there is Merops, an earth-loving bird, that

builds in the earth, and hides its eggs deep underground. "I have heard say," said a young owl, in one of Lessing's fables, "that there is a bird called Merops, which flies backwards with its head towards the ground. Can that be true?" "No, my child, that is a foolish invention of man. He himself may be such a Merops, for he would be too happy to fly up to heaven without leaving the earth an instant out of sight."

Is the Ossifrago another of these human birds? Its leading character is a great love for marrow-bones, which it takes up into the air and drops, when it desires to crack them and enjoy the marrow.

The story of the Pelican is not so wholly creditable to that bird as is most commonly supposed. Inhabiting the waste places of the Nile, it behaves cruelly to its young before it gives its blood for them. Our naturalist says that the young pelicans, when they begin to grow, beat their parents in the face. The angry parents strike again and slay them. After which they sorrow for three days. On the third day, the mother strikes her rib, and opening her own side, bends over the dead little ones, and pours her blood upon them. By this they are restored to life. We dare not point out in an article of this description, what portions of the story of the pelican have caused that bird to be accepted as a Christian symbol.

The Piralis is a four-legged fly (and a fly is a bird) born out of the fire of ovens. The Porphirio is a two-legged bird, semi-aquatic, having one foot with free claws, and the other webbed.

We pass from birds to fishes; but the fancy of the old naturalist passed out of all ken, in treating of the wonders of the sea. There were sea-horses, sea-lions, sea-hares (awfully poisonous), sea-wolves, sea-swine, sea-locusts, and many more, pictured in books with a few fins and scales, as really horses, lions, hares, wolves, swine, and locusts. There was the Chilon, with a man's head, living frugally on nothing more than his own viscous humours. There was the Balena, not so very like a whale, most cruel to its mate. There were those marvels, the dolphins, who swam about with their babies at the breast, and their eyes in their blade bones, who dig graves for their deceased parents and friends, follow them in funeral procession, and bury them in submarine cemeteries, out of the way of the fishes. There was that strange fish the Dies, with two wings and two legs, which, in the perfect state lived only for a day. There is the Phoca, which is the sea-ox, another oceanic brute, who is perpetually fighting with his wife until he kills her. Always remaining in the same spot, when he has killed one wife, he disposes of her body, and takes another, so playing Henry the Eighth to a series of wives, until he either dies himself, or finds a mate who is a match for him.

What shall be said of the sea-monk, cruel and deceptive monster, who lifts up a monk's cowed head out among the waves near shore, and with a man's cry seduces men to their destruction? We have seen enough to lose surprise at finding Nereids fully treated of as fishes, and even also Scylla and the Sirens. In treating of Sirens, the zoologist quotes Isidore's opinion, that the account of them is a fable of deceitful women, only to dispute it, upon the authority both of philosophers and holy men, who have regarded them as true sea monsters.

That we may close the list again at letter Z, let us name the Zitiron, which was a fish carrying a knightly shield before its breast, and with a head like a knight's head in a helmet, with the visor down. Also the Zedrusus, an enormous fish of the Arabians, with such vast bones that they were sawn into planks, as oak-trees are, and used for timber.

WAR AND WASHING.

THE man who makes a blade of grass grow where no grass grew before is a benefactor to his country. Let us contemplate the exalted man. How benevolent he must look—how dignified his attitude must be when he is observing the newly-introduced herbage, and the nobleness of his character is not a bit diminished by the fact that he is himself benefited by the novelty,—nay, if he were enriched beyond the imaginings of a Jew or an army contractor, his merits would remain the same; he would still be a benefactor to his country, and an honour to his sex and name.

A blade of grass, in this traditionary saying, is, of course, a mere parable or similitude; it means many blades of grass—many acres of grass, and not of grass alone, but corn, and wine, and oil. It means, in fact, the cheapening and increasing of the food of man,—it means an annual allowance out of the bounteous exchequer of our agricultural patron of so many pounds a-year to every man who keeps house—my own share, in case of a considerable diminution in the price of beef and mutton, not to mention potatoes and bread, would be a very pretty little fund for pleasure trips to London, and perhaps a month at the sea-side. But, with war howling all round the world, and gallant seamen covering themselves with glory by courageous dashes at granaries and mills—burning the finest Dantzic (as quoted at eighty-four shillings) in quantities which would feed a moderate county for a twelvemonth, and ships and barques and all the small fry of commercial craft, employed day and night in conveying away mountains of biscuit and innumerable loads of wheat and flour, there is no chance of either additional blades of grass or diminished prices of food. And yet, with taxes rising, and no prospect of a speedy

crumpling up of our gigantic enemy, some means must be found of economising our present expenditure, or increasing our present means.

Where then shall I begin my economy? If I bring havoc and desolation into the kitchen, and reduce my establishment by sending away my cook, how shall we get on for dinner? We can't eat even the tenderest lamb in a state of nature, and a raw round of beef is a frightful idea. Then the housemaid? Are we to live covered over with dust? windows unopened when we come down in the morning; cloth—and eggs—unlaid? water boiling in the kettle, but nobody to bring it into the parlour? And supposing all this got over, who is to wait at dinner?—Are we to bring in the dishes ourselves, and change the plates? O, true, it must be the nursery-maid—so called by a kind of hereditary nomenclature, for, properly speaking, we have had no nursery for many years. Ah, I see, it must be that quiet, silent individual who is always in a corner of any bedroom you happen to go into, also always on the stairs on her way to the kitchen with a seam in her hand; also always in the housekeeper's room apparently in the act of rising from tea or dinner. She must go. And is the cook to be worked to death in sewing on buttons and mending stockings, in addition to all her other work? Is the housemaid to have no help in cleaning out the drawing-room and the passage, and the three best bedrooms; in short, is the house to be turned either into a treadmill, if the remaining two do their duty, or a wilderness of sand and confusion if they don't? It can't, then, be the nurserymaid. I have no others. I have reduced to the lowest stage of reduction already, and I must find out some other means of making the two ends meet. My clothes? I dress even at present in the oldest of habiliments, as if I were perpetual president of the Antiquarian Society. My wife and children must dress respectably—of course, they must—and that consists in bonnets that don't cover above four inches of the back of their heads, and gowns that sweep the ground in front, as if they had all prodigious feet—which they haven't,—or wore trains, and had put on their clothes the wrong way; their gloves, of course, fresh once a-week, and a perpetual succession of ribbons and scarfs, as if they lived in a rainbow. O, yes, of course, they must dress respectably and I must pay the very respectable amount contained in the milliner's bill,—so there is no chance of economy in that quarter. I was disheartened for a long time—utterly puzzled how to contract my expenditure by a single shilling, when, fortunately, I went and saw a friend of mine,—a very excellent and sagacious friend, and a friend I think he will turn out to a good many people who may read this paper. They will certainly consider him, at all events, equal, if not superior,

to the exemplary individual who makes a blade of grass grow, &c. &c. &c. His name, for the convenience of identification, we will call Hobbins.

"Hobbins," I said, when we were left alone after dinner, "how do you manage the war?"

He looked a little surprised at first, but recollected my abrupt ways, and said, "I manage the war, my dear Bobbins?—I don't—nobody manages the war, as far as I see."

"I mean, how do you get over the increased expense of living?"

Hobbins laughed, and said, "Take another glass of this port—it will do you no harm—and in fact the war won't do you any harm either, if you do as I have done."

"I shall be delighted," I replied, and drank the wine in a moment. "How?" I said, expectantly.

"The war," he said, "is not half so ruinous as you think. The increase upon the income tax is about four per cent. How much have you a-year?"

I paused a little; but hang it, what's the use of being close when you go to a friend for advice? I told him as near as I knew.

"That's about—let me see. You ought to live well enough on that," he said; "and you have a wife and two daughters?"

"Yes," I replied; "but if you think you can clip off a single shilling out of gloves and bonnets, boots and silk stockings, you are mistaken. Mrs. Bobbins—"

"I don't mean that," said Hobbins; "but there's another way, without curtailing a ribbon. In short, I have no doubt, taking England all over, that I could carry on the war without the slightest pressure, and without any diminution of comfort."

"Comfort," I said; "perhaps not—but respectability; at least, what Mrs. Bobbins calls respectability."

"She shall be more respectable than ever; and you won't feel the tax at all. What is the heaviest item in your weekly bills?"

"Well, you know," I said, "Georgiana has a good appetite, and so indeed have Julia and Marianne; and as the butcher has raised his prices a penny a-pound, the amount is very large—considering we are only a party of seven, servants included."

"But you could knock off a joint, if required, or take some of the coarser meat. But of the unavoidable which is the most severe?"

While I was trying to remember, he seemed to get a little nettled at my stupidity, and said, "I'll tell you what, Bobbins, there isn't another man in Essex would be so slow. Your greatest bill, in proportion to your fortune and the number of your family, is of course the washing."

"Ah! so it is," I cried, quite astonished at my own forgetfulness—for I had mused upon the subject long, and quarrelled with Mrs. Bobbins about it regularly once a-week.

"There is the rock that England will split on," said Hobbins. "She is such a vain fool—is Britannia. She has California in her wash-tubs, and won't pick up the nuggets. Sir," he added, looking like the late Doctor Johnson, "I will overwhelm the Russian emperor with soap."

"How?—Cannon balls?—Too soft," I said; but luckily so low that he didn't hear me.

"On the expenditure of this great country in the article of washing alone, there is the opportunity of saving more than the increased expenses of the war. I find it so in my own experience. This village finds it so. The county might find it so, if it were not a desperately obstinate county; and the nation—yes, the nation—might laugh at the doubled taxation, and call Poland into existence without any perceptible enlargement of its burdens. Ay!" he continued, warming with his subject—"tubs and combination—dirty linen and patriotic feeling—anything may be done! You, my dear Bobbins, may keep a gig upon the savings, and Warsaw may be free!"

"Julia hates gigs," I modestly observed, "and they are all anxious about a phaeton and ponies."

"Here is the whole question," continued Hobbins. I may observe, by the way, that he did not pass the decanter with the regularity required by the solar system. "Why should not the upper classes, as they are called, that is, the people who have houses and families of their own, have the benefit of union as well as the comparatively poor, or such as artisans and their wives and children, in the admirable lodging-houses lately built? In nothing is the saving more remarkable than in the article of washing. Lay it down as a rule at once, that no family can do its own washing economically, unless it is of such size as to present the features of combination, though passing under one name. But in establishments like yours or mine, where the work is not enough to occupy a maid or maids entirely, at that and nothing else, it is folly to think of avoiding the professional washerwoman. In her case it is only by undertaking for several families that she makes her profits. Her fires, her tubs, her drying rods, perform their ministrations in a cosmopolitan spirit, and get up the weekly linen for the most opposite establishments. The parson's bands meet in friendly communion on the wooden horse with the dissenting clergyman's neck-cloths (both perhaps a little overstarched). The money of orthodoxy and of dissent, goes equally to the Prussian blue and the crimping iron. But the powers of earthly washerwomen are limited. Their appliances are usually too scanty to give the benefit of this social combination to its full extent; and there can be no doubt that in country places like this, we are at the mercy of an ignorant and careless set of people, who charge preposterously for work very ill done; and I myself may state, that for many years I never

had my proper complement of buttons, and my frills were generally burned into holes, so that sometimes they had the appearance of lace. All that is changed; and this is how the metamorphosis was accomplished.

"I went round among the neighbours, and found the discontent with the existing state of things universal. The tyranny of the washerwoman was intolerable, and we determined to become the Pymys and Hampdens of the laundry. Some were inclined to what may be called the fifth monarchy principles of total abolition, and talked of dirt and independence, by never having their clothes washed at all; but the principles of cleanliness and moderation were dear to the great majority. So I laid before them a plan I had deeply studied. The lady of the present day to whom wealth has been entrusted for the purpose of showing what a noble and unselfish use can be made of it, had presented to the hospital at Scutari an admirable contrivance for the rapid drying of the linen of a vast establishment for the reception of upwards of a thousand sick and wounded men. In the model wash-houses of London, excellent appliances had been introduced for the saving of labour and fuel. In another quarter I heard of a contrivance for the washing of the clothes, where machinery performed the first and hardest part of the labour, leaving only the easier portion of the ironing and getting-up to the hands of the professional ladies. The calculation made by all the people I consulted as to the saving of expense by the adoption of these and other processes was, that it could not be less than a half of the usual outlay, and might be a great deal more. Here was a saving of half my annual bill—if of mine, of Jobbins' and Mobbins', and everybody else's. Now the number of people in this district with incomes from three up to twelve hundred a-year is immense, and although a man's outlay in this respect is not regulated by his income, but principally by the number of his family, I considered I was safe in taking the average washing-bill of each family at thirty pounds a-year, which is certainly not half their amount under the usual system. There are forty of us, all anxious to be tidy and economical, and here was a sum of twelve hundred a-year on which we could rely with certainty. We formed a sort of joint-stock company, managed by a committee of ourselves. We purchased an old barn, and fitted it up with long troughs for the washing, immense cauldrons, fed from a tank of soft water, and a large drying-closet, with every apparatus of pipe and cistern that could be required. We also turned a portion of the building into a room for the finishing off of finer portions of apparel, with ironing-boards, needles, threads, and buttons to supply the place of the lost and broken; and the expense of all this preliminary stock was about three hundred pounds. In the old arrangement labour is

almost the entire expense. In a washing, for instance, of a moderate-sized family, amounting to what is technically called twenty-four dozen (articles, be it understood, not people), the items consist of fifteen shillings for work, and only three shillings and twopence for material—namely, one-and-twopence for soap, threepence for soda, a shilling for starch, and a penny for blue. Now here comes in the overwhelming advantage of the economy of labour. Our staff consists of fifteen damsels, strapping and tall, at twelve shillings a-week, a man and horse and cart, for general purposes, we take at one pound twelve; materials of all sorts, such as soap, starch, and soda, we put down for five pounds a-week; the coals at four; and the interest on subscribed capital at twelve shillings. This makes a grand total of twenty pounds four shillings a-week, or about a thousand and fifty pounds a-year. In addition to this, we must calculate the salary of a clerk of the washing-book, whom we think of appointing to keep the accounts and collect the weekly payments; and this, being liberal, we fix at seventy-five pounds. But with all this, there is a very satisfactory margin on the original estimate. We shall consider the surplus a fund for repairs and sundries—for machinery will get out of order, troughs will leak, tubes are not perennial, and coals and other materials may rise in price."

I paused a while before I made any reply to the benevolent Hobbins. He seemed sure of his ground—his calculations appeared reasonable enough. "But," I said, "this plan seems only adapted for a populous neighbourhood like this. It needs a great number of contributors to make the system economical."

"It needs a certain number," he replied; "but they need not be so many as I have said. It would still be a considerable saving if the company consisted of only a dozen; but in this, as in all other instances of combination, the more the better. If, instead of forty families we had eighty, the proportionate expenditure to each would be still farther diminished. But the great principle of the plan is as much proved by twenty as by a hundred. It is in anybody's power to diminish his washing-bill by a half, and that without injury to the present race of gin-loving blanchisseuses, for their work will be certain instead of precarious; the linen will be more carefully treated, the water mixed with no deleterious ingredients to give an easy whiteness to the collar and front, at the expense of early rottenness and decay; and, in fact, as I said before, I have no doubt the Russian war could be carried on on the savings effected in suds and soda. I shall propose to the herald's college that a clean shirt be introduced into the royal standard for the honour of Old England, and a sign of scorn and defiance of the unwashed savages of the north."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUT OF TOWN.

SITTING, on a bright September morning, among my books and papers at my open window on the cliff overhanging the sea-beach, I have the sky and ocean framed before me like a beautiful picture. A beautiful picture, but with such movement in it, such changes of light upon the sails of ships and wake of steamboats, such dazzling gleams of silver far out at sea, such fresh touches on the crisp wave-tops as they break and roll towards me—a picture with such music in the billowy rush upon the shingle, the blowing of the morning wind through the corn-sheaves where the farmers' wagons are busy, the singing of the larks, and the distant voices of children at play—such charms of sight and sound as all the Galleries on earth can but poorly suggest.

So dreamy is the murmur of the sea below my window, that I may have been here, for anything I know, one hundred years. Not that I have grown old, for, daily on the neighbouring downs and grassy hill-sides, I find that I can still in reason walk any distance, jump over anything, and climb up anywhere; but, that the sound of the ocean seems to have become so customary to my musings, and other realities seem so to have gone a-board ship and floated away over the horizon, that, for aught I will undertake to the contrary, I am the enchanted son of the King my father, shut up in a tower on the sea-shore, for protection against an old she-goblin who insisted on being my godmother, and who foresaw at the font—wonderful creature!—that I should get into a scrape before I was twenty-one. I remember to have been in a City (my Royal parent's dominions, I suppose), and apparently not long ago either, that was in the dreariest condition. The principal inhabitants had all been changed into old newspapers, and in that form were preserving their window-blinds from dust, and wrapping all their smaller household gods in curl-papers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was shut up and newspapered, and where my solitary footsteps echoed on the deserted pavements. In the public rides there were no carriages, no horses, no animated existence, but a few

sleepy policemen, and a few adventurous boys taking advantage of the devastation to swarm up the lamp-posts. In the Westward streets there was no traffic; in the Westward shops, no business. The water-patterns which the Prentices had trickled out on the pavements early in the morning, remained uneffaced by human feet. At the corners of mews, Cochín-China fowls stalked gaunt and savage; nobody being left in the deserted city (as it appeared to me), to feed them. Public Houses, where splendid footmen swinging their legs over gorgeous hammer-cloths beside wiggid coachmen were wont to regale, were silent, and the unused pewter pots shone, too bright for business, on the shelves. I beheld a Punch's Show leaning against a wall near Park Lane, as if it had fainted. It was deserted, and there were none to heed its desolation. In Belgrave Square I met the last man—an ostler—sitting on a post in a ragged red waistcoat, eating straw, and mildewing away.

If I recollect the name of the little town, on whose shore this sea is murmuring—but I am not just now, as I have premised, to be relied upon for anything—it is Pavilionstone. Within a quarter of a century, it was a little fishing town, and they do say, that the time was, when it was a little smuggling town. I have heard that it was rather famous in the holands and brandy way, and that coëvally with that reputation the lamplighter's was considered a bad life at the Assurance offices. It was observed that if he were not particular about lighting up, he lived in peace; but, that if he made the best of the oil-lamps in the steep and narrow streets, he usually fell over the cliff at an early age. Now, gas and electricity run to the very water's edge, and the South Eastern Railway Company screech at us in the dead of night.

But, the old little fishing and smuggling town remains, and is so tempting a place for the latter purpose, that I think of going out some night next week, in a fur cap and a pair of petticoat trousers, and running an empty tub, as a kind of archæological pursuit. Let nobody with corns come to Pavilionstone, or there are break-neck flights of ragged steps, connecting the principal streets by back-ways, which will cripple that visitor in half an hour. These are the ways by which, when I run

that tub, I shall escape. I shall make a Thermopylae of the corner of one of them, defend it with my cutlass against the coast-guard until my brave companions have sheered off, then dive into the darkness, and regain my Susan's arms. In connection with these break-neck steps I observe some wooden cottages, with tumble-down out-houses and back-yards three feet square, adorned with garlands of dried fish, in which (though the General Board of Health might object), my Susan dwells.

The South Eastern Company have brought Pavilionstone into such vogue, with their tidal trains and splendid steam-packets, that a new Pavilionstone is rising up. I am, myself, of New Pavilionstone. We are a little mortary and limey at present, but we are getting on capitally. Indeed, we were getting on so fast, at one time, that we rather overdid it, and built a street of shops, the business of which may be expected to arrive in about ten years. We are sensibly laid out in general; and with a little care and pains (by no means wanting, so far), shall become a very pretty place. We ought to be, for our situation is delightful, our air is delicious, and our breezy hills and downs, carpeted with wild thyme, and decorated with millions of wild flowers, are, on the faith of a pedestrian, perfect. In New Pavilionstone we are a little too much addicted to small windows with more bricks in them than glass, and we are not over-fanciful in the way of decorative architecture, and we get unexpected sea-views through cracks in the street-doors; on the whole, however, we are very snug and comfortable, and well accommodated. But the Home Secretary (if there be such an officer) cannot too soon shut up the burial-ground of the old parish church. It is in the midst of us, and Pavilionstone will get no good of it, if it be too long left alone.

The lion of Pavilionstone is its Great Hotel. A dozen years ago, going over to Paris by South-Eastern Tidal Steamer, you used to be dropped upon the platform of the main line Pavilionstone Station (not a Junction then), at eleven o'clock on a dark winter's night, in a roaring wind; and in the howling wilderness outside the station, was a short omnibus which brought you up by the forehead the instant you got in at the door; and nobody cared about you, and you were alone in the world. You bumped over infinite chalk, until you were turned out at a strange building which had just left off being a barn without having quite begun to be a house, where nobody expected your coming, or knew what to do with you when you were come, and where you were usually blown about, until you happened to be blown against the cold beef, and finally into bed. At five in the morning you were blown out of bed, and after a dreary breakfast, with crumpled company, in the midst of confusion, were hustled on board a steamboat and lay wretched on deck until you saw France lunging and surging

at you with great vehemence over the bowsprit.

Now, you come down to Pavilionstone in a free and easy manner, an irresponsible agent, made over in trust to the South-Eastern Company, until you get out of the railway-carriage at high-water mark. If you are crossing by the boat at once, you have nothing to do but walk on board and be happy there if you can—I can't. If you are going to our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, the sprightliest porters under the sun, whose cheerful looks are a pleasant welcome, shoulder your luggage, drive it off in vans, bowl it away in trucks, and enjoy themselves in playing athletic games with it. If you are for public life at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, you walk into that establishment as if it were your club; find ready for you, your news-room, dining-room, smoking-room, billiard-room, music-room, public breakfast, public dinner twice a-day (one plain, one gorgeous), hot baths and cold baths. If you want to be bored, there are plenty of bores always ready for you, and from Saturday to Monday in particular, you can be bored (if you like it) through and through. Should you want to be private at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, say but the word, look at the list of charges, choose your floor, name your figure—there you are, established in your castle, by the day, week, month, or year, innocent of all comers or goers, unless you have my fancy for walking early in the morning down the groves of boots and shoes, which so regularly flourish at all the chamber-doors before breakfast, that it seems to me as if nobody ever got up or took them in. Are you going across the Alps, and would you like to air your Italian at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel? Talk to the Manager—always conversational, accomplished, and polite. Do you want to be aided, abetted, comforted, or advised, at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel? Send for the good landlord, and he is your friend. Should you, or anyone belonging to you, ever be taken ill at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel you will not soon forget him or his kind wife. And when you pay your bill at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, you will not be put out of humour by anything you find in it.

A thoroughly good inn, in the days of coaching and posting, was a noble place; and I mean, with permission, before long, humbly to offer my experience of such establishments, in these pages. But, none of them would have been equal to the reception of four or five hundred people, all of them wet through, and half of them dead sick, every day in the year. This is where we shine, in our Pavilionstone Hotel. Again—who, coming and going, pitching and tossing, boating and training, hurrying in and flying out, could ever have calculated the fees to be paid at an old-fashioned house? In our Pavilionstone Hotel vocabulary, there is no such word as fee. Everything

is done for you ; every service is provided at a fixed and reasonable charge ; all the prices are hung up in all the rooms ; and you can make out your own bill beforehand, as well as the book-keeper.

In the case of your being a pictorial artist, desirous of studying at small expense the physiognomies and beards of different nations, come, on receipt of this, to Pavilionstone. You shall find all the nations of the earth, and all the styles of shaving and not shaving, hair-cutting and hair-letting alone, for ever flowing through our hotel. Couriers you shall see by hundreds ; fat leathern bags for five-franc pieces, closing with violent snaps, like discharges of fire-arms, by thousands ; more luggage in a morning than, fifty years ago, all Europe saw in a week. Looking at trains, steam-boats, sick travellers, and luggage, is our great Pavilionstone recreation. We are not strong in other public amusements. We have a Literary and Scientific Institution, and we have a Working Men's Institution—may it hold many gipsy holidays in summer fields, with the kettle boiling, the band of music playing, and the people dancing ; and may I be on the hill-side, looking on with pleasure at a wholesome sight too rare in England!—and we have two or three churches, and more chapels than I have yet added up. But public amusements are scarce with us. If a poor theatrical manager comes with his company to give us, in a loft, *Mary Bax*, or the *Murder on the Sand Hills*, we don't care much for him—starve him out, in fact. We take more kindly to wax-work, especially if it moves ; in which case it keeps much clearer of the second commandment than when it is still. *Cooke's Circus* (Mr. Cooke is my friend, and always leaves a good name behind him), gives us only a night in passing through. Nor does the travelling menagerie think us worth a longer visit. It gave us a look-in the other day, bringing with it the residuary van with the stained glass windows, which Her Majesty kept ready-made at Windsor Castle, until she found a suitable opportunity of submitting it for the proprietor's acceptance. I brought away five wonderments from this exhibition. I have wondered ever since, Whether the beasts ever do get used to those small places of confinement ; Whether the monkeys have that very horrible flavour in their free state ; Whether wild animals have a natural ear for time and tune, and therefore every four-footed creature began to howl in despair when the band began to play ; What the giraffe does with his neck when his cart is shut up ; and, Whether the elephant feels ashamed of himself when he is brought out of his den to stand on his head in the presence of the whole Collection.

We are a tidal harbor at Pavilionstone, as indeed I have implied already in my mention of tidal trains. At low water, we are a heap of mud, with an empty channel in it where a couple of men in big boots always shovel and

scoop : with what exact object, I am unable to say. At that time, all the stranded fishing-boats turn over on their sides, as if they were dead marine monsters ; the colliers and other shipping stick disconsolate in the mud ; the steamers look as if their white chimneys would never smoke more, and their red paddles never turn again ; the green sea-slime and weed upon the rough stones at the entrance, seem records of obsolete high tides never more to flow ; the flagstaff-halyards droop ; the very little wooden lighthouse shrinks in the idle glare of the sun. And here I may observe of the very little wooden lighthouse, that when it is lighted at night,—red and green,—it looks so like a medical man's, that several distracted husbands have at various times been found, on occasions of premature domestic anxiety, going round and round it, trying to find the Nightbell.

But, the moment the tide begins to make, the Pavilionstone Harbor begins to revive. It feels the breeze of the rising water before the water comes, and begins to flutter and stir. When the little shallow waves creep in, barely overlapping one another, the vanes at the mastheads wake, and become agitated. As the tide rises, the fishing-boats get into good spirits and dance, the flagstaff hoists a bright red flag, the steamboat smokes, cranes creak, horses and carriages dangle in the air, stray passengers and luggage appear. Now, the shipping is afloat, and comes up buoyantly, to look at the wharf. Now, the carts that have come down for coals, load away as hard as they can load. Now, the steamer smokes immensely, and occasionally blows at the paddle-boxes like a vaporous whale—greatly disturbing nervous loungers. Now, both the tide and the breeze have risen, and you are holding your hat on (if you want to see how the ladies hold *their* hats on, with a stay, passing over the broad brim and down the nose, come to Pavilionstone). Now, everything in the harbor splashes, dashes, and bobs. Now, the Down Tidal Train is telegraphed, and you know (without knowing how you know), that two hundred and eighty-seven people are coming. Now, the fishing-boats that have been out, sail in at the top of the tide. Now, the bell goes, and the locomotive hisses and shrieks, and the train comes gliding in, and the two hundred and eighty-seven come scuffling out. Now, there is not only a tide of water, but a tide of people, and a tide of luggage—all tumbling and flowing and bouncing about together. Now, after infinite bustle, the steamer steams out, and we (on the Pier) are all delighted when she rolls as if she would roll her funnel out, and are all disappointed when she don't. Now, the other steamer is coming in, and the Custom-House prepares, and the wharf-labourers assemble, and the hawsers are made ready, and the Hotel Porters come rattling down with van and truck, eager to begin more Olympic games with more luggage.

And this is the way in which we go on, down at Pavilionstone, every tide. And, if you want to live a life of luggage, or to see it lived, or to breathe sweet air which will send you to sleep at a moment's notice at any period of the day or night, or to disport yourself upon or in the sea, or to scamper about Kent, or to come out of town for the enjoyment of all or any of these pleasures, come to Pavilionstone.

WINIFRED'S VOW.

WINIFRED JAMES sat in the autumn moonlight by the sea-shore with her friend Grace Wilson. The heavy dew had soaked through Grace's thin muslin gown, so that it clung dank and close about her; her hair lay uncured on her bosom, and her wan face looked paler and sadder than ever in the waning light of the pallid autumn moon. There were no tears in her sunken eyes looking mournfully out on the dark waves, but they were full of a deeper sorrow than is ever told or lightened by tears. Her thin hands lay listlessly in her lap, and their palms, curved inward, were burning as if on fire; her lips were drawn and hard, and the veins on her brow were blue and swollen: no hope, no joy, no energy, no life was round her; there was nothing but the dull oppression of despair, the quiet of a sorrow which can only be dissolved by death.

Winifred had often tried to understand the strange mystery which of late had hung round Grace. For she had not always been the broken-hearted creature she looked to-night. But, excepting a promise that she would tell her sometime, Grace used to change the subject as soon as her friend approached it. However, to-night she let her say what she would. Either the time fixed by herself for her confession had arrived, or she was conquered by the tenderness and love and quiet strength of Winifred. Suddenly taking her hand, she placed it on her waist; and, leaning forward, whispered something in her ear which made Winifred shrink and start, and cover her face with both her hands, trembling.

"Now you will hate me," said Grace, in a hollow voice, letting her hand fall dead in her lap. "Like all the rest, when they know,—you too will despise and desert me. I deserve it!"

"Never! never!" said Winifred passionately, looking up through her tears and kissing her. "Never, Grace!"

"Nor it?" said Grace. "When I am dead will you take care of it?"

"No; nor it—and I will take care of it. But you will not die, Grace! You cannot die, then! When you hear that little voice your soul will come back again to earth, were it at the very gates of heaven."

"Heaven? For me?" said Grace. "No, Winifred, my birthright on earth and my hope of Heaven lie in the same grave with my honour. Do not wish me to live as I am now. Why should I? What have I but

to support eternal shame myself, and to see all that I love—all that belong to me—cast into the deep shadow of my disgrace? It were better for us all that I and it should die together. For when I am gone, who will be its mother? Poor baby! What wrong has it done to be born to an inheritance of sorrow and infamy?"

"I will be its mother, Grace," said Winifred. "I will love it, and care for it, all my life. If you leave it—if you die—it shall never feel that it has lost its mother. While I live, it shall have one in me."

"You swear this, dear Winifred?"

"I swear it!" said the girl, solemnly, raising her hand to heaven.

"Now I shall die happy," said Grace, kissing her cheek. "Death has no pang for me, now that I feel I shall not leave my poor child wholly motherless. A pang? No! death is my best friend, my only hope, truly an angel messenger from God! O, Winifred, how can I thank you for your goodness! You little know the heavy burden of sorrow I lay down, by this desolate sea-shore, to-night—a burden unclasped by your hands. But you will not be unrewarded. The God who punishes, recompenses; the hand which has stricken me will strengthen you. Now, let us go home. I am weary, Winifred, and my heart is very full. I must go and pray—not for myself; I dare not pray for myself; but for you and this innocent unborn life, I may; and God will not refuse to hear me when I ask His blessing for you!"

Weeks passed away, and Winifred stood by Grace's dying bed. The supreme moment had come; and, as she had foretold, the hour which gave life to her child, closed her own;—mercifully for her. Winifred did not forget her vow. She took that child of sorrow, shame, and death, and carried it to her own home, as tenderly as if its birth had been the wellspring of a nation's joy. Her mother, a kind, good, weak woman, sanctioned the unusual position she adopted: at least, by silence. She did not condemn, if she did not commend, but let things take their own course. She only lifted up her hands and eyes, saying, "Grace Wilson, who'd have thought it!" and so the sad story passed without further comment. But in time there were not wanting many who ridiculed the idea of such devotion, and who hinted plainly that little Mary was nearer to Winifred than a mere adopted child. It was all very well, they said, for Mrs. James to be so complaisant, and Winifred so generous, but they had better reasons than a romantic morality between them. Depend upon it, when folks gave themselves out for better than the rest of the world, they were sure to be a precious deal worse. Grace Wilson was dead, and queer things were said of her; but who knew whether they were true or not? And wasn't Miss Winifred away out of sight for a long time, too? So the cloud darkening

the tomb of poor Grace fell over Winifred as well ; and the fatal truth that no wrong is finite, but that the influence of evil spreads and multiplies for ever, rested like a blight on the young foster-mother and her child.

It was striking the change which this adoption worked in Winifred. No, not change, so much as development. Always a girl of deep feelings and an earnest nature, the terrible story of one who had been like her own sister, her mournful death, and now this adoption of her child, brought out all that was most serious in her character, and subdued whatever girlishness she might have had. But this change in her, only made her character more beautiful. Always good, she was now admirable ; always conscientious, she was now heroic. And how she loved that little one !

It was a dear little baby too, loveable for itself, if for nothing else more touching. It was one of those round, fat, curly things, that laugh, and cry, and kick up and crow, all day long—a thing of unrest and appetite, for ever fighting with its fat, foolish arms, and senseless hands doubled into rosy balls, striking wide, and hitting its own eyes or nose in the spasmodic way of babyhood ; when it wanted to suck that doubled fist, making insane attempts before it could reach its rosy, wet, wide-open mouth, and generally obliged to take both hands before it could accomplish that first feat of infancy ; a restless, passionate, insatiable baby, that had strong notions of its own importance, and required at least one slave in perpetual attendance ; an unreasonable baby ; a wilful baby ; but a baby after a woman's own heart. So, to this little life Winifred devoted herself, never heeding the cold looks and slighting words of the world without, and never thinking that a day might come when any other love could step in between her child and herself.

Louis Blake was Winifred's great friend. They were like brother and sister, and inseparable. Louis was exactly Winifred's own age—five-and-twenty ; the little Mary about three years' old now. It was circumstance and opportunity that made them such fast allies ; for by nature they had not many points of sympathy together. Louis was a brave, energetic, honourable man, but essentially a man of the world—ambitious, clever, and eminently unromantic. That in him which pleased Winifred was his manliness. Tall, handsome, powerful, and practical, he was the ideal of masculine strength ; while the materialism and worldly pride which marred his character were not brought out in the circumstances of a quiet country life. The only side now seen was his undeniable common sense and personal dignity ; and these were graces, not defects, in their present proportion.

They were together a great deal, walking, riding, sitting by the same dark sea which had borne away poor Grace's tears ;

reading together, thinking, talking, studying ; until at last the conditions of their daily lives grew so closely interlaced, that neither thought it possible to separate them. Winifred had thought so little at any time about love, that it never occurred to her to ask herself whether this were love or friendship ; and Louis knew too well how large his own ambition was, and how it filled his heart, to dream it possible he could give place to any other passion. So they went on in the old sweet way of descent, and believed they were standing on the high plain above.

But Louis began to think more of Winifred than he liked to acknowledge to himself ; and he began to think, too, how he could arrange his life if he married her. If this should ever be, he thought the first thing he would do would be to send little Mary to the Foundling Hospital, or put her out to nurse, and afterwards to school. At any rate he would have her taken from Winifred. Louis thought this the best thing for the girl herself ; and as for Mary's happiness, she must take the consequences of her painful position. Her birth was an accident, certainly, and it seemed hard to punish her for it ; but the birth of a royal duke was an accident too, and yet he got the benefit of it. So Louis reasoned, smoking his cigar in the evening, and believing that he reasoned judiciously and well.

Things went on in the same way for many months, until at last a letter came, demanding the immediate presence of the young student in London, on matters of great consequence, connected with his future career. Louis was pleased at the prospect of immediate employment ; it was the first round of the great ladder won, and was the best practical news he could hear. But he was more than grieved to leave Winifred and South Shore. He had solved the problem, and found that love and ambition could exist together. His next lesson would be on their proportions.

"Winifred," he said, "I have bad news for us—though good for me too."

"What is it, Louis ?" said the girl, looking up from the ground where she was sitting, playing with little Mary.

"Leave that child to herself for a moment, if you can," he said, almost pettishly, "and come with me into the garden."

Winifred gathered up her black hair, which had fallen below her waist, and, sending Mary to her nurse, went out with her friend. They walked some time in silence ; Louis pale and agitated, his arms crossed, and biting his forefinger.

"What is the matter, dear Louis ?" said Winifred at last, laying her hand on his shoulder, as a sister might have done. "You are so pale—and—why, Louis, you are trembling ! Oh ! what has happened to you ?"

"I am grieved, Winny," he said, affectionately, taking her hand from his shoulder, to hold it between his own. "I did not think I should have felt it so much."

"Felt what, Louis?"

"Leaving South Shore."

"Leaving us? O! are you going to leave us!" cried poor Winifred, bursting into tears. "What shall I do without you, Louis—my friend—my brother—my own dear Louis!"

"And are you so sorry, Winifred?" said Louis in a low voice, holding her tenderly pressed to his heart.

"How can you ask, Louis! What will be my life without you? I cannot even imagine it without you to share it! Louis! Louis! what shall I do when you have left me?"

"Winifred,"—and Louis trembled, so that he could scarcely speak—"do you then really love me—love me as my wife should?"

The girl started back; she flung off his hands, and looked at him with a wild, frightened look. Her colour went and came; her heart throbbed violently; her eyes were dim, and she could scarcely see. At first she was about to deny, and then to leave him—to rush from him to the end of the earth, if that were possible; and then these two impulses passed, and something broke and something rose within her. She went back to her old place, threw her arms round his neck, and, sobbing on his shoulder, said, "O Louis, I believe this is love!"

There was no time then for explanations. Louis could make no conditions, Winifred oppose no conflicting duties. The dream must go on for a short time; and, though the pain of separation mingled with the first joy of their love, yet this could well be borne when helped out with such divine stimulant.

Months passed before Louis even spoke of return, and months again before he could execute his wish. In all, it was between two and three years before they met again. In the meantime he had been in the heart of the world—in the midst of London life—struggling, fighting, conquering, so far; but in the struggle his ambition and all his worldly passions were roused and excited. He had been too with conventional people; and had got more than ever of that conventional honour and morality which are the farthest possible removed from truth. His object in life was success—by all fair means, and honourable. And though he would not have sacrificed love entirely, yet that love must be as compatible and as helpful as might be to the future he had marked out for himself. To Winifred herself there was no kind of objection. She had fortune; she was of good family; and her reputation, even through the undeserved reproaches sought to be cast on it, was yet grand and noble. But his objection was to the child. So long as Mary was with Winifred, she was no wife for him. For so long as she kept the little one by her side, and gave her her name, there would be still the scandal and the sneer; and his wife must be not only pure before God, but blameless before men. No; she must choose between

her love for him and the little one. They could not exist together.

This was the feeling, then, that Louis brought with him to South Shore, when he returned after more than two years' absence, to arrange for their wedding. And these were the reflections with which he overwhelmed Winifred, in the first days of his arrival.

"You are not serious, Louis?" she said, turning pale.

"Never more serious in my life! My dear girl, we must have a little common sense in this world! We cannot always act solely on impulse against our best interests."

"But dishonour and perjury can never be our interest, Louis," said Winifred. "Not to speak of their intrinsic wrong, they are even bad stepping-stones to fortune."

"Dishonour and perjury are hard words, Winifred."

"But true ones, dear."

"That may be. But, dishonour or not," said Louis, rather angrily, "it must be done. Once now, and for ever, I distinctly refuse to sanction this absurd adoption of yours; nor do I recognise your duty or your right in maintaining it. Let the child be sent to school. I do not wish her to go to the work-house, or to come to harm; but I wish absolutely that my house shall be free of her, and your name dissociated from her."

"Don't say that, Louis," said Winifred, trembling. "Do not say that I am to desert my child, for that means I am to lose you. I could not break my vow, Louis, though I might break my heart."

"Folly! The heated fancy of an enthusiastic girl! Is this to be put in competition with my love, Winifred?"

"O Louis, nothing in the world can be put in competition with that," cried Winifred, "but duty!"

"A mere play on words. Your duty is to me."

"And to the helpless and the dead," said Winifred, softly.

"Then you don't love me, Winifred?"

"More than my life, Louis," cried Winifred, passionately.

"But not more than this senseless child?"

"Not more than my honour, my duty, and my vow," she said, weeping.

"Let us talk no more of it," said Louis, rising. "I leave your fate, and mine too, in your hands. Think well before you decide; and remember, that you have to choose between a superstitious literalism or my love, my happiness, and my life."

And he left the room, sternly.

This was the first of a long series of conversations, all in the same tone, and all on the same point; Louis becoming angry, and Winifred sorrowful; but both firm, and with each discussion less than ever disposed to give way. At last Louis, one day, more passionately than usual, even swore he would not marry any woman in the world who refused the condition he had made;

and Winifred said firmly, she would not buy either her own happiness or his, by desertion and treachery. So, Louis went to London, and the day after wrote, so that Winifred could only reply by releasing him from his engagement. This release he accepted with ardent sorrow, but yet with decision; feeling that he had now given up all chance of peaceful happiness, and that he must make his life out of ambition.

So, the lives which should have been united for ever, became, not only separate and distinct, but estranged. But though Louis went back to the world and to the strife he loved, he was not happy; for he was not at peace with himself. Even now, while he still hoped all things from ambition, and while flushed with the passion and the eagerness of the combat, he had misgivings,—indistinct and infrequent, but not the less real; while Winifred sank into a silent, sorrowful, prematurely aged woman, whose only joy was in the love which had cost her all her happiness. Without Mary, she would probably have died in the first years of her widowhood—for it was a true widowhood for her, so friendless as she was. But the strength which had enabled her to make the sacrifice, enabled her to support it; and the love which had demanded it, rewarded her.

Winifred's mother died not long after this, and Winifred left South Shore with the child. They went into Devonshire, where they took a house in the most beautiful part of the county, and where they lived peaceful and retired—Mary's education the occupation of Winifred's life. Bearing the same name, Mary passed there for Winifred's niece, and even the motherly way in which she spoke to her, and Mary's calling her, "Mamma Winny," did not bring suspicion on them; for, as people said, if there had been anything to conceal, why did they not conceal it? And why did they come as strangers to a place advertising themselves as unworthy of notice, when they might so easily have avoided all suspicion? So that Winifred found her life pass more easily here than even in her old house; and gradually her spirits gained, if not joyousness, at least peace.

Mary was now a beautiful girl of about eighteen or nineteen—a noble, animated creature, all life and love, and enthusiasm, and innocence. Just, free-spirited, with bright eyes and bright hair, a bright quick colour, and a voice that was like a silver bell; seeing all things through the clear air of her own hope and love, making a very sunshine round her path, and wherever she went taking joy and smiles with her; the true ideal of a glad-hearted girl. This was the development of that turbulent baby kicking in its cradle nineteen years ago. She seemed to have robbed Winifred of all her life, so exuberant was her own, so pale and depreciated her poor foster-mother's. All Winifred's beauty had gone with her

youth. Her black hair had grown thin and grey, her laughing eyes were dim; her lips had lost their tint, her cheeks were pale and hollow; not a trace of any possible beauty in the past was left on her face; and no one who saw her for the first time would believe that as a young girl she had been even more than ordinarily pretty. But it had been a beauty merely of youth, passing with the bright skin and the happy smile of youth, and leaving the ill-formed features, with all their want of regularity exaggerated and unsoftened.

In the midst of his ambition, Louis Blake still remembered Winifred. She was the only woman he had ever loved, and as time gave its romance to the past, it seemed as if he had loved her even more ardently than was true. He had gained all he had striven for in life; he was rich and powerful, and his highest flights of ambition were realised. But his heart was empty; his home was solitary. He blamed himself for the part he had acted; and, secure of his position now, thought he had been even unwise in not associating Winifred and all her life with him. He would have been strong enough to have borne them up the ladder with him, and she would have lived down the petty calumny that endeavoured to destroy her beautiful action. For it was beautiful; yes, he recognised that now. Full of these thoughts, and just at the age when the man who has been ambitious in his youth wishes to be domestic in his maturity, he made inquiries about Winifred at her old home; and learning her address there, he set off suddenly to Devonshire, to renew his acquaintance—perhaps his love, who knows?—with his former friend and fiancée. But Louis made one fatal mistake. He did not realise the years that had passed since he parted with Winifred. It was always the same Winifred whom he left sitting on the ground, playing with a baby girl—her black hair falling far below her waist, and her dark eyes bright and clear—whom he expected to find again. All the world told him—and he knew without vanity, that it was true—that time had been his friend. His curly chestnut hair, a little worn about the temples, had not a silver line in it; his bearing was more manly, and his figure better developed than when Winifred saw him last; success had given him a certain commanding manner which might easily pass for majesty; and constant intercourse with the world, a profound insight into human nature. He was eminently one of the present generation—one of the men whose mind and character influence their whole circle. Handsome, noble, and capable, he was a very king and hero to the minds of most women; against whom not the most beautiful youth in the world, were he Apollo himself, would have had a chance of success; and who, like a veritable monarch, might have chosen his queen wheresoever he listed. And he thought

that time, which had so beautified him, would have done the same for Winifred. It would be a matured, ennobled, glorified woman that he should meet, but still the same that he had left; it would be the nymph become the goddess. And thinking, hoping, believing this, it was with all the fervour of his old affection that he knocked at the door of the cottage where they told him Miss James lived.

A beautiful girl came hurriedly and rather noisily into the room, almost as soon as he had entered. She did not know of his visit, and a deep blush broke over her brilliant face. Louis forgot all about baby Mary, and never remembered the possibility of this glorious creature being the butterfly from that cradled chrysalis; he only said to himself, that dear Winifred had just as much sweetness as ever, and as little vanity, else she never would have dared the presence of such a beautiful girl as this. He asked for her, however, smiling; and Mary went out of the room to call her, glad enough to get away.

Winifred came down almost immediately, bringing Mary with her. When she saw Louis, she stood for a moment—stupified, as if she had seen a ghost from the grave before her; then uttering a low cry, she staggered, turned deadly pale, and holding out her withered hands toward him, cried, "Louis! Louis!" and "My love!" and then fell fainting to the ground.

In her fainting the last chance of illusion vanished. O! why had he come? Why had he not been content to live on the pleasant romance of memory and faith?

Winifred's faintness soon passed; and with it her weakness. When she recovered, she held out her hand, smiling; saying in a firm tone, "It was such a surprise to see you, Louis, that I was overcome." And then, she began to talk of former days with as calm a countenance as if they had parted but last week, and had never met in love. She thus put them both into a true position, which they had nearly lost; and left the future unembarrassed by any fetters of the past. Louis could not but love the woman's delicacy and tact; and saying to himself; "I shall soon get accustomed to the loss of her beauty," believed that he would love her as of old, and that all would go smoothly and happily for them both. He was glad now, that he had come. After all, what did a little prettiness signify? Winifred was just as good as, perhaps even better than, she used to be; and what did it matter if she were less beautiful? Louis was philosophical—as men are when they deceive themselves.

He remained in Devonshire for nearly a month, and at the end of that time began to grow perplexed and confused in his mind. In the first days he had made Winifred understand that he loved her still; he had told her why he had come to Devonshire; he had spoken much of the softening and beautiful influence that her memory had been to him

all his life, and of how he had hoped and trusted in the future; he had called back all her former love to him, and had awakened her sleeping hopes; he had poured fresh life into her heart, he had given her back her youth. He had spoken of her to herself as a being to be worshipped for goodness, and in speaking thus, had pressed a kiss on her withered cheek; and, when he had done all this, and had compromised his honour as well as his compassion, he found out that she was old and faded; that she was a mother, not a wife; that, considering her age, love-passages between them were ridiculous. If she had been Mary, now——!

Mary was much struck with Louis Blake. His grand kind of bearing, his position, the dazzling qualities of his mind, all filled her with admiration, so intense that it was almost worship. But worship tinged with awe. And, thus—she changed too. Her frank and childish manners became fitful and reserved; her causeless tears, her wild excitement, her passionate manner to Winifred, embracing her often and eagerly, as she used when as a child she wanted her forgiveness for an unconfessed, but silently recognised fault; her bashfulness when Louis spoke to her; her restless wretchedness when he passed her in silence; her eager watching for his eye and smile, and her blushes when she was rewarded; all gave the key to Winifred, so far as she was concerned; though as yet she did not know that this key opened another heart as well. But, she began to feel a change, gradual, and perceptible, and sure, in Louis. He grew cold in his manner to her, and sometimes irritable; he avoided her when she was alone, and he spoke no more of the past; he was constrained, he was harsh—he no longer loved her, and this was what he was teaching her. His manner to Mary was as fitful as her own. Now tender and fatherly, now hard and cruel; sometimes so absorbed in watching her, or talking with her, that he forgot all the world beside, and sometimes seeming to forget her, and her very existence in the room. Winifred saw it all. She was the first to give the true name to this perplexity, and factitious attempts to reconcile impossible feelings; and when once enlightened she accepted her position with dignity and grandeur. There was no middle way. Louis no longer even fancied that he loved her, and she could not hold him to the promise made when under the illusion of that fancy. She must again judge between duty and self, and again ascend to the altar of sacrifice. He loved her child; and Mary—and Winifred wept as she said it low in her own chamber, kneeling by her bed, half-sobbing and half-praying—Mary loved him. Yes, the child she had cared for as her own, and for whom she would have given her life, now demanded more than her life. And she should have it.

It was in the grey evening when Winifred went down-stairs, passing through the low French windows of the drawing-room, and on to the lawn, where Louis and Mary were standing near the cistus-tree. But not speaking. A word too tender, a look too true, had just passed between them, and Louis was still struggling with the impulse which bid him say all, look all, and leave the issue to fate. Mary was trembling, tears in her eyes, and a strange feeling of disappointment stealing over her; though she could not have said why, for she did not know what she had expected. Winifred walked gently over the grass, and was by their side before they knew that she had left the house. Mary gave a heavy sob, and flung herself on her neck, saying:

"Darling Winny! How glad I am you have come!"

Louis turned away, painfully agitated.

"Why do you turn from me, Louis?" said Winifred. "Are you afraid of your friend? Do you fear that you cannot trust her love?"

"What do you mean, Winifred?" said poor Louis, passionately. "For God's sake, no enigmas! O, forgive me, dearest friend, I am harsh and hard to you; but I am mad!—mad!"

"Poor suffering heart, that suffers because of its unbelief," said Winifred tenderly: and taking his hand she placed it in Mary's. Clapping them both between her own. "See, dear Louis," she said, the tears falling gently over her furrowed cheeks. "My hand is no barrier between you and your love. Rather a tie the more. Love each other, dear ones, if therein lies your happiness! For me, mine rests with you, in your joy and your virtue. And when, in the future, you think of Winifred, my Mary will remember the foster-mother who loved her beyond her own life, and Louis will say he once knew one who kept her vow to the last."

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

A DECREPIT old woman, tempted by a man in black, has signed with her blood on parchment a contract to become his, body and soul; has received from him a piece of money, the black king's shilling to the new recruit; has put one hand to the sole of her foot and the other hand to the crown of her head; and has duly received a familiar in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, a millerfly, or any other little animal, which is the corporate form of a demon, subject to the will of the said woman, lodged by her, and provided with a daily meal of her own blood, drawn from taps established for its use on different parts of her body. If any old woman has had an adventure of this kind and keeps such a familiar, she is undoubtedly, in spite of all the lights of all the centuries, a witch. But, whether any decrepit old woman ever did

make such a contract and rejoice in the fulfilment of its terms, is certainly a question not worth asking in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five. However, let that pass. Grant her the demon, and then let us inquire, what manner of witch she may be. All will depend upon the use made of her ill-gotten power. If by it she choose to help people to recover stolen goods, heal sickness, and make herself useful to her neighbours, she is a white witch. If she be malicious, a cunning thief, an afflictor of children and of cattle, she is a black witch; if she be partly white and partly black in her behaviour, she is a grey witch; and her familiar spirit is accordingly pronounced to be black, white, or grey.

Why are almost all witches women, and, in sooth, old women? The popular idea of a witch coincides at this day with the picture of her, sketched by Master Horsett a quarter of a thousand years ago:—"An old weather-beaten crone, having her chin and knees meeting for age, walking like a bear leaning on a staff, untoothed, having her lips trembling with palsy, going mumbling in the streets; one that hath forgotten her paternoster and yet a shrewd tongue to call a drab a drab, and who hath learned an old wife's rhyme ending pax, max, tax, for a spell." His sagacious Majesty King James the First explained this by a theory, "For," he said, "as the sex is frailer than man, so is it easier to be entrapped in the gross snares of the Divell as was over well proved to be true by the serpent's deceiving of Eve in the beginning," and of course when the weaker sex is at its period of greatest weakness, when it has fallen into bodily decay and dotage, then is the time for evil powers to make sure of catching it in traps. So of a decrepit old woman, if she was poor and lived a lonely life, without the aid and comfort of a loving husband or a sturdy son, the presumption was fair that she must have been caught in the trap, and being a witch ought in the name of all things holy to be burnt alive. Moreover, there would be a disposition on the part of men to be very tolerant of women who were well-favoured or young, and at least an equal disposition on their part to be intolerant of women who were old and ugly. Let the tenderness of Colonel Hobson testify.

In the year sixteen 'forty-nine the people of Newcastle-upon-Tyne were much troubled with witches, and two of the town-sergeants were despatched to Scotland in order to enter into agreement with a Scottish witch-finder. On the arrival at Newcastle of this public functionary, the magistrates of the town sent the bellman through the streets, inviting any person to bring up suspected witches for examination. Thirty women were accordingly produced at the town-hall, and most of them, after trial by the thrusting of pins into the flesh, were pronounced guilty. The witch-finder informed Colonel Hobson that

he knew whether or not women were witches by their looks, but when the said person was searching a personable and well-favoured woman the Colonel replied and said, "Surely this woman is none, and need not be tried." But the Scot said, "Yea, she was, for the town said she was, and therefore he would try her." Presently afterwards he ran a pin into her and set her aside as a child of Satan. Colonel Hobson proved on the spot that the man was deceived grossly, whereupon the witch-finder cleared the woman and said she was not a child of Satan. Nineteen women were ordered to be burnt at Newcastle upon the conviction of this man, who then went into Northumberland, where he tried witches at three pounds a-head. It is poor consolation to be told that this ruffian himself died on the gallows, when it has to be added that he confessed himself to have caused the death of two hundred and twenty women in England and Scotland, and, taking them all round, to have earned about a pound upon each job.

Of the trial of witches by water, every one has heard. A scene like the following used in fact to be one of the incidents of ordinary life in English villages, and was not altogether rare when this letter was written, a hundred and eighteen years since, to the London Magazine :

"Oakley, three miles from Bedford.

"SIR,—The people here are so prejudiced in the belief of witches that you would think yourself in Lapland, was you to hear their ridiculous stories. There is not a village in the neighbourhood, but has two or three. About a week ago I was present at the ceremony of ducking a witch, a particular account of which may not perhaps be disagreeable to you.

"An old woman of about 60 years of age had long lain under an imputation of witchcraft, who being anxious for her own sake and her children to clear herself, consented to be ducked ; and the parish officers promised her a quince if she should sink. The place appointed was by the river Ouse, by a mill. There were, I believe, 500 spectators. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon the woman came, and was tied up in a wet sheet, all but her face and hands ; her toes were tied close together, as were also her thumbs, and her hands tied to the small of her legs. They fastened a rope about her middle, and then pulled off her cap to search for pins (for their notion is, if they have but one pin in them, they won't sink).

"When all preliminaries were settled, she was thrown in. But, unhappily for the poor creature, she floated, though her head was all the while under water. Upon this there was a confused cry : A witch ! a witch ! Drown her ! Hang her ! She was in the water about a minute and a half, and was then taken out, half-drowned. When she had recovered breath, she was tried twice more, but with the same success ; for she floated each time, which was a plain demonstration of guilt to the ignorant multitude ! For, notwithstanding the poor creature was laid down upon the grass speechless and almost dead, they were so far from showing any pity or compassion, that they strove who should be the most forward in loading her with reproaches—such is the dire effect of popular prejudices ! For my part, I stood against the torrent ; and when I

had cut the strings which tied her ; had her carried back to the mill, and endeavoured to convince the people of the uncertainty of the experiment, and offered to lay five to one that any woman of her age, so tied up in a loose sheet, would float ; but all to no purpose, for I was very near being mob'd. Some time after the woman came out, and one of the company happened to mention another experiment to try a witch—which was to weigh her against the Church Bible ; for a witch, it seems could not outweigh it. I immediately seconded the motion (as thinking it might be of service to the poor woman), and made use of an argument which (though as weak as K. James' * for their not sinking) had some weight with the people ; for I told them that if she was a witch, she certainly dealt with the devil, and as the Bible was undoubtedly the word of God, it must weigh more than all the works of the devil. This seemed reasonable to several, and those that did not think so, could not answer it. At last the question was carried, and she was weighed against the Bible, which weighed about 12 pounds. She outweighed it. This convinced some and staggered others ; but the person, who believed through thick and thin, went away fully assured that she was a witch, and endeavoured to inculcate that belief in all others. I am, &c. &c."

A hundred years ago, three men were tried at Hertford for the murder of Ruth Osburn, who was suspected as a witch. The overseers of the parish, wishing to save the woman (who was seventy years of age), from threatened danger, removed her and her husband to the workhouse. A body of about five thousand people, however, assembled at Tring, and behaved with so much violence that the authorities were at length obliged to give up the victim. The poor woman was so much ill-treated by the ignorant mob in their experiments to prove whether she was a witch, that she died shortly after.

It is not fifty years, since Mr. Nicholson, the incumbent of Great Paxton in Huntingdonshire, preached against the belief in witchcraft to his ignorant parishioners, and told them some of his experience. A poor woman, the mother of eight children, persecuted as a witch, had gone to him weeping, protesting innocence, and asking leave to prove it by being weighed against the pulpit Bible. Mr. Nicholson then expostulated with his people in the church, but to no purpose, for soon afterwards their violence increased. At St. Noet's market, a woman coming home in the waggon, was about to put her parcel of grocery on the top of some corn-sacks, and was advised by Anne Izzard, a neighbour, not to do so ; she did it, nevertheless, and on the way home, by some accident, the waggon was upset. This set the whole village in an uproar, and on the following Sunday night, its inhabitants went in a mass to the unhappy woman's cottage, dragged her naked from her bed, dashed her head against the stones of

* K. James' argument why witches would not sink, was this: they had renounced their baptism by water, and therefore the water would not receive them.

the causeway, mangled her arms with pins, and beat her on the face, breast, and stomach with the wooden bar of her door. When left to herself, she crawled for protection to the constable and was refused it; but, in the house of a merciful woman, who was a widow, she found refuge, and the widow, Alice Russell, bound her neighbour's wounds, and put her into her own bed. By this Christian deed, she incurred the wrath of the people brutalised by superstition, and was subjected by them to indignities, and kept in a state of incessant terror, whereof twelve days afterwards she died. But, on the day after the first outrage, Anne Izzard was again dragged out for ill-usage, after which she took refuge under the roof of the clergyman, who was blamed sorely for the shelter he afforded.

The belief in witches, even at this day, survives in many corners of the land, among an untaught people; while superstition of the grossest kind, though not the most atrocious, is to be met with everywhere. In the London drawing-room of the wealthy connoisseur in rappings; in the remote hovel of the poor man, who to avoid misfortune, is induced to swallow necromantic mixtures, and among whose household treasures are to be found constantly such documents as this: "The gar (jar) of mixtur is to be mixt with half a pint of gen (gin), and then a table-spoon to be took mornings at Eleven O'clock, four and eight, and four of the pills to be took every morning fasting, and the paper of powder to be divided in ten parts, and one part to be took every night, Going to bed in a little honey. The paper of arbs (herbs) is to be burnt a small bit at a time, on a few cooles with a little hay and rosemary, and whiles it is burning, read the two first verses of the 68 Salm, and say the Lord's prayer after."

GHOST-MUSIC.

NEAR Rupe Nova, in Finland, there is a lake, in which, before the Governor of the Castle dies, a spectrum, in the habit of Arion with his harp, appears, and makes excellent music.—BURTON'S Anatomy of Melancholy.

BENEATH the pallid castle walls

Of Rupe, where the rocks scowl grimly,
And down dark crags the sunlight falls,
A lake lies dimly.

Nothing is seen upon its shore
But weary waters, flat and grey,
Or boat that in the distance hoar
Fadeth away.

Or, peering out between the sedge,
The bittern; or the heron drinking;
Or stork that by the water's edge
Seems always thinking.

Yet, round about, by night or noon,
A murmur of enchantment flies,
Far-sounding, like a fairy tune
When daylight dies.

The rocks all round—broad, brown, and bare,
Down-trampled by the eternal streams—
Have struggled into shapes that glare
Like sculptured dreams.

And in the trees that shade the ground
The furtive wind sits always humming;
And in the caves is heard a sound
Of elfish drumming.

The Lake is smooth, and bare, and wide;
The distant shore looks out like sleep;
And sleepy water-lilies ride
At anchor deep,

And open their white vases dim,
And ruffle their dark leaves, and quake,—
Like water-nymphs that by the brim
Lie half-awake.

And ever, when that ghostly mere
The moonlight paves with shaking gold,
Upward there grows a sense of fear
And gathering cold.

For, in the blue-black depths, a cell
Holds a swart goblin, known far round
For weaving one portentous spell,
On which is wound

The life of him who sits in state
Within the neighbouring castle walls,
And governs with an iron weight
His vassal thralls.

He sways them with a lordly will,
And holds their lives within his hand:
Death seems his slave; yet fears he still
When Death shall stand

Before him like a master, sent
To call him through the dark away:
He knows that when his life is spent
The Elf will play.

He knows that up from watery gloom
The awful Elf will rise, and take
The Harp that lies like sleeping doom
Beside the Lake;

That lies in broken rock and weed,
Untouch'd from year to year, except
When the loosed winds with shuddering speed
The strings have swept.

The dreadful Fairy heaves the Harp
From out the weed, from out the stone;
He sits upon a headland sharp,
And wakes its tone.

At first it seems a little sound,
Fine, and faint, and far away,
From behind the hills that bound
That rocky bay.

At first it has not strength to shake
The lightest leaf upon the tree,
Nor rouse the ripple on the Lake,
Nor start the bee

From out the swinging fox-glove bells,
Nor sway the spider on his thread;
But soon the music pants and swells,
Till, overhead,

Comes the sound of many voices,
Comes the rushing of many wings;
And with those huge, harmonious noises
The dull air rings.

And the stagnant trees are shaken
As with wind in Autumn moaning;
And the ripples begin to waken,
And the bees cease droning

In the fox-gloves, and the spider
Shrinks in fear to a yellow ball.
Deeper spread the tones, and wider,
Round the Hall.

The near rocks thrill with an iron tongue,
The distant rocks give faint replies:
The doom'd man hears his death-knell rung,
And, swooning, dies.

Then sinks the Goblin down below;
The Harp lies idly by the lake;
The wreathed ripples cease to flow,
The leaves to shake;

The bees again in the fox-gloves blare,
The crags hum fainter, thrill on thrill,
The spider trails out in the air,
And all is still.

—
A Power e'en yet in Finland reigns,
Who waits some music from beneath
To tell him that his planet wanes
In bloody death.

The hissing of glad swords,—the throng
Of bullets singing as they wend,
Like storms in March,—will be the song
That marks his end.

He watches in the day and night
To see the dreadful shape burn through;
And Europe, gathering up her might,
Stands watching too.

MODEL OFFICIALS.

THE public mind is supposed just now to be considerably occupied with what is called Administrative Reform; and, therefore, any little hint on the subject will not be entirely thrown away. Now, there are two ways of illustrating a topic; either to surround it with a halo of perfection—to idealise it and offer its glorified image—to invest humanity with celestial beauty—to select the faultless features of a hundred models in order to compose one perfect statue; in short, to exhibit a pattern for imitation; or, to set before the spectator a picture of warning,—to teach temperance by parading a drunken Helot—to show Orson in all his wildness to anti-educationists—to point out the bottom (if there is one) of many easy descents, and to make it clear what we may come to, if we don't take care what we are about, and pull up others as well as ourselves when they are drifting a little too far in a wrong direction,

and when even veteran red-tapers are obliged to endorse an application for a job with the unwonted memorandum, "This is too bad!"

Certainly, we are blest in England with a few official personages,—from the worthy magistrate who adorns the bench to the managers of various public establishments and offices,—who are striving to raise the standard of the British character in respect to faithfulness, despatch, and integrity. If we go on thus, we shall come to a climax soon. Public confidence will have reached a point beyond which it will not be possible to proceed further,—that way, at least. Thus, setting aside whatever has come to the private knowledge of myself and mine, my newspaper this morning informs me, in its *Multum in Parvo*, appropriately so styled in the present instance, that, "on a Post-office official, arrested the other day in the Duchy of Brunswick, the enormous quantity of fourteen hundred stolen letters were found. He had only been attached to the post-office for one year." And again, "out of one hundred and thirty-five letters containing money, which passed through the Wolverhampton post-office during the month of July, forty-nine have not yet reached their destination." Who is so unreasonable as to suppose that they ever will? And what should I deserve, but the bastinado, if I were so impertinent as to complain about my ten-pound note, and my maiden aunt's law-papers, which haven't come to hand, and don't mean to,—unless a handsome reward is offered for the latter,—or to grumble that the postage stamps with which I deface the front of my letters are considerably removed before the stampers of St. Martin's have had time to blacken them? What, but stripes, are the meed of malcontents? And to that mode of discipline an insurgent populace will have to submit. The case is not without precedent, as you now shall learn.

Certain French officers have been compelled to act the part of police magistrates in Algeria; not that they particularly liked the task, but, "force," says the vulgar dictum, "has no choice." What must be—must. So these Frenchmen set to work to administer justice in the Arab courts of police and law, with much the same expression of countenance as you would assume previous to swallowing a bumper of salts and senna. Several of them, after a lapse of years, have turned their stipendiary magisterial experience to a literary account. Among others, Charles Richard, Capitaine du Génie, &c., has written what would be an amusing book, *Scènes de Mœurs Arabes*, were it not evident that he too is an official reformer in his way;—that he is by no means satisfied with his underlings—that he works with them, in a state of high disgust, like a man who is compelled to handle dirty tools, and that he only employs them for want of better.

But what, I ask, would be the use of burdening oneself with the load of office, high or low, if one did not thereby acquire a few privileges unattainable by the vulgar herd?—such, for instance, as peeping into letters, if you are perched on the top of the tree, and of making them pay a handsome toll, if you are only nestled amongst the branches. I say, poor lords and gentlemen who compassionately undertake government for us, cannot go on with their hands tied as they are; they ought to be deputed to administer, to every unreasonable grumbler a wholesome dose of the stick, after the Arab fashion. However, the reader shall judge for himself, whether Algeria does not furnish a useful hint. He shall be indulged with a glimpse into an Arab police-office, and shall hear the Frenchman's own report; he can then form his own conclusions, without being influenced by the reporter's wrong-headedness. Can you expect common-sense from an officer of engineers, formerly a pupil of the Polytechnic school?

The bureau itself is of simple aspect, scarcely equal to Downing Street or the Horse Guards. A plain one-storeyed house has before its entrance-door a sort of courtyard furnished with enormous benches, which may be called an external antechamber. In another large court, on the other side of the building, a Moorish café displays its filth. Within, an antechamber contiguous to the door opens into an audience-room, which is nude of every other decoration than a series of broad benches. At one end stands a writing-table and the curule chair of the French-Arabian magistrate. A narrow passage leads from the reception-room to the deputy-magistrate's private cabinet, and also to the police-offices, properly so called, where, in a few privileged scribes follow their trade of scratching ink-marks on paper as fast as their fingers can go.

The actors who appear on this simple stage are neither brilliant nor numerous. First, there is the head of the bureau, or magistrate, an official part, in the present instance performed by M. Richard. His character compels him to act as the representative of European conquest and civilisation. Next is the kadi of the Arab bureau; a raven's-beaked face, consisting solely of a nose which exceeds the limits allowed to the human species—very stupid, but profoundly versed in the holy books—never at a loss for a text at the service of the constituted authorities—unclean, and smelling offensively—clothes spotted with black constellations, the sprinklings of his writing-desk—buried behind his principal's arm-chair in a heap of dusty and disorderly books—undefatigable with the pen. Thirdly (it ought to have been first) comes the chaouch,—a combination of beadle, policeman, drum-major, sheriff's officer, crier of the court, and chief constable—an individual who practises blind obedience, provided it does but bring him in something—ready to wring his

own father's neck for the trifle of a dourou—(four-and-sixpence)—mousquetaire's face, well-made figure, and tall enough to give a good thrashing to whoever chose to run the risk of one—highly respected and feared by the vulgar—a very bad Mussulman, being strongly addicted to strong liquors in secret—the epitome of human impudence and villany under a pleasing aspect. (It is right to say what good we can.) In the wings, or side-scenes, are the medjelés, or Mussulman magistrates, who, for the most part, conceal beneath an imposing dignity or an evangelical simplicity of manners profound immorality, but who, nevertheless, compose the highest and the healthiest portion of Arab society. Then there is a chorus of functionaries of every grade, kadds, cheiks, witnesses, defendants, plaintiffs, spies, and divers personages, besides equestrian supernumeraries known as mekrazenis, indigenous horsemen in the special service of the bureau. They are a species of centaur divisible into two parts—the man and the horse—who enjoy the feline faculty of seeing in the dark, and of travelling to any indefinite distance. Amorous as they are of dourous and good cheer, when neither are to be had they are capable of fasting for a fortnight—the equine just as well as the human portion of the compound animal.

M. Richard's chaouch, named Djilali, was remarkable for astounding volubility of speech, the result of unwearied practice; and he often displayed it in public professions of attachment to his chief, such as—"I am your servant, your child, your slave, the sole of your shoes. I acknowledge none but you and Allah. Never will you find devotion comparable to mine." If the worthy magistrate ventured to hint that there was plenty of time for such effusions of affection at leisure moments, but that now he had better go and attend to his business, Djilali would retire, heaving such sighs as can only be heaved by misunderstood souls and undervalued hearts. But Djilali bestowed the outpourings of his love on those below as well as on those above him. One day, at the audience-room, when a case had been disposed of and another was coming on, the chaouch went to the door, as if summoned by a friendly voice, and at the same instant entered El Hhadj Bou Zebel, a fellow who had the run of the house, in consequence of being employed in cleaning the stables and in the transport of horse-manure. He held a broom in his hand, and both his dress and person bore evident traces which left no doubt as to the nature of his functions. He presented himself as a complainant in a state of the greatest exasperation; and, to judge from the indignation which he manifested, by his gestures, and particularly by the evolutions of his broom, you would have concluded him to be the victim of some gross iniquity. After a few stammered exclamations and

broken sentences, he gradually became a little more calm and less unintelligible under the soothing influence of Djilali, who appeared to entertain for him a special sympathy. At last he shouted, "Tis abominable! shameful! infamous! I invoke Allah and his justice!"

"My poor Bou Zebel," said the magistrate, "what can have happened to put you into such a furious passion?"

"I have been treated worse than they treat the lowest shepherd. I have been insulted—my respectability has been lowered."

"The deuce! The affair is serious. And in what way, my poor Bou Zebel, have they contrived to lower your respectability?"

"I am your servant—I sweep your stables—therefore I ought to be treated with respect; that is my only object in working for you."

"Assuredly nothing can be truer than that," said the magistrate drily.

"I wait upon the makrezen, the courier, a public functionary—whoever insults me deserves to be punished."

"The fact is incontestible; and the more so, because, even if you were not a public functionary, no one would have the right to insult you with impunity."

"Nobody has any right to interfere with me but you. I will take nobody's orders but yours. I consider only as my equals or my inferiors all whose rank is lower than yours."

"Such pride is honourable, considering the functions you fulfil; but just explain what it is all about."

"It is, look you, that as for all the khalifs and all the aghas in the world, I look upon them as a mere nothing in comparison with myself, because I—I am your servant—I belong to your household."

"You are perhaps indulging in a little exaggeration, my poor Bou Zebel; but what is the meaning of all this talk?"

"It means that I have plenty of nose."

[To have plenty of nose signifies, amongst the Arabs, to be possessed of proper pride.]

"I never doubted the fact."

"By your cherished head! I had rather die than suffer the least diminution of the respect which is due to me."

"Those are noble sentiments; but what besides?"

"I can bear witness, in fact," Djilali chimed in, "that Bou Zebel is a famous fellow, and that he has a prodigious quantity of nose."

"Oblige me by holding your tongue," interrupted the magistrate; "for if you begin to blow your trumpet in concert with him, it is impossible to guess when there will be an end of it."

"To insult me! a person in the service of the courier! 'tis the upsetting of all received ideas!"

"The offence is grave, I allow," said the magistrate; "but only explain—"

"Me, who sweep your stables! me, a man of your household! your child!—for I am your child."

"Heaven defend me from repudiating the honour of the paternity; but after all—"

"Besides, ask Djilali about my antecedents; you must not fancy that I am a mere nobody."

"By Sidi Abd-Allah!" exclaimed the chaouch, "Bou Zebel is a very considerable personage, and, such as you see him, he has been a drummer in a battalion of regulars, where I was myself—he is my brother in arms."

"Ah, dear me!" said the magistrate, trying hard to keep his temper; "will you oblige me by not wasting my time in this useless way. Bou Zebel, I give you warning, that although you are an employé of the makrezen, and moreover my child, I will have you turned out of doors like the simplest private individual if you do not choose to explain yourself more clearly."

"Ah! Sidi, Sidi, you will listen to your child. You will not repulse him without doing him justice!"

"Ah! Sidi, Sidi," chaunted Djilali, "consider the wrongs of poor Bou Zebel!"

"Will you say what you want?" asked the magistrate, a trifle impatiently; for he began to feel like a certain right honourable speaker (who well deserves his salary), when honourable members have lost themselves in a wood of words in which they threaten to wander all night long.

"I will, Sidi; I am coming to the point. Sidi, I was busy in the exercise of my functions, occupied in brooming the front of the stables, when who should come but Hamed Ould Dené on horseback, at full gallop, as if he were going to break his neck. The lout, instead of shouting out Gare! laid me flat on my back, sticking on a muck-heap, neither more nor less than if I had been a lump of carrion, saving your presence. I picked myself up, and said to him, with becoming calmness, 'I think, Ould Dené, you might have had a little respect for an employé of the makrezen, a servant of the agha.' Instead of apologising, will you believe how he answered me? 'Go to the fire, you dog, son of a dog, servant of Christians.' I did not deign to make any reply to this gross insult, but came immediately to make my complaint before you."

"Were any witnesses present when this scene took place?" the magistrate inquired; "because you know it is not my practice to hear one side only."

"Yes, certainly; there were witnesses present. All the kaids' horsemen were there. But, by your cherished head, I have spoken nothing but the truth. Cut off my head—cut me in two with a saw—if I have not strictly spoken the truth."

"There is no intention of cutting you anyhow or anywhere; but I should like a little further information."

"Do you suppose I have told you a lie? Me, your servant, your child? This is not

the place for lying. Is it possible to tell a lie in your presence?"

"I have some reason for believing that the thing is possible."

"Ah, Sidi!" exclaimed Djilali, "Bou Zebel tell a lie! Impossible. Everybody knows that never did a falsehood proceed from his mouth."

"That is what we mean to verify, if it pleases Allah."

"Hé!" said Djilali, "what need of verification? Is not your servant's word a sufficient guarantee?"

"I must confess that it is not."

In spite of the reiterated protestations of the chaouch and his friend, witnesses were heard, and the result of their depositions was as follows:—Ould Denéi was passing on horseback, close to Bou Zebel, at a foot-pace, and not at full gallop, when the latter executed—most probably with malice prepense—a manœuvre with his broom, which sprinkled some filth on the garments of the former. Ould Denéi, having taken the liberty of making a few simple observations on what had occurred, was apostrophised with epithets such as son of a dog, son of a shepherd, and was even threatened with the broom of the public functionary. He replied to the verbal insults by others which bore in the market an equivalent value, such as, son of a hog, and son of horse-dung; and he avoided the contact of the broom by sticking both his spurs into his horse's sides. It was impossible to deny, in fact, that the horse had galloped; but, unfortunately for Bou Zebel, it was in an opposite direction to that which he had declared, and for an essentially different purpose.

"Well, Bou Zebel," said the court, when the witnesses had done; "you see that things did not occur exactly in the way in which you stated."

"Ah, Sidi! don't believe what they say. Their depositions are all false, as far as I am concerned. They are jealous of my position near your person. And besides, they detest me because I am your servant—the servant of a Christian."

"Sidi," said Djilali, "are you not aware of the sufferings we endure on your account? This poor Bou Zebel is a victim of the hatred with which we are persecuted because of you."

"I am truly sorry," said the magistrate, "because, to these misfortunes I am obliged to add another, namely, to make him spend a night in prison, to teach him, in the first place, to restrain the outbreaks of his broom, and secondly, not to lie."

At this there commenced an affecting attempt to mitigate the sentence pronounced, executed by the chaouch and his friend. The court cut it short by an imperative sign, and by calling in the assistance of a couple of cavalry soldiers who were waiting on guard in the ante-chamber.

"What is the meaning," he asked, as soon as they were gone, "of this sympathy between Djilali and Bou Zebel? Have they played any tricks together in former times?"

"I believe so," snuffed the kadi, from the midst of his dusty books. "They are the fellows, as I have heard, who cleaned out Ali Ben Todjard, as he was returning from Algiers, with a mule laden with precious merchandise. It happened in Ben Alei's time."

"Ah! Now I understand. There must have been something of the kind between them."

"Djilali's influence," continued the kadi, "procured Bou Zebel his place in the stables."

"'Tis Djilali's protection which makes him so proud. It reminds me," the magistrate went on, aside, "of what I have read in the English journals: 'Handsome douceurs and secrecy offered to whoever will procure the advertiser a government situation.' The Arabs at least have the decency not to print and publish—"

"Would you like to prosecute them," asked the kadi, in ignorance of the current of his superior's thoughts. The commentaries of Sidi Kreilil authorise—

"Silence! We must not rake up old grievances. If we were once to begin to do that, I do not know who amongst you could sleep in peace."

The kadi held his tongue, folded up his commentaries, and seemed perfectly to comprehend the state of the case. There was even reason to believe, from the attitude which his nose assumed, that some trifling recollections of the past were flitting across his memory. The magistrate made signs to Djilali to introduce fresh plaintiffs and defendants. As soon as he had done so, a horseman entered to announce the approach of a cavalcade from the tribe Oud-Medaguin, who were coming to pay their *âchour*, or grain-tax; and that it was necessary to send some one to meet them, to conduct them into the town, and show them where to deposit their corn. Djilali, who was always fond of cultivating relations with loads of wheat or barley, volunteered his services to fulfil the mission with an unusual amount of energy. "Those young folks, every one of them," he said, with that adorably self-sufficient air for which we know him to be remarkable, "are quite incapable of managing such a business with anything approaching to competency. It is absolutely necessary that I should be there in person. Holy Sidi Mamar! if I were not, you would see a pretty scene of confusion." He started off, without waiting for permission, leaving his official sceptre in the hands of the makrezeni, who, although unworthy, has sometimes the honour to act as his substitute. Djilali's double immediately set to work to perform his functions in the

style of a man who is versed in the details of office. He introduced a female plaintiff, a beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty, of whom we have not time to say more at present than that she was a model of the Arab type in all its purity. Scarcely was her interesting story ended, when Djilali entered completely out of breath, by turns fanning and wiping his visage with the rich silk handkerchief which habitually adorned his girdle. He ran about the room in all directions, uttering innumerable exclamations, all of which, however, had a tendency to make you take him for a man who had just accomplished a mission of unequalled difficulty with an unrivalled display of genius.

"Holy Sidi Bou Krari!" he shouted. "May Sidi Abd Allah burn me to all eternity, if ever I have had so hard a job! What a bright idea of mine it was to go there myself! By the benediction of him who has made you victorious, and has raised you on high, there isn't a man in the world who could have got out of the difficulty, except your humble servant; and you know I am not in the habit of boasting."

"To whom are you speaking?" asked the magistrate, quietly.

"These Oud-Medaguins are more stupid than the asses they lead. Fancy that, at the moment when I arrived, they had almost all discharged their grain at the gate of the court of administration. There was a heap there as big as a mountain, and so well arranged, that the men and their asses were underneath—may Allah burn me if I am not speaking the truth—and their corn on the top of them. You know pretty well what the Arabs are. In their hurry to get rid of their load, and be off, they had completely caught themselves in a trap. There were shouts, howlings, kicks, and fisticuffs, enough to make you tremble. I confess that I once entertained a moment's doubt whether it would be possible for me to set matters to rights."

"I am surprised at your doubting," said the court. "And then?"

"Being well aware that words alone would not produce the slightest salutary effect, I caught sight of half-a-score good thick cudgels that were lying amongst the stores of wood, and with them I armed ten of the stoutest out of the cavalry soldiers who had escorted the party hither. I told them to do exactly as they saw me do; namely, to lay about them as hard as they could on the whole heap of rubbish. We thrashed, and thrashed away; in short, it was what I call thrashing."

"I will believe you on your word this time."

"To such good effect, that after a quarter of an hour's manœuvring, at the very outside, we succeeded in completely separating the men, the asses, and the sacks, each in their own corner. This done, we were obliged to have the asses reloaded to make them enter

the magazine; but this operation being much more simple than the former one, a few blows with the cudgel, and even often a few punches with the fist, were sufficient. Out! My right arm is dislocated. The sons of dogs shall dearly pay for the cudgelling which they made me give them."

"That would be no more than just; nothing but what is reasonable."

"If I were only paid," continued Djilali, wiping his forehead, "in the old Turkish way, according to the number of thumps bestowed, I am sure that I should have made my fortune." Then, as if suddenly inspired: "But, in fact, Sidi, why don't you pay me by the number of blows? They are my vested rights."

"It would be no more than just. But, you know, we have abolished the cherished rights of chaouchs. I lament the circumstance; but I can do nothing for you."

"Ah! Sidi, you are laughing at your servant."

"You are wrong to entertain such a supposition. But, if you please, have you not killed, or at least wounded, some person or persons in performing the operation which you have just described?"

"Wounded! killed!" exclaimed Djilali, in profound astonishment. "Did a rap with a stick ever kill or wound an Arab? On the contrary, I have known many cured in that way when they were ill."

"My dear Djilali, I have not the honour to be a chaouch; and having lost nothing by the suppression of the bludgeon, you will excuse my not being unanimously of your opinion on that subject. But, tell me, how many donkeys were there in the cavalcade of the Oud-Medaguins?"

"I counted six hundred and twenty-three."

"That's a good many. Are you quite sure about the number?"

"When I say six hundred and twenty-three, I ought to have said six hundred and twenty-one. Because there were two—but it is an incredible adventure; I am even yet amazed at it myself."

"Let us hear the adventure. I am certain, beforehand, that you have not been the loser by it."

"It is perfectly inexplicable! Unless, indeed, some conjuring marabout has been working a charm and casting a spell."

"Really! I was not aware that you believed in marabouts."

"Sidi, who could have caused you to doubt it?" said Djilali, with the air of an innocent clown when caught in the fact of stealing sausages. "But you shall judge for yourself if there is not something miraculous in the matter."

"Out, then, with the miracle."

"My task ended, I was returning quietly towards my tent, wherein I required a moment's repose. After proceeding a few hundred paces, on turning round, I perceived

behind me, closely following my steps, a couple of asses belonging to the cavalcade. Thinking very naturally that they had lost their way, I turned them round in the direction of the magazine, and sent them on their way rejoicing with the help of a few thumps artistically applied. This done, I continued my walk. A moment afterwards, I turned round, and, Holy Sidi Bou Krari! what did I behold again? The same two asses, which had not left me. Once more, I made them face to the right-about; but all in vain! A minute afterwards they were on my track again. Sidi, you know me—I am your child—you are aware that falsehood has never sullied my lips—”

“Verily, indeed!”

“You will believe, therefore, when I tell you that more than thirty times I tried to make the asses go home, and that my efforts proved unavailing. Consequently, this diabolical pair of donkeys, do what I could, followed me up to my tent, and into my tent, with me, and in spite of me. I was in a rage with them; so I broke my cudgel on their backs. But look here—seeing is believing.” And Djilali produced his broken bludgeon in confirmation of his marvellous narrative.

“I will bet anything that these two asses had their load of wheat upon their backs.”

“You know I have the utmost horror of falsehood. It is true; the asses had their sacks on their backs.”

“The devil fly away with you!” exclaimed the magistrate, giving way to a burst of impatience. “You have been wasting my time in listening to a cock-and-bull story in justification of your making off with a couple of sacks of wheat. You have been prating about miracles, as if there were any miracle in that!”

“O Sidi, what a suspicion! To suppose that I could—Holy Sidi Abd Allah! May holy Sidi Maman strike me blind, if—” Djilali’s embarrassment, as he endeavoured to justify himself, was overwhelmed with a burst of laughter, in which the whole assembly, the court included, joined.

“Get along with you!” said the magistrate, who could not help smiling when he looked at his chaouch’s pitiable mien. “Do you take me for a Turk, to tell me such a parcel of nonsense as that?”

“Ah, Sidi! Sidi!”

“You deserve that I should make you pay dearly for your two sacks of wheat.” But here a harmonious concert of supplications in the chaouch’s favour arose in chorus in the midst of the assembly, in conformity with the Arab tradition, which, to the other privileges enjoyed by this functionary, adds that of being unpunishable. The kaïd of the Oud-Medaguins confirmed the manifestation by the gift of the two sacks of wheat which miraculously entered Djilali’s tent.

“Very well,” said the court. “I do not wish to be severe on this occasion; but take

care how you begin again.” An admonition given a hundred times before.

“I am your child; you are my father!” The eternal argument of chaouchs when caught at their tricks.

“At any rate, have you sent back the asses, after having emptied their sacks?”

“Certainly, I have not failed to do so. Sacks and asses are now in their master’s hands. You know, Sidi, how scrupulous I am in all those matters.”

“So it seems,” muttered the magistrate. “And now try and make up for the time you have lost me.”

Djilali is the hero of other adventures. Enough for once has been given to-day. He is a study worth the attention of administrative reformers (if any such beings are still in existence), and he is recommended, as a model, to their consideration.

ITALIAN VILLAGE DOCTORS.

I LIVE in the neighbourhood of Naples, and as I wish to talk about some people here, without being too personal, let it be said that this my village is the commune of anything you please—of Castellano for example. My life is in the hands of one of those people about whom I intend to speak; it is most necessary, therefore, to be heedful lest I give offence. In an underhand way, let me without their leaves, talk of the doctors of our village, surgeons, barbers, priests, medical men—and women.

The priests appear to me to be at the head of the medical profession in this kingdom of the Two Sicilies. They publish the cures performed by almost every image, every relic. When the cholera was here, they taught our devout heathens to swallow bits of paper upon which were woodcut pictures of the Madonna. And as for the solidified Madonna’s milk, which I take to contain more chalk than any milk in London, every woman in our village treasures a piece, which the priest has sold to her for a miraculous remedy against all distresses to which woman is liable.

I was so unfortunate as to fall sick while in this village, and my first visitor in illness was an old woman who drives a considerable trade in amulets and charms. She entered my room with a bit of chalk in one hand and a glass of water in the other. “Ah, signor,” she cried, “here is a blessed remedy, if your excellency would but try it.” “Tell me first what it is, my worthy mistress.” She then explained to me that she was one of the subscribers to a Society for the Conversion of the Turks, and that the monks of Ladro made their rounds once a-year to collect subscriptions. The collector when he last came round had presented to her and to other women small pieces of a sacred mountain of milk, which he assured them would work miraculously for the alleviation of pain, if some scrapings of it were taken mixed

with water. "And I am sure, signor, it would make you better, if you would but drink some." I complied with her request by swallowing with a good grace the dose she offered, and her heart thereupon was opened. "Sure, your excellency, 'tis a blessed medicine. Padre Antonio has just come back from Jerusalem, as you may see." Here she unrolled, in proof of the fact, a sheet of paper covered with bad pictures of the Temple, Bethlehem, the Madonna and Child, the Stable, and so forth, which were the border to a set of doggerel verses. "And the padre himself in his travels came to the great mountain of milk, which was made, he says, when the Madonna fled with her bambino into Egypt. Some drops of her milk fell on the ground, and immediately they grew up into this mountain. It was a prodigious miracle, signor." "Prodigious!" I agreed. "And," said the old charm-dealer, "that is not all the wonder of it; for, although pious monks carry away every year a great part of the mountain, yet it has never lost in size, by so much as the bigness of an olive, since it was first made." My own faith being weak, I was not benefited by this medicine.

Supernatural help failing, I had only the natural to look to. Offers of aid were tendered to me by a very eminent neighbour, who, because he does not find that the practice of medicine will keep his hands—or his mouth—full, combines with it the occupation of day-labourer. In his capacity of labourer, this person is called Bugiardello, or the little liar, in contradistinction to his father, who is Bugiardo, the big liar. But Bugiardello when engaged upon a patient is respectfully styled Don Francisco; and there are times when he is absolutely regarded with veneration. The fame of Don Francisco extends even to Naples, and to spots forty or fifty miles distant from his native place; and when he sets out on a distant expedition, he arrays himself in a state dress—an entire suit of black cloth and a real Parisian hat—which is reserved for such occasions. All heads bow before him when he goes abroad in this attire, and tongues are quiet that have wagged often enough against the work-a-day Bugiardello in his red Phrygian cap and jacket. Don Francisco was originally famous for his vermifuges, which were doggerel verses spoken by him while he pressed with his forefinger and thumb against the stomach of his patient. The vicar of our parish, however, claimed a monopoly of this branch of the healing art, and forbade its exercise by Don Francisco, who accordingly lost income until he made his great discovery that all diseases begin in the milt or spleen. There are few sound stomachs among us, and, as every stomachache or twinge of indigestion is declared to be a symptom of disease in the spleen, Bugiardello has a crowd of patients round his door at sunrise every morning. Each patient brings with him a fresh egg or two, and the doctor beats up egg

and herbs to make a healing application to the part affected. Sometimes, he applies only the inside of a cactus leaf to the patient, and eats the egg himself.

The regular doctor looks with a true affection of the spleen at Bugiardello's practice, and often threatens to inform against him as a cheat. He never, however, gives himself that trouble. In close alliance with the legally recognised practitioner is a gentleman who puts over his door the picture of a person whose blood spouts from every vein, and who is evidently soothing himself by the trickling of so many fountains. I call this ally of the practitioner, a gentleman, but he is properly a fop, and commonly appears with a full-blown rose in his buttonhole, daintily walking on his toes. He is the village barber, who is also, in our case, a municipal officer, acting as turnkey to the village gaol. He has taken out his degree as bleeder, and is constantly at the heels of the doctor himself, whom etiquette forbids to use the lancets. It is Barber Andrea's belief that loss of blood is the chief gain that can accrue to man. This opinion being to some extent prevalent, every person in the village, sick or sound, is bled periodically, and many take bleeding and hair-cutting together, as a matter of course, once a month. Barber Andrea's marks are thus set upon every hand in the form of a number of small white scars, and if you meet the blood-letter himself abroad, he is commonly to be seen with his cuffs turned up, as if he had but that instant stabbed a vein. At the same time, he will own to you, that as he is a shapely man, he cannot help displaying some pride in his wrists.

For the charge taken by him of the poor—who constitute almost our whole population—the legal doctor of the commune receives pay from government. The manner in which he is subsidised, differs but little from the customs observed in Italy three centuries ago. Each commune has a limited power of choice. When a vacancy occurs, the syndic reports to the sub-intendent, who reports to the intendent, who reports to the superintendent minister of the interior. In the case of the islands under Neapolitan rule, a competition is invited, and the candidate who passes as the best man gets the office. It is worth a trifle under forty pounds a-year. On the mainland, the minister selects one of three doctors, named to him by the municipality; and the pay is, in a commune of the first class, about twenty guineas a-year to a physician, and thirteen to a surgeon; in a commune of the second class, the respective salaries are twelve and ten guineas; and in a commune of the third class, eight guineas and four pounds. The payments on the mainland are less than those in the islands, because in the former case there is also some field for private practice. If the district served be of more than a given area, the salary is larger by a third. A physi-

cian acting as a surgeon, or a surgeon acting as a physician, can demand payment, even of the poor: his salary not covering such services. Connected with the little stipend is also the advantage that it remains to the holder as a retiring pension, after forty years' service. Twenty-five years' service qualify for a pension equal to one-half of the salary; twenty years, for a third. Two and a-half per cent. of all pay is deducted as a contribution to the widows' fund, out of which widows are pensioned with a sixth of the deceased husband's official income.

Ours is an island commune, and our signor doctor, Don Tommaso Sangesuga, has an income of, I should think, as much as fifty pounds a-year. He is a very learned man, and has been chosen for our syndie on the strength of his reputation for great wisdom. We all understand, too, that he is a man who need not stint his wine, and can afford to eat his ragout at least once a-week. We look up to him accordingly. He came to us unmarried; and the want of a wife is a great drawback in the medical profession. Seeing that to be the case, he speedily took to himself the advocate's daughter; and the couple prosper. I, of course, during my own illness, applied to Don Tommaso. The milk and water had not done me any good; and I was only half persuaded by my good friend, Bugiardello, to try the effect of a vegetable poultice over the region of the milt; of course, the barber had, in the meantime, urged upon me copious and periodical bleeding; but I would surrender myself only into the hands of the regular practitioner, and Doctor Sangesuga was called in. I was much edified by the learned discussions which he carried on at my bed-side, with some invisible disputant, and much soled by the length of the words he employed; and the acquaintance he showed with the dead languages, which must be strong to save a man from dying. The good doctor's treatment of me was that which he uses in all cases, namely, some combination of these three ideas—a foot-bath, bleeding, and a sudorific. I recovered health. Therefore he is my friend. I make unceremonious calls upon him; and although while I mount his stairs I always fancy that I hear much scuffling and running in his room, yet when I reach the wise man's study, and enter it, I find him in complete abstraction, poring over his book. He reads with his coat off, and his hands buried in his hair; and he is so immersed in constant study, that he never becomes conscious of my presence until I take the liberty to lay a hand upon his shoulder. Boerhave is his great authority; but, the works of other men of the same standing, bound in parchment, are upon his shelves. Boerhave may not be among the most recent authorities to which physicians in France, England, Germany, or other such countries, refer, but he was a great man in his day, and so in his day and village is the Doctor Sangesuga. Our doctor has

even saved money by frugal living, goes well dressed himself, adorns his wife with a gold chain and coral bracelets; more than all, he has contrived to buy five or six little houses, and has become a landowner. Yet I can scarcely have guessed his income at too low a sum. After my own illness, I pondered much upon the bill I had run up, and thought of all the guineas my good friend had earned. Not being experienced in the customs of the place, I referred the case to my servant.

"Well, signor," said she, "eightpence a visit is the sum paid to the great Doctor Sandolgo, the famous military surgeon; but that is paid by wealthy strangers. Here you are living in this commune, and paying taxes, for which reason I don't see that you will be expected to pay anything to Doctor Sangesuga."

To that suggestion I demurred, and my servant went on,

"Well, to be sure, your excellency is an Englishman, and you would like to do something generous and handsome, so I should think you might . . . O, no, I fear it would be too much!"

"What?"

"I was thinking that you might send the doctor what would, indeed, be extravagant."

"But what was it?"

"A leg of mutton."

I paid my doctor, therefore, with a leg of mutton, and was lauded on all sides for that act of profuse generosity. Having found this notion so extremely satisfactory, I always pay the doctor, now, with mutton; and, when I have had much need of the lawyer's services, I send him a round of beef. One cannot help remembering that such a payment to him is pecuniary in the oldest sense of the word, which was derived from pecus (cattle), at a time when ox-flesh stood for money.

INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISONS.

THERE are in Edinburgh two industrial schools, both very well conducted, though founded upon opposite theories of education for the poor. A local pamphlet that has found its way into our hands, analyses the results that have in each case been obtained by matter-of-fact comparison between the last annual reports of the two institutions. The evidence obtained in this way is, we think, so far as it goes, of a kind likely to be useful to the public.

Of the two institutions thus compared, one, known as the Original Ragged School, is by some years the elder. Its foundation has been one of the many good works of a benevolent and able minister, whose high local repute does not exceed his merit—Dr. Guthrie. The management of this school, resting mainly in the hands of free churchmen, and entirely in the hands of pious Protestants, it follows that Protestant teachers, the Protestant version of the Bible, Protestant commentaries, have been made

essential parts of the school system. Now, it is known very generally, that the wynds and closes of such places as the Cowgate and the Grass Market at Edinburgh, contain throngs of miserable Irish families; and that of all the ragged children whom these schools are meant to bless, no inconsiderable portion is supplied by Roman Catholics. Many persons of influence in the town considered it, in the case of the Original Ragged School, a serious objection that it was not practically open to all classes of the poor; and being unable to change the management, these gentlemen seceded from it in a body. Headed by Lord Murray, and afterwards by Lord Dunfermline, they set on foot another ragged school in consonance with their own sense of what is liberal and just: which other school exists under the name of the United Industrial. In the United Industrial School, it is made necessary that religious teaching should be given, in hours set apart for that purpose; but it is not furnished by the school itself, which is content to open its doors to the various religious instructors chosen for the pupils by their friends. For the last eight years the respective merits of these systems have been eagerly discussed in Edinburgh by those concerned in questions of the kind. The discussion represents in little, a much more extensive controversy. In that sense we think it worth attention; and so, taking the report of each school for the present year, and comparing the results proclaimed by each, we adopt the question, What have they to show?

In the first place, with regard to the funds which each has at disposal, it may be said that the income of the Original Ragged is about twice that of the United Industrial. The subscriptions for the last year amounted in one case to about sixteen hundred and sixty pounds, and in the other case to about eight hundred and fifty; while the Original Ragged has the aid of a reserve fund, rather more than equivalent to certain special funds of the United Industrial, which form part of the voluntary contributions. With double funds, the Original Ragged School has had charge of more than twice as many children as its rival—the numbers for last year being two hundred and seventy-five in one case, one hundred and sixteen in the other; one-third of the larger number, but only one-sixth of the smaller number, being infants who were not receiving regular education. This larger per-centage of infants in the Original Ragged School, while it may account for the somewhat greater number that have been maintained by the same funds, must also be borne in mind as affecting the per-centage of work done, and giving a show of weakness to the elder school in some points of comparison which, to a certain extent, exceeds what is actually true. Thus, when it is said that of the Original Ragged scholars sixty-four in a hundred, and of the United Industrial scholars eighty-four in a hundred,

are taught trades, there is no real inequality of operation to be marked; but a very marked difference appears when we discover that among the Original Ragged scholars only eighteen or nineteen in a hundred of those who leave school get employment, while employment is obtained at once by fifty-six in a hundred, of the children trained up on a less exclusive system.

The managers of the United Industrial School, keeping in view the children whom they have taken from the streets and put into decent ways of life, can account for about one hundred and forty out of one hundred and sixty boys who have gone to situations. Ninety of these are still in their first places. It can account, also, for ninety-two girls, who, out of a hundred and six finding employment, still keep up a friendship with their teachers. Thirty-four of these are still in their first places. The parents who send children to this school, having their religious feelings openly respected, are content; and from this school, accordingly, all straying away of pupils is extremely rare. On the other hand, the report of the school hampered by a too zealous orthodoxy, giving an account of its year's work, has to record that, while out of two hundred and seventy-five pupils, not more than forty-nine (or eighteen and a-half per cent.) went to employments, nearly an equal number (forty-nine) deserted, or would not return, or could not be found; that of the remaining number, twenty-two seceded to Roman Catholic exclusive schools, twenty-two went to parishes on which they had a claim, twenty-nine left Edinburgh without employment, and ten were taken away by their parents. Thus, about half the number entering the more sectarian school was lost by desertions and removals; and the other school, with not more than half the resources, sent out into the world, last year, an absolutely larger number—a number larger by one-fourth—of ragged boys and girls converted into useful and industrious young men and women. It has also sent them out, not merely instructed in the religion of their fathers, but taught by daily habit the important lesson, that no difference of creed should part young playfellows, or divide the interests of men and women in the common work of life.

As for the filth and crime among our wretched classes, who does not know that it is too often at bottom a question of position? The other day a young thief, apparently in full sincerity, when sentenced to four years' imprisonment, begged for fifteen of transportation. If he were locked up for four years, and let loose again among his own companions, he could only thieve, as of old. Punish crime by all means—punish it severely while you pity the condition that produced it—but do not forget that there are thousands of poor devils plundering and begging, who cry, "Gentlemen, what else are we to do?" Such schools

as those we have described just now, are good precisely in proportion to the means they offer for the manufacture of the raw material of thieves into honest artisans. And it is not only by ragged schools that this is done. Even while we write, our mind contains the fresh impressions of a visit to an unobtrusive London institution, at which a great deal of the same kind of good is done in another way. The pupils in this school are not simply the children of the wretched poor, many of whom have only a life of crime before them, but already convicted thieves. The place itself is a den of thieves—happily penitent.

We have walked up and down the New Road many hundreds of times; but it was only the other day—because we made a special search for it—that we noticed the name of the Preventive and Reformatory Institution, painted in white, at the corner of Gower Street North. At the locality that had been indicated to us we saw nothing but a rather handsome cabinetmaker's shop, with customers in it. A beadle, in awful array of cocked hat, staff, and gold-laced coat, was standing over the way. We crossed, and diffidently requested him, as an official person, to direct us to Mr. Bowyer's Preventive and Reformatory Institution. He knew nothing about it. We described it as a place where ill-conducted boys and young thieves were taken in to be mended. No; he had never heard of it. And the stupid creature, with the uniform upon his asinine person blazing in the sunshine, looked at us as though we had insulted the majesty of the law by mentioning a thief to him. A respectable tradesman, to whom we next applied, seemed to have a better opinion of the place, and pointed it out with alacrity. The cabinet-maker's shop itself was the establishment we sought.

Passing through the shop, we were conducted into a workroom behind, where several young men were at work upon different articles of cabinet ware, similar to those exposed for sale, which were also of their workmanship. They all touched their caps as we entered, and looked like respectable artisans. "But where are the thieves?"—"They are here," replied our conductor; "all whom you see have been in prison; and that boy," pointing to a bright-looking, intelligent lad, "was a regularly trained thief, and one of the best hands at that trade in London." A friend with us remarked upon the intelligence of their faces. "Why, yes," he replied, slightly laughing, "they have all lived by their wits till they are somewhat sharper than is needful." We were then conducted to a carpenters' shed, where heavier work was going on. One little fellow, who was sitting outside upon a bench, with a log before him, into which he was driving a chisel with great zeal, looked up at us with a comical twinkle in his eyes, as much as to say, "Arn't it a fine lark to think of

me coming here!" He too was an old acquaintance with the police. From the carpenters' we went to the smiths' place, where everything bespoke great activity; and the sweat was pouring down the men's faces in a way that answered for the vigour of their labour. There are tailors and shoemakers also in the establishment, but we did not visit them.

We went into the kitchen, and there we learnt that everything, from the kettles to the kitchen range, had been made on the premises. We then mounted up to one of the sleeping-rooms. It contained more beds than was absolutely desirable, but that could not in the present state of things have been avoided. Each inmate has a separate iron bed; everything is clean; and the room is airy and well-ventilated. We visited, last, the refectory and school-room: a long, whitewashed apartment. Wooden benches and tables, and bookshelves containing some well-chosen books, completed the furniture. Here we sat down and began to ask questions. What are the rules? and how is the time spent?

The inmates rise at half-past five, and are allowed to go out of doors where they please until seven. Then they meet in the school-room, and have instruction in reading and writing, &c., until a quarter to eight o'clock, which is the time for prayers and breakfast. From half-past eight until one, they are kept hard at work. They have an hour for dinner and amusement; then follows hard work again until six o'clock, when there is an hour allowed for tea and recreation. After seven, there is secular instruction until it is time for prayers and bed. The day ends at a quarter to ten. A very good mixture, on the whole, of

Books and work and healthful play,

as good Doctor Watts sings. Admission into the society is not difficult to any who apply for it. The only limitations are the funds of the establishment. The inmates are of all ages above sixteen. They come entirely with their own consent, and there is nothing to prevent their leaving at any moment if they please. They consist of convicted criminals—thieves, who, from attendance at the ragged schools, or any other cause, acquire a wish to leave their ugly mode of life, and try a handsomer. Some are youths struggling on the brink of vice and wishing to keep honest. Of late years, notices of this institution have been put up in different prisons, in order that prisoners desiring to lead an honest life may know where to apply. Sometimes the candidates are chosen by the chaplains, and with these pupils of industry the government pays five shillings a-week. As soon as a boy enters, he is put to a given trade; if he shows no aptness for that, he is put to another.

As for the discipline, the boys themselves are appealed to, and depended upon, to

observe the rules of the establishment ; and their self-respect is re-instituted in every possible way. During the periods of recreation no surveillance is exercised ; indeed, from the nature of the premises, which consist of several houses in a densely crowded neighbourhood, it would be impossible to set up anything like bounds. Nevertheless they are not found to consort with their old companions—they are placed above them, and consider they have made a step upward in life. Mr. Bowyer tells us, that the appeal to their self-respect is his strong-hold over them all, and that he frequently entrusts boys who have been in the Institution for some time, with rather large sums of money to pay bills, &c. ; that by so doing he had never once been made to suffer, never met with a breach of trust. To our anxious inquiry, How do you dispose of your inmates, when you have reformed them ? he replied, "Most of them emigrate. Connected with the Institution there is a fund to enable us to send them out. All we have sent out have done well. Others again are draughted into the army and navy, and we have received excellent characters of them from their officers. Some, who are good workmen, have obtained situations in this immediate neighbourhood. There is a disposition to employ them, and a character from us is a sufficient recommendation. Each inmate remains two years, by which time his good habits have taken root. Every boy who enters, has to undergo a fortnight's separation from his companions, and a bread and water diet. This is a test of his sincerity ; and is not introduced until some weeks after he has joined ; because, it is thought, when he has once enjoyed for a time the benefits of the Institution, his solitude is more likely to be profitable. If he wishes to work in his solitude, he is allowed to have his tools."

The expression of the boys' faces we found to be, with few exceptions, good. Mr. Bowyer tells us, that the improvement which becomes visible in that respect is so great, that after the lapse of a few weeks he can sometimes scarcely recognise a new-comer for the same lad who entered. The exceptions remarked by us proved to be all of them new-comers, and we were assured that they would alter their expression in the course of a short time. Much of the success that has attended the working of this institution is undoubtedly owing to the present influence of the manager over the inmates. He has evidently a liking for his work. Another advantage is, the simplicity and directness of the effect ; there is no waste of power ; no cumbrous machinery stands between the programme and the performance ; there is no philanthropic routine to be set in motion ; what has to be done, can always be done at once. The expenses of the Institution are incurred only for things of the strictest necessity. Nothing is wasted upon appearances : consequently great good has

been effected with comparatively little money. Mr. Bowyer, who is founder of the Institution, was not a rich man when he undertook the work. His income was decidedly limited, and his time much occupied by his employment ; but he was interested in the ragged schools ; many boys came to him, and said, if they had a refuge and the chance of doing better, they would thankfully leave their evil courses. Then, at his own expense, he engaged rooms and began with eight boys, giving them at all events a home. Friends have since gathered round the good Samaritan ; a list of noble patrons gives to his enterprise the prestige of their names ; the value of his work is recognised by a free-hearted and free-handed public ; and there is now every reason to believe that it will go on, increase, and prosper.

HOLIDAY QUARTERS.

I HAVE stolen away from care-haunted London (which has always seemed to me the abiding-place of turmoil and weariness, with ungente thoughts), and I am living in a little brick box on the pleasant heights of Richmond Hill.

I rise with the birds and the cows of a morning. I see the sheep wake one by one as I ramble forth with my pipe and thoughts. None but they and I are up, with the exception of a young man and his wife who keep a small shop in the neighbourhood, and who seem to be always healthfully wrestling with a coy but cheerful fortune. I love these mornings. They are so sunny and joyous. The three geraniums which blossom on my window-sill seem to be dancing always to the soft music of the breeze. The birds make quite a playground of the quiet road, and when disturbed whirr off to the old paling opposite, and trill out (as I fancy) a comic song of derision to the silly old bookworm, who shuts himself up with the feathers of that waddling bird the goose (their common butt) ; and a few such rags (metamorphosed a little) as they use to build the commonest part of their nests.

My landlord is a carpenter by trade. He is a short dapper brisk little man, who is fond of going about in a cap and shirt-sleeves. According to the usual mysterious dispensation of Providence, he has, of course a long wife. I am bound to say she is a very long wife : but a decent, thrifty pains-taking body as needs be. She keeps her little house in as trim and well-scrubbed a condition as her little husband. If I might venture to make the remark, I would suggest that the house is a little too clean ; and if the purport of some subdued remonstrances from the carpenter have reached my ears correctly, I might almost believe that if he were allowed to be dirtier he would be happier. I have an impression that he is often positively hunted down and harried by a piece of yellow

soap and a small wooden bowl half-filled with hard water. The water, indeed, as I have good reason to know, is of so hard and uncompromising a nature, that it feels to the face like the application of a few saws or a bone-crusher. It is followed by an effect resembling the marks of stinging nettles, and the human nose looks red and angry for a good half-hour after its use.

The house is so very clean that if I take the liberty of laying down my pipe anywhere it straightway makes such a mark that I am fain to rub it out with my pocket handkerchief, lest it should be seen. I sit down in the natty little chairs with much timidity. I am apprehensive that they may be soiled or damaged if I treat them discourteously. When I go out, I look nervously behind me to see if all is in order. I scrupulously understand that the little room is confided to me under a tacit but awful responsibility to keep it tidy. I would not for a week's rent that the carpenter's long wife should come in upon me suddenly with my papers in disarray and my handkerchief untied. I should fall too painfully in her estimation. I know that I am under a moral obligation to be orderly and neat in all my dealings. I have an uneasy suspicion that if I were otherwise I should be at once detected, that the watchful eye of the little carpenter's long wife would look reproachfully at me through the keyhole and abash me utterly; while her voice would be heard in accents of withering condemnation through the chinks of the little door. She is a vigilant woman with wonderfully harassing endowments of eye and ear. I could in nowise escape from her.

If I cough or sneeze, or move my chair ever so little so that it creaks I am inwardly aware that Mrs. Tiddie is uneasy in her retirement, and wonders if I have injured the bright little Kidderminster carpet. I hear her constantly call out, oh, dear! oh, dear! in great tribulation of spirit on such occasions; for we are divided only by a lathy partition according to the custom of builders in modern times.

Therefore, it betides that I am a sort of prisoner of honour. I know, indeed, that I may escape; but am obliged to confess that it would be highly unbecoming in me to do so. If I were to desecrate the snowy doorstep (which is the pride of Mrs. Tiddie's housewifery), by any hasty or indecorous movement—if I were flightily to jump over it, or to touch it with boots already familiar with dew and gravel—I should cause such a commotion in my landlady's breast, that I should be ashamed to appear in her presence during many days. I should feel like a guilty and worthless person while at meals, under her severe and unforgiving observation. Yet I do not like to go to her frankly and say, "Please, ma'am, may I go out," because I do not know how she might take it. I remain,

therefore, patiently biding my time; and if I can only catch her when she is engaged with the greengrocer, or any other of the respectable itinerant tradesmen who cultivate her intimacy and enjoy the racy truths of her discourse during the fore part of the day, I boldly seize the advantage and swagger out with a "Good morning, Mrs. Tiddie!" I know that the risk of incurring her serious displeasure for such conduct is very much diminished when she is warmed and melted by the glow of social intercourse, from her usual austerity. I am not ignorant also that my absence at such times is desirable, as permitting Mrs. Tiddie a greater latitude of discussion, and even furnishing her with an occasion for more pungent remarks on my person and character, than a restraining sense of politeness would allow her to indulge in, in my hearing. Sometimes, however, when the weather is unfavourable, or Mrs. Tiddie is engaged in her favourite domestic accomplishment of washing, I wait for an opportunity in vain. On one occasion, when reduced to extremities by a close confinement of two days, I seriously considered the practicability and prudence of making escape through the window. I was about to attempt the exploit, confident that my agility would enable me to clear the stocks, mignonette, and geraniums, which barricaded the way, without doing devastation among them. I had no sooner risen from my chair, however, and gingerly raised the window in pursuance of my design, than an unfortunate click of the lattice-bolt at once brought Mrs. Tiddie to the apartment, with a "Lor, sir! won't you go haent at the door; it's a pity to muddle the flauers so, it is." It is, of course, needless to add, that I now subsided at once into my habitual insignificance, and remained as silent as a mouse during the rest of the day.

Now, the little carpenter manages better. Whenever he wishes to go to the tom-and-jerry shop, he acts with a wariness of judgment and coolness of discretion which, had he been born an hereditary legislator, would have infallibly raised him to the highest fortunes. He surlily requests Mrs. Tiddie to hand him over "that there sor." He takes the saw openly in his hand, as if he had got a hasty job, and thus accoutred marches boldly to the choice companionship of his own familiar crony. The crony is a pudding-faced young man, who has a habit of looking down and twisting his shoulders when spoken to, and answering as if his ideas were so rusty that he had some difficulty in getting them out. The rust seems even to have reached his voice, which has a reluctant croak about it, though it is not sulky or unkindly; for he assents to everything that is said, only he appears to make a concession while doing so, as if he had been a great while coming to a decision.

The carpenter and his wife have a daughter, a fair, surprised, blue-eyed little maid, with

freckles and golden hair. She waits upon me. The little maid has not bright or even accurate ideas respecting boots. Mine have gradually faded into a brownish grey. I have occasion to suspect that they are washed, blacking being generally of too sullyng a nature to be kept in the house.

The little maid prepares my bath. There are grits in it. She says they got there by accident. To my grosser vision, the grits appear little round lumps of mould from the garden. I am led partly to this conclusion because I see that my bath is sometimes used for the easier replenishing of a horticultural watering-pot. I confide to the little maid, in a friendly way, the objections which occur to me at the moment with respect to bathing in grits; but she opens her eyes so widely, and looks so scared, that I make but a brief catalogue of them.

Then we have a grand conversation about breakfast. I like to converse with the little maid. My breakfast is some very pale-coloured milk of a bluish tint, an impregnable-looking loaf, and some erratic butter on a saucer. I mention, in a jaunty way, that my bread and butter is not in slices. O! says the little maid, and will I cut it myself. I reply that I dare say cutting bread, and butter may be a very good business, but that you must be used to it. Then the little maid smiles and vanishes. Presently she returns with the bread and butter in slices, of strange shape and dimensions. Indeed, I should say, blocks and wedges, such as might fit into the stomach of a robust ploughboy. The butter lies on them in lumps and blotches, for the little maid has spread it in her haste, and I have made her nervous. I take a perverse delight in making the little maid nervous: I cannot help it. So I ask her gravely whether she thinks a slice of her bread and butter would break my toes if I were to let it fall. "O, no! I think not, sir," chirps the little maid, and her white teeth glisten brightly for a moment; but the next she has disappeared, like a bashful ray of April sunshine, as if she really had not been brought up in that way, but to wear a well-starched frock, and look exceedingly prim in the next room, with the old Dutch clock, which ticks a waggish approval of such demureness.

But, O! how dainty looks the little maid upon a Sunday! Her face shines bright and early with scrubbing and yellow soap; she wears a white frock, with a blue something, and her straw bonnet is garnished with the astounding ribbon which I modestly deposited a week ago in the coal-scuttle for her use, though there appears to have been a tacit compact between us never to allude in any way to the circumstance. Daisies and buttercups! (excuse so appropriate an oath) what an enchanting picture of humble life looks the little maid as she trips through the garden-gate, all blushing, with the meat from

the bake'us, handy. She seems to me like such a very busy little birdie, all chirrup, flutter, and rumpling feathers, that she is quite a study, and I can watch her, twittering and flitting about, for ever so long. It gives me, I vow, almost a feeling of pain when I think that she must, some day, fly away from her pretty nest, and become a scrubbing, washing, boiling, cleaning, scouring, vigilant, apple-faced, elderly female like her respected parent.

Our cottage is one of a good-looking row of out-of-the-way dwellings, so that pride may hide poverty decently there. Of course, we have a fine neighbour. The fine neighbour's husband, Mrs. Tiddie tells me, was in the fancy bakery line. He had ideas about a horse and gig, a fast-trotting pony, also about Greenwich and Gravesend as agreeable places of recreation, so that the fancy bakery establishment was speedily sold, together with the good-will and fixtures. I am afraid that the fine neighbour's husband has now dwindled into the official in a gold-laced cap, who cries "C'tee! C'tee! 'Cross! Bank! Bank!" behind the most fashionable of our omnibuses. It is polite, however, to ignore this circumstance in our row. I do not know what the fine neighbour herself may have been, but I sometimes cherish an idea that she has been educated in one of our classical suburbs; she says "kayend" for kind, and "yeass" for yes, which I have observed are among the peculiarities which belong to academic parishes near London.

I am aware that the fine neighbour takes an incomprehensible pleasure in talking at me as I smoke my pipe of a morning. She issues, ribbonly, from the little door of her house, and falls into sudden raptures. This immediately brings out the little maid to join her, for we can, of course, hear our neighbours cough, and all that kind of thing, quite comfortably. "Ooooooh!" said the fine neighbour, only this morning; "what beautiful flowahs! are they not, deeah?" The term of tenderness was addressed to the little maid, but her mother heard it, and immediately came out with a "Lor, weer?" for Mrs. Tiddie is of a practical and matter-of-fact turn of mind.

"Heeah, to be shyure, mem!" answers the fine neighbour, whose husband has joined the moustache movement, and who is fond of treating people as if they belonged in some degree to the French nation. This is, however, too much for Mrs. Tiddie, who at once flounces off in a great huff, with "Them's grunsell, mum!" We are very polite, outwardly, in our row; but I am compelled to own that Mrs. Tiddie subsequently indulged in such energetic expressions about the fine neighbour, when in the privacy of her own apartment, that I fear she scarcely entertains the same wondering admiration of her as the little maid who, I am sure, could listen to fashionable elocution for ever.

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SPORTSMANSHIP IN EARNEST.

WE have most of us, when boys, written edifying themes on gratitude, virtue, and luxury. The latter was a particularly favorite subject; but we never suspected, nor do we now suspect, the conclusion of that theme to be applicable to ourselves. When we have said our say about Lucullus's suppers in the Hall of Apollo and Heliogabalus's dishes of peacocks' brains, we think there is an end of the matter. Not a squire amongst us, nor a clergyman either, ventures to point to his neighbour and boldly utter, "Thou art the man!" But facts are better teachers than sixth-form themes. Our national shortcomings in the prosecution of war (redeemed, it is true, by a heavy penalty of blood), give us the hint that we may have too much yielded to the blandishments of pacific civilisation. I have conversed with sensible Frenchmen in easy circumstances, wealthy even, who have not hesitated to say,

"You English are too nice, too dainty in your personal ways, too luxurious. You think too much about your 'comfortable' in your every-day life at home; and that's why you began so badly in the Crimea."

Now, although we certainly were *not* comfortable in the Crimea when the French had succeeded in making themselves perfectly so, the main question is none the less deserving of attention. Is it true, that fastidious gentility has threatened to be the ruin of England? That genteel young men, from smart linen-draper's and druggists' assistants upwards, have thrust willing young women aside from employment in offices they would admirably fill, while themselves have forgotten every manly exercise—the cricket-bat, the long pedestrian journey, the amateur firebrigade, and the volunteer drill? Have we been wearing out our hearts after points of etiquette, the patronising smile of aristocratic acquaintances, high places in the synagogues and streets, contemptuous puttings-down of dusty working-men, attempts at mimicking novel heroes of the exquisite class, and other mint-and-cummin tithings of social warfare,—have we been doing this, leaving unthought-of the means of strengthening the national sinews by physical training and the acquirement of practical knowledge? It is

really a serious affair, if true, as many say and believe.

Gentlemen are, at this moment of our publication, popping their guns at partridges and pheasants,—sport in which active women, with a slight change of attire, might participate. Many a French vivandière would succeed very well after a few days' practice. In a French village which I now and then frequent, there died, not very long since, a lady, the entrance-hall of whose château was hung with skins of wolves of her own killing. What would she have said of a battue of pheasants reared under coops, with barn-door hens for their foster-mothers? But my friend Dr. Whipemwell means to set his boys a theme on luxury, as evinced in English sport. They will be required to leave the Romans out of the question altogether, and to discuss the moral and corporal tendency of the preservation of hares and partridges on the nation at large;—whether, in consequence of the penalties on poaching, the majority of our population know the right end of a gun from the wrong one; and whether, supposing a few thousand armed Russians landed on the Suffolk coast (a possible, though I hope not a probable hypothesis; but the Muscovite fleet at Cronstadt remains intact), they would not butcher the inhabitants with almost as little effective resistance as Captain Cook's sailors experienced when, landing on some desert isle, they knocked the penguins and noddies on the head with bludgeons.

Our Indian sportsmen have done themselves credit by their onslaughts on wild pigs (mischievous brutes and capital eating), lions and tigers. Our Indian ladies have proved themselves heroines. Gordon Cumming is to be commended for having started fresh ideas as well as fresh game; I only wish he had killed more carnivora and fewer innocent cameleopards and antelopes. You remember the engraving, in Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, of the tiger carrying off a child in the presence of its mother, as she entered a jungle to gather sticks. The man who followed and shot that tiger would make by far a better bag than if he had killed five hundred leash of birds between his hot luncheon and his footbath previous to dressing for dinner. I am acquainted with a family who lived ten

years in Algeria, where three beautiful children were born to them, who were never surprised (after the first time or two) to find a lion's footsteps in their garden in the morning, and one of their goats or tame antelopes gone. Perhaps, therefore, I shall be helping Dr. Whitemwell's boys in writing their theme on luxury in sport (especially as their time is entirely taken up with Latin and Greek—modern languages being deemed quite superfluous in the doctor's establishment), if I communicate to them a few facts and hints which have been let fall in print by M. Jules Gérard, killer of lions, and lieutenant in the third regiment of Spahis.

M. Gérard's shooting campaigns have been undertaken from a sense of duty; as his book is written in the hope of raising up worthy disciples and successors to himself in the same branch of the chase. Be it remembered that the French are to be thanked by the rest of Europe for many things they have done in Algeria; for many things which have been harshly criticised, and for much even which they could not help doing. The Arab has been too long regarded as a purely poetic object. It will clear our vision to rest assured that, if the inhabitants of the north coast of Africa had been allowed to have their own way, without control or interference, the Mediterranean waters might still be swarming with the pirates of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, and many a Christian family might have to mourn a member still pining in Mohammedan slavery.

But the Arabs are brave. They look down on Europeans from the height of their grandeur with insufferable disdain. The mission of the French, therefore, has been to subdue them by a moral victory. If you do good amongst them by giving to the poor, they will say you don't know what to do with your money; and will not think a bit the better of you for it. If you do good by rendering strict justice, they will say you do this to conciliate their good opinion; to convert them to your belief, your customs, your religion; and they will be distrustful of you. If you prove yourself bolder and stronger than they, they will hold you in respect and veneration. You will overawe them, always and everywhere. They will not dare to look you in the face. You risk your life, therefore, not solely for your own pleasure, but for civilised Europe, for your native land.

What the Arabs fear most, after God, is the lion. To destroy him they usually make use of stratagem. They decoy him into a hole, and butcher him there. They also murder him beneath the screen of solid-built subterranean retreats called *melbedas*, or from the tops of trees to which they have climbed. Rarely do they attack him openly; and, when they do, it is a battle in which the victory is dearly bought, even when the victory is on their side. But never has an Arab, alone or in company,

dared to march against a lion, or to await him unprotected by shelter during the night. The insolent pride of this people has been lowered by the sporting feats of a single Frenchman.

The Arab is brave; and how is it possible for him to be otherwise? He is born, lives, and dies, in the midst of dangers which the civilised European knows not, and cannot know. In his childhood, instead of morality, they talk to him about massacres, war, and combats. The wisest, the most virtuous, the man of greatest consideration, is the man who commits murder the best, and the oftenest. He is taught family vengeance, mutual hatred of tribe against tribe, execration of Christians; and, to complete his education, when he has attained his fifteenth year, some evening, after the old men have been telling, around the fire beneath their tent, their hatreds and their vengeance, — when the neighbours have retired, just as the lad is going to seek a place to lie down in, his father pushes him with his foot, calling him lazy and coward. The boy, who does not understand what such treatment means, begs his parent to explain. The elder laughs, and points to an old pistol hanging on the tent-pole by the side of a poignard. The lad leaps towards his father, and respectfully kisses him on the shoulder. The parent, happy and proud to have so promising a son, makes him sit down beside him, and addresses him thus:—

"Have you ever gone out at night without my seeing you?"

The lad relates the story of his flirtations with a girl whom he has sometimes visited, at the risk of having his brains dashed out by a pistol-shot.

"Very well," says the father; "but that is not enough. You are tall now, and it makes me blush to hear the neighbours call you little. It is time to show them that you are a man."

"I ask nothing better," replies the boy; "but to go alone,—the night looks very dark, and I am afraid."

"For the first time you shall not go alone. Take these arms. Take off your burnous; it is too white. And tighten your shirt beneath your girdle."

Whilst the pupil is making his toilette, the old man slips under a friend's tent, and says, "My son is ready." The mammas shed a few tears, fearing an unfortunate and unsuccessful result; but they are reassured by the knowledge that their darlings will be conducted by a man of prudence and courage.

Everything is thus arranged for the best; and, at ten o'clock, in a pelting rain and a night as dark as pitch, three men, dressed in earth-coloured shirts raised above the knees by a leather girdle, mysteriously start from the douar, or clustered group of tents. Beneath a burnous patched in a thousand places, and which has served three generations with-

out being washed, each of these adventurers conceals a pistol and a dagger. Their heads are covered with brown caps, and their feet are naked. They march in silence across the country, and do not stop till they are within sight of their enemy's fires. The hostile douar consists of ten or twelve tents pitched in a circle, and touching each other. In the middle are the flocks and herds. Outside, and before each tent, are a multitude of dogs, who admirably fulfil the duty of sentinels. In the douar is a man whose father, or grandfather, killed the parent, or the grandparent, of one of our adventurers. The life of this man is what they want. One by one the fires are put out, and everybody sleeps, or seems to sleep, except the dogs. The elder, aware that at a certain hour of the night some of the dogs, worn out with fatigue, go to sleep at last, waits for the moment of action to arrive.

Meanwhile, a lion who has gone without his dinner, and who, as may be supposed from the lateness of the hour, has a rather sharp-set appetite, arrives in the same direction. He perceives three men crouching on the ground. "Good," he says; "here are three comrades waiting for me extremely apropos." And he lays himself down. You must know that the lion is naturally very indolent. Now, as men who prowl about by night are more frequently cattle-stealers than murderers, the mother-lioness generally gives the following advice to her cub, when, on attaining his majority, he feels a desire to see the world: "My child, whenever you meet with men by night, you will follow them; you will do them no harm, so long as they keep quiet. Men's flesh is not so good as bullock's flesh; for the most part, they are as dry as herrings. You will therefore travel in company with them. When they arrive near a douar, you will lie down, and they will work for your benefit. Allow them to drive away the beasts they have stolen, to a certain distance; and then, when you come to a brook or a spring beside the path, present yourself and claim your portion.

The lion who has followed his mamma's instructions, has found the advantage of doing so. Instead of having to carry or drag his dinner for a tiresome quarter of an hour, and then going afterwards to find a brook to slake his thirst, he is spared all that trouble by his human friends. Well; our lion is stretched on the ground, and is waiting; but the dogs, who have seen his eyes, or have scented him, make a diabolical hubbub. The alarm is given in the douar, and every one is up and stirring. The women relight the fires, and throw blazing brands about. If that manoeuvre is to go on long, the day will break before the lion's comrades can do a stroke of business. But hunger is pressing, and he grows impatient. "Ah, ha!" he says; "I may as well take a sheep myself; it is not heavy to carry." And he rises. The

douar is situated on a slope, and he rapidly wends his way to a point above it. The dogs, who follow him with eye and nose, move towards the same quarter. He darts forward, and, in less time than it takes me to tell it, he has cleared the hedge, six feet in height, which surrounds the douar. He has caught a sheep in the inclosure, leapt back again, and disappeared. The dogs are inside the tents, dumb with stupor. The men are like the dogs. The tempest over, the rape of the sheep is formally verified. No European eye would be able to distinguish either sheep or tents, so grave-dark is the night. Everyone has gone to rest again, and, with the exception of a few old dogs, the guardian pack have followed their master's example. Then our three men carefully inspect the priming of their pistols, and, creeping on their hands and knees, they advance silent and invisible. The tent is pointed out by the elder, who only says these words to the young people, "Children, be men." They touch the hedge of living bushes which protects the douar; the outlet for the flock is stopped up with thorns. The old man whispers in his companions' ears, "Do not stir from this spot till you hear the dogs barking on the other side; but then dispatch your work quickly." He turns on his belly right-about face, and, creeping round the douar, he has arrived at the side opposite to the tent of the common enemy. He raises himself little by little. If the dogs do not yet see him, he advances a few steps—he coughs. That will do. In an instant, at the warning given by one, all the curs of the douar are around him. To keep them at a distance he has only to walk towards them on all fours—the dogs are afraid, and will not come near him.

But the gate of the douar has already been cautiously removed by his lads in training. The tent is there, within their grasp. They thrust their heads in, and listen. Nothing. Everybody is slumbering. The women are at the further end—the children are near the women. The master, whom they want, is lying asleep across the entrance, with a pistol under his head and his yataghan by his side. The lad with whom we are acquainted has completely disappeared beneath the tent. The darkness prevents him from seeing his enemy, but he hears his breathing. He drags himself up to him; he scents his breath. The head must certainly be there! A pistol-shot is heard, and all is told. An hour afterwards, our three assassins are snoring in their tents, like saints in bliss. Next day, the child is proclaimed a man, and is allowed a deliberative voice in the councils. His comrades speak to him with deference, and some pretty girl will recompense him for his good action.

The man who has received such an education as this is necessarily bold, and bold by night. Whence, then, comes the respect which the Arab entertains for the lion? It

arises from the numerous instances which the animal has given of his strength and courage. There have been many struggles, many combats—always has the lion proved the strongest. When he has fallen before the force of numbers, the victory has cost too dear.

The lion's existence is divided into two distinct parts, which make him, to a certain extent, two distinct animals, and have given rise to numberless errors respecting him. Those two parts are, the night and the day. By day his habit is to retire into the forest, away from noise, to digest and sleep at his ease. Because a man has chanced to meet face to face, with impunity, by day, a lion whom the flies or the sun has compelled to shift his quarters, or who was driven by thirst to the nearest brook, it has been said that the lion will not attack man; it has been forgotten that the animal was half asleep, and also had his stomach full. In a country like Algeria, literally covered with flocks and herds, the lion is never hungry during the day. The natives, fully aware of that, take care to keep at home at the hour when the lion leaves his den; and, if they are obliged to travel by night, they never do so alone or on foot.

It is difficult to estimate the destruction of life and property caused in Africa by lions. One lion, whose acquaintance was specially sought after by M. Gérard, had been domiciled in the range of hills called Jebel-Krounaga for more than thirty years. During that time his maintenance must have cost the neighbourhood no small trifle. From the age of eight months to a year, lion-whelps begin to attack the flocks of sheep and goats which during the day come into the neighbourhood of their home. Sometimes they attack cattle; but they are still so clumsy, that there are often ten beasts wounded for one killed, and their father is obliged to interfere. It is not before they are two years old that young lions are able to strangle a horse, a bullock, or a camel, by a single bite in the throat, and to clear the hedges, more than six feet high, by which the douars are supposed to be protected. The period from one to two years of age is absolutely ruinous to the country; in fact, the amiable family kill not merely to feed themselves, but to learn how to kill. It is easy to imagine the expense of such an apprenticeship to those who have to supply the materials worked upon. The Arabs, on pitching their tents in a fresh spot, calculate as follows: so much for me, so much for the government, and so much for the lion; and the lion has always the lion's share. Lions are not adult till they are eight years old. At that age they have acquired their complete strength; and the male, a third larger than the female, has his full mane. Do not judge of wild lions by the degenerate individuals whom you behold in menageries. The latter have been taken from the teat, and brought up like tame

rabbits, not with their mothers' milk, open-air life, and liberty; but with insufficient and unhealthy diet. Hence their mean and slender proportions, their wretched physiognomy, and their scanty mane, which make them resemble poodle-dogs, and would cause them to be disowned by their fellow-brutes in a state of nature, who live well by plundering the Arabs, and on whom they lay a tax ten times heavier than that which is paid to the state. A lion's life lasts from thirty to forty years. He annually kills or consumes six thousand francs' (two hundred and forty pounds') worth of horses, mules, oxen, camels, and sheep. Taking the average length of his existence, which is thirty-five years, every lion costs the Arabs two hundred and ten thousand francs. The thirty lions at this moment to be found in the province of Constantine, and who will be replaced by others arriving from the regency of Tunis or Morocco, cost a hundred and eighty thousand francs annually. In the districts where M. Gérard habitually shoots, the Arab who pays five francs in taxes to the state, pays fifty to the lion. The natives have destroyed half the woods of Algeria, to keep these dangerous animals at a greater distance. The French authorities, in the hope of putting a stop to the fires which threaten to destroy the forests completely, inflict heavy fines on the Arabs who act as incendiaries. What happens? The Arabs club to pay the fines, and the fires go on as destructively as ever.

The lion's black-mail on property is exacting enough; now for that on human life. In summer time, when the days are long, the black-maned lion (there are three varieties of lion in Algeria) leaves his den at sunset, and takes his post by the side of a mountain-path, to wait for late-travelling horsemen and foot-passengers. An Arab of M. Gérard's acquaintance, in such a rencontre, dismounted, took off the bridle and saddle, and ran away, carrying on his head the equipment of his horse, which was immediately strangled before his eyes. But things do not always turn out so well; and, whether on foot or mounted, travellers seldom get clear off, if they are once in the presence of the black-maned lion. There are a great many modern instances of Arabs being devoured by lions; the following is quoted because it is well-known to all the native inhabitants of Constantine:—

Several years before the French occupation of that city, amongst the numerous malefactors with whom the prisons overflowed, were two persons condemned to death,—two brothers, who were to be executed the next day. They were highway robbers, hamstringers, and cut-throats, of whose courage and strength the most surprising tales were related. The Bey, fearing they would make their escape, ordered them to be shackled together; that is, each of them had one foot riveted in the same ring of solid iron. No

into the room where the wool was usually stored in the later summer, and, at last she found him, sitting at bay, like some hunted creature, up behind the wood-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you everywhere," asked she, breathless.

"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.

"Nonsense," replied Susan, "don't be so foolish, ye little good-for-nought." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made underneath the great brown sheafs of wood, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now, you've taken up with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just bide away; but I cannot stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him and that might serve him."

"But I love you, too, dearly, lad!" said she, putting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truth.

She went very red.

"You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask. Nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do. Lover nor husband shall come betwixt thee and me, lad, ne'er a one of them. That I promise thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I cannot abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for two."

"And thou'lt love me always."

"Always, and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, dropping her voice.

"I'll try," said the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own, and he did not know when such a time might come again. So the two sat crouched up and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field-gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening, signified that supper was ready. Then, the two went in.

CHAPTER II.

SUSAN and Michael were to be married in April. He had already gone to take possession of his new farm, three or four miles

away from Yew Nook; but that is neighbouring, according to the acceptance of the word, in that thinly-populated district,—when William Dixon fell ill. He came home one evening, complaining of head-ache and pains in his limbs, but seemed to loathe the posset which Susan prepared for him; the treacle-posset which was the homely country remedy against an incipient cold. He took it to his bed, with a sensation of exceeding weariness, and an odd, unusual-looking back to the days of his youth, when he was a lad living with his parents, in this very house.

The next morning, he had forgotten all his life since then, and did not know his own children, crying, like a newly-weaned baby, for his mother to come and soothe away his terrible pain. The doctor from Coniston, said it was the typhus fever, and warned Susan of its infectious character, and shook his head over his patient. There were no friends near to come and share her anxiety; only good, kind old Peggy, who was faithfulness itself, and one or two labourers' wives, who would fain have helped her, had not their hands been tied by their responsibility to their own families. But, somehow, Susan neither feared nor flagged. As for fear, indeed, she had no time to give way to it, for every energy of both body and mind was required. Besides, the young have had too little experience of the danger of infection to dread it much. She did, indeed, wish, from time to time, that Michael had been at home to have taken Willie over to his father's at High Beck; but then, again, the lad was docile and useful to her, and his fecklessness in many things might make him be harshly treated by strangers, so perhaps it was as well that Michael was away at Appleby fair, or even beyond that; gone into Yorkshire after horses.

Her father grew worse; and the doctor insisted on sending over a nurse from Coniston. Not a professed nurse, Coniston could not have supported such a one; but a widow who was ready to go where the doctor sent her for the sake of the payment. When she came, Susan suddenly gave way; she was felled by the fever herself, and lay unconscious for long weeks. Her consciousness returned to her one spring afternoon; early spring; April,—her wedding-month. There was a little fire burning in the small corner-grate, and the flickering of the blaze was enough for her to notice in her weak state. She felt that there was some one sitting on the window side of her bed, behind the curtain, but she did not care to know who it was; it was even too great a trouble to her languid mind to consider who it was likely to be. She would rather shut her eyes, and melt off again into the gentle luxury of sleep. The next time she awakened, the Coniston nurse perceived her movement, and made her a cup of tea, which she drank with eager relish; but still they did not speak, and once

more Susan lay motionless—not asleep, but strangely, pleasantly conscious of all the small chamber and household sounds; the fall of a cinder on the hearth, the fitful singing of the half-empty kettle, the cattle tramping out to field again after they had been milked, the aged step on the creaking stair—old Peggy's as she knew. It came to her door, it stopped; the person outside listened for a moment, and then lifted the wooden latch, and looked in. The watcher by the bedside arose, and went to her. Susan would have been glad to see Peggy's face once more, but was far too weak to turn, so she lay and listened.

"How is she?" whispered one trembling, aged voice.

"Better," replied the other. "She's been awake, and had a cup of tea. She'll do now."

"Has she asked after him?"

"Hush! No; she has not spoken a word."

"Poor lass! poor lass!"

The door was shut. A weak feeling of sorrow and self-pity came over Susan. What was wrong? Whom had she loved? And dawning, dawning slowly, rose the sun of her former life, and all particulars were made distinct to her. She felt that some sorrow was coming to her, and cried over it before she knew what it was, or had strength enough to ask. In the dead of night,—and she had never slept again,—she softly called to the watcher, and asked,

"Who?"

"Who what?" replied the woman, with a conscious affright, ill-veiled by a poor assumption of ease. "Lie still, there's a darling, and go to sleep. Sleep's better for you than all the doctor's stuff."

"Who?" repeated Susan. "Something is wrong. Who?"

"Oh, dear!" said the woman. "There's nothing wrong. Willie has taken the turn, and is doing nicely."

"Father?"

"Well! he's all right now," she answered, looking another way, as if seeking for something.

"Then it's Michael! Oh, me! oh, me!" She set up a succession of weak, plaintive, hysterical cries before the nurse could pacify her by declaring that Michael had been at the house not three hours before to ask after her, and looked as well and as hearty as ever man did.

"And you heard of no harm to him since?" inquired Susan.

"Bless the lass, no, for sure! I've ne'er heard his name named since I saw him go out of the yard as stout a man as ever trod shoe-leather."

It was well, as the nurse said afterwards to Peggy, that Susan had been so easily pacified by the equivocating answer in respect to her father. If she had pressed the questions home in his case as she did in

Michael's, she would have learnt that he was dead and buried more than a month before. It was well, too, that in her weak state of convalescence (which lasted long after this first day of consciousness) her perceptions were not sharp enough to observe the sad change that had taken place in Willie. His bodily strength returned, his appetite was something enormous, but his eyes wandered continually, his regard could not be arrested, his speech became slow, impeded, and incoherent. People began to say, that the fever had taken away the little wit Willie Dixon had ever possessed, and that they feared that he would end in being a natural, as they call an idiot in the Dales.

The habitual affection and obedience to Susan lasted longer than any other feeling that the boy had had previous to his illness; and perhaps, this made her be the last to perceive what every one else had long anticipated. She felt the awakening rude when it did come. It was in this wise.

One June evening she sat out of doors under the yew-tree, knitting. She was pale still from her recent illness; and her languor joined to the fact of her black dress made her look more than usually interesting. She was no longer the buoyant, self-sufficient Susan, equal to every occasion. The men were bringing in the cows to be milked, and Michael was about in the yard, giving orders and directions with somewhat the air of a master; for the farm belonged of right to Willie, and Susan had succeeded to the guardianship of her brother. Michael and she were to be married as soon as she was strong enough—so, perhaps, his authoritative manner was justified; but the labourers did not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the farm, knowing far less than they did, and often glad to shelter his ignorance of all agricultural matters behind their superior knowledge. They would have taken orders from Susan with far more willingness; nay! Willie himself might have commanded them, and for the old hereditary feeling towards the owners of land they would have obeyed him with far greater cordiality than they now showed to Michael. But Susan was tired with even three rounds of knitting, and seemed not to notice, or to care, how things went on around her; and Willie—poor Willie!—there he stood lounging against the door-sill, enormously grown and developed, to be sure, but with restless eyes and ever-open mouth, and every now and then setting up a strange kind of howling cry, and then smiling vacantly to himself at the sound he had made. As the two old labourers passed him, they looked at each other ominously, and shook their heads.

"Willie, darling," said Susan, "don't make that noise—it makes my head ache."

She spoke feebly, and Willie did not seem to hear; at any rate, he continued his howl from time to time.

me—as far as sight and hearing could ascertain, nothing human was near. I was absolutely tête-à-tête with my gun. Meanwhile, the hour advanced, and the moon (which I did not expect to see, so contracted was my horizon) began to scatter around me a sort of half-light which I accepted with gratitude. It might be eleven o'clock, and I began to be surprised at having to wait so long, when I thought I heard something walking in the wood. Little by little the sounds grew more distinct—there was no possibility of doubting they were caused by several large animals. I soon perceived beneath the branches some moving luminous points, which cast a reddish gleam. I had no difficulty in recognising the family of lions, walking in single file in the direction of the ford where I had posted myself. Instead of five, I counted only three; and, when they stopped at fifteen paces' distance from the river's brink, I thought that the one who came first, although more than respectable in stature and physiognomy, could not be the seigneur with the large head whose description had been given me, and whom the cheik recommended so warmly to my notice.

"There they were, all three at a stand-still, regarding me with looks of astonishment. Following out my plan of attack, I aimed at the middle of the shoulder of the first, and fired. A terrible roar of agony replied to my shot, and, when the smoke allowed me to see, I distinguished two of the lions slowly re-entering the wood, and the third, with both his shoulders broken, dragging himself on his belly to make for me. I immediately comprehended that the papa and the mamma did not belong to the party, a circumstance which I did not regret one single instant. Feeling now reassured respecting the intentions of those whom their brother's fall had induced to depart, I devoted my whole attention to him. I had just reloaded my barrel with powder, when, with an effort that made him roar with pain, he arrived within three paces of myself, showing me every tooth in his head. My second ball, like the first, sent him rolling in the river's bed. Thrice he returned to the charge. The third ball, put point blank into his eye, stretched him dead.

"The lion whom I had just killed was an animal about three years old, very fat and plump, and armed like a veteran. After having made sure that he was worth all the powder I had burnt on his account, and that the Arabs on beholding him would salute him with respectful satisfaction, I remembered the beacon pile, and soon made an illumination on the mountain ridge. The echoes brought me a distant detonation; the signal of the victory which the cheik transmitted to all the douars of the Mahouna, who responded to it in their turn. At daybreak, more than two hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, arrived from all quarters to contem-

plate and insult at their ease the common enemy. The cheik was amongst the first to appear. He informed me that whilst I was killing this lion, the seigneur with the big head, accompanied by his better half, had carried off another of his bullocks for their midnight revel."

Now, reader, if you are a sportsman, you may have sometimes expressed, after dinner, a wish to kill a lion. You may have even said, "I am sure that I could kill a lion." If the desire is in your heart, and not on your lips merely, here is the clue to the secret of doing so. But no,—I had better stop short. You can go and take lessons of the lion-killing lieutenant himself.

PETER THE GREAT IN ENGLAND.

THERE was to be seen till lately in the Palace at Hampton Court, a fine full-length portrait of a beardless young man (intentionally beardless), in armour, with a broad and vigorous expression of face, with large eyes that betray a fixed determination of purpose, and, I must add, a liking for strong drinks. I refer to the portrait of Peter the Great, which Sir Godfrey Kneller painted for King William the Third during the brief visit of three months which the Czar paid to England in the exceeding sharp and cold season of the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight. Kneller was never happier than in this picture. He knew his strength; and in the background—a sea-scape (as painters affect to call such things)—he obtained the assistance of the younger Valdervelde, a master in the treatment of maritime matters. This picture is now, I believe, at Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert took it away during the visit to England of the late Emperor Nicholas; but his royal highness, now that the case is altered, may perhaps think proper to return it to its old quarters.

Peter was in his twenty-sixth year when he first set foot in England. He had been learning ship-building at Amsterdam, and his visit to England was for no other avowed purpose than that of improving his mechanical skill by steady labour in our naval dockyards. He came among us with the approbation of King William the Third: houses were hired for him and his rough retinue, and paid for by the king.

His first London lodging was in Norfolk Street, in the Strand, then a newly-built street, and one of the best inhabited streets in London. Some red-brick houses of Peter's time still exist. His second house—I might almost call it his country house—was at Saye's Court, in Deptford, on the banks of the Thames, contiguous to the Royal Dockyard—then in the tenancy of Evelyn, author of the *Sylva* (now better known by his *Memoirs*), but recently sub-let by him to no less a person than the bluff and brave Admiral Benbow.

The chief native attendant of the Czar bore a name that has lately become familiar enough in English ears: he was called Prince Menzikoff. His English attendant was Osborne Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards the second Duke of Leeds. The marquis was a naval officer of talent and distinction;—and this selection by the king was in every way appropriate.

His visit was one of entire privacy, and consequently without those courtly ceremonies attending his arrival which usually accompanied the visits of kings and emperors and their ambassadors. He came to this country from the Hague with Vice-Admiral Mitchell, and arrived among us on Tuesday the eleventh of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven—eight. His arrival was soon made public, but the privacy of his visit was still as far as possible maintained. On the day after his arrival he went incognito in a hackney-coach to Kensington, to see William the Third and his court at dinner,—dining in public being then a custom still lingering about royalty. On the following day he called on the Marquis of Caermarthen in Leicester Square, then an invalid, having hurt his leg at the fire which, only a week before the Czar arrived among us, ceased to make Whitehall the palace of a sovereign. On the Friday following he received a visit from King William the Third. It was a private visit, made by the king in the coach of the Earl of Romney, the brother of Algernon Sidney, and the handsome Sidney of De Grammont's Memoirs. The Czar accompanied the king in Lord Romney's coach as far as Whitehall, where he stepped into his own carriage, and, attended by the Guards, went in his robes to the House of Peers. The penny-a-liner of the time, from whom we derive these particulars, adds: "His Czarish majesty was there, it is said, incognito." But this I see reason to doubt.

Peter the Great while in England was as shy and unwilling to be seen as Peter the Wild Boy. He was present at a ball given at Kensington by King William in honour of the birthday of the Princess Anne, afterwards queen; or rather he may be said to have seen the ball, for his shyness confined him to a small room, from which he could see without being seen. When he saw King William on his throne in the House of Lords (a sight he had expressed a particular wish to see), it was not from the gallery nor from below the bar of the house, but from a gutter in the house-top, from which he was enabled to peep through a window into the house. He retired from this unpleasant point of view sooner, it is said, than he intended; for he made so ridiculous a figure (says Lord Dartmouth, who was present) that neither king nor peers could forbear laughing.

He was taken to all our London sights at that time of any moment. To the lions and armouries in the Tower; to the monuments

and wax figures in Westminster Abbey; to Lambeth Palace; to the masquerade on the last night of the Temple revels; and to the two theatres in Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens. He was chiefly attracted by the Tower and the performances at Drury Lane. The wild beasts and implements of war were adapted to his rougher nature, while the charms of a Miss Cross, the original Miss Hoyden, in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, and the first actress who had Miss prefixed to her name in playbills, were so engaging that the rough Czar of Russia became enamoured of her beauty. Of this Miss Cross the story is told in the *Spectator*, that when she first arrived in the Low Countries, she was not computed to be so handsome as Madam van Brisket by near half a ton. There is a fine old mezzotinto which still preserves to us the beautiful features that won the youthful heart of Peter the Great.

He did not speak English, nor is he known to have been at all desirous of learning it. Few of his sayings have therefore been preserved. Three, however, have reached us. He told Admiral Mitchell that he considered the condition of an English admiral happier than that of a Czar of Russia. To King William he observed, "If I were the adviser of your majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and to convert St. James's once more into an hospital." When in Westminster Hall, he inquired who the busy gentlemen were in wigs and gowns; and being told they were lawyers—"Lawyers!" said he; "why, I have but two in my whole dominions, and I design to hang one of them the moment I get home."

The Marquis of Caermarthen was very attentive to the wishes of the Czar. On Tuesday last (records the penny-a-liner of the period) the Marquis of Caermarthen treated the Czar of Muscovy in a splendid manner. He took him to Chatham to a launch,—and to Spithead to a naval review. They went to Spithead by the old Portsmouth road, and returned the same way, resting at Godalming for a day, where (at the King's Arms Inn, in the High Street) they had two meals: breakfast and dinner. The bills of fare on the occasion have been preserved by Wanley, the learned keeper of Lord Oxford's library. They were thirteen at table (an uncomfortable number), and twenty-one in all. At breakfast they had half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, nine quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner they had five ribs of beef (weight three stone), one sheep (weight, fifty-six pounds three-quarters), a shoulder of lamb, and a loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret. Here is a bill reminding us by its locality and rabbits of Mary Tofts, who has given an unhappy celebrity to the pleasant little post-town of Godalming

in Surrey. I have often wondered if the story of the Czar's two meals was remembered by the Emperor Alexander when, in eighteen hundred and fourteen, on the visit of the allied sovereigns, he passed through Godalming to Portsmouth, to return to the capital of the Czar Peter!

There was a natural curiosity among the English people to see a sovereign from so remote a country as Muscovy; and Overton, the printseller (he is immortalised by Pope), took advantage of this desire, and borrowing a plate from Holland of the effigies of his Czarish majesty, immediately worked off sufficient impressions to satisfy the public. Other proofs of his popularity have been preserved. A song in praise of the Czar of Muscovy was performed on Thursday, the tenth of February, in the Music Room of York Buildings, the Hanover Square Rooms of the then London; and the History of the Ancient and Present State of Muscovy, by Abel Roper, was advertised to be published this term—the lawyer then, as indeed long after, materially regulating the London season.

I have discovered the name of the opera which the Czar went to hear. It was Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophetess*, or the *History of Diocletian*, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, made by Betterton the great actor. It was a new opera. The music was by Purcell, the dances by Mr. Priest, and the scenes, machinery, and clothes were costly and effective. It was a perfectly successful piece, and there was enough in it to attract the Czar, to whom everything of the kind was an entire novelty.

A new entertainment was advertised for Thursday, the seventeenth of February, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven—eight. It was at Exeter Change, in the Strand, and was called (corruptly enough) *A Redoubt after the Venetian manner*,—"where," continues the advertisement, "there will be some considerable Basset Banks and a variety of other entertainments." No person was to be admitted without a mask. Tickets were to be had at the well-known chocolate-houses, Ozinda's and White's, and the entertainment was to begin exactly at ten o'clock at night. Peter came from Deptford to London to see this Venetian importation; but he found it suppressed with six constables at the door to prohibit the performance. To relieve his disappointment—so a Mr. Bertie writes to Dr. Charlett of Oxford—he fell to drinking hard at one Mr. Morley's; and the Marquis of Caermarthen, it being late, resolved to lodge him at his brother-in-law's. Here (and still with the Marquis) he dined the next day—drank a pint of sherry and a bottle of brandy for his morning draught; after that, about eight more bottles of sack, and so went to the playhouse.

There was a cordial at this time fit for the closet of any person of quality, and very popu-

lar, if we may believe the public advertisements, called *Nectar Ambrosia*, the highest cordial—we are assured by the proprietor—that ever was made in England. It was prepared from the richest spices, herbs, and flowers, and drawn from right Nantz brandy. On Wednesday, the ninth of February, the author of the new cordial called *Nectar Ambrosia*, so much in vogue of late, presented the Czar of Muscovy with a large bottle of it curiously wrought in flint, which his Czarish majesty very kindly accepted, and he, the prince, and the rest of his nobles very highly approved of it. The proprietor was Mr. John How, living in Ram's Head Yard, in Fenchurch Street; a man no doubt of many trades, for I find that he was the publisher—in sixteen hundred and ninety-nine—of *Ned Ward's London Spy*. Ned himself afterwards kept a public-house, and may have had a finger in the concoction of the *Nectar Ambrosia*, that so took the Czar. This celebrated compound was sold in bottles, price two shillings and one shilling each, and in glasses of twopence and one penny each. The newspapers inform us, that the Czar afterwards sent for a quantity—highly approving of it.

There was a great meeting while Peter was in England, and at which he was expected to have been present. This was the Newmarket meeting, then the centre of attraction for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and other kindred pursuits. Led horses for the Czar—the papers report—had been sent to the palace. The king was there, attended by five dukes, eleven earls; by barons, baronets, knights, and squires. There was much that was attractive. The famous Yorkshire horse, backed by Mr. Boucher, was to run against Mr. Frampton's Turk. The distance was four miles—the weight that each was to carry was ten stone, and the stake five hundred pounds. Among the earls was a great captain, the future Duke of Marlborough. Lord Godolphin also was present—whose name, through his famed "Arabian," is known to thousands who never heard of the Godolphin ministry, nor Sid Hamet's rod, made immortal by Dean Swift.

There was one person whom the Czar (while in England) expressed a wish to meet, and that was Edmund Halley, the great mathematician and astronomer, whose practical acquaintance with the variation of the compass and the courses of the tides he rightly thought were matters of great importance. Halley spoke German fluently, and Peter was pleased with the conversation of the illustrious Englishman.

Religious enthusiasts sought eagerly to see this ruler of barbaric millions. The Quakers were, of course, the most pressing. William Penn (he lived in Norfolk Street) had an interview with him. The brother-in-law of Robert Barclay (the apologist) managed to converse with him on Quaker tenets, and to obtain his acceptance of two copies of Barclay's book. A teasing question was put by

the Czar to Barclay's brother-in-law. "Of what use can you be in any kingdom or government, seeing you will not bear arms and fight?" The Czar was inclined to look upon them as Jesuits, but altered his opinion, and with his attendants in the English costume of the time, attended a Quaker meeting in White Hart Court, in Gracechurch Street: in that court where, only a few years before, Fox the founder of the sect had died. His presence was recognised, and, to avoid the gaze which he could not endure, he left before the meeting was over.

When Peter was in England the see of Canterbury was filled by Tenison—the same Tenison who, as vicar of St. Martin's, had preached a sermon of forgiveness at the funeral of Eleanor Gwyn. Peter paid a visit to the prelate at Lambeth, and, having expressed a wish to be informed as to our religion and constitution, the Archbishop, with the approbation of the king, selected the Bishop of Salisbury. No better man could have been chosen. The Bishop of Salisbury of that time was Gilbert Burnet, who had written the History of our Reformed Religion, the same divine who administered consolation to the death-bed of Rochester, and contributed religious comfort to Russell in the cell and on the scaffold.

Burnet had good interpreters, and had much free discourse with him. He found that he was subject to convulsive motions over his body, and that his head seemed to be affected by them; that he was not wanting in capacity, and had a larger measure of knowledge than his education had led him to expect. He found him a man of a very hot temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion, raising his natural heat by frequent recourse to brandy, which he rectified himself. His turn was for mechanics; and nature—so thought the bishop—seemed to have designed him rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He was resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live with them. He was desirous to understand the doctrine of the Church of England, but did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy. The bishop adds—and this, perhaps, is the most important portion of what he has related about Peter—"He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish empire."

Here we have, explained, the policy which Russia has been pursuing secretly, but sometimes openly (now openly enough), since Peter learned to build ships at Deptford. Little, perhaps, did the Czar imagine that this policy was, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, to cost the country in which he was learning the arts of aggression, a fleet in the Baltic, a fleet in the Black Sea, and an

expedition into the Sea of Azoff. Nay, that to repel his attack on the Turkish empire, France and England should join their forces for the first time; and that the existence of Turkey as an empire would be fought for, as it now is (a world-wide fact), before the greatest stronghold of Russia or of any nation, ancient or modern.

The Czar liked brandy and Ambrosia, and he liked a strong mixture called "pepper and brandy." The Marquis of Caermarthen often joined him in his orgies. But what told on the Czar Peter—perhaps from its frequency—is not known to have been injurious to the English marquis. Peter was at this time subject to convulsive motions of the body, that seemed, as I have already related, to affect his head. But the English were deep drinkers, especially our sailors, and the marquis was an English admiral—so, indeed, was Benbow, another of Peter's companions during his three months' visit to England. Peter should have known (we fear he did not) the most distinguished admiral then alive—Admiral Russell, who defeated the French off La Hogue, for which he was created Earl of Orford, and who is said to have mixed the largest bowls of punch ever made. One was dug in his garden at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, the other he made at Lisbon.

There is still to be seen in Little Tower Street, in the City of London, a public-house (recently refronted) bearing the sign of the Czar's Head. This was the favourite resort of Peter when in London. Hither he would come from Deptford after his labours in the dockyard, and his watching the changes which the artificers of the yard were making in a yacht called the Royal Transport, which King William had presented to him, with permission to make such alterations in her as he considered necessary. He came from Deptford to London in a small decked boat, which he assisted in working to Tower Stairs. After the orgies he delighted in, he was not, I fear, very well fitted to pilot the boat on their return down the river to Deptford; but the Thames was not then lashed and troubled by large and small steamers and boats of every description, which now crowd her waters from London Bridge to Blackwall. He may have concluded his nights at the Czar's Head.

King William was not inattentive to the Czar. He made him a second visit, at which an odd incident occurred. The Czar had a favourite monkey, which usually sat upon the back of the Czar's chair. As soon as the king was seated, the monkey jumped somewhat angrily upon him. The "great Nassau" was disconcerted, the whole ceremonial discomposed, and most of the time—Lord Dartmouth, who tells the story, assures us—was spent in apologies for the monkey's behaviour.

The Czar is said to have enjoyed his visit to England, but it was high time for him to return. He had been apprehensive of his sister's intrigues, and a confirmation of his

suspicious hurried him away. On Monday, the eighteenth of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, he went to Kensington, to take leave of the king. "He thanked his majesty for the kind entertainment and honour he had received in his majesty's dominions, and for the fine ship he had presented him with." On the same occasion, Peter made a present to his majesty of "a fine ruby of very great value." On Wednesday, the twentieth of April, he dined at Wimbledon with the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Danby, so celebrated in the reign of Charles the Second, and the father of his friend the Marquis of Caermarthen. On his return to Deptford the same night, he found, "very fine music to divert and serenade him." This was the last night he spent on shore. On Thursday, the twenty-first of April, he set sail from Deptford, for Holland, under convoy of two men-of-war—the *Yerk* and the *Greenwich*—and three yachts, commanded by Admiral Mitchell. He was detained for some days by contrary winds, but at last left England, which he was never to see again. He landed at the Hague, sending the Royal Transport yacht to Archangel, from whence (so it was said) he was to carry it by land to the river Tanais. Lord Caermarthen accompanied him as far as Chatham, to whom, however, he did not say farewell without conferring a favour—and one of moment. This was the right of importing tobacco into Russia. In the first year he was to consign three thousand hogsheads, in the second five thousand, and afterwards six thousand hogsheads yearly. What the marquis made by his monopoly no one has told us.

His physician he left behind him for two months, that he might see Oxford, Cambridge, and Bath, and took with him two boys from the mathematical school founded at Christ's Hospital by King Charles the Second, and what the newspapers of the time describe as, "the famous geographical clock made by Mr. John Carte, watchmaker, at the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex Street in the Strand; which clock tells what o'clock it is in any part of the world, whether it is day or night, the sun's rising or setting throughout the year, its entrance into the signs of the zodiac; the arch which they and the sun in them makes above or below the horizon, with several other curious motions." This Peter bought, but the price is not named.

When Admiral Benbow returned to his house at Saye's Court, great was his consternation at finding the unnecessary damage that had been done to it by Peter and his retinue; still greater was the consternation which the author of *Sylva* expressed when he saw the state to which his far-famed garden had been reduced. Benbow complained to Evelyn, and both Benbow and Evelyn memorialised the lords of the Treasury for compensation for the injuries done. Their joint

memorials were referred to the surveyor-general of works, Sir Christopher Wren, and to his majesty's principal gardener, Mr. London, the earliest English gardener of any reputation whose name has reached us. Both reported strongly in favour of the claims for compensation. Evelyn received, "in compensation for the damage done to his house, goods, and gardens, at Deptford, by his Czarises majesty and his retinue while they resided there," the sum of one hundred and sixty-two pounds seven shillings; and Admiral Benbow received, "for like damage done to his goods," the sum of one hundred and thirty-three pounds two shillings and sixpence. The payments were made by the paymaster of his majesty's works, and are included in his accounts. The in-door habits of Peter and his retinue were, it appears from the estimate of damages, filthy in the extreme.

In the garden at Saye's Court was what Evelyn himself calls an impregnable holly hedge, four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet thick. This fine holly hedge was a source of delight to Peter and his retinue. They made it a point of attack, and were accustomed to amuse themselves by endeavouring to drive a wheelbarrow through it. Peter himself was sometimes in the barrow. Such is the received story, which I can now confirm by Benbow's claim for compensation: his estimate for damages including the sum of one pound for three wheelbarrows broke and lost.

Evelyn was prepared for some damage to his house. "There is a house full of people," his servant writes to him, "and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The king is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The king pays for all he has."

London, the gardener, divided his report (it is dated May ninth, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight) under, "what can be repaired and what cannot." The marrow of his report (it is now published for the first time) is as follows:

1. All the grass-work is out of order and broke into holes by their leaping and showing tricks upon it.
2. The bowling-green is in the same condition.
3. All that ground which used to be cultivated for eatable plants is all overgrown with weeds, and is not manured nor cultivated, by reason the Czar would not suffer any men to work when the season offered.
4. The wall-fruit and standard fruit-trees are unpurged.
5. The hedges and wilderness are not cut as they ought to be.
6. The gravel walks are all broke into holes and out of order.

The several observations were made by George

London, his Majesty's gardener, and he certifies that to put the garden and plantations in as good repair as they were in before his Czarish Majesty resided there, will require the sum of fifty-five pounds.

GEORGE LONDON.

Great damages are done to the trees and plants, which cannot be repaired, as the breaking the branches of the wall-fruit trees, spoiling two or three of the finest true phillereas, breaking several hollys and other fine plants.

Any inroad of the Czar Nicholas and all the Russias upon Europe would leave Europe much as the Czar Peter and his retinue left the house and garden at Deptford of the learned and refined John Evelyn. I can hear the laugh of Peter, as with brute force, stimulated by drink, he drove the wheelbarrow, with Prince Menzikoff upon it, into the prickly holly hedge, five feet in thickness.

LONDON STONES.

HAMMERING at the Alps, when there is a wallet to be filled with geological specimens in London streets, is scarcely worth the while of any amateur stone-pecker who lives within sound of Bow bells. I understand going in search of Alpine breezes, studying physical geography abroad, fossil hunting, stratum stalking, but I should hardly think of quitting London to collect diversities of rock. Of that sort of geology, why may I not have my fill between Cheapside and Piccadilly?

To begin at the beginning, without climbing a mountain, I can see where the granite crops out, beyond the kerb of every pavement. The metropolitan police may object to a free use of the hammer, but even if no cart-wheel ever chipped us off a specimen, it is a blessed institution of the metropolis that roads or pavements are perpetually being taken up; and he is a wonderful man whose lot it never has been to get a specimen of granite in his eye, chipped from the mass by some one of an army of men licensed to use hammer and chisel. You may go to Switzerland or Norway, travel over miles, and see only one sort of granite. Here, in London, you have specimens of almost every sort. In chips of every form and colour, you may admire the spangles of the mica and the very many sorts of granite pudding made by sundry mixtures of the felspar and the quartz. With granite, geology begins; upon that hard, crystalline rock, our solid earth all lies a-bed. It has been molten once, and has cooled into a crystalline form; of it, as well as porphyry, sienite and basalt, there are innumerable specimens to be had in the streets of London. We take an omnibus at the Bank for Paddington, and rumble over stones that were all prepared in the furnace millions of years before Cheapside was thought about, or indeed before Britannia's head was fairly above water.

Then, of the slate rocks that rest upon the granite, we have a most ample representation on the roofs of houses. Wherever there is a

house being built, the seeker of slate is saved a trip to Wicklow or North Wales, and may fill his pocket with a class of rocks several thousands of feet thick, that naturally rise to a great elevation, and by their broken, serrated outlines, give peculiar beauty to the scenery of which they form a part.

The geological deposits of London are not governed by the same laws that regulate the depositions of the strata in the common course of nature. Here the first may be last and the last first, the granite overlies the clay, and such reversal of the usual order of things has been produced by no movements within the bowels of the earth, but by movements on its surface, commonly effected by the agency of water, wind, steam, and animal traction, brought into full play by the requirements of a crowded population. If there be a useful purpose to which the rock formation of any geological period can be economically applied, it is sure to be deposited in London, irrespective of any order of nature to the contrary; but if otherwise, the geological student may safely make up his mind that it will not be found. For this reason it is not easy to get specimens in London streets of the rocks which naturally overlie the primary—the transition rocks—which set out with Sir Roderick Murchison's silurian system. They are at home in England on the south-east borders of North Wales, where they reside constantly, and never come to town. They are the country cousins of the stones of London. But of the old red sandstone rocks, the Devonian, the coal, the new red sandstone, the magnesian limestones, which are the strata next following in order, we get numerous examples. Door-steps, landings, and many miles of London pavement are composed of a great artificial stratum of the carboniferous sandstone from Craigleith, and other parts of Scotland. In no place in the world are there to be found a greater number of the varieties of coal, or more people actively engaged in soliciting public attention to their respective qualities. Fragments of lias are much less abundant, though they may be found in lapidaries' yards, chipped from the blocks used by lithographers, while of the oolitic series, which lies above, the specimens are splendid. Of the roe-stone, which comes among the stones of London as a friend from Bath, the new facing to Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Westminster, is a pretty specimen, but it looks worn, though its age is under thirty. Specimens of this Bath limestone may be had in the neighbourhood of several new buildings, and more specimens are to be found of another and a finer limestone brought to us from the Isle of Portland. St. Paul's Cathedral, Somerset House, and the Reform Club, are good specimens of this last. The curious observer may also study the effect of London air and smoke on stone. Some carved fragments meant to be worked into St. Paul's Cathedral have

been lying in Portland Island ever since St. Paul's was built. They are covered with lichen, but not a chisel mark has mouldered out of sight, while fellow portions of such columns which are exposed to the south and south-west wind in Saint Paul's churchyard have lost all sharpness of outline. Then there is the magnesian limestone, separated by the lower beds of new red sandstone from the coal. Westminster Hall is a London fragment of magnesian limestone, brought from the quarries of Huddlestone, near Sherborne. The New Houses of Parliament form a more recent specimen, of which it must be a proud thing to a chemist to feel that they provide for the legislature of Great Britain a grand temple of chalk and magnesia. The magnesian limestone used in the building of the Houses of Parliament, whereof there are to be had an infinity of chips, is brought from Bolsover in Derbyshire, and its extreme durability is attested by the fresh look of a church at Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, built of the same stone some nine hundred years ago.

The decay of rocks, as well as many various kinds of them, may be examined also in our London graveyards. Every tombstone is a study for geologists.

The green-sand, which is exposed in cliffs on the south side of the Isle of Wight, is brought to the surface in London by deep borings for Artesian wells. Above the green-sand, and immediately below the London clay, is the great chalk formation, represented in the milk of the metropolis. As for the London clay, we case ourselves in that, for it is represented in the London bricks. Finally, there lies over all the alluvium, the London soil, the deposit going on in our own day. This is certainly a thing which no man will quit London to see, but which he must quit London not to see, the more's the pity.

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun ;
The dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendour of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the grey shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left my dream on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay,
There was nothing but glistening dewdrops
Remained of my dream to-day.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

HALF a life-time ago there lived a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the owner of the small farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty acres of land by which it was surrounded. She had also an hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wild fells that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a Stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfell road, between Skelwith and Conistone. You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfell. A brook babbles and brattles by the way-side, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Conistone there is a farmstead,—a grey stone house and a square of farm-buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty, funereal, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the light and heat of the brightest summer day. On the side away from the house, this yard slopes down to a dark-brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the overflows of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook before mentioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles. The cattle drink out of this cistern. The household bring their pitchers and fill them with drinking water by a dilatory, yet pretty, process! The water-carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in the crevice of the grey rock, makes a cool green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished oaken awmry, or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and offered money enough (as they thought), to tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said; they would be out rambling or sketching all day

long; would be perfectly content with a share of the food which she provided for herself; or would procure what they required from the Waterhead Inn at Coniston. But no liberal sum—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than that first room; no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to sit down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sate down without being asked, Susan stood by, cold and apparently deaf, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealings in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen after a bargain—a hard one to have to do with; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of oats, pricing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own cleaner corn.

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow-labourers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew her, and knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from her childhood; and deep in their hearts was an unspoken—almost unconscious—pity for her; for they knew her story, though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall, gaunt, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright-spirited and rosy; and when the hearth at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty-one years ago, William Dixon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old—ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Cumberland statesmen,—just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstrative; disliking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each household self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbours, with whom they rarely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christmas; having a certain kind of sober pleasure in amassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they call miserly people up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, solid books brought round by the pedlars (the

Paradise Lost and Regained, the Death of Abel, the Spiritual Quixote, and the Pilgrim's Progress) were to be found in nearly every house: the men occasionally going off laking, *i.e.* playing, *i.e.* drinking for days together, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had a dreadful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as malt and spirituous liquors in the world; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are—the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their compeers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, statesmen from a distance from beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send their sons to be farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeen, one Michael Hurst was farm-servant at Yew Nook. He worked with the master and lived with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesman at Wythburne, up beyond Grasmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearing, and the Hursts came down by Red Bank and Loughrig Tarn and across the Oxenfield when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yew Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and household arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly preferring their own. Both fathers and mothers cast a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent rejoiced over it, although with characteristic reserve it was never spoken about—not even between husband and wife.

Susan had been a strong, independent, healthy girl; a clever help to her mother and a spirited companion to her father; more of a man in her (as he often said) than her delicate little brother ever would have.

He was his mother's darling, although she loved Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan—I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken; when one winter-time Margaret Dixon was seized with inflammation consequent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off, she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb-tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured; he came on with rapid strides, and shooting arrows of portentous agony. Susan had never seen illness—never knew how much she loved her mother till now, when she felt a dreadful instinctive certainty that she was losing her. Her mind was thronged with recollections of the many times she had slighted her mother's wishes; her heart was full of the echoes of careless and angry replies that she had spoken. What would she not now give to have opportunities of service and obedience, and trials of her patience and love for that dear mother who lay gasping in torture! And yet Susan had been a good girl and an affectionate daughter.

The sharp pain went off, and delicious ease came on; yet still her mother sunk. In the midst of this languid peace she was dying. She motioned Susan to her bedside, for she could only whisper; and then, while the father was out of the room, she spoke as much to the eager, hungering eyes of her daughter by the motion of her lips, as by the slow feeble sounds of her voice.

"Susan, lass, thou must not fret. It is God's will, and thou wilt have a deal to do. Keep father straight if thou canst; and if he goes out Ulverstone ways, see that thou meet him before he gets to the Old Quarry. It's a dree bit for a man who has had a drop. As for lile Will"—here the poor woman's face began to work and her fingers to move nervously as they lay on the bed-quilt—"lile Will will miss me most of all. Father's often vexed with him because he's not a quick, strong lad; he is not, my poor lile chap. And father thinks he's saucy, because he cannot always stomach oat-cake and porridge. There's better than three pound in th' old black teapot on the top shelf of the cupboard. Just keep a piece of loaf-bread by you, Susan dear, for Will to come to when he's not taken his breakfast. I have, may be, spoilt him; but there'll be no one to spoil him now."

She began to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face! those precious moments while yet the eyes could look out with love and intelligence. Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will. Mother, do you hear? He shall not want ought I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you! bless you! my own mother."

"Thou'lt promise me that, Susan, wilt thou? I can die easy if thou'lt take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folk; he tries father at times, though I think father'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And, Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-tale, but I just comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee, Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before; it was the first time that her influence over Michael had been openly acknowledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came on the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when her children and her husband stood by her bedside, she took lile Will's hand and put it into Susan's, and looked at her with imploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Will, and leaned her head upon his curly pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was all in all to her brother. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to lile Will when she was prompt and sharp with everybody else—with Michael most of all; for somehow the girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold he had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, admired by all the girls for miles round, and quite enough of a country coxcomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night, in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she seemed to have made for herself about keeping him

at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney-corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forwards, lazily gazing into the wood-fire on the hearth, and luxuriating in rest after a hard day's labour; she sitting among the geraniums on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light, to enable her to finish stitching a shirt-collar for Will, who lounged full length on the flags at the other side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood from time to time with a long hazel-stick to bring out the leap of glittering sparks.

"And if you can dance a threesome reel, what good does it do ye?" asked Susan, looking askance at Michael, who had just been vaunting his proficiency. "Does it help you plough, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest. If I were a man I'd be ashamed to give in to such softness."

"If you were a man you'd be glad to do anything which made the pretty girls stand round and admire."

"As they do to you, eh! ho! Michael! that would not be my way o' being a man."

"What would then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. No answer.

"I should not like you as a man, Susy. You'd be too hard and headstrong."

"Am I hard and headstrong?" asked she with as indifferent a tone as she could assume, but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick ear detected the inflexion.

"No, Susy! You're wilful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water. Her eyes never flash like yours when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now, if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of yours; as it is, I rather like them, because—"

"Because what?" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her.

"Because I can make all right in this way," said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp and panting, half with rage. "Take that, by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomfited and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended to go on sewing.

"Eleanor Hebblewhite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but— Confound thee, lad! what art doing?" exclaimed Michael, as

a great piece of burning wood was cast into his face by an unlucky poke of Will's. "Thou' great lounging clumsy chap, I'll teach thee better!" and with one or two good round kicks he sent the lad whimpering away into the back kitchen. When he had a little recovered himself from his passion, he saw Susan standing before him, her face looking strange and almost ghastly by the reversed position of the shadows arising from the fire-light shining upwards right under it.

"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face," said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not o' purpose, as thou kicked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard and they'd ne'er ha' said ought but damn ye; but you lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if one touches him," replied Michael sullenly.

Susan went back to the window-seat, and looked absently out of the window at the drifting clouds for a minute or two, while her eyes filled with tears. Then she got up and made for the outer door which led into the back-kitchen. Before she reached it, however, she heard a low voice, whose music made her thrill, say—

"Susan, Susan!"

Her heart melted within her, but it seemed like treachery to her poor boy, like faithlessness to her dead mother to turn to her lover while the tears which he had caused to flow were yet unwiped on Will's cheeks. So she seemed to take no heed but passed into the darkness, and, guided by the sobs, she found her way to where Willie sat crouched among disused tubs and churns.

"Come out wi' me, lad;" and they went into the orchard, where the fruit-trees were bare of leaves, but ghastly in their tattered covering of grey moss: and the southing November wind came with long sweeps over the fells till it rattled among the crackling boughs, underneath which the brother and sister sate in the dark; he in her lap, and she hushing his head against her shoulder.

"Thou shouldst na' play wi' fire. It's a naughty trick. Thou'll suffer for it in worse ways nor this before thou'st done, I'm afeared. I should ha' hit thee twice as lungeous kicks as Mike, if I'd been in his place. He did na' hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, half as a question.

"Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick." And he let his head fall languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come lad! come lad!" said she anxiously "Be a man. It was not much that I saw. Why, when first the red cow came she kicked

me far harder for offering to milk her before her legs were tied. See thee! here's a peppermint drop, and I'll make thee a pasty to-night; only don't give way so, for it hurts me sore to think that Michael has done thee any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the wet and ruffled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went towards the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Willie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into darkness; the wood was a heap of grey ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew by the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and lighted the candle, and sate down to her work in silence. Willie cowered on his stool by the side of the fire, eyeing his sister from time to time, and sorry and oppressed, he knew not why, by the sight of her grave, almost stern face. No one came. They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some friend's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Susan had no heart to prepare the evening meal.

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?" said Willie, in his little piping gentle voice. He had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry if Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead mother—don't—don't—please don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face on her shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be feared on me. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't you be feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—he shall."

When William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand in hand, and apparently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that he would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when Susan came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the cart for lime. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding night, before he returned—at any rate, past her usual bed-time; and on no account would she stop up a minute beyond that hour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bed-room. Here she sate and watched till past midnight; and when she saw him coming up the brow with the carts,

she knew full well, even in that faint moonlight, that his gait was the gait of a man in liquor. But though she was annoyed and mortified to find in what way he had chosen to forget her, the fact did not disgust or shock her as it would have done many a girl, even at that day, who had not been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the out-buildings and farm in a very disconsolate and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his side, ostentatious friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sate gloomily at her work, hearing an indistinct, but cheerful conversation going on in the shippin, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad or sorry.

Soon Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me; I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn—run! run!" (He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day.) Round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who stood there awaiting her.

"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held."

"Only one word. Nay, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly loosing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murmuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming sadness. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart."

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plait the hem of her apron.

He came close to her ear.

"I am sorry I hurt Willie the other night. He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied. "But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

"Stop, stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more

I've got to say. I want you to be my—what is it they call it, Susan?"

"I don't know," said she, half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she could not manage it.

"You do. My—what is it I want you to be?"

"I tell you I don't know; and you had best be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you're as bad now as you were last night."

"And how did you know what I was last night? It was past twelve when I came home. Were you watching? Ah, Susan! be my wife, and you shall never have to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband, I would come straight home, and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. I ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she only said, "Ask Father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the barn, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face where he stood.

The "Ask Father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folk, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the prescience of experience, saw that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtless, old Daniel said, to be trusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrewd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and so felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right, there was not an obstacle; only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spared, and which it must be confessed he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was called down-stairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She stood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move, while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address

in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwing her apron over her face, she sat down on the bench by the dresser, and fairly gave way to pent-up tears. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was comforted, by tender caress, and many a low whispered promise of love. Her father sat by the fire, thinking of the days that were gone; Willie was still out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt no one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and wife.

In a week, or two, they were formally told of the arrangements to be made in their favour. A small farm in the neighbourhood happened to fall vacant; and Michael's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both fathers were to help towards the furnishing of the house. Susan received all this information in a quiet indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours; she cared least of all for the money amount of dowry and of substance. It jarred on her to be made the confidant of occasional slight repinings of Michael's as one by one his future father-in-law set aside a beast or a pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their kind upon the farm. But he also complained of his own father's stinginess, which somewhat, though not much, alleviated Susan's dislike to being awakened out of her pure dream of love to the consideration of worldly wealth.

But in the midst of all this bustle, Willie moped and pined. He had the same chord of delicacy running through his mind that made his body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occupied in whittling and carving uncouth heads on hazel sticks in an out-house. But he positively avoided Michael, and shrunk away even from Susan. She was too much occupied to notice this at first. Michael pointed it out to her, saying, with a laugh,—

"Look at Willie! he might be a cast-off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael spoke this jest out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go!" said Susan (for her lover's arm was round her waist). "I must go to him if he's fretting. I promised mother I would!" She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and barn, through the orchard, where indeed in this leafless winter-time there was no great concealment, up

one knows how the matter was managed ; but every one knows that, when the executioner presented himself, the cell was empty. The two brothers, who had succeeded in escaping, after vain exertions to cut or open their common fetter, proceeded across country, in order to avoid any unpleasant meeting. When daylight came, they hid themselves in the rocks ; at night, they continued their journey. In the middle of the night, they met a lion. The two brothers began by throwing stones at him and shouting with all their strength to drive him away ; but the animal lay down before them, and would not stir. Finding that threats and insults did no good, they tried the effect of prayers ; but the lion bounded upon them, dashed them to the ground, and amused himself by eating the elder of the two at the side of his brother, who pretended to be dead. When the lion came to the leg which was confined by the iron fetter, finding it resisted his teeth, he cut off the limb above the knee. Then, whether he had eaten enough, or whether he was thirsty, he proceeded to a spring a little way off. The poor surviving wretch looked around for a place of refuge ; for he was afraid the lion would come back again after drinking. And therefore, dragging after him his brother's leg, he contrived to hide himself in a silo, which he had the good luck to find close by. Shortly afterwards, he heard the lion roaring with rage and pacing to and fro close to the hole in which he had retreated. At last, daylight came, and the lion departed. The instant that the unfortunate man got out of the silo, he found himself in the presence of several of the Bey's cavalry, who were on his track. One of them took him up on horseback behind him, and he was brought back to Constantine, where they put him into prison again. The Bey, scarcely believing the facts related by his vassals, desired to see the man, and had him appear before him, still dragging after him his brother's leg. Ahmed-Bey, notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, ordered the fetter to be broken, and granted the poor wretch his life.

It is now time to buckle on our game-bag, and go out with M. Gérard to shoot a lion to put into it.

"My aid had been requested,"—writes the Lion-killer,—“by the inhabitants of the Mahouna (circle of Ghelma), to rid them of a family of lions who had taken up their quarters among them, and who abused the rights of hospitality. On arriving there, I received all the requisite information, and I learned that every night they went to drink in the Oued-Cherf. I immediately repaired to the borders of that stream, and found there, not only those gentry's footmarks on the sand, but also the points of their usual approach and departure. The family was numerous ; it consisted of the father, mother, and three grown-up children. According to the natives, their den was

situated in an impenetrable stronghold half-way up the mountain. Old Taieb, the chieftain of the place, came to me, took me by the arm, and said, as he pointed to the numerous tracks imprinted on the water's edge, “They are too many for us ; let us come away.”

“At that epoch, I had already passed more than a hundred nights alone and unsheltered, with the starry firmament for my roof, sometimes seated at the bottom of a ravine frequented by lions, sometimes beating the narrow paths which were scarcely distinguishable through the woods. I had met with gangs of marauders and with lions, and, by the help of God and St. Hubert, I had always got out of my difficulties unharmed. Only, experience had taught me that two bullets rarely sufficed to kill an adult lion ; and every time I opened a fresh campaign, I could not help remembering such and such a night which seemed a little too long, either because I had been suddenly attacked by the fever which compelled my hand to tremble when I commanded it to be firm, or because an unwelcome thunderstorm had prevented my seeing the least thing whatever near me for whole hours, and that at moments when the rolling thunder was responded to by the lion's roar, so close that I regarded every flash of lightning as a lucky event whose continuance I would have purchased at the price of half my blood.

“But still, I loved this solitary life ; I sought it from a feeling of nationality, for the sake of lowering the malevolent pride of the Arabs, whom I delighted to see bow down before a Frenchman ; not so much for the services which he gratuitously rendered them at the risk of his life, but because he accomplished alone what they dared not undertake in company. And thus, not only was every lion who fell a subject to them of astonishment ; but, moreover, they could not understand how a stranger dare venture alone by night into ravines which the natives avoided in broad daylight. In the eyes of the Arabs (brave in war, brave everywhere except in the presence of “the master,” who, they say, derives his strength from God) the sportsman has no need to awaken the doubts of the mountains by a distant gunshot, in order to obtain a triumph. It is enough for him to quit his tent at the evening twilight, and to return safe and sound at the point of day. It will be easily understood that this feeling of the popular mind made it a law for me to proceed in the path I had traced out ; that it even afforded me a great support against emotions which were sometimes too strong ; and, I am not ashamed to add, against the mental agony of nocturnal isolation in a country abounding with perils of every description.

“If, amongst the sportsmen for whose sake I have written these lines, there were one who desired to enter the lists,—in order to make

him comprehend the enjoyment which is the recompense for the moral and physical fatigue necessarily undergone by whoever exercises such a profession as this, to him I would say: The career is open to all; enter upon it valiantly! But have nothing to do with the covered hiding-places, the ambuscades in use amongst the Arabs! Have nothing to do with daylight sport, either alone, or in the presence of people who will prevent your feeling afraid! Wait for the night; and at the first roar of the lion, set out, but set out alone and on foot. If you do not meet with the animal, begin again the following night, if you can, and then the next, and then again the next, till your expedition has come to its dénouement. If you return (which I heartily desire, in order that I may resign my office to you), I promise you, in reward for the trouble you have had, in the first place, a perfect indifference about death, with whom you will always be ready to enter into alliance; and secondly, the esteem, the affection, the gratitude, and more than that, of a multitude of people who are, and will remain, hostile to all your countrymen, and to your religion; and, finally, recollections which will infuse youth into your old age. If you do not return (for which I shall be extremely sorry, both on your account and my own), you may be assured that on the spot where the Arabs find your remains, they will raise, not a mausoleum, as people call it at home, but a heap of stones, on the summit of which they will place broken pots, old iron, cannon balls, in short a heap of things which serve them in the place of epitaph, and which signify, 'A man died here.' You ought to know that amongst the Arabs, it is not enough to wear moustaches on your lips, and a beard on your chin, to be 'a man;' and I can assure you that this simple epitaph implies more than many eulogistic phrases, and that, for my own part, I desire no other."

This digression will be excused as a transitional interlude to the rest of M. Gérard's story.

"The old cheik earnestly insisted at first, that I should enter the douar, and then that he should leave with me a few men, whose looks betrayed that they were not anxious to stop. I refused both propositions, and persuaded him to retire with his people; for the night was approaching, and the lions might now come down at any moment. The brave fellow unwillingly complied with my advice; and before leaving, asked my permission to say the evening prayers in company with his followers, in order, he said, that God might watch over me during the night, through the whole course of which no one in the mountain would close their eyes, but would anxiously await, both great and small, for the news which my gun should tell them. The prayer ended, the cheik came to me, and said:

"If it please God to hear our prayers, and

if you will cheer the spirits of those who love you,—after you have killed, light the fire which my men shall prepare directly; so that, when our ears have heard the signal of battle, our eyes may behold the token of victory. I promise you we will answer you.' I readily assented to Taieb's wish; and in an instant an enormous pile was made, and so well prepared that a match was all that was wanted to set it on fire. While the cheik's people were busy about the preparations, with an ardour rare amongst the Arabs (who are the incarnation of indolence), their master remained close by my side, and said—

"If I thought you would not laugh at me, I would give you a piece of advice."

"An old man's words," I answered, 'are always respected.'

"Well, listen, my son. If the lions come to-night, the seigneur with the great head (the Arabs thus designate the adult male lion) will march the first. Do not trouble yourself about the others. The children are already too big for the mother to concern herself about them, and they all trust entirely to their father; keep your eye, therefore, on the seigneur with the great head. Do not forget that, if your hour is come, it is he who will kill you, and the others who will eat you.' His people having called him at that moment, 'Go on,' he shouted to them, 'I will follow you directly.' Then, after an inquiring glance around, as if he had some confidential communication to make, he put his mouth close to my ear, and said in a whisper, 'He has stolen my handsomest mare and ten bullocks.'

"Who has robbed you of that?" I asked, in the same subdued tone of voice.

"He!" he answered, pointing with his fist to the mountain slope.

"But," said I, beginning to lose patience, 'tell me the name of the thief.'

"The seigneur with the great head."

"The last words were spoken so low that I could only catch the final syllables; but I guessed the rest, and could not help laughing when I recollected his recommendations. A few minutes afterwards the cheik had disappeared in the wood, and I was left alone on the brink of the Oued-Cherf, in the presence of the footsteps of five lions who had been there only the day before, of the pile of firewood prepared in their honour, and of the mysterious den, over which the shades of night already cast an impenetrable veil, which my imagination amused itself with tearing asunder, to count the claws and the teeth of the seigneur with the big head and of the family under his protection.

"Seated beneath an oleander which commands the ford, I tried hard to discover with ears and eyes the fire of a tent, the barking of a dog on the hills, something, in short, which should say to me, 'You are not utterly alone.' But all was silent and dark around

"Hold thy noise, wilt 'a?" said Michael roughly, as he passed near him, and threatening him with his fist. Susan's back was turned to the pair. The expression of Willie's face changed from vacancy to fear, and he came shambling up to Susan, and put her arm round him, and, as if protected by that shelter, he began pulling faces at Michael. Susan saw what was going on, and, as if now first struck by the strangeness of her brother's manner, she looked anxiously at Michael for an explanation. Michael was irritated at Willie's defiance of him, and did not mince the matter.

"It's just that the fever has left him silly—he never was as wise as other folk, and now I doubt if he will ever get right."

Susan did not speak, but she went very pale, and her lip quivered. She looked long and wistfully at Willie's face, as he watched the motion of the ducks in the great stable-pool. He laughed softly to himself from time to time.

"Willie likes to see the ducks go over-head," said Susan, instinctively adopting the form of speech she would have used to a young child.

"Willie, boo! Willie, boo!" he replied, clapping his hands, and avoiding her eye.

"Speak properly, Willie," said Susan, making a strong effort at self-control, and trying to arrest his attention.

"You know who I am—tell me my name!" She grasped his arm almost painfully tight to make him attend. Now he looked at her, and, for an instant, a gleam of recognition quivered over his face; but the exertion was evidently painful, and he began to cry at the vainness of the effort to recall her name. He hid his face upon her shoulder with the old affectionate trick of manner. She put him gently away, and went into the house into her own little bedroom. She locked the door, and did not reply at all to Michael's calls for her, hardly spoke to old Peggy, who tried to tempt her out to receive some homely sympathy, and through the open casement there still came the idiotic sound of "Willie, boo! Willie, boo!"

THE CAITIFF POSTMAN.

ONCE upon a time, and not by any means a thousand years ago, there was a great and noble baronet, who lived upon a very fine estate, famously stocked with game. And in the midst of this very fine estate, there lived a mean little country postman. In the midst of the estate, and hotly besieged and invested by the game of plump Sir Pitiless Stone, Bart., Mantrap Court, the little farmhouse stood, at the end of the small village of Hareskin, tenanted of another landlord by the gaunt, weary-faced Matthew, of her Majesty's Post Office Department. Now, Matthew was an indefatigable and by no means too profusely salaried servant of the queen, who, like

many a postman in a rural district, travelled forty miles a-day, through winter and summer, fair weather and foul—twenty miles on foot and twenty on a pony.

The few acres of ground which this mean little fellow of a postman has about his house wherewith to eke out a subsistence, are, for the most part, orchard-land; and when Matthew's apples had been gathered, they used to be left exposed upon the grass for a month or two, according to the custom of the county, before being converted into cider. The rabbits of Sir Pitiless Stone love the little postman's apples; and accordingly they organise excursion parties every night during the season to eat apples and enjoy themselves at the expense of Matthew upon Matthew's orchard-ground. From all parts of the estate, trains of rabbits come into the bit of ground, forming, as they think, parties of pleasure; though it is a sign of the great obduracy and hardness of that rascally Matthew's heart that he can find no pleasure in them. He did once, even, conceive the diabolical design of upsetting one of these excursion trains, and the story of that outrage is the subject of the present notice.

Perhaps it is too dreadful a story for the pages of this journal—not, indeed, on account of the strength of incident, but of the deep awe with which everything that concerns beings so high in the scale of law or nature as pheasants or rabbits have to be thought about, and of the irreverence of naming them together with such vermin as postmen. We will tell our tale as best we may, however:—

It pleased the sacred rabbits so to honour the poor postman as to eat his apples; and the postman's wife, out of her unsoftened and unsanctified heart, was bold enough to denounce these superior creatures, as if they had been her equals, by the name of vermin, and to order her son Tom—a private in Sir Pitiless's own militia regiment—to lay a snare for them. In this way she proposed to check those visits which were certainly an honour, and (though it might not seem so to her limited view) could only have been a blessing to her household. The bad woman and her son Tom—partly misled by a wicked law which authorises farmers and other creatures to kill hares and rabbits when they come upon their premises—supposed that a snare in their fence on the track of the blessed visitants would best answer their wicked purpose, and be also in accordance with the corrupt spirit of the law just mentioned.

We almost shrink from saying that the atrocious boy Tom did accordingly, for the mean selfish object of protection to his paltry mother's paltry apples, lay a snare in the principal run of the rabbits, as the path of those bright ornaments of earth is called. If anything is required to assure you of the fact that he was utterly lost in the confined blackness and obstinacy of sin

against all that is most sacred in the rural districts of England, we have only to add, that he did this audaciously, publicly, in the face of his neighbours; that there was even no concealment of it from the nearest minister of game, who as a keeper of their holy temple—the preserves—came on the same night and sat, like a game bird himself, perched on a tree all the night long directly over the said snare. So, when the black-hearted wretch came to the spot at about six in the morning to find his snare empty, the reverend minister of game leaped down on him and collared him, and dragged him off as a prisoner to Mantrap Court.

As is the way with all great rogues, Tom invoked loudly the aid of the law; declared that his arrest without a summons was illegal, and defied Sir Pitiless to punish him.

"I have a good mind to commit you," said Sir Pitiless, and let him go.

O, what a good man was Sir Pitiless to be merciful to a vile boy! He was so kind as to see that when he could not strike this wicked Tom in front without much noise and trouble, to put him out of his pain, or into that destruction which is the reward of boys like him, it was better to stab him in the back. Now, as it was the pride of Tom to prefer his father's substance to the well-being even of a rabbit, here, in this pride, was the very handle for the dagger. Thus wrote the right honourable gentleman to the postmaster-general:

MY LORD,—I beg to call your lordship's attention to the case of the postman between Dash and Asterisk. He occupies a house in the midst of my game preserves, on which his sons, who are desperate poachers, are continually making depredations. He, however, pays their fines when convicted, and encourages them in their unlawful proceedings. I, therefore, have to request that you will deprive this man of his office, and appoint a more respectable character in his place.

I have, &c. &c.,

PITILESS STONE, Bart., J. P.

Now, instead of taking the word of a baronet, and quietly depriving the gaunt postman of his office, his lordship the postmaster-general must needs violate the confidence and secrecy implied always by the mover in this sort of transaction; for what does he do? He transmits the letter of Sir Pitiless the baronet to Matthew the mere postman, and asks him—him!—for his answer to the charge contained in it. What is the destiny of a country when a member of its government is to be found asking a fellow like that—a member of the vulgar class—to reply to what a gentleman has said? Who is he that he should have an answer on his lips?

Matthew, impertinent, as all low people are, behaved as might have been expected. He took the letter, in a great fright, to the clergyman of the parish, who knew all about the matter, as seen from his own conventional

and narrow point of view. Matthew had been a parishioner of his for twenty years, and for that reason he had the audacity to think himself called upon to certify to the postmaster-general that Matthew's sons had never once been fined, were by no means poachers, and had never been accused of poaching save in the one recent instance; finally, that he himself knew the respectability of Matthew's family to have been kept unspotted for twenty years. Desiring to support himself in this wrong cause of opposition to the wishes of a noble baronet, whose only design had been to make a rascal feel what it was to grumble at the condescension of his game, this clergyman referred to other clergymen and gentlemen of the vicinity for a corroboration of his testimony. It is hardly necessary to add that the profligate government official took advantage of this testimony as a ground of refusal to the application of Sir Pitiless. Of what use is it to have a stake or pheasant in the country, if this is the attention one gets upon application even for the smallest favour?

Surely, however, there are more ways than one of ruining a postman. Sir Pitiless applied to Matthew's landlord, and desired to buy the little farm the catiff occupied. Once become Matthew's landlord, he could, not only turn him out, but keep him out. The landlord, of the same gang, it would seem, with the postmaster-general, summarily refused to sell.

Sir Pitiless Stone, Bart., could do nothing then but worry the boy Tom in his capacity of private under his command in the Asterisk Militia. Tom, who had not respected rabbits, was of course the boy to speak murderously of a Bart. and was heard to say in a desperate way, that Sir Pitiless tormented and worried till he was half ready to run his bayonet through him. He did a better thing, by withdrawing himself wholly from the sight of his offended master. He enlisted into the line, and is at present a private of the gallant three thousand nine hundred and twenty-seventh, now on its way to the Crimea.

PIERRE ERARD.

ON Monday, the twentieth of August last, when all Paris, and all its vast crowds of visitors, were agog to see Queen Victoria in the Champs Elysées, a stately hearse, followed by mourning coaches and a large procession, crossed the avenue, and changed for a moment the thoughts of the sight-seers. The question, "Whose is it?—whose is it?" brought out the answer, "It is the funeral of Pierre Erard, the piano-forte maker"—the last of his name.

Without prejudging the questions of rivalry and merit between the French and English pianoforte-makers, and while stating with all possible reserve the claims out

forth by the Erards, we think part of their tale worth telling to our readers, most of whom must have heard of Erard's pianos. The genealogy of these instruments is the psaltery or dulcimer, the clavichord (the tinkling grandfather of the pianoforte), the harpsichord, and then the pianoforte—the soft-loud.

Sébastien Erard was born at Strasbourg in seventeen hundred and fifty-two, and was the eldest of the four children of an upholsterer. His father sent him, when he was eight years old, to schools in which he was taught the elements of architecture, perspective drawing, and practical geometry. His father having married very late in life, was surprised by death before his children reached an age at which they could be useful to their mother or support themselves. Sébastien Erard became the head of a family at the age of sixteen. As his native town did not afford him the scope of which he felt the need, he set off courageously for Paris. There he obtained employment in the shop of a maker of clavichords, who was a man mean enough to dismiss Sébastien because he wished to understand all that he saw. His second employer having received an order to make a clavichord of an extraordinary kind, found it required a number of mechanical contrivances of which he felt himself to be incapable. Thanks to Sébastien, however, the clavichord was finished and pronounced a masterpiece. When the nominal maker was questioned by competent persons, he could neither show nor explain the mechanism, and was forced to refer them to his assistant. Henceforth Sébastien Erard found himself connected with distinguished persons, who made a point of extolling him. Presented to the Duchesse de Villeroy, who occupied herself much with art and music, she offered him a lodging in her hotel, which he accepted. At this period pianos were little more than curiosities. A few amateurs only had obtained them from Germany and England. Sébastien constructed one for the Duchesse de Villeroy—the first he ever made. The numerous orders he received caused him to send for his brother, Jean Baptiste, to come and help him. Quitting the Hôtel de Villeroy, he founded his house in the Rue de Bourbon, in the Faubourg St. Germain. By this first step (says M. Adams, of the Institute, patriotically) he emancipated his country from tribute to foreigners; English and German pianos gave place everywhere to French pianos, and the instrument which had been only exceptionally used came into general request.

The luthiers, or makers of musical instruments, who bought and sold foreign pianos, found the new factory injurious to their commerce. They made a seizure in it, under the pretext that the brothers Erard were not members of the Corporation of Fanmakers to which the luthiers belonged. Sébastien

Erard had powerful friends, however, and he obtained a brevet from Louis the Sixteenth which delivered him completely from the persecuting corporation. This document has the rare merit of being a pleasant specimen of the paternal government of the Bourbons; we translate it entire:

This day, the fifth of February, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five, the king being at Versailles informed that Mr. Sébastien Erard has succeeded by a new method of his invention to improve the instrument called a *forté-piano*; that he has even obtained the preference over those made in England, of which he makes a commerce in the city of Paris, and his majesty wishing to fix the talents of Mr. Erard in the said city, and to give him testimonies of the protection with which he honours those who, like him, have by assiduous labour contributed to the useful and agreeable arts, has permitted him to make, to cause to be made, and to sell in the city and faubourgs of Paris, and wherever it may seem to him good, *forté-pianos*; and to employ there, whether by himself or by his workmen, the wood, the iron, and all the other materials necessary to the perfection or the ornament of the said instrument without his being liable on this account to be troubled or disturbed by the guards, syndics, and adjutants of the corporations and committees of arts and trades for any cause or under any pretext whatever; under the conditions, nevertheless, by the said Mr. Erard of conforming himself to the regulations and ordinances concerning the discipline of journeymen and workmen, and of not admitting into his workshops any but those who shall have satisfied the aforesaid regulations. And for assurance of his will, his majesty has commanded me to expedite to the aforesaid Mr. Erard the present brevet, which he has chosen to sign with his own hand, and to be countersigned by me, Secretary of State, and of his commands and Finances.

(Signed) LOUIS.

LE BARON DE BRETEUIL.

The chief improvements in musical instruments due to the Erards are, the double action of the harp and the double escapement of the piano. Sébastien Erard imagined the improvements, and his brother, Jean Baptiste, and his nephew, Pierre, brought them to practical perfection.

The double action made the harp a complete instrument, on which inharmonically modulated music could be played. Sébastien Erard had been induced to turn his attention to the improvement of the harp by Krumpholtz, a celebrated harpist of Paris. After he had been working for a year, Beaumarchais, author of the Barber of Seville, who was at once an author, a politician, a musician, and a mechanic, on examining his plans told him frankly that, as they were impracticable, he would do well to abandon them. Erard did not heed his advice, and was on the point of obtaining success when Krumpholtz connected his interests with a maker of harps upon the old models. Erard felt that success was impossible in Paris if he encountered the opposition of the harpists with Krumpholtz at their head, and left for

London. There he continued his experiments, finished his improvements, and established a house. The double action cost him twelve years of anxious toil; and, although he took out his first patent in eighteen hundred and one, he did not complete his invention until eighteen hundred and eleven. His immediate pecuniary success was extraordinary. He sold twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of the new harps in London alone in the first year.

The double escapement of the piano was not made public until eighteen hundred and twenty-three. The wonders achieved on the piano by such performers as Lizt and Thalberg, are due to the scope given to their perseverance and genius by mechanism which makes the instrument capable of expressing the sweetest, the most powerful, and the most varied sounds, and the most delicate repetitions.

Organs have occupied the talents of the Erards, as well as harps and pianos. Sébastien Erard applied to the organ his system of expression by the fingers. An organ which he had constructed in the chapel of the Tuileries, was destroyed by the insurgents of July, eighteen hundred and thirty. Luckily, the whole of the mechanism of the expression had been preserved in the factory. Pierre Erard was authorised by the present emperor to construct another organ in the Imperial chapel; an order which he promptly executed. The new instrument is admired as a chef-d'œuvre of mechanical art.

The financial career of the Erards was chequered. The political events in France towards the end of the first empire had an evil influence upon commerce, and the Paris branch of the house was forced to suspend payments in eighteen hundred and thirteen, overwhelmed by a debt of more than one million three hundred thousand francs, or fifty-two thousand pounds. The establishment was not, however, totally crippled; for, aided by the prosperity of the London house, the firm paid off this debt in ten years.

The history of the fortunes of the Erards is picturesquely connected with the beautiful Château de la Muette, at Passy, near Paris, a château which may be seen from the end of the lake recently made in the Bois de Boulogne. When Sébastien Erard was a young man, newly arrived in Paris, he waited one Sunday at the gate of the château to see the Queen Marie Antoinette, who resided in it, come out in her carriage. Sébastien, who was in the midst of the crowd when she passed, cried, "Vive la Reine!" with a powerful voice and an Alsatian accent. The queen remarked the fine young man, whom she mistook for one of her own countrymen. She spoke to him, and asked him of what country he was? He replied, "I am French at heart by my birth, as your majesty is by your marriage."

The queen ordered the Swiss guards at the gate to allow him to walk over the garden and see the grounds. Sébastien went in, and spent the day in admiring the magnificent alleys and fairy-like walks of the park. A few years later Sébastien Erard constructed a piano for Marie Antoinette, which combined several remarkable inventions to adapt the instrument to the limited resources of her voice. About half a century after the Sunday on which the Queen of France permitted the young clavichord-maker to walk over the gardens, the Château de la Muette was for sale, and in eighteen hundred and twenty-three Sébastien Erard was the purchaser, and installed himself in it with his family. He took a great pleasure in repeating the story of his first interview with Marie Antoinette.

Jean Baptiste Erard died in eighteen hundred and twenty-six. He had been extremely useful to his brother in superintending the execution of his designs and inventions. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one, Sébastien died. During the period in which the man of genius of the family was at the head of it, uncontrolled and unassisted, the details of execution were neglected, the financial aspect of the business was lost sight of, and the instruments of the Erards lost somewhat of their repute. Pierre Erard, born in seventeen hundred and ninety-four, was left sole executor of his uncle; and, when the inventory of the state of the affairs was submitted to a London attorney, Pierre was advised to renounce the succession. He had, however, more confidence in the capabilities of the business; and continued it with such success that in a few years he extinguished the enormous debt with which it was encumbered. He attended to the execution of the pianos, and raised the house to its greatest pitch of prosperity and renown.

The Château de la Muette plays once more a part in the history of the Erards. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two there was a railway executed which environs Paris. Pierre Erard saw it in his garden, and heard the engines shrieking underneath his windows. It was too much for him. He became a mental wreck, and died in August, eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

The Erards have wisely stood by their own order. When Jean Baptiste might have obtained, by means of her fortune, a husband for his daughter from among the nobility of France, he preferred Spontini, the composer, who could sympathise with the just pride and feel the inventive and industrial merits of the Erards. Their family is now extinct; and a century elapsing from seventeen hundred and fifty-two to eighteen hundred and fifty-five rounds the story from the cradles of the orphans of the poor cabinet-maker of Strasbourg to the hearse of the wealthy tradesman which divided the attention of the Parisians with the equipage of Queen Victoria.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A DASH THROUGH THE VINES.

THERE is a French city whose name, in English, means simply Water's Edge. The same name might serve in common for hundreds of other towns, villages, and hamlets; but the city to which I now am journeying holds itself to be no commonplace town. It has peers of France among its wine-merchants. It has a brick-and-stone bridge longer than Waterloo Bridge in London. It has a theatre, probably the handsomest in Europe, considering it both outside and in, where the sensible arrangement is made of keeping the scenery and properties in a separate building, to diminish the risk of fire; on which topic, see a future paragraph. In that magnificent opera-house, you may sit in the pit in a well-stuffed, plush-lined arm-chair; you may admire the ladies in the chorus with yellow bodices and black and purple petticoats; you may hear an opera, perhaps Verdi's Jerusalem, and remark that the army of female pilgrims must have had an excellent commissariat with them, to keep them in such tidy order and excellent plight; you may see a ballet marvellously danced and dressed, all for the sum of one and eightpence English. This proud, luxurious city has a noble, horse-shoe-shaped, but ill-paved quay, on which hogsheads of wine are lying about, like so much worthless goods. It looks as if all the tubs in the world had convened a meeting there, to agitate a reform of their grievances. There are tubs new, tubs old, tubs yellow, tubs purple, tubs black, tubs on end, tubs reclining, tubs on shore, tubs on board ship, tubs sound in wind and limb, other tubs with their ribs staved in, everywhere tubs, tubs, tubs! And the sleek, soft-eyed, fawn-coloured bullocks, who drag, in pairs, those tubs about, or loads of wood, or do other leisurely work,—I wonder if Rosa Bonheur has painted them yet! If she hasn't, she ought to run down to the South purposely. Each of those oxen is allowed, I should think, a bottle of wine and bread-and-butter at discretion, at their *déjeuner* and dinner: how else should they be so fat and well-liking? I also entertain considerable doubts whether those aldermanic bullocks are ever transmuted into beef; it would be too near an approach to cannibalism to eat

them. On the portion of the quay named Des Chartrons, there are elm-trees pruned to represent chandeliers (which causes them to grow short and stubby, and in many instances to be covered with gouty nodosities), and surrounded at their base with earth and tub-staves, so that their living trunks serve as mooring-posts for the goodly show of vessels in the crescent reach of the noble river. The show of shipping is goodly certainly; but with pride let me waive all comparisons, by informing you (even while strolling through the capital of clarets, Bordeaux the Stately), that there is only one London and one Thames in the world.

The ground-plan of wealthy, luxurious Bordeaux is a slight modification of the diagram of the Asses' Bridge, which has proved impassable to so many students of Euclid. The two sides of the triangle to be produced, AB, AC, are two long, long streets named — Cours, that start from a common apex, a tobacco-factory. But, instead of the cob-web network, or cat's-cradle, below the base CB of the too often impregnable, un-Sebastopolitan triangle, the river Garonne forms a sweeping horse-shoe, and serves as a highway for migratory salmon, who afterwards migrate by land, over the Pyrenees, as far as Madrid. Were this crescent backed by a range of hills, up which the town might mount in a continued slope, the effect would be magnificent. The townsfolk, however, are equally content to flit to and fro on level ground through the handsome streets, many of which are called *fossés*, or ditches, from their occupying the site of former fortifications. The river's bank, on the side which skirts the town, is lined with a vast arc-of-a-circle of quays. The general front of the quay slopes down to the water's edge at a gentle inclination, on the face of which the ebbing tides deposit abundance of drift-straw and cast-out rubbish, whose investigation would afford a clue to the nature of the cargo, destination, and habits of the vessels in the port at the time. From the quays, straight narrow streets dart away. Many of the houses composing them have almost flat roofs, covered with convex tiles, after the Italian, or rather the southern, style. There is something in the look of the place, something

in the air, which makes you feel instinctively conscious of your neighbourhood to the Peninsula. Though the side streets start off so suddenly, they do not succeed in making their final escape, but are caught by the Cours (whatever title it may bear, whether St. Jean, De Tournay, or Du Jardin Public), which forms one of the stilted legs of the aforesaid Asses' Bridge. Bordeaux is the torment of corny toes. Both the narrow streets, the airy quays, and the aristocratic courses are so roughly paved, that far better mosaic work is to be found in the Camp of Honvault, where soldiers amuse themselves by fetching pebbles from the beach in the short intervals of drill and drum practice. If you want to see vast bath establishments for men and women,—twin and similar, but separate temples raised to the Genius of Hygienic personal purity,—go to Bordeaux, and cleanse the outside of your platter; also, if it be your pleasure to behold gipsy-like women wearing extraordinary head-dresses, composed of a sort of shawl-handkerchief, folded in a way to defy all fraud, forgery, or imitation whatever. No need to ticket them with "Beware of counterfeits." No need to apply to the vice-chancellor for an injunction to prevent plagiarism in the present case. The head-gear is as perfect a puzzle as the napkin-folding mysteries of certain steamboat-stewards and restaurants, or the paper-folding feats of ambulant street conjurers. Other features of the town which strike you, are the numerous glazed galleries, or passages, like those of Paris. For fear the shops on your right or your left should not attract your notice sufficiently, as you go past them, they contrive to meet you, by proxy, face to face. The names, wares, numbers, and merits of countless tradesmen are painted on canvas in large letters, and stretched across the streets from house to house. If Pegasus were trained to perform at Astley's (some say he has been reduced to worse shifts than that) these aerial advertisements would exactly serve him as garters and balloons, to jump over and through. As it is, prosaic pedestrians and carriage-people walk or drive under a series of sail-cloth triumphal arches, raised in honour of the goddess of shopkeeping commerce. Finally, Bordeaux will make you open your eyes at the splendour of the ladies' out-door dresses. You pursue in your mind the following train of logic; if the open-air toilettes are so gorgeous and rich, what must be the dazzling brilliancy of the dinner-party and ball-room costumes.

The word finally was used unadvisedly, because no allusion has yet been made to the effect produced on you by the wines of Bordeaux. Burgundy, Champagne, and Guienne (where we now are) are the three provinces of France which produce wines of cosmopolitan celebrity. Good Burgundy needs no

bush, here. I cannot forget the touching couplet,

Pomard, et Meulceaux,
Et Volnay, qui est plus haut;

implying that while Pomard and Meulceaux are excellent, Volnay, higher up the hill, is also better, in short, at the top of the tree. I would even be content with a bottle of Moulin-à-vent, or Windmill Burgundy, for next Sunday's dessert. But let me not wantonly set your mouths a-watering. While the gods grant us a wholesome sufficiency, it is a sin to be hankering after dainty drinks; and the Bordeaux wines are a boon to mankind.

The claret climate, that is to say the climate of the Department of the Gironde, is moister, evidently, than that of the Côte-d'Or, where the best Burgundy wines are produced, to a considerable hygrometric degree. Unmistakeable signs are, moss, lichens, and ferns, on the stems and branches of trees, grasses growing on roofs and walls, and other slight but sure symptoms. The causes are manifest in its westerly position, skirting the vast Bay of Biscay, and in the influx and the confluence of two such rivers as the Dordogne and the Garonne, which not only supply an incalculable quantity of aqueous vapours, both visible and invisible, from their heaving bosoms, but also, by wide-spread inundations, fill the atmosphere with moisture at periods of no great interval.

If the Burgundian climate could be suspended over the face of the Bourdelais by confining it in some solid translucent celestial vault, like a vast bell-glass, claret wines might perhaps become the best in the world; but they could not be poured out in that mighty flood-tide with which they now irrigate, like their own full-flowing streams, the thirsty throats of the wine-drinking world. On the other hand, if the humid mists of the Gironde were constantly to bathe the slopes of the Côte-d'Or, the quantity of its golden nectar might be enormously increased, the precarious fickleness of the supply might be greatly diminished by the moderating influence of the tempering vapour during sudden and sharp spring-frosts; but the colour might fade to a fainter ruby, the perfume might lose something of its exquisite delicacy, and the beverage be robbed of part of its latent fire. As it is, all seems to be for the best; of course I mean when all goes right with each respective vintage. Generous burgundy still remains to impart strength, taste, and spirit to the infirm and old; while noble-hearted, open-handed claret supplies the drink of nations, supporting the energies of laborious manhood, and sustaining without over-stimulating his active powers.

Were some cunning workman to carve for me two statues emblematic of burgundy and claret, neither of them should appear in female guise. Feminine forms would be

more appropriately adapted to coquettish champagne (using the epithet coquette in its good sense, as the French often do); to duleet, voluptuous, syren-like drinks, such as Malmsey-Madeira and Muscat-Frontignac. But burgundy should be an energetic young vintager of five-and-twenty, in the act of hiding tongues of flame in his golden vase, at the moment that he steps forward to pour out the wine. Claret should be a herculean man of five-and-thirty, such as Michael Angelo loved to pourtray, reposing after an interval of vine-dressing, like a river-god, with his arm leaning on a half-recumbent overflowing amphora, from which streams a purple, violet-scented brooklet that all who will can come and partake of.

Even from Paris only to Bordeaux is more than a mere step; it is a tolerably long hop, skip, and jump—though a pleasant one; no less, by railway, than five hundred and eighty-three kilometres, or one hundred and forty-five French leagues and three quarters, or three hundred and sixty-seven English miles, within a fraction. During the epoch of diligences, it took three days and two nights of continuous travelling to accomplish the journey, at a high fare, and at considerable cost for refreshment on the road. Now, you may start by an omnibus train at five minutes before eleven at night, and reach your journey's end at half-past seven next evening, for the respective charges of sixty francs twenty centimes, or fifty shillings and twopence, first-class; forty-five francs and thirty centimes, or thirty-seven shillings and ninepence, second-class; and thirty-three francs sixty-five centimes, or twenty-eight shillings and a halfpenny, third class. An additional tax has lately been imposed, to pay for the expenses of the war. Before the invention of the rail, Bordeaux was isolated from the metropolis and other great cities of France. The long, tedious land journey deterred almost all but visits of necessity. But it was not a barbarous, ignorant, or poverty-stricken isolation; on the contrary, it was a wealthy, self-complacent, highly civilised and sensual independence. Bordeaux wanted for nothing that the capitals of kingdoms usually possess. Arthur Young, who travelled in seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, writes: "Much as I had heard and read of the commerce, wealth, and magnificence of this city, they greatly surpassed my expectations. The Place Royale, with the statue of Louis the Fifteenth in the middle, is a fine opening, and the buildings which form it regular and handsome. But the quarter of the Chateau Rouge is truly magnificent, consisting of noble houses, built, like the rest of the city, of white hewn stone. I have seen nothing that approaches the theatre, built about ten or twelve years ago. The establishment of actors, actresses, singers, dancers, &c., speak the wealth and luxury of the place. Dauberval, the dancer,

and his wife, the Mademoiselle Theodore of London (who remembers Mademoiselle Theodore? In what other book than Young's are her pirouettes and entrechats recorded?) are retained as principal ballet-master and first female dancer, at a salary of twelve hundred and twenty-five pounds, sterling. The mode of living that takes place here among merchants is highly luxurious. Their houses and establishments are on expensive scales. Great entertainments, and many served on plate: high play is a much worse thing;—and the scandalous chronicle speaks of merchants keeping the dancing and singing girls of the theatre, at salaries which ought to import no good to their credit. Journeyed to Barbesieux, situated in a beautiful country. [Now for a warning touch of ante- (not anti-) revolutionary aristocracy.] In this thirty-seven miles of country, lying between the great rivers Garonne, Dordogne, and Charente, and consequently in one of the best parts of France for markets, the quantity of waste land is surprising. Much of these wastes belonged to the Prince de Soubise, who would not sell any part of them. Thus it is whenever you stumble on a Grand Seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are sure to find his property desert. Go to their residence, wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the midst of a forest, very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. Oh! if I was the legislator of France for a day, I would make such great lords skip again!" They were made to skip with a vengeance, sooner than even he anticipated.

Arthur Young's journey to Bordeaux was made on horse-back, or rather mare-back, on an animal of unrecorded colour, but unquestionably gray; for, after resting one day at Calais to recover from the fatigue of nine hours' rolling at anchor, not to mention the voyage in a sailing vessel, she was ready next morning to start with her master for any indefinite distance. Now-a-days, such travelling would be deemed too snail-like, though it is a capital mode of seeing a country thoroughly and forming your judgments deliberately. But now, arrived in a few hours at Paris, you toss your carpet-bag into a hack-facre, and for twenty-five sous the course, you drive to the Gare, or station of the Chemin de Fer d'Orleans. Blessings on the French railways for one thing; they relieve you of all care about your luggage. You have it weighed, entered, you pay your ten centimes or upwards, you take your ticket, and then you need trouble no more about your impediments, as the Romans called it, till you reach your journey's end. But with a tiny little hand-bag, like mine, which a carrier pigeon might fetch across the Channel, containing nothing more than a shirt, a pair of stockings, a comb, a tooth-brush, a night-cap, and a piece of soap, you simply slip it under your seat. You are off; the barriers are left

behind. You can now eat meat and drink wine untaxed by octroi duties. You rush across meadows through which the Seine meanders, becoming, at every fresh glance you catch of it, finer by degrees and beautifully less. The principal figures that animate the landscape are horses and cows, besides women scattered over the fields for the purpose of grubbing up dandelion plants to gratify Parisian epicures. The quantity of raw dandelion eaten as spring salad in Paris must, to use a novel expression, be seen to be believed. On we go, leaving suburbs, market-gardens, suburban villages, and village châteaux behind us. Everywhere we are struck by the immense abundance of fruit-trees. The plum season hereabouts must be a trying time. Have they any infallible antidote to the I-dare-not-say-what ache, in time of need? Perhaps the numerous walled-in orchards of St. Michel are only meant to put a prudent restraint on a people too voracious of vegetables and fruit. Turpentine is said to be a specific against the internal parasites which tease the inward man, when the outward man's mouth is too greedy of unripe gooseberries and apples; perhaps that may be the reason why more fir-trees are planted here than are usually seen in other parts of France. You dart along a cut in the chalk-hills of Estampes; you glide on to Angerville; and there you find yourself flat on your back, as far as the picturesque is concerned, on the wearisome, endless plain of La Beauce.

The plains of Champagne are bearable. They are undulating; and you may speak of them in the plural number. La Beauce is a plain—and unbearable to those whose senses require other stimulants than corn and cattle. In La Beauce, supposing you to be standing on any given spot, you say to yourself, "What is the use of stirring? If I go forward ever so far, the scene will be exactly the same as it is here, and if I go forward for ever so long, neither my own nor my horse's legs will ever be able to carry me out of it." Take the idea of arable land, as present in the mind of a scientific agriculturist, let it spread itself out to an indefinite extent in all and every possible direction, like a pint of oil poured on the surface of a lake, as if it meant to constitute itself into a diaphragm of the universe, separating utterly the upper from the lower half of things created, and you have a clear notion of La Beauce. Belsia (the Latin name of this cheering landscape)—Belsia, says a middle-age poet who had the happiness to be Bishop of Poitiers, is a triste country, for it is deficient in only twice three things—namely, springs, meadows, woods, stones, bushes, and grapes. All which is true to the present day. There is not a bush nor a bramble to be seen; not even a respectable tuft of nettles, or a good tall thistle, for a benighted linnet or goldfinch to hide itself in. The

paved roads show the want of pebbles—macadamisation would be a piece of extravagance only to be effected by the importation of materials from such enormous distances as would render them very precious stones indeed. What is it to us, flying travellers, that this brown and hedgeless desert consists of fertile loamy soil, which lets for so many francs per hectare? The little, squat, grey, dumpy towns seem to crouch as close to the ground as they can, either because they are ashamed of themselves, or because they are afraid of being swept away by the first fresh gale that blows. The neat, plain, utilitarian farm buildings are scattered over the land with such regular irregularity, that you take them to have been driven into their present positions by some principle of mutual repulsion, or, perhaps, had been suddenly fixed to the spot in the midst of a grand game of *chasse-chasse*. Everything else is made to give way to the convenience and comfort of wheat and beans, of ploughs and harrows, and of the animals who drag and drive them. The Beauceron grudges a currant bush or a cherry tree the space of ground it takes to grow in, because it is so much land stolen from his darling grain. The best thing I have heard in his favour is, that he is in the habit of paying ready money. You grow sick of the very sight of La Beauce before you have travelled half-way across it; but have patience—look out of the window now and then. At last you will see a couple of blunt sticks rising side by side at the edge of the horizon. They are the towers of Orleans Cathedral.

"The Origin of Orleans is lost in the night of ages." Oh, dear me, what a pity it is that the history of so many European towns should invariably begin with the above set phrase! What a delicious variety it would give to our topographical works, if we could introduce a few flourishing young cities, blooming in their teens, like the promising juvenile municipalities of California, New Zealand, and Australia. Orleans is old, and looks old. I won't bore you about the Maid this time, further than to say that I hope her own merits were greater than those of her statue in the market-place. Orleans is one of the numerous French towns whose prevailing tint resembles that of the harmonious Friar of Orders Grey; while the handsome cathedral, the dulness, and the easy life led there, tempt many devotees to "walk forth to tell their beads." The Orleansais speak low—an excellent virtue in a woman, but somewhat lazy and unenergetic in men. Those who have seen Dijon can easily picture to their mind's eye Orleans, except that Dijon has no river Loire, no raving, ravaging Vistula of the south, whose unchecked current, far too rapid for ordinary swimmers, compels the adoption of floating inclosed bath-houses for the use of the natives of the dried-up interior, who are glad to come to an inland watering-place, where, instead of Gravesend

shrimps and Broadstairs flounders, they may eat barbels from the Loiret and salmon from the Loire.

The great delight of arriving at Orleans (except, perhaps, the anticipation of eating genuine plums in a preserved—should the season forbid a recent—condition) is consciousness of having escaped from the half-dozen negatives of the Beauceron wilderness. At Orleans there are vines, and promising ones too; a single stem left to a single stool about the height of a raspberry-cane. These slight peculiarities of training are worthy of note. Remember, we are now entering a district almost unthought of in England, which sends forth, in tolerable seasons, incredible supplies of excellent wine. On descending, as they call it, at your inn at Orleans, only call for a bottle of *white Beaugency*, and if your landlord treats you well, you will find it delicious. I put *white Beaugency* in italics, because there are white French wines and yellow wines. The distinction is striking to the eye, and might be made to enter into common conversation, without exposing the innovator to a just charge of affectation. Some of the wines of the Orléannais and the Touraine have a peculiar Irish whiskeyfied taste (to my own palate), as if the bottles had had a whiff of smoke puffed into them; sometimes it varies to a kind of aromatic, cocoa-nutty flavour. But their great merit, in the merchant's eyes, is their versatility; the number of characters they are able to assume; the wide range of parts in their répertoire. Vouvray, near Tours, is quite celebrated for its champagne. You may drink madeira which has never crossed the sea, and sherry which knows nothing of the south side of the Pyrenees. All these are spoken of with as little reserve as a London pastrycook would employ in mentioning mock turtle. It may be believed that when the wines of the Loire once reach Bercy and the Entrepôt de Vins at Paris, they are made to represent by turns the growth of every known and unknown vineyard. Their fundamental excellence, which enables them to manifest such varied talent, arises from the same cause which gives the Rhine wines their strength and keeping qualities—namely, that where the best samples are produced, the river flows from east to west. It makes no difference that, in the analogous case, the Rhine flows from west to east—from Bingen to Mayence. The grand consequence is, that the northern bank of either stream lies fully exposed to the noontide sun.

The principal lions of Orleans are the cathedral and the Loire, with its one stone bridge over it. It would not be reasonable to ask for more than one to span such an inundative shingle-sweeping stream; the railway, however, has contrived for itself a second viaduct. The first conducts you to an ill-kept botanic garden (for which I should blush celestial

rosy red, as Milton says, were I the director), open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays. The only things there worth looking at were not botanic—some silky-feathered Cochon China fowls. As a set-off, at Orleans there are public and gratuitous lectures, and lessons in the art of pruning and grafting fruit trees, created, to borrow the indigenous phrase, by the department and the town in partnership.

The Orleans folk (and the same remark applies as you travel southwards) smoke a considerably less amount of the weed than is consumed in the northern departments of France, especially in those which are contiguous to the Belgian and the Prussian frontiers. There you may see even quite young men with a little round hole worn in the teeth on each side of the jaw, simply by the wear and tear caused by constantly holding a short clay pipe in the mouth. The Orléannais and Touraine women, besides carrying flat baskets on their heads, are also fond of surmounting their noddles with caps shaped like sewing-thimbles. While looking at them, I could not drive from my mind the punishment administered in dame-schools called thimble-pie. More pleasing objects were the handsome carriages and well-dressed people who frequent the streets. The grocers' shops filled with stores of dried plums in great variety, besides pears and figs, are cheering to beholders gifted with a sweet tooth, as are also the confectioners' windows. Savoury condiments are seen in the market, in the guise of burnt turnips and flat-baked onions, to give colour and flavour to the *pot-à-feu*. Glance respectfully at the hôtels of the noblesse, with their lofty *portes-cochères* and their dull, dull walled-in courts, lighted with oil *réverbères*, and wonder that people whose names begin with *De* should permit such abominable faults in orthography as are to be seen on the posters pasted up against their walls and even painted on the corners of their streets.

Off to Blois in double-quick time! The banks of the Loire, as seen from the railway, do not correspond to De Balzac's eulogies; those of the Seine are infinitely prettier; and everywhere, as you rattle along, you have evidences that the Loire is a mischievous stream,—a passionate person who now and then loses all self-control,—a temporary mania, with lucid intervals, during which he is sorry for the injury he has done to his friends and neighbours. He buries them beneath beds of shingle, sand, and gravel; he drowns them under a rushing cataract, and sweeps all their goods and chattels away; and then, by-and-by, he disfigures the landscape by displaying an empty bed, with more grey stones than water exposed to view. His natural guardians try to keep him within bounds by a sort of double-strait-jacket, called a *levée*. But the *levées* raised on each side of the Loire do not improve the beauty

of the river. In some places, the railway runs within a stone's throw of the stream, which remains invisible; because the ugly levée screens it completely, rising before you like a tall green wall. The strip of land between the levée and the rising ground is as utterly marshy a patch of ground, as if it were a little bit cut out of Holland, considerably below high-water mark, and subject to the chronic inconveniences of infiltration and stagnant waters. All cultivation is obliged to be carried on by means of high narrow ridges, to serve as Mounts Ararat when the waters of the deluge are subsided a little, and deep furrows to act as drains. In spite of every precaution, the cabbages in the Touraine are scorched to death by last winter's frost, like our own at home, showing that that severe schoolmaster, Mr. Zero, has nipped and pinched his pupils as sharply in central France as in England. Nowhere have I seen vines growing on so moist a soil. The very vine-props, when done with at the end of the summer—to prevent their rotting, are obliged to be mounted high in the air, in little bundles, on four or five other props cleverly placed crosswise, and stuck in the ground. The vine-stools about Blois look like wretched snakes writhing to rid themselves of the shaggy coat of parasitic moss that annoys them by sticking to them pertinaciously. The moss is owing to the mists which rise from the bosom of the Loire itself, as well as from the constant vapours given out during great part of the year by the leakage of the river, which will ooze in, in spite of all the care bestowed on the levée. The vines themselves are cultivated in rows. In autumn, the earth is raised up in ridges; in spring, manure or fresh mould, when either are to be had, are laid in the hollow between the rows, and the earth is hoed back again over it. The vines of the Touraine (Tours may fairly be taken as the centre of this district), must receive a much greater supply of moisture from the atmosphere than those of Burgundy possibly can; and yet the former are by no means watery, or deficient in strength. To taste them you would not suppose them to have been baptised, either naturally or artificially. I suppose it is the sun who works all that chemistry. But, be assured, it will not do to trifle with Touraine wines because they happen to look white and limpid; for I have known even cider-drinkers attacked with serious delirium tremens. Though people may call them petits vins, when they once get fairly home, they will prove that they do not want for energy.

Before reaching Blois, you pass Meung, where Madame de Pompadour once opened a new bridge, by driving over it in her coach and six. People said that it must be strong, since it had borne the heaviest burden of France. Leaving Blois (where you cannot drive out of your head the horribly-treacherous murder of the Duc de Guise, with his

sovereign's consent and knowledge), you get a fine view on the left of the castle of Amboise, where Abd-el-Kader spent five years of captivity. During his present visit to Paris, he and another illustrious personage can indulge in pleasant chat, touching their prison experiences. Soon afterwards, you skip over the Loire, and you find yourself at that particularly genteel English colony, Tours, on which I will not bestow another word except to say that Bourgeuil and St. Ibertin are good red wines, and that the city itself is a species of Frenchified Cheltenham. Your reception there will be measured by your connections; your own merits will have nothing to do with it. This (I am speaking of the English residents, you observe), shows a noble national spirit, and promises well for the future prosperity of our beloved country.

So good-bye to the paté-shops and circulating libraries of Tours. Although I never paid eighteenpence in the pound in England, and do not live abroad on the income I have settled on my wife, still my father was a cobbler, and my respected mother a charwoman. With that drawback, my large fortune might help me to a little civil consideration; but my good looks, my talents, and my engaging manners, to none at all. What can't be cured must be endured. Hup! fiery locomotive steed, gallop away! Organised meteor, flaring phenomenon, gallop away! Carry us as fast as you can to Châtellerault.

On the river Cher, which falls into the Loire, you have the same levées and inundations, past, present, and to come. At Saint Maur, you have vines trained bowerwise. And then you enter the town of assassins. From time immemorial, the women and girls of Châtellerault have exercised the right of demanding the traveller's money, knife in hand, or if that failed, of attacking him fiercely with carving-fork and scissors. In the diligence days, it sufficed to have traversed a single street, to remember all the rest of your life that the place was famous for cutlery. While the horses were changing, these armed females climbed up the coach-wheels, and made their invasion by the window, forcing a hailstorm of poinards and penknives down your throat. If you entered a room to take refreshment, it was instantly swarm-full of cutlers' wives and daughters, each with her box, insisting, as the law of the place and their municipal right, that buy you must. There they were, young and old, ugly and pretty, but equally loquacious and equally impudent in demanding for every article of steel four or five times as much as it was worth. The railway has effected no great reform; for the she-brigands find their way to the platform of the station. I could not drink a glass of wine-and-water at the buvette without a young woman's sticking into me a dozen white-handed dinner-knives.

In travelling to Bordeaux, from the north of France, you rush forward to meet the spring. There, on March twenty-second, were wall-flowers in blossom, with hawthorn-hedges, rose-trees, and weeping-willows fast coming into leaf. At Poitiers, adorned with cypresses and picturesque quarries at the entrance of the town, artichokes and other vegetation were precociously advanced in the narrow valley through which the river Clain runs. Further on, the rows and quincunxes of fine old chestnut-trees speak well of the climate; and the evergreen box growing wild in the hedges, is a novelty, under those conditions, to English eyes. In Poitou, you behold real shepherdesses, who would not recognise their own selves at a fancy ball, or in the portraits which fashionable artists have painted. They spin all day long, to while away the time; and they cannot help running the risk of intermingling their flocks (consisting of half-a-dozen sheep each at most), by meeting in knots of four or five to gossip and grumble about the price of bread. Around Vars, the land is cultivated in strips of equal breadths of vines and wheat, as if the inhabitants had resolved to produce exactly equivalent proportions of loaves and wine. Angoulême looks like a city suspended in the air. Its rocky pedestal, concealed by apricot trees in full blossom, is spitted by the railway tunnel, which pitilessly pierces it. You glide on to Libourne, famous for claret; you flit over the broad-spread stream of the Dordogne. A little further, and then a little further, and the porters shout the welcome word—Bordeaux!

BARBAROUS TORTURE.

IN the present degenerate days a pair of curling-tongs, very seldom used, represents nearly all the apparatus of the hairdresser, pertaining to the fine-art department of his profession. Scissors, razor, brushes, and combs, remain, of course, to him; but they belong to his profession merely as it is an useful art—as a branch of the fine arts it is almost extinct. Here and there a professor may be found who believes in high art, writes wig-maker over his door, and talks to a chance visitor of the general falling-off of the age. His rack is full of rusty tools; and, on his shelves, are worm-eaten blocks covered with cobwebs. He is told that the rabble of his profession shaving at a halfpenny a chin can thrive; that a halfpenny barber will sometimes, with his own hand, scrape together twelve or fifteen shillings on a Saturday night until Sunday morning; and he reckons up, on his fingers, that to earn fifteen shillings, an unassisted professor must lather and scrape a fresh customer every two minutes, and continue to do so without an instant's pause for nearly twelve hours; keeping him up all night, and cutting his way a little too far into the Sunday. There-

upon he shakes his head, and says, "You may believe it, if you like." He has his doubts, and begs leave to retain them. It is not high art, he must observe.

"There was a woman who for many years shaved for a halfpenny opposite St. Giles's Church."

"Indeed, sir! I am not surprised. In the history of my art—speaking, by your leave, of the time when it *was* an art—I read of the fashionable barbers' shops in Drury Lane, under the reign of his sacred majesty King Charles the Second, and that five of them were conducted by ladies, as I believe I may make bold to remind you that the ballad said,

Did you ever see the like,
Or ever hear the same,
Of five wo-o-men Barberers
That lived in Drury Lane.

One of these shops still remains, and nearly in the same state it existed in of yore. If you want to see it, sir, you must inquire for the corner of White Hart Yard. The daughter of the lady who kept it attended General Monk in the Tower, sir, and married him. It was a good match for the general. No, sir, I would not exclude woman from the practice of an art scarcely less fascinating than herself; and if, even in its degenerate state, she will adorn it by her touch, I am not surprised. It is her usual goodness. I am even consoled. Woman, sir, it has occurred to me often, is a great consoler. I am told that in France to this day the other sex ply the razor and scissors upon our sex's caputs very extensively. In what style, sir, would you have your hair dressed?"

"I want it cut, simply."

"Cut to look simple? Yes, sir. In the Roman style perhaps, with a Brutus. I hope you know, sir, that, according to the Athenian Chronicle, the barber's art was so beneficial to the Roman public, that he who first brought it into fashion in Rome had a statue erected to him."

"I need to have the patience of a statue."

"Did you ever meet with a book, sir, by one Mr. Philip Stubbes? Mentioned lately in an eminent periodical? Indeed, sir? Now, do you know, your wish to be cut simply, reminds me, by your leave, of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and of what Mr. Stubbes, (whose book I possess) says upon the palmy days of our art, in that reign so glorious to Britain.—I think I could recite the passage."

"Pray—"

"Not a word, sir." And our estimable friend, releasing our head suddenly, sat down by his table, spread one arm abroad over its surface, and beat time dolorously with his fingers as he droned forth at us, the elegant extract which he had (not, it is to be feared, without a suppression or two) stored in his capacious memory:

"There are no finer fellows under the sun,

nor experter in their noble science' (well put, you observe, sir)—'noble science of barbing than they be; and therefore, in the fulness of their overflowing knowledge, they have invented such strange fashions and manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have one manner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the new cut, another the old; one the bravado fashion, another of the mane fashion; one a gentleman's cut, another the common cut; one cut of the court, another cut of the camp;—with infinite the like which I overpass. For they have other cuts innumerable; and, when you come to be trimmed they will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy, or amiable to your friend; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure. Then, when they have done all these feats, it is a world to consider how their moustachios must be preserved and laid out from one cheek to another—yea, almost from one ear to another, and turned up like two horns towards the forehead. Besides that, when they come to the cutting of the hair, what snipping and snapping of scissors is there; what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and cleaning, what trickling and toying. And when they come to washing, how gingerly they behave themselves therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with lather, or foam, that riseth of the balls (for they have their sweet balls wherewith they use to wash); your eyes must be anointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers full bravely, God wot. Thus, this tragedy ended, comes warm clothes to wipe and dry him withal; then the hair of nostrils cut away, and everything done in order, comely to behold. You shall have, also, your orient perfumes for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall be all to besprinkled; your music again and pleasant harmony shall sound in your ears, and all to tickle the same with vain delight. And in the end your cloak shall be brushed, and God be with you, gentlemen.'—Ah! sir, there are few passages in literature finer than that. I seem to see the thing before me. O, the palmy day of beautiful Queen Gloriana, which is, Bess!"

"But I trust, also, Mr. Wigmaker, that you seem also to see me before you, waiting, in the days of Queen Victoria, to have my hair cut."

"Certainly, sir. Would you like to play a little on the cittern while I am employed about your head? I have one here. In the good old times, cittern and lute were at the service of the barber's customers. Mr. Battrick, one of our last great men, sir, had a set of bells—Whittington's bells, they were called. Also monkeys."

"Monkeys are still met with, and parrots."

"In-deed, sir? I was not aware. Possibly you may never have heard of Thomas Battrick. He was born, sir, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty, and he died in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen; so that he was a Nestor, sir, and besides that, quite a Trojan. He practised in Drury Lane, and in his later days there were never less than seven fights in Drury Lane every Sunday morning. He attended and encouraged them all, sir, for he was a great patron of the manly art of self-defence. He didn't shave for a halfpenny on Sunday mornings. Curious now, sir; that old man remembered the time when there were no shaving-brushes. Lather used to be put on, sir, by the hand, until the French barbers brought in the brush; in, I think I may say, the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six. A barber's shop in the old time, sir, looked rather more like a surgery than it does now. Do you remember the lines in Shakespeare, sir?"

"Pshaw! What lines?"

"Why, sir, these:

'The strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.'

"Forfeits? What forfeits?"

"Ah, that's the point, sir. Hear Doctor Warburton upon that: 'Formerly with us the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed, who then practised the under parts of surgery; so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which it is not likely would long preserve its authority.' Stevens says: 'I have conversed with several people who had repeatedly read the list of forfeits alluded to by Shakespeare, but have failed in my endeavours to procure a copy of it.' These forfeits, sir, were as much in mock as mark, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and he put them up more in jest than in earnest, nearly always in doggerel. Dr. Henley perfectly remembered to have seen a set of them in Devonshire. They were printed like King Charles's bantering rules."

"What do I owe you?"

"Save me, sir, you are not going with only one side of your hair cut! Excuse me, you really must sit down, and if you could keep your head still—let me see, what was I saying? Three hundred and sixty halfpenny beards shaved by one hand in a single day! Impossible. Now, that reminds me—ha, ha!—of the Flying Barber. But he is no longer in existence. He used to run through the villages, sir, with a can of hot water, his razors, soap, and napkin, and his barber's

basin. You consider that singular, sir, do you not? One never meets now with the Flying Barber. That, by the bye, reminds me— I beg your pardon, sir, I did not catch your observation. Yes, certainly, sir. I do meet with a good many flying customers. It is a rare thing to see the same face twice, such is the state of the profession. In the year one thousand—Sir, if you jerk your head so suddenly, an artistic cut is quite out of the question—in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six, the race of barbers was menaced with complete extinction by a public announcement, which, if you please, I will repeat to you: ‘A chemist from Germany is come over hither in order to obtain a patent for a certain water he prepares, that by only wetting the corner of any linen cloth with it, and rubbing it over the beard a little—be it longer or shorter—instantly moulders away the hair of it like dust or powder; cleaner and closer than any shaving, and in a tenth part of the time taken up in shaving, and for less than a penny charge each time, and yet does not in the least soil or hurt the skin, or cause any smart, or prevent the beard’s growing again; nor does it smell any more than fair water, nor can hurt the mouth, nostrils, or eyes, should any by chance get into them. I does the same on the head as well as the beard.’

“Curious, sir, I think. Ah! we have had many a fright in our history, and many a bitter persecution. We have been sent to Bridewell, sir, for exercising our trade on a Sunday. When hair-powder was in fashion we have been fined twenty pounds a-piece, by the hundred of us, for using flour in our trade, on the plea that we took food out of the people’s mouths. That was before the constitution of the Guild of Barber Surgeons. Very interesting circumstances, sir, are attached to our connection with the medical profession. Lord Thurlow, in his speech for postponing the further reading of the Surgeons’ Incorporation Bill, July seventeenth, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, in the House of Peers, stated, ‘that by a statute still in force, the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons’, which was the same in other respects, was likewise to have a galley-pot and a red rag, to denote the particular nature of their vocation.’ This description is well verified by Gay, in his fable of A Goat without a Beard:

‘His pole with pewter basins hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung;
Ranged cups that in the window stood,
Lined with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shaved, drew teeth, and breathed a vein.’

We used to do all the bleeding and bone-

setting that was wanted in those days. People were a deal better attended to then, than they are now, I’m thinking; and since both callings were separated, they have both gone to the dogs. People don’t shave, now, sir; they wear beards and moustaches. Then railways don’t break half as many bones as bad roads and rickety carriages used to do. Pay me, sir? Whenever you please. A barber who is an artist is paid only by fee. Look at your head in the glass, sir. Simplicity itself! I thank you.”

YELLOWKNIGHTS.

WHEN Roscius was an actor in Rome, I think it highly probable that private theatricals, imitative of the performances of the great dramatic exemplar of the day, were a highly popular amusement among the juvenile Roman aristocracy. It is pleasant as well as reasonable to think so. I would have given something to have been able to witness such a celebration in the great city of men; and that such sights often took place I have very small doubts. That amiable system of classical education under which you and I, my dear Hopkins, were reared, but which our sons, let us hope, will mercifully escape—that grand scheme of grammatical tuition which held chief among its axioms that the mind of youth, like a walnut-tree, must be quickened by blows in its advances to maturity; that the waters of Helicon were not wholesome unless duly mingled with brine; and that the birch and the bays were inextricably interwoven in the poetical chaplet—that system, I say, taught us (among irreproachable quantities and symmetrical feet) to look upon everything appertaining to Rome and the Romans with something very much akin to horror; to regard Plautus as a bugbear and Terence as a tyrant; to remember nothing of Horace but the portrait of Orbilius—nothing of Virgil but the *sæve memoram Junonis*. But now that a new generation has grown up, and we ourselves (according to an ingenious theory some time propounded) have changed our cuticle, and have had provided for us a new set of viscera, we can afford to look back without bitterness or regret, without fear or trembling, upon the old days of *verbum personale* and *studio grammaticæ*. Queer days! They would have flogged us for reading Mr. Macaulay’s Lays, and caned us had we looked upon Lemprière, not as a dull book of reference, but as the most charming collection of fairy tales in the world. Now all our gerunds and supines, our dactyls and spondee, our subjects and attributes, our hexameters and pentameters, are mingled in a pleasant jumble of dreamy memories: now that we quite forget what took place in the thirty-sixth Olympiad, and don’t know the

names of the forty tyrants, and can't remember the value of an As or the number of stadia between Rome and Capri (I speak for myself, Hopkins, but I should not, believe me, respect you half so much as I do if I thought you capable of remembering anything definite about Greece or Rome)—we can indulge in the fancy that the Romans were not at all times frowning, awful spectres, with hook-noses, laurel-bound brows, and flowing togas, incessantly occupied in crossing the Rubicon, subduing the Iæni, reviewing the tenth legion, striking Medusa-like medallions, standing behind chairs with hatchets and bundles of rods, or marching about with S. P. Q. R. stuck on the top of a pole. Cicero pleaded against Verres, but there were other advocates to plead in the cause of a countryman's pig. The geese were not always saving the Capitol—be must have been occasionally said to them, and they eaten with sage and onions sometimes. The Cumæan sybil must have taken a little snack on her tripod from time to time. Mæcenas must have made jokes, great Cæsar stooped to pun, and stern Brutus played with his children. Yes; among all this solemn big-wiggery—these triumphs, ovations, sacrifices, orations (in which a tremendous amount of false Latin was talked, you may be sure), there must have been a genial, social, homely, comic element among the *cives Romani*. Who shall say that there were not Cockney Romans who pronounced *vir*, *wir*, and dropped the H in *Horrida*? Who shall say that there were no games at blindman's-buff, forfeits, and hunt the slipper, on long winter evenings, in the great consular families; that there was no kissing under the mistletoe in the entertainments of the Roman knights; that there were no private theatricals, blithesome, ridiculous, and innocent, what time Roscius was an actor in Rome?

For that matter, I am persuaded that, long before, Thespis's little brothers and sisters performed tragedies in a go-cart, not in socks and buskins, but in socks and pinafores, before their big brother took to the legitimate business in a waggon; and that Alcibiades got up a private pantomime among his friends, parodying Aristophanes' Knights, with himself (Alcibiades) for clown, Socrates for pantaloons, and Glycerium for columbine. But confining ourselves to Rome, would you not have delighted to have witnessed some ancient private theatrical entertainment in the now capital of the papal dominions? It is good (confounding chronology) to fancy the largest lamp lit; the Atrium fitted up, draped with some borrowed togas; the *patres conscripti* in the front rows, the *matres conscripti* behind, among them of course the mother of the Gracchi, thinking the performances of her children the most wonderful that ever were seen, but entertaining no very exalted opinion of the dramatic efforts of Master Marcus Antonius Lepidus, aged nine,

or of that conceited little upstart Fatua Fanna, who would not be allowed to play at all if she were not the niece of the Pontifex Maximus. See—there are the blushing simpering young Roman virgins, all in fine white linen with silver hems, and their tresses powdered with gold-dust. There is pretty little Livia Ottilia, the great heiress, whose cruel papa wanted her to give up her large fortune towards the expenses of the Punic war, and become a vestal virgin; but she knew better, and ran off to Brundisium with young Sextus Quintilius. There is demure little Miss Octavia Prima—she looks as though spikenard would not melt in her mouth; who would think, now, that she sticks gold pins into the shoulders of her slaves, and beats her lady's-maid with the crumpling-irons? There are the young Roman beaux, terrible fellows for fast chariot driving, wild beast fighting, gladiator backing: yonder is young Flavius, the president of the Whip club: his motto is *Quousque tandem*; there, ambergrised, powdered, perfumed, is that veteran toadeater and tufthunter, but pretty poet, Q. Horatius Flaccus; he will write a charming copy of Sapphics on the occasion, dedicated to his influential patron the Marquis Mæcenas, who will probably ask him to dinner and give him roast pig stuffed with honey, garum, and slave-fed carp. There is Ovidius Naso, who was a fine man once, but now goes among the gay youths by the name of Nosey. He has led a very dissipated life, and will be compelled to fly from his creditors by-and-by, to some remote corner of Asia Minor, attributing of course his forced absence to political reasons. There also, among the audience, you may see P. Virgilius Maro, in top-boots and a bottle-green toga. He, too, is a poet, but is a great authority on matters bucolic, breeds cattle, is a magistrate of his county, and president of the Campanian Agricultural Association. There is Curius Dentatus, that conceited fop, who is always showing his white teeth; and Aulus Gellius, who is a very Othello to his wife; and Pompeius Crassus, who is considered to be very like his friend Cæsar; and Mark Antony, who has incurred something like odium for his naughty conduct towards Mrs. Mark, and his shameful carryings on with a mulatto lady in Egypt; and there is Cato, the censor, who disapproves of theatricals, public and private, in the abstract, turning up his nose in a corner and pretending to read the last number of Sybilline Leaves. But, mercy on us! what chronology is this? Mark Antony, Curius Dentatus, and Cato the censor! As well have Romulus and Remus with the wolf in for the last scene, Numa Pompilius to give the entertainment, and Horatius Cocles announce that a shell-fish supper is ready. Away, pleasant fancies!

The mind of my life is as a cemetery, full of gravestones; but here and there are gay cenotaphs, airy temples of the composite

order, with comic masks sculptured on the pediment,—flower-grown tombs, sacred to private theatricals. This pen shall be a key, and open one of them.

There was "Yellowknights." Yellowknights was the commodious family mansion of Hipkins Hawes, Esquire, a man of the richest, but of the merriest and the best. He had a prodigious number of daughters, all pretty; and envious people said that his private theatricals were only baits to lure young men on to matrimonial destruction. He must have been very indiscriminate in his luring, be it as it may, for he was visited by a whole colony of sexagenarian gentlemen living in the vicinity, who cared, I think, much more about his rare old port than his performances, and by a host of children, among whom I can mention one youth, aged eight, who was decidedly not lured by any matrimonial snares with reference to the Miss Haweses, but by a juvenile predilection for plum-cake, orange wine, trifle, a glorious graperly, an unrivalled nectarine wall, and a whole Tower armoury of toys, rocking-horses, cricket bats, electric ducks, regiments of soldiers, and India-rubber balls like balloons. Of course I fell in love with all the Miss Haweses afterwards; but somehow they all married somebody else. Perhaps my hair didn't curl, so I could not come into wedlock with them. Hipkins Hawes took the young men exactly as they came, and as he found them. "If the fellows," he was wont to say, (he was a plain-spoken man), "come after my gals, let 'em. If Loo or Bell are sweet upon Jack or Dick, let them come to Hipkins Hawes and tell him what they mean, and he'll see what to do. Hipkins Hawes knows how many blue beans make five." Hipkins Hawes did. Though he lived in that grand and commodious mansion Yellowknights, and kept horses, carriages, and footmen, he had formerly pursued no more elevated a calling than that of a coachbuilder; and many and many a holiday afternoon have I spent in gazing at and admiring the wonderful lord mayors' and sheriffs' coaches that Hipkins Hawes built at his grand repository in Orchard Street, Portman Square. To be lifted into one of these carriages, and to sit for a moment on one of those imperial squabs, was to me then the summum bonum of human felicity. What would I give to be able to feel such a pleasure now!

We, the family of your informant, were humble neighbours of the wealthy Yellowknights people; dwelling, indeed, in a detached cottage, where an attempt at gentility was made by the existence of a coach-house and a two-stall stable, but the vehicular accommodation of the first of which was only called into requisition for a child's chaise, and in the second of which trunks, lumber, and odds and ends cumbered the manger, and refused not to abide by the crib. The great mansion and our genteel cottage were

both in a small village some five miles from London, with which communication was kept up by a bi-daily stage-coach. I went down to the village the other day by rail. Our genteel habitat had been pulled down bodily, and our two-stall stable occupied perhaps a hundredth part of the ground on which a mighty circular stable for roaring locomotives had been built. Yellowknights—where was that commodious mansion? It had been converted into a ladies' school—no: the South-Southern Branch College for Ladies. Lecturer on physical astronomy, Professor Charles S. Wain! Hipkins Hawes is Sir Hipkins Hawes, Bart., now, and dwells in a mansion at Tyburnia as big as a barrack.

But in the old days Hipkins Hawes, the retired coach-builder, was the merriest, most hospitable, charitable soul on the whole suburban country side. He was always giving balls, suppers, fêtes champêtres, archery meetings, charades, fancy-dress soirées, and especially private theatricals. The Miss Haweses used to drive to London in carriages and four (it was not considered extravagant to drive four horses then, and I have seen a great duchess, dead and gone, riding in a coach and six), convulse Holywell Street, and throw Vinegar Yard into an uproar, in voyages of discovery after theatrical costumes. They were quite costume-books themselves. I think I must have seen the eldest Miss Hawes as a Bayadère, Lady Macbeth, Columbine (in Turkish trousers), the Fair One with the Golden Locks, Zuleika, Clari the maid of Milan, Ophelia (a very cheap costume, consisting in the last part merely of a bedgown and back hair), Mrs. Haller, and Flora Macdonald. As to the youngest Miss Hawes, she was so incessantly playing fairies, sylphs, and Ariels, that at this day I can't help picturing her to myself with wings, a silver-foil wand, and a short muslin skirt; though I know her to be married to Mr. Bearskin (of Bull and Bearskin, stockbrokers) and the mother of six children. Then the young Haweses (males), of whom there was a swarm, all six feet high, in the army, the navy, the church, Cambridge University, Guy's Hospital, and the Charter House, were continually busy with private theatricals; painting scenes on the lawn, modelling comic masks in clay, putting the footboy to hard-labour in whitewashing, pulling up the dining-room flooring for traps, purloining the sheets and table-cloths for ghosts, blowing up the green-house with badly-made fireworks, stifling the servants with premature red-fire, and, in fact, as Mrs. Hipkins Hawes said (the only person at Yellowknights who did not approve of private theatricals), "turning the house out of windows." She was a weak lady, subject to headaches, and with an expressive but somewhat monotonous formula of reply to every remark, namely, "stuff and nonsense." Said the doctor to her, when at last she lay

mortally sick, "I fear, madam, that you are seriously indisposed." Whereupon, "Stuff and nonsense!" cried out Mrs. Hipkins Hawes, and died.

Hipkins Hawes himself did not take any active part in the private theatricals, save paying good round sums for the expenses incurred, and enjoying in a most beaming manner the enjoyments of the children he loved so well. His principal employment was to sit at the great French windows overlooking the lawn, drink old port, and tell funny stories to young Bearskin, the stock-broker, and to Captain Chuff, who had been a king's messenger, had travelled the wide world over, had a wonderful potato snuff-box, presented to him by the Emperor Alexander's aide-de-camp, and was reported to be a gay man. I never knew anyone seem happier, more contented, more at peace with the world and himself than Hipkins Hawes, the retired coach-builder, then a florid, bald-headed, fair, round-bellied proprietor, aged fifty. He would hold the prompt-book during the rehearsals of his children's plays, and make tremendous mistakes in his self-imposed task. He would laugh the loudest at the jokes, and clap his fat hands, and take the little children who had played the fairies on his knee and kiss them. Ah! those were the days of pipe and labour, of joy and gladness, of cake and wine; of the mirror before any of the quicksilver at the back is worn off; of the plated service before whitening and chamois-leather have been too often used, and the copper begins to show. We youngsters were frequent guests at Yellowknights, partly, perhaps, because all youth was welcome at that universal children's friend society; partly because we were considered to be (I say it without vanity—woe is me!) a somewhat clever family. I had a brother who was a great chemist, who always had particoloured fingers and stained clothes, who burnt holes in all the blankets with noxious acids, who once nearly blew the front of the house out with some subtle chemical preparation, and who was always trying experiments upon the cat.* I had a brother who had a wonderful genius for drawing ships. He drew so many of them on the margins of his spelling-book, that he quite overlooked the words ending in one or more syllables, or the book itself, and turned out an egregious dunce. I had a brother who made electrical machines out of cardboard and sealing-wax, models of ships that wouldn't swim, and wooden clocks that wouldn't go. His famous and favourite feat, however, was borrowing sixpence of me, which he never gave back. I had a sister—she is dead, dear girl!—who wrote the neatest, prettiest hand that ever was seen, long, I am sure, before she

could read. I have one of her books now. "Lines to —, Morning, Psalm CIX." I don't know what I was famous for myself, beyond sore eyes, and an intense love for private theatricals. This last attachment made me useful. I was call-boy, under-prompter, mob (behind the scenes), Sir Jeffery Hudson in the pie, one of the Children in the Wood, Prince Arthur, one of Hop-o-my-Thumb's brothers, a demon, a fairy, a black footboy, and the Yellow Dwarf. I wonder I never turned actor in after life: so devoted was I to the drama in those early days.

Our theatre was the great front drawing-room at Yellowknights, our stage, of course, the back drawing-room, the folding doors making the proscenium. The dining-room was our favourite *salle de spectacle*; but Hipkins, our host, fond as he was of private theatricals, was fonder still of his dinner, and was not to be cheated out of the enjoyment of his rare old port by the French windows looking out upon the lawn. I think Captain Chuff, Admiral Deadeyes (from the Priory), old Mr. Puffweazle the retired solicitor, and others of his port-wine friends, coincided in this view of matters: it was the more annoying to us, as the dining-room was garnished by two massive Corinthian pillars, and looked exactly like a real stage proscenium.

We did the best with what we had though, the drawing-rooms, and famously with those. Crowded audiences we used to have in those cheerful apartments, deaf old ladies in the front row, groups of happy children everywhere, and a grinning background of servants—to see how Miss Louisa do take her part to be sure! I need not enter into a minute criticism of our performances. We played everything, tragedy, comedy, farce, burlesque, and opera (all the Miss Haweses played and sang). I am afraid I was not much of an actor myself—I was so small and weak; but not to be egotistical, I imagine that I did once make something like a sensation as the physician's head in *Za-ze-zi-zo-zu*.

I think if I had built coaches enough (mental or bodily) to be very rich, that I should like to have a commodious family mansion, where my sons and daughters could play their private theatricals out. I am sure I would not grudge them the use of the dining-room, but would build a commodious summer-house on the lawn, where I could sip my old port wine.

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled.
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honour her, for she is mighty!
Honour her, for she is ours!

* What an inestimable boon has the invention of photography been to heads of families whose younger branches are addicted to the study of chemistry. You can't well blow a house up with a camera obscura, iodine, collodion, and gallic acid, and you may produce a pretty portrait of somebody.

See the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne ;
And each day the ranks are strengthen'd
By great hearts to him unknown ;
Noble things the great Past promised,
Holy dreams, both strange and new ;
But the Present shall fulfil them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame,
And the light that lightens round her
Is the lustre of his name ;
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim ?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule, and us obey—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
With our loving hearts to-day !

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

AFTER the stun of the blow came the realisation of the consequences. Susan would sit for hours trying patiently to recal and piece together fragments of recollection and consciousness in her brother's mind. She would let him go and pursue some senseless bit of play, and wait until she could catch his eye or his attention again, when she would resume her self-imposed task. Michael complained that she never had a word for him, or a minute of time to spend with him now ; but she only said, she must try, while there was yet a chance, to bring back her brother's lost wits. As for marriage in this state of uncertainty, she had no heart to think of it. Then Michael stormed, and absented himself for two or three days ; but it was of no use. When he came back he saw that she had been crying till her eyes were all swollen up, and he gathered from Peggy's scoldings (which she did not spare him) that Susan had eaten nothing since he went away. But she was as inflexible as ever.

"Not just yet. Only not just yet. And don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms.

And so matters went on through August. The crop of oats was gathered in ; the wheat-field was not ready as yet, when one fine day Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going to, was rather confused ; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ambleside. He would never lose sight of the lad, and have him back safe and sound before dark." So Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again : Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for him in the street, and striving to imitate this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterwards she remembered that he had tried to veil it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of sorrow whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse ; for, although he had three miles further to go, the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon—and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper which Susan had prepared for the travellers was over, Peggy went up-stairs to see Willie safe in bed ; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child of four years old requires.

Michael drew near to Susan.

"Susan," said he, "I took Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there were for him."

"Well !" said Susan, looking eagerly up. She saw the same strange glance of satisfaction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say ?" said she. "Speak ! can't you ?"

"He said he would never get better of his weakness."

"Never !"

"No ; never. It is a long word, and hard to bear. And there's worse to come, dearest. The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They've ways there both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in her face.

"There was no harm in his saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions."

They sat silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

"He's counted a very clever man," said Michael, at length.

"He may be. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may think. And I don't thank them that went and took my poor lad to have such harsh notions formed about him. If I'd been there, I could have called out the sense that is in him."

"Well ! I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd best be gone, and leave you to think it over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's sense in them, as I take it ; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Anyhow, it's a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susan," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Michael, I'm beside myself with sorrow. Don't blame me, if I speak sharp. He and me is the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to have a care of him! And this is what he's come to, poor little chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to comfort her with caresses.

"Don't," said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"And you'll think it over, Susan, and remember what the doctor says?"

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; he had referred to the plan of sending Willie away to an asylum, or madhouse, as they were called in that day and place. The idea had been gathering force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had always considered the good penny her father could give her in his catalogue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He too should have land like his brother—land to possess, to cultivate, to make profit from, to bequeath. For some time he had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward to his future, state. Michael had long felt the boy to be a trouble; but of late he had absolutely loathed him. His gibbering, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. He did not come near the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would leave her time to become anxious to see him and reconciled to his plan. They were strange, lonely days to Susan. They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours pass by without coming to see her since she had had the fever. Now that he was absent it seemed as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many weeks. Susan thought that she observed him making efforts at her bidding, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the faculties that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad. Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. As they say in the Bible, 'Nought but death shall part thee and me!'"

The country-side was full, in those days, of stories of the brutal treatment offered to the insane; stories that were in fact only too

well founded, and the truth of one of which only would have been a sufficient reason for the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Susan passed, alone, or with the poor, affectionate lad for her sole companion, served to deepen her solemn resolution never to part with him. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly and entirely out of the question. He had expected nothing less than a consent, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was extremely irritated. He could have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection, to gain his point. But, somehow, he over-reached himself; and now he was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she burst into.

"Thou wilt not bide in the same house with him, say'st thou? There's no need for thy bidding, as far as I can tell. There's solemn reason why I should bide with my own flesh and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her death-bed; but, as for thee, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fra going to America or Botany Bay this very night, if that were thy inclination. I will have no more of your threats to make me send my bairn away. If thou marry me, thou'lt help me to take charge of Willie. If thou doesn't choose to marry me on those terms—why! I can snap my fingers at thee, never fear. I'm not so far gone in love as that. But I will not have thee if thou say'st in such a hectoring way that Willie must go out of the house—and the house his own too—before thou'lt set foot in it. Willie bides here, and I bide with him."

"Thou hast may-be spoken a word too much," said Michael, pale with rage. "If I am free, as thou say'st, to go to Canada or Botany Bay, I reckon I'm free to live where I like, and that will not be with a natural who may turn into a madman some day, for aught I know. Choose between him and me, Susy, for I swear to you, you shan't have both."

"I have chosen," said Susan, now perfectly composed and still. "Whatever comes of it, I bide with Willie."

"Very well," replied Michael, trying to assume an equal composure of manner. "Then I'll wish you a very good night." He went out of the house-door half-expecting to be called back again; but, instead, he heard a hasty step inside, and a bolt drawn.

"Whew!" said he to himself, "I think I must leave my lady alone for a week or two, and give her time to come to her senses. She'll not find it so easy as she thinks to let me go."

So he went past the kitchen-window in nonchalant style, and was not seen again at Yew Nook for some weeks. How did he

pass the time? For the first day or two he was unusually cross with all things and people that came across him. Then wheat-harvest began, and he was busy, and exultant about his heavy crop. Then a man came from a distance to bid for the lease of his farm, which had been offered for sale by his father's advice, as he himself was so soon likely to remove to the Yew Nook. He had so little idea that Susan really would remain firm to her determination, that he at once began to haggle with the man who came after his farm, showed him the crop just got in, and managed skilfully enough to make a good bargain for himself. Of course the bargain had to be sealed at the public-house; and the companions he met with there soon became friends enough to tempt him into Langdale, where again he met with Eleanor Hebthwaite.

How did Susan pass the time? For the first day or so she was too angry and offended to cry. She went about her household duties in a quick, sharp, jerking, yet absent, way; shrinking one moment from Will, overwhelming him with remorseful caresses the next. The third day of Michael's absence she had the relief of a good fit of crying; and after that she grew softer and more tender; she felt how harshly she had spoken to him, and remembered how angry she had been. She made excuses for him. "It was no wonder," she said to herself, "that he had been vexed with her; and no wonder he would not give in, when she had never tried to speak gently or to reason with him. She was to blame, and she would tell him so, and tell him once again all that her mother had bade her be to Willie, and all the horrible stories she had heard about mad-houses, and he would be on her side at once."

And so she watched for his coming, intending to apologise as soon as ever she saw him. She hurried over her household work, in order to sit quietly at her sewing, and hear the first distant sound of his well-known step or whistle. But even the sound of her flying needle seemed too loud—perhaps she was losing an exquisite instant of anticipation; so she stopped sewing, and looked longingly out through the geranium leaves, so that her eye might catch the first stir of the branches in the wood-path by which he generally came. Now and then a bird might spring out of the covert; otherwise the leaves were heavily still in the sultry weather of early autumn. Then she would take up her sewing, and with a spasm of resolution, she would determine that a certain task should be fulfilled before she would again allow herself the poignant luxury of expectation. Sick at heart was she when the evening closed in, and the chances of that day diminished. Yet she stayed up longer than usual, thinking that if he were coming—if he were only passing along the distant road—the sight of a light in the window might encourage him to make his appearance even at that late hour, while

seeing the house all darkened and shut up might quench any such intention.

Very sick and weary at heart, she went to bed; too desolate and despairing to cry, or make any moan. But in the morning hope came afresh. Another day—another chance! And so it went on for weeks. Peggy understood her young mistress's sorrow full well, and respected it by her silence on the subject. Willie seemed happier now that the irritation of Michael's presence was removed; for the poor idiot had a sort of antipathy to Michael, which was a kind of heart's echo to the repugnance in which the latter held him. Altogether, just at this time, Willie was the happiest of the three.

As Susan went into Coniston, to sell her butter, one Saturday, some inconsiderate person told her that they had seen Michael Hurst the night before. I said inconsiderate, but I might rather have said unobservant; for any one who had spent half-an-hour in Susan Dixon's company might have seen that she disliked having any reference made to the subjects nearest to her heart, were they joyous or grievous. Now she went a little paler than usual (and she had never recovered her colour since she had had the fever), and tried to keep silence. But an irrepressible pang forced out the question—

"Where?"

"At Thomas Applethwaite's, in Langdale. They had a kind of harvest-home, and he were there among the young folk, and very thick wi' Nelly Hebthwaite, old Thomas's niece. Thou'lt have to look after him a bit, Susan!"

She neither smiled nor sighed. The neighbour who had been speaking to her was struck with the grey stillness of her face. Susan herself felt how well her self-command was obeyed by every little muscle, and said to herself in her Spartan manner, "I can bear it without either wincing or blenching." She went home early, at a tearing, passionate pace, trampling and breaking through all obstacles of briar or bush. Willie was moping in her absence—hanging listlessly on the farm-yard gate to watch for her. When he saw her, he set up one of his strange, inarticulate cries, of which she was now learning the meaning, and came towards her with his loose, galloping run, head and limbs all shaking and wagging with pleasant excitement. Suddenly she turned from him, and burst into tears. She sate down on a stone by the wayside, not a hundred yards from home, and buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a passion of pent-up sorrow, so terrible and full of agony were her low cries, that the idiot stood by her, aghast and silent. All his joy gone for the time, but not, like her joy, turned into ashes. Some thought struck him. Yes! the sight of her woe made him think, great as the exertion was. He ran, and stumbled, and shambled home, buzzing with his lips all the time. She never missed him. He came

back in a trice, bringing with him his cherished paper windmill, bought on that fatal day when Michael had taken him into Kendal, to have his doom of perpetual idiotcy pronounced. He thrust it into Susan's face, her hands, her lap, regardless of the injury his frail plaything thereby received. He leapt before her, to think how he had cured all heart-sorrow, buzzing louder than ever. Susan looked up at him, and that glance of her sad eyes sobered him. He began to whimper, he knew not why; and she now, comforter in her turn, tried to soothe him by twirling his windmill. But it was broken; it made no noise; it would not go round. This seemed to afflict Susan more than him. She tried to make it right, although she saw the task was hopeless; and while she did so, the tears rained down unheeded from her bent head on the paper toy.

"It won't do," said she, at last. "It will never do again." And, somehow, she took the accident and her words as omens of the love that was broken, and that she feared could never be pieced together again. She rose up and took Willie's hand, and the two went in slowly to the house.

To her surprise, Michael Hurst sate in the house-place. House-place is a sort of better kitchen, where no cookery is done, but which is reserved for state occasions. Michael had gone in there because he was accompanied by his only sister, a woman older than himself, who was well married beyond Keswick, and who now came for the first time to make acquaintance with Susan. Michael had primed his sister with his wishes with regard to Will, and the position in which he stood with Susan; and arriving at Yew Nook in the absence of the latter, he had not scrupled to conduct his sister into the guest-room, as he held Mrs. Gale's worldly position in respect and admiration, and therefore wished her to be favourably impressed with all the signs of property which he was beginning to consider as Susan's greatest charms. He had secretly said to himself that if Eleanor Hebthwaite and Susan Dixon were equal as to riches, he would sooner have Eleanor by far. He had begun to consider Susan as a termagant; and when he thought of his intercourse with her, recollections of her somewhat warm and hasty temper came far more readily to his mind than any remembrance of her generous, loving nature.

And now she stood face to face with him; her eyes tear-swollen, her garments dusty, and here and there torn in consequence of her rapid progress through the bushy by-paths. She did not make a favourable impression on the well-clad Mrs. Gale, dressed in her best silk-gown, and therefore unusually susceptible to the appearance of another. Nor were her manners gracious or cordial. How could they be, when she remembered what had passed between Michael and herself the last time they met? For her penitence

had faded away under the daily disappointment of these last weary weeks.

But she was hospitable in substance. She bade Peggy hurry on the kettle, and busied herself among the tea-cups, thankful that the presence of Mrs. Gale, as a stranger, would prevent the immediate recurrence to the one subject which she felt must be present in Michael's mind as well as in her own. But Mrs. Gale was withheld by no such feelings of delicacy. She had come ready-primed with the case, and had undertaken to bring the girl to reason. There was no time to be lost. It had been pre-arranged between the brother and sister that he was to stroll out into the farm-yard before his sister introduced the subject; but she was so confident in the success of her arguments, that she must needs have the triumph of a victory as soon as possible; and, accordingly, she brought a hail-storm of good reasons to bear upon Susan's. Susan did not reply for a long time; she was so indignant at this intermeddling of a stranger in the deep family sorrow and shame. Mrs. Gale thought she was gaining the day, and urged her arguments more pitilessly. Even Michael winced for Susan, and wondered at her silence. He shrunk out of sight, and into the shadow, hoping that his sister might prevail, but annoyed at the hard way in which she kept putting the case.

Suddenly Susan turned round from the occupation she had pretended to be engaged in, and said to him in a low voice, which yet not only vibrated itself, but made its hearers vibrate through all their obtuseness:

"Michael Hurst! does your sister speak truth, think you?"

Both women looked at him for his answer; Mrs. Gale without anxiety, for had she not said the very words they had spoken together before; had she not used the very arguments that he himself had suggested? Susan, on the contrary, looked to his answer as settling her doom for life; and in the gloom of her eyes you might have read more despair than hope.

He shuffled his position. He shuffled in his words.

"What is it you ask? My sister has said many things."

"I ask you," said Susan, trying to give a crystal clearness both to her expressions and her pronunciation, "if, knowing as you do how Will is afflicted, you will help me to take that charge of him that I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would do; and which means, that I shall keep him always with me, and do all in my power to make his life happy. If you will do this, I will be your wife; if not, I remain unwed."

"But he may get dangerous; he can be but a trouble; his being here is a pain to you, Susan, not a pleasure."

"I ask you for either yes or no," said she, a little contempt at his evading her question

mingling with her tone. He perceived it, and it nettled him.

"And I have told you. I answered your question the last time I was here. I said I would ne'er keep house with an idiot; no more I will. So now you've gotten your answer."

"I have," said Susan. And she sighed deeply.

"Come, now," said Mrs. Gale, encouraged by the sigh; "one would think you don't love Michael, Susan, to be so stubborn in yielding to what I'm sure would be best for the lad."

"Oh! she does not care for me," said Michael. "I don't believe she ever did."

"Don't I? Have not I?" asked Susan, her eyes blazing out fire. She left the room directly, and sent Peggy in to make the tea; and catching at Will, who was lounging about in the kitchen, she went up-stairs with him and bolted herself in, straining the boy to her heart, and keeping almost breathless, lest any noise she made should cause him to break out into the howls and sounds which she could not bear that those below should hear.

A knock at the door. It was Peggy.

"He wants for to see you, to wish you good-bye."

"I cannot come. Oh, Peggy, send them away."

It was her only cry for sympathy; and the old servant understood it. She sent them away, somehow; not politely, as I have been given to understand.

"Good go with them," said Peggy, as she grimly watched their retreating figures. "We're rid of bad rubbish, anyhow." And she turned into the house with the intention of making ready some refreshment for Susan, after her hard day at the market, and her harder evening. But in the kitchen, to which she passed through the empty house-place, making a face of contemptuous dislike at the used tea-cups and fragments of a meal yet standing there, she found Susan, with her sleeves tucked up and her working apron on, busied in preparing to make clap-bread, one of the hardest and hottest domestic tasks of a daleswoman. She looked up, and first met and then avoided Peggy's eye; it was too full of sympathy. Her own cheeks were flushed, and her own eyes were dry and burning.

"Where's the board, Peggy? We need clap-bread; and I reckon I've time to get through with it to-night." Her voice had a sharp dry tone in it, and her motions had a jerking angularity in them.

Peggy said nothing, but fetched her all that she needed. Susan beat her cakes thin with vehement force. As she stooped over them, regardless even of the task in which she seemed so much occupied, she was surprised by a touch on her mouth of something—what she did not see at first. It was a cup of tea, delicately sweetened and cooled,

and held to her lips when exactly ready by the faithful old woman. Susan held it off a hand's-breadth, and looked into Peggy's eyes, while her own filled with the strange relief of tears.

"Lass!" said Peggy, solemnly, "thou hast done well. It is not long to bide, and then the end will come."

"But you are very old, Peggy," said Susan, quivering.

"It is but a day sin' I were young," replied Peggy; but she stopped the conversation by again pushing the cup with gentle force to Susan's dry and thirsty lips. When she had drunken she fell again to her labour, Peggy heating the hearth, and doing all that she knew would be required, but never speaking another word. Willie basked close to the fire, enjoying the animal luxury of warmth, for the autumn evenings were beginning to be chilly. It was one o'clock before they thought of going to bed on that memorable night.

BOUND FOR BRAZIL.

"At half-past eleven, a.m."—so said a printed bill on the mirror of a Southampton coffee-room where at all hours of day and night, a waiter with ambrosial curls, and snow-white cravat, faultlessly tied, an apparently never-sleeping being, is to be found, intently watchful, ready to minister to the varied wants of the continually arriving travellers, from all parts of the world, by sea and land—"A small steamer will be ready at the Docks, to convey passengers and their baggage to the *Bella Donna*. The *Bella Donna* will sail at three p.m." Where does the *Bella Donna* sail to? What do I know? To every part of the Indies, as the Spaniards used to call them. To South American ports—to Jamaica, —to St. Thomas—to Cuba, everywhere in those tropicals angaree-drinking regions, either itself, or in conjunction with other vessels; that is, personally or by correspondence. The *Bella Donna* is a Royal Mail steam-ship, of multifarious power; a first-class steamer, a floating hotel with a farm-yard, poultry-yard, and ice-house; where you can have everything you call for, and the only disadvantage is that you can't do what I heard a little girl cry out very piteously to be allowed to do the other day in a hurricane between Calais and Dover—"get out and walk."

On this occasion I was not a traveller, and therefore coolly surveyed the collection around me,—the old hands intent on breakfast, the young ones fidgeting about luggage. In a Babel of languages orders were given for coffee, chops, boots, coats, ham, eggs, pens, port-manteaus, writing-paper, broiled mackerel, carpet-bags, ink, umbrellas, mackintoshes, and prawns. The waiters and boots were equal to the occasion. Travellers and foreign tongues were familiar to them. They were not in a hurry, they knew

the exact time it would take to discharge their part of the living and dead freight, and received or gave their orders, and performed their work with the calmness of treasury clerks, or field-marshal.

My old friend, Pencarryn, about to report on certain South American and West Indian mines, had caught me on my way to the New Forest, and secured me as a spectator of his departure,—not romantically, for the voyage was nothing new to him,—but he asked me to see him off just as he would have done, if he had been merely taking the steamer for Edinburgh instead of for Rio de Janeiro.

In due time we moved from the hotel on shore—through the broad, clean, well-built streets of New Southampton—in an involuntary procession of other voyagers, their friends and interpreters, led on by baggage carts on which were artistically piled trunks, chests, and hat-boxes, of every description of trunkish physiognomy. There is a physiognomy in trunks, and a specialty in baggage very suggestive, in the eyes of an old traveller, of the owners. There were vast square wooden boxes, not of the sailor sea-chest look, strong, serviceable, cheap, which hailed quite naturally from Aberdeen. Large portmanteaus of unmistakably stout leather, no calf or canvass imitations, of curious colours, well banded round, and covered with stout protective knobs, some being provided, in addition, with little castors, were unmistakably North American. Then there was the regular military baggage, black marked in white, "Captain Stumpe, one hundred and fiftieth West Indian Regiment." Even without the loud screams and vivid gesticulations of the proprietor, I should have known that the two yellow, ill-made portmanteaus, the capacious carpet-bag, the square hat-box, and the bundle of bludgeons and canes curiously carved, bound up with two umbrellas of brilliant colours, belonged to Monsieur Millefleurs, artist in hair-dressing, perfumer, and tonsor, bound for Havannah, from Paris, who was on his first voyage. Besides tin-boxes, bonnet-boxes, chests, bags, there were many others, which to name, as the Latin Grammar says, would take up too much room.

The Mouse, tender-steamer, waiting to receive us—dwarfed to the size of a very Aztec by comparison with a huge mass in the offing—hisssed impatiently in the manner peculiar to such sea sprites on such occasions. The deck was soon crammed with passengers and luggage—a Noah's ark of varieties, enlivened by a confusion of tongues. I will not profess to give the characteristics of each nation—that has been done too often. The march of steam has rubbed habitual travellers down to a general class not easily to be distinguished. A sombrero-hatted, black moustachioed, solemn, cigarette-smoking, person, whom I took for a Spaniard, turned out

to be a Scotchman, deep in the hide trade; a thin dandy—ringed, chained, curled, caned, and studded; in the neatest of boots and tightest of gloves—in fact, in externals a pure Parisian, fresh from Tortoni's, the Jockey Club, and the Bourse—was a New Yorker. At any rate, there were gathered on the deck of the little tender English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, "Statesmen," Spaniards, Spanish creoles, Italians, Portuguese, Brazilians, English West Indians, and gentlemen and ladies of colour of divers tongues. With a few striking exceptions, there was no special difference between our party and one that may be found any summer's day on a Rhine steamboat. Wide-awake hats, moustachios, cigars, and cigarettes, many-pocketed garments and ample nether integuments abounded, as well as the before-mentioned curious bundles of sticks of all dimensions, from the shillalagh to the thin cane with gold, silver, or ivory head, strapped round an umbrella, which forms the invariable accompaniment—the modern fasces of a foreign fine gentleman.

One figure, however, stood out involuntarily, almost timidly, from the common-place groups around him—a middle-aged, middle-sized, fatish, lemon-complexioned gentleman; beardless, whiskerless, perfectly smooth-faced, spectacled, in snow-white trousers, white waistcoat, white cravat, grey cloth boots tipped with varnished leather, grey wide-awake hat, and loose black coat. I had never seen him before, except in pictures, sitting under a verandah, with a cigar in mouth, but at once recognised the West Indian creole shivering in spite of a bright English sun under the rising sea breeze. But the great attraction (not to me only) was a real Spanish or rather Havanese baby, a few months old, in the arms of a large, flabby, hard-complexioned, sedate Spanish nurse. It was a little plump thing, of pale white-lead tinge—not the whiteness of English babies—with the blackest beads of eyes, and a profusion of jet-black straight hair peeping from beneath its night-cap. The little creature was full of the strangest antics and grimaces, screwing up its red little button of a mouth in a manner so unearthly, that a Scotchwoman, the wife of one of the engineers, pronounced it to be "no canny." Its favourite toy was—what will you guess, you learned in English nurseries?—not a coral, nor a bunch of keys, nor an ivory ring, nor a watch-chain, but—a fan! Here was a key to the inimitable grace with which the Spanish beauties handle a fan—they begin in time; taking their first lessons in a nurse's arms; whenever the little imp seemed inclined to be fractious, the fan was unfolded, gently waved before its face by the grave nurse, fluttered for a moment or two, and then the infant stretched out its tiny fist, seized the prize in a firm grasp, and tried to imitate the operation.

Of course we had not steamed many yards

from the dock-side, before loud cries of lamentation arose, not for parting friends,—that sort of grief is reserved for less genteel conveyances,—but for parcels mislaid, and umbrellas left behind. Perspiring passengers and porters held up their hands on the quay, despairing for a moment, and then disappearing to hire one of the wary boatmen, who every week gather a fair harvest from the great Too-late family. A short quarter of an hour's gliding by the lovely scenery of the Solent brought us alongside the *Bella Donna*. The style of getting on board a large steamer from a small steamer has considerable advantages, both in dignity and comfort, over the small boat and rope-ladder system of emigrant ships; where, with a short sea and wobbling boat, climbing up an unsteady machine with efforts worthy of those of a street mountebank, becomes the necessity of passengers, without exception to age and sex; all of whom "must climb who never climbed before;" and not only climb, but hold on for their lives. We were better off.

When the *Mouse* ran alongside the *Bella Donna*, a sort of big door was opened in the side of the latter (excuse want of nautical knowledge), leading to the lower deck. The court was ready ranged in rows, to receive its king, the captain; on one side the officers in blue uniforms and gold lace; on the other, a selection from the crew, in white trousers and blue Jerseys, with "*Bella Donna*" embroidered in red on every chest. Among these were two negroes, of the blackest, fuzziest type; evidently impressed with the dignity of their office and the unaccustomed magnificence of their costume. After the captain, the passengers followed pell-mell, and were soon widely dispersed, the new voyagers madly shrieking for the steward and stewardess.

Leaving them to their confusion, I mounted to the deck; where, from bow to stern, a clear promenade, long enough for exercise in a pony chair, extended without break or stop—a vast improvement in comfort on the old style of lofty picturesque poop. Man-of-war discipline prevailed. The whiteness of the planks, the neatness of every arrangement, must be something frightful to the tobacco-chewing sections of the one hundred and fifty passengers whose acquaintance with dirt has been so close and so protracted, that they have acquired an affection for it. Two operations of a very different character were going on simultaneously. On one side passengers, escaped from the luggage department, were busy, choosing their light reading for the voyage from a parti-coloured collection transplanted from a railway station;—the stock of which had gone off with extraordinary briskness. On the other, the captain mustered his crew and engineers, a formidable array; for the officers and crew made up more than fifty; six engineers had under their command twenty-four firemen, eighteen coal trimmers, and a couple of mechanics. Stewards and servants made up a round dozen,

beside a quarter of a hundred waiters to minister to the wants of a hundred and fifty passengers. As for the freight, besides two hundred tons of stores to be consumed on the voyage, and five hundred tons of cargo, there were some thirteen hundred tons of coal for the insatiable demands of the stoke-holes.

From the quarter-deck, I made my way amidships to look into the farm. I found it well stocked. In separate pens, pigs grunted, sheep chewed the cud; while fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys occupied long coops, in marvellous profusion. There is no department in which improvement is more needed than in sea-going pens and coops. If every sheep had its separate stall divided off by stout open rails, and if the coops for poultry were subdivided so as not to have more than four or five in each division; if, in addition, the grain-troughs were kept always full of food, and a tin fountain of sufficient size were attached to each water-trough, a large per centage of the poultry now destroyed during every voyage by over-crowding and fighting for water, would be saved, and all would be kept in good condition. Already poultry mortality had begun to take place, and the sheep, if they had been penned separately, would have avoided many bruises, without any loss of space.

From the stock-farm I descended to the kitchen, without halting in the long luxuriant dining-room, surrounded by softly-cushioned sofas. The kitchen is a sort of cage of iron, placed on the lower deck, nearly amidships; there I had the pleasure of seeing the French chef, a first-rate artist, attended by his myrmidons at work,—and of learning how, within a section scarcely twelve feet square, dinners of many dishes worthy of the renowned artists of the Boulevard Italien and Palais Royal,—could be prepared, dished, and transferred to the hands of the twenty-five waiters; who, in full livery of blue coats with metal buttons, and white continuations, perform the part of geni of ancient story; and, at the appointed signal—no matter whether rubbing a sonorous ring, or ringing a bell—lay out the feast. To appreciate the capabilities of mechanical skill and cooking talents of a high order in triumphing over confined space, and in defying time, the steam kitchen of a steam-ship must be visited. The commander-in-chief, like Field-marshal Governor Crusoe, is monarch of all he surveys. He plans the whole, but does not disdain to execute details; thus, those who have on one day luxuriated over his best dish, a *matelotte à la Macédoine*, *fricandeau de poulet*, a *vol-au-vent*, or a *Mayonnaise d'homard*, may the next see him hard at work chopping the vegetables destined to form a delicious potage, with the rapidity and neatness of a machine; while keeping an eye on his ovens, his steamers, his *braisères*, his boilers, and issuing curt directions to his second in command.

In this vast floating caravanserai two French and one English artist sail permanently, for the passengers; besides four assistants. While the steam kitchen was throwing out perfumes of delicious fragrance to a hungry man, the door of a cabin close by accidentally opening, displayed another artist engaged on the pastry,—into the manufacture of which he was throwing his whole soul. From these two laboratories proceed the sources of the principal employment of the voyage: that is to say,—two breakfasts, luncheon, two dinners, tea, supper, also divers little snacks and portions for invalids and infants. A bill of fare for the preceding voyage, which fell into my hands, opened up a new course of study for sea voyagers. It was clear then that all tastes were consulted. Two soups prepared for fish, *saumon en mayonnaise*; then came solid joints, roast beef, mutton, and mutton boiled, with caper sauce, with other solids to meet the sober appetite of John Bull;—but there was also a *vol-au-vent de volaille*, ducks stewed with little peas—I translate here—and pigs' feet treated in a manner which only French genius can execute. After other strokes of talent of the same subtle character, a sacrifice was made to grosser English and German taste, in a roast goose. It was August—he was a stubble goose, slightly removed from a green goose. Other roasts succeeded, lightened up by a ragout of kidneys and sheep's hearts, and a haricot which, from such a hand, would inspire perfect confidence. Sweets followed in delightful variety and profusion. To wash down these luncheons, dinners, and suppers, besides the odd hours to be killed by a cigar and cold drink during a voyage of fourteen days, some twenty tons of ice are provided, and a cellar containing about two hundred dozen of wine, well packed—sherry and claret occupying the largest space, port the smallest; Champagne comes next to sherry; Madeira, Hock, Moselle, and Sauterne, each fill some dozen bins. Four casks of brandy, and about three hundred dozen of ale and stout, have also to be provided with compact storage.

The thirstiness of idleness on a South American voyage must be measured in gallons. In the above, the ship's crew's consumption is not included. Besides the two courses and dessert of the saloon there has also to be provided the following separate dinners:—For the officers' mess; for the engineers' mess; for the warrant-officers' mess; for passengers' servants' and children's mess. Among these, the engineers did not fare badly on pea-soup and roast pork, stewed breast of mutton, haricot, potatoes, rice, and plum-pudding. For the children, chicken and rice, and tapioca-pudding were provided. After examining these bills of fare and seeing the artist at work, I was not surprised to find that the commander-in-chief of the kitchen had ten pounds, and that the second in command had

six pounds a-month, with doubtless some perquisites. The crew, who have a cook of their own, feed daily on salt beef and suet-puddings.

A word of command recalled me from gourmand and gourmet meditations, to which only a Brillat Savarin could have done justice. The Mail tender was alongside, and a division of the crew, chiefly the grinning blackmen, were hauling across the connecting-plane a large cargo of packages, in shape much like gigantic roll-puddings. The canvass puddings contained newspapers, the leather ones letters—how many tons of each I did not learn, but something considerable; and their directions were quite an encyclopædia of geographical names. Then the word came, "All for shore!" and friends embraced and took leave; but "Good Lord!" as old Pepys would say, "that was a very cool, common-place business."

The romance of the sea has gone the way of the romance of the road. Buccaneer conquerors and picturesque pirates have become as impossible as those curled darlings of the melodrama who robbed in velvet coats, and spent their last days in Newgate, consoled by the lamenting visits of curious ladies of quality, and the best wine the jailor's cellars could afford. Even the romance of distance, which had survived the swarm of frigates so fatal to sea-robbing and secret island homes in our youth, has passed away. A few years ago, although travellers no longer made their wills and embraced their despairing wives with a tragic air on proceeding from Exeter to London, a sea-voyage was still a serious affair. A man who had plucked mangoes from, or cracked cocoa-nuts beneath, their native trees was a small lion. To have visited South America was to have the credit of an intimate acquaintance with the qualities of diamonds; and a sojourn in Cuba entitled the fortunate individual, if young and not bad looking, to the deep attention of all the young ladies, while he told stories in which gigantic flowers and butterflies, snakes, lizards, and ladrones, were mixed up with dark eyes, cigarettes, siestas, volantes, mantles, and mantillas, orange-groves, and frightful assassinations.

Steam has changed all that. Distance (no longer) lends enchantment to the view. Passengers to Rio, Buenos Ayres, and Cuba, shook hands with their home-staying friends as they would have done had they been off in the *Bella Donna* to Brighton for a week. The only sentimental person in our return boat was a simple country lass, the newly-married wife of one of the engineers, who had never seen the sea or parted with her husband before that day. She wept profusely.

Even the old melodious ceremony dear to sea songsters of heaving the anchor was not performed on this occasion. As we moved off, the *Bella Donna* backed astern, loosed and slipped a rope that held her to a

great buoy, and then her feathering paddles, dipping almost noiselessly into the sea, she went away like a racehorse.

SUNDAY MUSIC.

THIS earth we live on is decidedly a very curious place, and people do the most extraordinary things upon it. 'Whatever is, is right,' of course—the number of feet in that line of the Essay on Man is certainly correct—but still I can't help doubting whether it be quite right to hate our brothers and sisters quite as much as we do. It can't be exactly a proper thing to take that which does not belong to us, and cut the throats of the legitimate proprietors, because they object to our proceedings; to believe, (or say we believe) that some hundred millions of our fellow creatures are bound headlong to perdition, because they believe rather more or less than we believe. It may be right, but it doesn't look like it, to send two honest labourers to hard labour in a villanous jail—to herd with Blueskin, Jack Rann, Bill Sykes, and Mat-o'-the-Mint—for the microscopic crime of leaving haymaking to see a review; it oughtn't to be right that a Christian priest, consecrated to God's service for our soul's health, should, by virtue of his commission of J.P., have the right to do a shameful and cruel wrong. Let me only take one little slender twig from one of the fascines with which we are perpetually fortifying our stronghold of assumed right or wrong—one splinter of the yule log of inconsistency—Music on Sundays.

And, mind, I am tolerant, I am moderate; I am content to blink the general Sunday question—Sunday and bitters, or Sunday and sweetstuff. Meet me on this question: Is secular music on Sundays right or wrong, and are we inconsistent in our opinions and acts concerning it?

I maintain that music is always good; and better on our best of days, Sunday. I shall not be long in finding antagonists who will maintain that Sunday music is wrong, dangerous, nay, damnable.

Now, why should secular Sunday music be so dreadfully wicked?—or, again, admitting momentarily, that it might not be quite correct, why can't we be a little consistent in the application of our strictures, remembering that maxim so time-honoured (in the breach thereof), that what is sauce for the goose is (or should be) sauce for the gander likewise? Did you never dwell, O ye denouncers of Sunday music! in a provincial garrison town? Did you never listen without wringing of hands, or heaving of breasts, or upturning of eyes, or quivering accents—but, on the contrary, with much genial pleasure and content—to the notes of the regimental brass-band coming home with the regiment from church? Was not that music of a notoriously worldly, not to say frivolous cha-

racter, including marches, polkas, potpourris, schottisches, valsees-à-deux-temps, many of which, by the self-same musicians, you heard performed only last night at the Shire Hall Ball, or the Dowager Lady Larkheel's Assembly? And yet I never heard of an association in a country town for putting down regimental waltzes on Sundays; and I decidedly never knew the poet's corner of a country newspaper to be ornamented by such a brimstone bard as he who empties his penny phials of penny wrath upon the wind instruments in Kensington Gardens. Tell me, are there not scores of watering-places—pious watering-places, the chosen villagium of serious old ladies with heavy balances at their bankers—of evangelical young ladies, whose lives are passed (and admirably, too) in a circle of tracts, good books, fleecy hosiery, beef tea, rheumatism, and bedridden old ladies—of awakened bankers, possessing private proprietary chapels, and never—oh, never!—running away with the cash-box—watering-places where pet parsons are as plentiful as pet lapdogs, and every quack, and every ignoramus, and every crack-brained enthusiast can thump his tub and think it is a pulpit—can blow his puny tin trumpet and think it is the last trump? Yet in these same watering-places I never heard of denunciations of the cavalry band; or very frequently the subscription band charming the air with sweet sounds on Sunday afternoons, on the pier or the parade, the common or the downs. To come nearer home, who has not heard of the Sunday band playing upon the terrace of regal Windsor? Was not that mundane music patronised by the most immaculate, severely-virtuous of kings—the pattern family-man, George the Third? And who can err who copies George the Third? And to come nearer, nearest home, see where yon palace stands—that unsightly but expensive lump of architecture in eruption—that palace before which stand no unholy cabs (oh, wicked Place du Carroussel that sufferest cabs, omnibuses, citadines, Dame Blanchés, and voitures bourgeoises!)—in that palace the sovereign necessarily dines every Sunday when in town. Do you think Mr. Anderson and the private band play psalm-tunes while the royal family are at dinner, indulge the royal ears with the Old Hundredth between the courses, and usher in the entries with the Evening Hymn? Away, ye hypocrites! Go away, black men, don't you come a-nigh us. You object to Sunday strains when the music is out-door—when it affords a rational, cheerful, innocent amusement for the tens of thousands of overworked humanity.

I do not consider myself to be altogether a heathen, I have no sympathy for Fetish rites, or for any form of Mumbo-Jumboism, be that interesting ism found at Eldad, or little Bethel, at Saint Trumpington's Cathedral, or on the west coast of Africa. I am

not a pagan, a worshipper of Ahriman, a follower of Zoroaster, or a disciple of Tom Paine, yet I am constrained to confess, that I can discern no difference at all between sacred and secular music, that should render the performance of the first permissible, and of the second obnoxious as impious on the Sabbath-day. Music may be grave or gay, lively or plaintive, but it is always sacred. It is an art. Its every phase can soften, refine, subdue, charm, refresh, console, humanise, elevate, improve. When it is coarse or vulgar, it is not music at all, but sound prostituted. So would I have no bad music allowed either on Sundays or week-days anywhere, but good music; what nice and conceited sciolist is to weigh the nice distinctions between the sacred and profane,—to tell me which is lay and which is clerical music? The Dead March in Saul, played in quick measure, is a jig; *Adeste Fideles*, is as triumphant, joyous, brilliant, mirthful, as the Happy, Happy, duet in *Acis and Galatea*. My Mother bids me bind my Hair, is as plaintive as any air in any oratorio in existence: and so is Auld Robin Gray. Sound the Loud Timbrel, is in its actual time, almost a polka. Who can call that tremendous deep burst of joy and praise—that chorus or choruses, the Hallelujah; to which we, cold-blooded, fleshy, phlegmatic Englishmen even, accord the tribute of standing up uncovered whenever it is performed,—who can call the Hallelujah Chorus sacred in the Sternhold and Hopkins' sense of the word? Sacred it is as the master-piece of a great musician, but it is no sour canticle, no nasal chant. It is a triumphant pæan of happiness and thankfulness; it is the voice of all humanity, singing, not miserably, not dolefully, not with a mouth whoselips are cracked with vinegar, and whose tongue saturated with gall, and whose teeth on edge with bitter doctrine, and whose throat half-choked with a starched neck-cloth, but with full expansive lungs, with a heart beating with pleasure, with nerves strung with strong reliance and cheerful faith, with a whole spirit loudly, jubilantly giving thanks for the sun, the seas, the fields, the seed-time, and the harvest, for the merciful present and the merciful to come. Old Rowland Hill was right in his generation when he declared that he could not see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself,—and followed his declaration by having the words in his hymnbook set to the best secular tunes. But I will go farther than Rowland Hill. I cannot see why the devil should have any good tunes. Let us respect and cherish, ennoble and protect the art of music, and there shall speedily be no harm in music, secular or sacred, on Sundays.

Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. In the name of common sense, if the Star steam-packet is allowed to start every Sunday morning for Gravesend with a brass-band

on board, that plays gaily all the way to the suburban watering-place—if at Woolwich towards seven o'clock you may hear the Artillery band tuning up for the officers' mess, why should the crowds who now wander purposeless about the streets and parks of London be deprived of a cheap, wholesome, and sensible gratification? Which is best—to listen to the overture to *Oberon* in Kensington Gardens, or to brood over a tap-room table, muttering out the latest false or true news of the Turco-Russian war, or growling out the odds on the next Derby, or spelling out over a misanthropic pipe the record of the last prize-fight? Which is best—to go to a Sunday bed in pure weariness, or skulk about street corners and against posts till the public-houses open, and gnash your teeth with impotent abuse of the legislature when they close, or maunder over a pamphlet on raw cotton in a deserted club-room—or to saunter on the green grass beneath the green trees, surrounded by happy groups, gay colours, kind voices, silver laughter, children spangling the sward like daisies, manhood in its prime, beauty in its flower, old age in reverent complacency—all kept together, not by strong excitement, not by frenzied declamation, not by fireworks or jugglers' feats or quacks' orations, but by the simple, tender tie of a few musical chords, of a pretty tune or two played by a score of men in red coats? We might have the grass and the trees, the children and the daisies, you say, without the music. If we need recreation, we might walk in the fields or the lanes. Yes; and I have seen a cow in a field, and she was chewing the cud, and a donkey in a by-lane, and he was munching thistles. If I wish to ruminate, to be alone, to be Misanthropos and hate mankind, I know where to walk; but if I wish to see my fellows around me pleasantly occupied (for what is happiness but delightful labour, and doing good actions the most delightful labour of all!), and by some harmless music pleased, and thereby rendering the best and sweetest thanks to that Giver whom (as good Bishop Taylor phrases it) we cannot please unless we be infinitely pleased ourselves—then thither will I go; and thither, too, I went only two Sundays ago, into Kensington Gardens, where sixty thousand persons (and not one pickpocket—apparent, at least), of every rank and grade in life, were collected to hear the band play. I forgive Sir BENJAMIN HALL much red tape, past, present and to come, for this one sensible concession of his.

The band playing in Kensington Gardens! Till within the last month, this celebration taking place during the summer months twice a-week was, with some few exceptions, an exclusively aristocratic amusement. Some ragged waifs and strays of bad or miserable humanity—some heaps of tatters that had souls inside, but very little corporeal life—

were wont to come here and crouch upon the grass till routed up by park-keeper's cane, dully listening to the music, and wistfully gazing round from time to time in search of eleemosynary pence. But they seldom managed to elude the vigilance of the guardians even sufficiently to pass the gate. By times threadbare men who did not eat often, pacing the noble avenues in abstract thought or entranced perusal of learned books, would come, accidentally, upon the aristocratic throng; but they would glance at their shabby clothes and sigh, and hie away quickly on the other side, frightened like unto a fawn leaping out from a covert into some glade of Bushy Park, where a merry pic-nic party is assembled, and betaking itself, startled, into the umbrage of the oaks again. People dressed to attend the band-playing at Kensington. Lines of empty carriages waited outside the gates, while their possessors promenaded the gardens. Round the braying bandsmen were gathered the great London dandies, the great London belles, the pearls of aristocratic purity, and, I am afraid, some other pearls of beauty and of price, but of more Cleopatrean configuration, and whose Antonies found here a neutral ground whereon to vaunt their charms and their possession. Could the wiry little terrier in the sulky brougham by Victoria Gate have spoken, he would have told you where the lady in the long black ringlets, with so many diamonds, and with gold flowers on her veil, was gone—the coachman could speak, but would not—he was discreet. The whole scene was a charmed circle of moustaches and tufts (the beard movement was not then), watchchains, fillagree card-cases, Brussels lace, *moiré* antique dresses, primrose kid gloves, vinaigrettes, auburn curls, semi-transparent bonnets, varnished boots, and bouquet de millefleurs. As for smoking, who would have dared to think of smoking in Kensington's sacred garden, save, perhaps, wicked Captain Rolster of the Heavies, or the abandoned Lieutenant Lilliecrap of the Lancers? They smoked—those incorrigible young men—but then it was at some distance from the ladies (whose points and paces, by the way, they discussed not quite so respectfully, but with something of a sporting gusto); and there is a very difference, you will allow, between a penny Pickwick and one of Hudson's regalias at two and a half guineas per pound.

Miraculously to say, the swells (so unaffectedly may I be allowed to term the upper classes) remain. They positively, by a charming condescension and inexplicable affability, frequent the band-playing, now that it takes place on Sundays; and, considering the lateness of the season, in no diminished numbers. But to this inner ring of perfumed youths and jewelled dames, to these sons of proconsuls, and daughters of prætors, and wives of ædiles, there is now added another belt—thicker, stronger, coarser, if you will

(like a "keeper" to a ring of virgin gold)—a belt of workers, of peasants, mechanics, artisans, clerks, high middle-class, medium middle-class, and low middle-class men, who come here, Sunday after Sunday, rejoicing at, and grateful for, the boon (infinitesimally small as it is), who bring their wives and children, down to the baby at the breast, with them; who listen patiently and cheerfully to the music, and, wonder of wonders, do not endeavour to stone the musicians, root up the plants, set fire to the grass, dash out the brains of the children of the aristocracy against stones, rend the swells limb from limb, sell the daughters of the prætors into slavery, defile the graves of the ædiles' wives, smoke short pipes in the vicinity of the band, fight among themselves, usurp the chairs by force, and refuse to pay for them, carve their names on the trunks of the trees, gather flowers from the Birchbroomious Busbiense, introduced seventeen hundred and seventy-three (as the label says), pelt the attendants of the refreshment-rooms with ginger-beer bottles, or purloin Mr. Gunter's cheese-cakes and raspberry tarts! Who do none of these things, though certain sections of thinkers and speakers, even of a moderate description, appear to think that every Sunday crowd must necessarily commit acts of this nature.

My Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens was not, perhaps, begun under the most advantageous circumstances. Though the day was hot, it was lowering, and the sky seemed to say, Put on your white ducks and book-muslins, and leave your umbrellas at home, but in half-an-hour I rain. Again, I entered the gardens by a wrong gate (there are so many gates), and wandered about for some time disconsolately, finding myself at Bayswater when I wished myself at Knightsbridge, and catching a glimpse of the hideous Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner through the trees, when the next vista I expected was of the red bricks of William the Third's hideous but comfortable palace. Then I came across two children whom I didn't love, as I do most children, but looked upon, on the contrary, with an evil eye, and malevolent aspirations, for they were horrible children; they squabbled one with the other, and threatened to tell of one another. One of them ran between my legs, and another cut me across the ankles with a whip—playfully, as he meant it, no doubt, fiendishly as I thought. They were aided and abetted in all this by a morose nurse, who looked darkly at me, and wondered, muttering, "What people thought of themselves." I confess, as far as I was concerned, that I thought it unjust that people should be tripped up and cut across the ankles. Then I was sorely annoyed by a stern and forbidding man, who persisted in walking before me, who had no right to wear the boots he did—they being aggressive, iron-heeled, and crunching the gravel as he walked. He carried an umbrella as though

it were a cartwhip; and I could not help fancying that his name must have been something like Captain Prosser, formerly R.N., that he had been governor of some jail, and that he was a hard man, fond of the crank. Altogether I became uneasy and dissatisfied; was almost concluding that my dinner had disagreed with me.

But I came upon the music-platform at last, the Guards' band standing in a circle and blowing manfully, the adjacent refreshment-room, the chairs, the price of which had been judiciously reduced from sixpence to one penny, and surrounding all, a compact, earnest, eager crowd,* listening with pleased ears to the music. The fine gentlemen, the beautiful ladies, the titled and happy of the land, were there in great force: their empty carriages waited for them at the gate as in the old time; but the immense mass of those present were toilers—working-people of every rank; nor is it necessary to draw any minute distinction between them, for the bank-clerk, the curate, the tradesman, have to work quite as hard, and find it quite as difficult to make both ends meet as the carpenter, the bricklayer, and the journeyman tailor. I do not think I am called upon to descant at length upon the good behaviour, the quiet inoffensiveness of the vast assemblage here collected; upon the absence of broils, or violence, or ribald talk. I am one of those who think that an English crowd is the best behaved, quietest, best humoured crowd in Europe. I think so still, though among those thousands in Kensington Gardens at least a tithe formed part of that ominous well-dressed throng whom, not many Sundays back, I had heard yelling at the same noble and happy personages they associated so comfortably with to-day; whom I had seen lashed to frenzy by the pig-headed exhibition of a mis-directed police force, and which frenzy, but for the oil thrown a few days afterwards upon the waves, would have grown into a tempest such as not all the trails of all the six-pounders in Woolwich Arsenal, served by all the young gentlemen who have not the least business to be in the House of Commons, would have been able to quell.

The same crowd; the same Toms, and Dicks, and Harries; and see what a little is required to keep them in good humour. A circular refreshment room, with ices, ginger-beer, and Banbury cakes; some scores of garden chairs at a cheaper rate than usual, and a platform where my friends the red-jackets are operating upon ophecleide, trombone, and kettle-drum, and this was all. I even remarked that the tunes the musicians played were of the dreariest, most lachrymose, most penitential tunes that could be well heard,—still secular music, no doubt,—selections from popular operas, of course, but

so long-winded and melancholy, that I could not help fancying that the band-master himself was one of the principal objectors to Sunday music, and had made a compromise with his conscience by providing the most mournful pieces in the regimental repertoire. A patient public—a placable monster—a good-natural rabble, this same English nation. Here they seemed quite satisfied, pleased, nay, grateful, for the Lifeguards' band, with their "Tunes that the Cow died of." They asked not (at least audibly) for more than this, with the permission of walking about under the trees, and of seeing their children sporting on the grass. Yet but two Sundays before I had seen another public, far away beyond the Straits of Dover,—a patient public, too; good-natured, long-suffering, but not always quite contented. For that public were provided, as special Sunday treats, military bands, not one or two, but half a dozen; a whole concert of drums; miles of picture galleries, and museums, and antiquities, and palatial saloons to walk about in, free; and a Great Palace full of marvels of art and industry, for which the whole world had been ransacked, to be explored for four sous—twopence!

On the whole, I should like our Sunday to be quiet, cheerful, English, with a little more out-of-doorishness,—a little more harmony—there, I have said it!—a little more sitting down at tables, or strolling about grassy swards to hear good music. Don't stop short at Kensington Gardens, good Mr. Chief Commissioner. Don't stop short at the band of the Life Guards. Remember there are such places as Hyde Park, Saint James's, the Green, Victoria, and Battersea Parks. One volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men. Let the soldiers have their afternoon holiday if they choose one, or let them have extra pay if that is what they desire. We won't object to the rate. But let us have bands of our own in our public gardens to discourse sweet music to us on Sunday afternoons and Sunday evenings. There will be far more brotherly love, and far less liquor, and far fewer night-charges on Monday.

A little before six o'clock the musicians played *Partant pour la Syrie* and God save the Queen; then the crowd dispersed quietly. I saw not one policeman, and not one policeman was needed. The wheezy, red-waist-coated park-keepers were quite sufficient to quell the somewhat too exuberant animal spirits of the London boys, who are to be found in every London crowd, making noises where they ought to be silent, and clambering over railings where they have no business to be. Walking home, much elevated in spirits from the cheerful scene I had witnessed, and quite forgetting Captain Prosser and his boots, and the disagreeable children, I thought to myself. This is not much, but it is some relief for the toiling many.

* The total number of persons who entered Kensington Gardens on Sunday, August the nineteenth, was sixty-one thousand, four hundred and fifty-eight.

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AN ENEMY'S CHARGE.

A WELL-KNOWN ecclesiastical association, having for its members the Rev. W. H. Hale, Archdeacon of London; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Master of the Charter-house; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Almoner of St. Paul's; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Chaplain to the Bishop of London; and the Rev. W. H. Hale, Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, has lately been made the subject of virulent satire in a something purporting to be a charge addressed to the clergy of the archdeaconry of London, by W. H. Hale, M. A. The Archdeacon of London receives about three hundred a-year; the Canon of St. Paul's, six or seven hundred and a residence; the Master of the Charter-house, eight hundred and a residence; the Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, two thousand and a residence;—all which moneys flow into one pair of pockets, and all which residences are the dwelling of a single priest. Now, taking hard advantage of the prejudice and scandal that arise from this fact, the enemy of the association—save a man from himself!—depicts it in the shape of a great Pluralist dissatisfied with his pecuniary position, and addressing from the pulpit a large body of Christian ministers, who come to him for seasonable counsel, on the blessings of filth as a source of lucre. For this is, in fact, the substance of the charge to which we are referring. Death and burial are its solemn themes. The final aspirations of the Christian are connected with his thoughts of some departed souls; but, to his spiritual pastors, the archdeacon is here represented as commending him chiefly in the form of one who is either a customer or dealer at another shop while living, and as resolving himself, when dead, into dust and gas, and money. Only in a land where there is L. S. D. instead of I. H. S. upon the pulpit-front, and a great ledger on the pulpit-cushion, could a charge like this have been delivered.

When, in eighteen hundred and fifty, some attempt was made towards the shutting-up of over-crowded churchyards; "in the month of December of that year returns were made," says the canon, "by the parishes and by

the clergy to the Board of Health, of the amount of compensation which would be required for the loss of their fees; and I have it recorded in writing that the officers of the Board of Health, after receiving the returns from my own parish, intimated that the board would act with the greatest liberality towards individuals who should be affected by the act, such as the incumbent" (including the archdeacon, the canon, and the master of Charter-house), "the clerk and sexton. Thus far," it is said, "the legislature seemed inclined to adhere to the original purpose expressed in the appointment of the select committee in eighteen hundred and forty-two, respecting the rights of the clergy. But, though many of the clergy" (not including the archdeacon, the canon, and the master of Charter-house), "have been impoverished, and all have encountered loss by the destruction of rights acknowledged by the legislature to exist, all thought of remedying the injury appears to be abandoned." This is set forth as the text of the archdeacon's charge, and he is represented by his cruel satirist—in the absence of all hope of compensation for the loss of intramural burial fees—as striking out against those whom he is contemptuously made to call the patrons of the public health, and falling generally into a state of combativeness, very ludicrous to see. Thus he is even supposed to test the gravity of his reverend audience by maintaining that the abolition of intramural interment is injurious in the highest degree to religion and to morals, and that no proof has been as yet adduced, that English churches and churchyards, containing the bodies of the faithful of many by-gone generations, are in any way whatever sources of disease, or are dangerous to the public health. If it were possible to suppose this charge really offered by an archdeacon of London to the London clergy, it would be just as possible to receive it in the light of something in a much higher degree injurious to religion and morals than the shutting-up of over-crowded churchyards in the heart of a great city. It is true that there are ill-paid clergymen in London who have lost part of an almost necessary maintenance by the loss of churchyard fees. We heartily desire that they should have their rights. But the great

Pluralist who occupies three houses and locks up in his cash-box three clergymen's incomes, is not the man whose pity can console them most effectually, or whose advice (that they should eke their livings out by cleaving to a vested interest in what their countrymen declare to be abominable and corrupt) is most likely to be welcome to their ears. For which reasons we hold that the satirist of the aforesaid ecclesiastical association, has most bitterly and cruelly attacked its credit.

He has done wrong also to the body of the London clergy, who, during all the inquiries of late years into the state of their town churchyards, declared frankly, with but very few exceptions, that they were unwholesome, even in a religious point of view. The supposed archdeacon is made to talk, also, of that solemnity which was wont to attend the walking funeral from the poor man's residence to his parish church. Upon this head what is the feeling of the London clergy? Conspicuous among sound churchmen there is a dean who, as a scholar and a poet, should have no very mean perception on a point of sense and feeling. "A funeral procession," says Dean Milman, "through the streets of a great and busy town, can scarcely be made impressive. Not even the hearse in gorgeous gloom, with all the pomp of heraldry, and followed by the carriages of half the nobility in the land, will arrest for an instant the noise and confusion of our streets, or awaken any deeper impression with the mass than idle curiosity. While the poor man, borne on the shoulders of men as poor as himself, is jostled off the pavement, the mourners, at some crossing, are either in danger of being run over or separated from the body; in the throng of passers no sign of reverence, no stirring of conscious mortality in the heart." What is this but a just expression of the simple knowledge of every man, woman, and child in London competent to observe what passes in the streets? The consciousness of an indifferent, unsympathising crowd, disturbs and distracts the mourner, throws constraint over the expression of his grief, diverts his thoughts from that inward contemplation of the heavenly mansion to which the lost friend has been led, and as a denizen of which—not as a denizen of the grave—it is the instinct, as well as the sacred duty, of the Christian mourner to cherish him in thought. The archdeacon is, by his merciless enemy, represented as setting aside for unsubstantial all considerations of this kind. "To bury the dead in places apart from human habitation," he is made to say, "is to overwhelm their memories in darkness; it is the putting the candle under the bushel instead of in the candlestick; it is a forbidding the light of the noble, the wise, and the good, who are departed, so to shine before men, that they may remember their good works, and be excited to follow their example."

What! is the light left by the wise and righteous a corpse-candle, and nothing more? Do we lose all when we lose their material dust and ashes? Certainly we do, the satirist would make us believe that the archdeacon thinks. The object of his discourse is said to be "to avert from my church and country as great an evil as can befall us—the neglect of the dead and loss of their example," by the loss of burial fees at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and other churches having graveyards set among the crowded dwellings of the poor.

Of course the satirist understood that a rich pluralist was not likely to demean himself by personally burying a pauper, and that he might fairly be represented as not knowing that the parish church itself is not for persons of that class. The archdeacon is, indeed, shown as dwelling, in one part of his charge, on the comfort it must be to persons who cannot go to church themselves, on account of their shabby clothing, to know that they have relatives buried in or near the building; but he, apparently, does not know that the burial service is not read within the church walls over paupers—that their bodies go straight to the grave. He is represented as eloquent, however, upon the privilege of interment near the church, speaking of Kensal Green as of a place far away in some wide desert, saying that there is hardly a village or hamlet in England which does not contain men and women around whose graves crowds will not willingly assemble to deplore their loss, and summing up accordingly with this inquiry—"If the places allotted for the dead be no longer places of concourse, is it not manifest that all those lessons—lessons the value of which even the Heathen understood—will be no longer taught?" If such a charge were solemnly delivered to the London clergy in a sacred building, they must be supposed to know that the close London graveyards really are frequented by deplored crowds; that it would be a Christian sight if they were so, and would speak well for the efficacy of our faith in a more spiritual life than that which is put off with this gross body. But the common belief of Londoners who pass to and fro daily before the old reeking graveyards, is utterly the reverse—that they are of all lonely places the most utterly deserted. From one of them, now closed, a visitor brought this description home:—

A long narrow strip, not above ten or twelve feet in width, between the walls of the church on one side, and the rears of some old dirty houses in Cloth-fair, which in some parts overhang the ground, on the other. To a stranger it has all the appearance of a filthy backyard, common to several low and filthy houses. The surface is strewn with cabbage leaves, parings of turnips, fish-bones, and other sorts of rubbish, with large splashes of filthy water that had been recently emptied from some adjacent window. There is a large pile of hencoops at one end, and there

are a couple of dog-kennels at another part. Upon inquiring to whom they belonged, the schoolmaster of the parochial schools informed me that they were his property, adding that the management of the ground had been left by the churchwardens in his hands for the last three or four years, and that he made use of it as a convenient place to keep his fowls in. At the present season of the year, he said, it did not look nice; but in summer the grass grew quite beautifully. Before his time, the graveyard, he told me, was in a horrible state, and not fit to be entered by anyone, being ankle deep in many places with excrement, which had been thrown out from the houses in Cloth-fair, and no better than a common dung-yard. Yet then, or at least not very long before, it was the pauper burial-ground for the parish; and that multitudes of human corpses have been thrust into it is sufficiently evident by the great rising of the ground, by many feet above the level of the adjacent court.

They are not all so bad as that; yet inhabitants of London who remember what its graveyards were before the tardy interference of the legislature, know that this sketch does no serious injustice to the class. In a London churchyard not a whit worse than the average, a clergyman more careful about Christian decorum than church-fees, has thus described the method of burial, the prevention of which is, according to the archdeacon's supposed charge, to be injurious in the highest degree to religion and morals.

The touching association of burial, and the sublime spirituality of our Burial Service, are broken in upon by the exhibitions of the most vulgar and even ludicrous scenes of daily life. The eastern end of my parish-ground, for instance, abuts upon Brick Lane, one of our most crowded and noisy thoroughfares, and at one corner stands a publichouse, which, of course, is not without its attractions to street minstrels. So the dead may be buried to the tune of Pop goes the Weasel, while street-boys wholly destitute of reverential feeling, climb about the rails, and offend the mourners with remarks familiar and offensive. On all these occasions, said the Christian minister, I labour under the indescribable uneasiness of feeling out of place. And yet the exposure of my burial ground is but partial, and is little or nothing compared with that of many others.

So felt the Reverend W. Stone, vicar of Spitalfields.

The dead are treated in the mock charge as objects of church traffic. This charge is made to begin by stating that attention was first called to the subject of intramural interment by Mr. Walker. The irregularities and indecencies of the graveyards described by that gentleman, chiefly took place in those unconsecrated cemeteries which were the property of individuals, or were attached to dissenting chapels. Then we come to the gist of the argument at once. The inquiries then set on foot, says the preacher, revealed to the public the extent of the expenditure upon burial; whilst the profit which then accrued, not merely to the clergy, but to the parishes and the undertakers, attracted the attention of capitalists, and caused the formation of cemetery companies, who, with

the aid of the legislature, have nearly succeeded in securing to themselves the monopoly of burial within the metropolitan district.

In the beginning there was little to be feared. The cemetery system was at first unpopular; and, if it had not been for cholera, it is doubtful whether the cemeteries would have proved to be a profitable speculation. The whole mischief came of our rebellion in not taking the cholera as quietly as Christians should; who ought to swell and not destroy the burial-fees of their spiritual pastors and masters.

Afterwards, medical practitioners began to make inquiries, proper care of the health came to be discussed. And now, Science—profane defrauder of the churchyard!—has become so bold, as to consider her powers equal to the contest with this fatal disease, so that the registrar-general of births, has not hesitated to ask,—“Is London to continue every five years to be attacked by pestilence, and to lose so many thousands of its inhabitants? Cannot the conditions in which disease is fatal be determined, and cannot they be removed?”

Intramural interment, then, came into question, and legislation for its abolition was commenced, as the archdeacon is made to say, with a special direction that due respect should be paid to the rights of the clergy. The committee, saving vested rights in family vaults and allowing value to the clergy for the loss of fees, concluded that interment of bodies was injurious to the health of the inhabitants of large towns, recommended legislation, and that, after a certain date, burials in them should be prohibited. This was recommending, according to the supposed argument of the archdeacon, what was in the highest degree injurious to religion and good morals; but he is made to add,—the report caused little anxiety. The clergy and parochial authorities were gratified by the assurance that their rights would be respected—that they should not suffer in their pockets!

Thus there is no disguise. The cloak of religion and morals is worn open, to show the whole figure of Mammon. One of the first legislative interferences recorded, is the order that no coffin should be buried at a less depth than thirty inches below the ordinary surface of the ground; then the dangerous state of many churchyards and vaults led to the closing of the burial-grounds,—although, as the archdeacon is made to sneer, if the premises were true, power might with equal propriety have been given for shutting up the churches.

The year eighteen hundred and fifty-one was remarkable in the eyes of the supposed archdeacon. It was remarkable in the eyes of the world for the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park; and for some other events; in the eyes of the archdeacon it was remarkable for the passing of an act of Parliament which favoured the commercial speculation of the

cemetery companies. Afterwards came the law that no person should be buried within a hundred yards of a house; which is supposed to be considered by the archdeacon as equivalent to a sending of the dead out into the desert. He deprecates the consequence of this in affecting language:—

The church and churchyard of the parish has hitherto been one of the strongest ties to bind the people at large to the communion of our church. The right of sepulture in the churchyard was a right belonging to the poor as well as to the rich; it was their pride to bury their dead with due honour, to have the service read by their own minister, and large was the amount which persons, even of the humblest rank, paid to the parishes to secure to the surviving members of the family the privilege of burial in the same grave. Burial bound, I say, the people in the metropolis to the Established Church.

Alas for the lost days of churchyard monopoly!

To recover this, or to get compensation for the loss of it, or if neither can be done, to hurl defiance at the persons and opinions by which so excellent a business has been ruined, is apparently the object of the charge. Religion and morals are in the highest degree imperilled, and as for your conjectures about wholesomes and unwholesomes, there is nothing whatever unwholesome in a putrefying corpse. In the following passage the satirist overshoots his mark, by carrying the absurd too far beyond the limits of the possible. No archdeacon could by any possibility have risked such reputation as he may have had by speaking in this fashion.

The terms, shocking, disgusting, disgraceful, demoralising, are constantly applied to the presence of the dead body in the dwelling-house, as well as to the ordinary accidents of burial—and whilst historical science is permitted to ransack the barrow of the Celt or the Saxon, or to disinter the contents of a necropolis; and ethnology determines by the form of the skull the race; and physiology the age and sex by the form of the bones,—and all this is detailed with the minutest accuracy in the philosophical journal, or the daily newspaper, and not a word is said of disgust,—the casting up of the skull and of the bones in a parish grave is pronounced to be shocking to humanity, &c.

Now, surely the putrefaction of the Celts and of the ancient Peruvians is a process by this time pretty well complete; and as for what dry particles remain of them, we have entered into no most sacred contract to respect their barrows, or their bones. Having raised a childish argument to put into the mouth of his enemy, the writer of the charge knocks it down in the next sentence, by wording afresh the complaint, and calling the offence of society against good morals, the refinement which expresses strong abhorrence at the thought of turning up a body from the grave “until decomposition of all its parts is complete.”

But what if it is putrid? the minister of the Most High, is represented as inquiring:

It is an easy thing to use scientific terms, such as

miasma, and gases, and deleterious emanations; and if you talk scientifically, or appear to do so, you may easily persuade simple-minded persons to distrust their own experience. . . . We have a right to demand, not opinions and presumptions, but experiments; not conjectures about wholesomes and unwholesomes, but facts duly attested, and deductions clearly drawn.

Well, though there are facts enough on record to make up a modest library; facts enough to have long since thoroughly convinced all men who attend to other matters than the cash-box, we will reproduce one or two that must have been perfectly well known to the archdeacon if he has read what he professes to have read, and if it be really the archdeacon who is holding such an argument:—

The meat in butchers' shops near London graveyards, whenever the stench becomes at all great, taints in a single day or night, and the taint of putrid matter is communicated to flesh and blood not only when dead. Sir J. MacGregor states that once in Spain, soon after twenty thousand men had been buried within a period of two or three months, the troops breathing the air and drinking the water round about the place of burial were attacked by malignant fever and dysentery. In the two hundred and eighteen acres of London graveyards, a million and a half of bodies were interred within the lifetime of one generation. In 1841, two gravediggers perished instantly on descending a grave in St. Botolph's churchyard, Aldgate. Four men went ashore in Whampoa Roads, near Canton, to bury one of their comrades who had died of dysentery: they happened to select a spot for the grave in which a human body had been buried two months previously: the moment the spade went through the lid of the coffin a dreadful effluvia issued forth, and the two men engaged in the work fell down nearly lifeless. With difficulty their companions approached near enough to drag them from the spot, and to fill up the place with earth. The two men who were thus seized gradually recovered sufficiently to be able, with assistance, to reach the boat and return on board their ship. By the succeeding morning, the symptoms of malignant pestoid fever were fully developed in both men; of which disease one of them died on the fourth day and the other on the morning of the fifth. Of the other two, one had a severe attack of fever on the eighth day; the other a slight indisposition. Is there not evidence enough here of the danger of foul churchyards in the midst of dense populations? Should anybody wish for some further idea of a foul churchyard, here it is. Before the graveyard belonging to St. Clement Danes was closed and sealed with a thick seal of asphalt, on one hot summer's day, a grave was opened of such depth that the remains of at least ten skeletons were thrown up. The fetor was then so overpowering, “that even the beadle of the

parish acknowledged it was very bad." Not a window facing the graveyard could be opened, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the day. "Some of the residents were obliged to leave their houses for a time; persons passing along Portugal Street held their nostrils; a policeman standing at the door of King's College Hospital was seized with vomiting, and one of the physicians of that institution who approached the open grave was suddenly seized with giddiness, and would have fallen down if he had not been supported by another gentleman." But upon all this the mock archdeacon, more stubborn than the beadle, having just dismissed as a cant phrase a very short and useful scientific word in use now throughout Europe, is represented as producing Scripture as an argument for filth and corruption, which is the boldest use of cant in our experience. "Nature," he says, "as well as Scripture, attests that every creature of God is good, and that death, not less than life, subserves in time to the good of man." Presently he is made to say, "it is certain that the contact with putrescence does not generally injure health or shorten life." Perhaps there may be a trap set in that sentence, reservation being made of inhalation of it as it floats upon the air, and absorption of it through the lungs into the blood. "It is a remarkable fact," we are told, "not unimportant to the present inquiry, that of all beings man alone is buried. Organic life is the noblest work of chemical combination elaborated by the hand of Nature, which is God's minister." Another angel in the Hierarchy, of whom we never heard before. In ordinary life, men give the word Nature to the works of the All-wise, because a just feeling of reverence restrains them from the constant and familiar handling of His sacred name. It does not therefore follow that this word Nature should be elevated to the dignity of angel, by an orator who speaks to ministers of God, and whose express mission it is to hold discourse of sacred things. No matter; such, we are told, is organic life—the wholesome tying of a knot, whereof organic death is but the untying. We see, therefore, "how innocuous a thing in respect of life is death." There are vast numbers of animals who, not being eaten up, "die by the hand of death" (whatever that may mean), and are not deposited in graves when they become what the archdeacon calls, or is made to call, "dead corpses." Who is the worse for that? the author of the charge humorously inquires.

It is hardly necessary to say, that when the body of the animal decays, it stinks;—that the use in nature of the stink is to warn people that there lies something which they ought not to come near. If the author of the charge would any day next summer pocket the first dead cat that he may chance to pick up in the streets, carry it

home, and put it in his pot-pourri jar, upon his study table or beneath his bed, he will not, after short experience wait to inquire "who is the physiologist who will say, avoid that" cat. The admonition of nature in this matter—except in the case of animals expressly created to get rid of offal by devouring it—is not lost on either man or beast.

But here, again, the satirist represents the archdeacon as blowing down his own card-house of argument. "If," he says, "the vicinities of some churchyards be unwholesome, it will be found on a candid examination, that other causes of disease exist there, such as filth and poverty; such as everywhere engenders disease, whether in the proximity of a churchyard or not." But filth is putrescent matter, animal or vegetable, and poverty represents only the weakness upon which it preys. If filth, according to the archdeacon, everywhere engenders disease, when the poor man has it for his own free heritage, why may it not do so when it is maintained for him by free-worshipping dignitaries of the church as a foundation of religion and good morals?

If we have not said enough to prove that this is not really a charge of the Archdeacon of London to his clergy, but a harsh satire by some person against a clergyman upon whose good livings his mind is too much fixed, the evidence of a malicious intent in the concluding passages is irresistible. The speaker is supposed to call attention to his experience of the moral advantage derived from his own contemplation of the tombs. In the chapel of the Charter-house, how interesting to the members of the foundation are the memorials of the dead! There our founder has reposed beneath a splendid tomb for nearly two centuries and a half; and, being dead, yet speaketh to us all,—both old and young—reminding us not to disgrace his bounty and exciting us to thankfulness.

After showing how the tomb of the founder has enabled him to feel thankful for moneys received, the master of the Charter-house is made to regret that no future Carthusian can consign his body, as the late Lord Ellenborough did, to be interred in the founder's vault in token of his affection for the place of his education, and to be even in death an example to stimulate his schoolfellows to exertions like his, in the hope of a like reward. Noble reward, truly! to lie in the grave beside a man whose only virtue was that after he made heaps of money by unchristian practices—by usury and by the fitting out of privateers—he hoped to benefit his soul by getting men to spend it piously when he was dead. But for his legacy he shall be accounted holy. Does not the archdeacon eat thereof, and is not the charity notoriously subject to mismanagement? The stroke of satire was too sharp; but his enemy,

had he missed it, would have certainly resisted great temptation.

The other tombs, by the contemplation of which the archdeacon is made to declare that he has been benefited, are at St. Giles's, Cripplegate:—"I go to my parish church—there is the grave of Milton; in my parish he lived and died." The grave of Milton! at the end of a charge like this of all things under the sun, is it the grave of Milton that still forcibly reminds the Pluralist that his course also is to end? Does he know what language rings through the broad world out of the grave of Milton, about ministers who, "having a Gospel and church government set before their eyes, as a fair field wherein they might exercise the greatest virtues and the greatest deeds of Christian authority, in mean fortunes and little furniture of this world; they understand it not, and think no such matter, but admire and dote upon worldly riches and honours, with an easy life, to the bane of Christianity. Yea, they and their seminaries shame not to profess, to petition, and never leave pealing our ears, that unless we fat them like boars and cram them as they list with wealth, with deaneries and pluralities, with baronies and stately preferment, all learning and religion will go under foot. Which is such a shameless, such a bestial plea, and of that odious impudence in churchmen, who should be to us a pattern of temperance and frugal mediocrity."

Milton speaks from his grave with a loud voice, in sooth. But what does he say even of burial-fees to the vicar who derives so much advantage from the contemplation of his tomb? These are the words of Milton, which the satirist had well in mind when he prevented the archdeacon summing up his argument with this example:—

If the minister be maintained for his whole ministry, why should he be paid twice for any part thereof? Why should he, like a servant, seek vails over and above his wages? . . . Far less becomes it these, now with a greediness lower than that of tradesmen calling passengers to their shop, and yet paid beforehand, to ask again for doing that which their founders did freely. . . . Burials and marriages are so little to be any part of their gain, that they who consider well may find them to be no part of their function. At burials their attendance they allege on the corpse; all the guests do as much unhired. But their prayers at the grave—superstitiously required; yet, if required, their last performances to the deceased of their own flock. But the funeral sermon,—at their choice, or, if not, an occasion offered them to preach out of season, which is part of their office. . . . But the ground is broken. To sell that will not only raise up in judgment the council of truth against them, but will lose them the best champion of tithes, their zealous antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman; who, in a book written to that purpose, proves that fees exacted or demanded for sacraments, marriages, burials, and especially for interring, are wicked, accursed, simoniacal, and abominable.

No doubt that last was a conclusion founded on false premises; but who can doubt what

Milton would have said about this pamphlet, if it were indeed the publication of a solemn charge to the archdeaconry of London?

AN EXCURSION TRAIN.

TRAVEL in an open carriage by an excursion train? We know the thing is horribly plebeian—low. The price at which the railway companies convey their passengers in these carriages—something like half-a-crown per hundred miles—is in itself a sufficient argument against any one of a right way of thinking, ever condescending to be carried at so disgracefully cheap a figure. Then, the open carriages themselves—although it is true they are not called "third class," and are not fitted with a stifling low roof, with wooden shutters that keep the light out, and louvre boards that let the draught in, or with other appliances insisted upon to regulate the amount of discomfort to which third-class passengers are entitled—the open carriages themselves, we say, are always looked upon as being the third-class—if not the fourth. No, on the whole, the thing is so disgraceful, that—and yet, it must out—we have done it. More than that—it must out again—we have done it on a Sunday!

Still, O, my highly respectable brother, there is much that you and I might learn, even from the extremely common people in this vulgar open railway-carriage. It would be better for us all, sometimes, if we stood less upon our first-class notions; and, in our journeying through life, could find enjoyment by the way, even though offered us as cheaply as an excursion at half-a-crown per hundred miles: even though freely shared by those who never saw the inside of a London club, and who know nothing of the merits of well-fitting gloves, or patent leather boots—except, perchance, from having made them.

One lovely Sunday morning, a few weeks back, we had risen somewhat earlier than usual. We felt heavy, dull, and (if we may so express it) cobwebby. We had been working very hard for several weeks; business had kept us all the summer closely shut up in London. In fact, we wanted change of air—if only long enough for our respiratory organs to get filled with air instead of dust and smoke. We thought of a long walk; but it would require a very long one before we reached an atmosphere such as we wanted. Where could we go, and yet get back again in time to recommence our labours on the Monday morning? At once, we thought of an excursion train. We recollected that for a few shillings we could visit one of the fairest spots in England; could travel many miles through waving corn-fields and green meadow lands; could drink our fill of pure sea air; could even cross and recross salt water and yet be back in London the same night. We recollected an excursion

train through Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight.

There was time to snatch a hasty breakfast; and, at thirty-five minutes past seven, a. m., precisely, we were standing in the midst of a dense crowd of pleasure-seekers at the Waterloo terminus of the South Western Railway. It was a dense crowd truly, and the pushing to get tickets was, we admit, not the most agreeable thing to undergo. We have seen still denser crowds; have undergone more pushing on a Jenny Lind, or Grisi night at the Italian Opera; yet the crowd—forgive us, opera-going reader—was not a whit more unmannerly at the doors of the Waterloo booking-office, than that at the entrance to the opera.

At length we started—many hundreds of us. All very common people, doubtless, but all bent alike, on a day's thorough happiness. And, after a brief interval of chimney-pots, and Lambeth factories, we found the sun shining brightly upon us, the trees and fields looking absolutely green, and the clouds coloured only by the morning sun's reflection, untinted by the smallest particle of soot. We were in the country.

And now we all began to look about us, and to set ourselves to work in earnest, at the business we had come about. We had left London for the sole purpose of enjoying ourselves, and so the sooner we commenced doing it the better. Acquaintances were quickly formed amongst the fellow-passengers; the etiquette of introduction not being indispensable in excursion trains, we had not left London half an hour, before we were in friendly communion with all around us, chatting away as busily as though we had been friends for years; albeit, we are somewhat taciturn by nature, and have travelled the whole distance between Liverpool and London shut up with five others, in a first-class carriage, and have heard no single word exchanged on all the journey, further than every one on starting, saying it was a fine morning, and every one replying, "Very." We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that there is some hidden excitement in excursion trains to conversation.

Our nearest neighbour, we blushed to believe, was a shoemaker. We fear, indeed, that that was not the worst; and that, moreover, he must have been a depraved shoemaker; for, not content with travelling on a Sunday, he had the further villany openly to violate the law, in defiance of the railway regulations, forty-shilling fines, and all statutes and bye-laws in that case made and provided, coolly to pull out his tobacco-pouch, and hope that no one objected to smoking?

Object to smoking! Not a bit of it. No one objects to anything in an excursion train. Even the railway officials themselves did not object; for, as we stopped at different stations—our friend's example having been pretty generally followed—cigars and pipes innumerable

were openly smoked in the very face of the hostile bye-law, sometimes (by accident) even in the faces of the railway porters. And, as the fresh strong breeze sweeping through those open carriages, carried far away the clouds as soon as formed, the daintiest maiden could not have objected.

All this, it must be owned, was very low. Nor was the character of the assembly much improved by the production from various coat-pockets of sundry bottles; some of which, we are afraid we must admit, were filled with beer, others it may be with the still less reputable gin-and-water. One thing we are convinced of—it was not claret, or burgundy, or champagne.

Facing us sat an old woman, dressed in a gown of very seedy black. For some time she had been silent; but, as the train went on, she too had yielded to the mysterious influence, and had become quite chatty. Her first attempt at conversation occurred when we were about half-way on our journey. She had then timidly ventured to inquire, if we were not near Portsmouth. On being answered in the negative, she once more sank back into silence. Again and again, at intervals of very few minutes, the same question was put; until, being told that she must wait at least another hour, she seemed resolved to make the best of it, and set hard to work at eating bread-and-butter. All kinds of luggage, were strictly prohibited in the excursion train; but by a dexterous adjustment of her shawl at the station, the old lady had managed to smuggle in her basket. As time went on, she grew impatient, and often strained her eyes across the landscape in hopes to catch a glimpse of anything that looked like Portsmouth. No wonder she was anxious. When she, at last, became communicative, we learned that she was going down to see her son. His ship had arrived at Spithead but the day before, and as "she hadn't seen the poor dear boy for nigh upon two year, she thought she might spare a few shillings just to see him now he was in England. It wasn't often that she spent money for her own pleasure, for she had three other children quite dependent on her, and it was very little she could do for them." Poor woman! A very common person we have no doubt. In fact, we know she was, for she accepted beer when the bottle was handed to her by a neighbour, and thanked him kindly for it. Common though she was, the mother's heart blessed the invention of excursion trains.

There was a young gentleman seated in a corner of our carriage, who studiously avoided any intercourse with his fellow-passengers. He must have been a lawyer's clerk, or some one else accustomed to move in good society. He smoked cigars, which he carried in an elaborately-embroidered case, and drank brandy-and-water, to which he used a glass,—a luxury not common in that carriage; the majority drinking from the neck of the bottle. This poor

young gentleman we felt for deeply. He was so obviously out of his element; he seemed so very much afraid that any one should see him in such company, and was so evidently there under protest and without prejudice, that it was really pitiable. We trust that he enjoyed himself when he arrived in Portsmouth. He certainly did not upon the journey.

Neither did an old gentleman who sat beside him. While all around were chatting, laughing, and drinking in draughts of happiness as they were whirled across the fair landscape, he seemed to think the whole affair a nuisance; a disagreeable necessity, the sooner fulfilled the better. For a long way he slept. Then he tried to read. Then again sat bolt upright on his seat, his hands in his pockets, and, looking straight before him, frowned upon those who were so very merry all around him. What did this man here? While every one else had come out expressly to be happy, what business had that frowning face amongst them? It was clear that he was no excursionist,—not he. We felt convinced at once that his journey to Portsmouth was purely a matter of business, and that he had taken our train for cheapness—not for jollity. Out upon this obtaining carriage under false pretences!

Who is that singing? For shame, you naughty, little pale-faced boy! This is Sunday. What right have you—you, whose complexion, blanched by long confinement in close crowded courts, suggests the idea that you are made of pipe-clay instead of the red earth that formed your father Adam—what right have you to give vent to your unaccustomed joy thus sinfully? No more right than those birds, which, as we stop at this quiet little station, we now hear also singing as loudly as yourself—ay, and if happiness be sin, as wickedly. O! for some Sunday legislation that will stop the birds!

There was one man who puzzled us. He seemed so thoroughly well up in all connected with the train; he was very learned in all the mysteries of railway signals, branch lines, sidings, switches, points, and all the rest of it. He kept a sharp look-out the whole way down, telling us, as we passed each signal-post, whether it said "All right," or "Caution." Once he nearly frightened the whole carriageful into fits by telling us he saw the danger signal on; but soon allayed our fears by adding that it only meant we were to stop, and not that there was any real peril. At first we thought he must be one of the officials of the railway; but he was smoking—we have already mentioned the sad fact that many were—and however indulgent the authorities might be in this respect to the excursionists, it was hardly likely, we thought, that one of their own servants would have run the risk. He soon explained the matter. "Why, you see," he said, when we remarked upon his extensive knowledge, "I travel a good deal by these

excursion trains. 'P'raps once a-month, it may be once in three weeks, I go out somewhere, sometimes by one line, sometimes by another. The old girl here is rather delicate."—She looked so. A pale, sickly young woman, with an infant in her arms, smiled up gratefully at him as he went on:

"You see, sir, I work very hard all the week; and on Sundays, somehow, I seem to want a little change now and then. Our place in town isn't much of a one to spend a comfortable day in, though there are many folks worse off in that way than ourselves. So, as I said before, we just come out as often as we can. I can smoke my pipe as we go along (hope it don't annoy you; they're not particular in these open carriages) and so I have the missis with me all day long. It does her good, I'm convinced; and, after all, it doesn't cost much more than 'p'raps I might spend if I went to public houses instead. And then she'd be left poking at home all by herself. Ah! they're fine things, these excursion trains. But here we're going to stop, sir, to show our tickets."

He was right. In a few minutes more we were in Portsmouth.

We are not going to write a guide-book to the sights of this important naval port; nor do we feel inclined to launch out into any rhapsodies about the sea. It has been done before. We will not, therefore, stop to tell how we employed our time while there. All that we have to do with at present is the excursion train. We are once more seated in it, on our way back to London.

We met one or two of our acquaintances of the morning on the platform. There was one of our fellow-passengers whom it would have been madness to expect:—We mean the business man. He never meant to come back the same evening, we are sure. No doubt the fellow had sold his return ticket in Portsmouth to some one wishing to come up to London cheaply, and thus had made a good thing of the speculation both ways. The poor woman who had been to see her son returned in the same carriage with us. O, how happy she was! O, how thankful! She had seen her boy, and he was safe! She was so full of joy, she longed for somebody to share it with her, although that somebody were a stranger; and selected us. How he had grown! What a fine lad he was! And O! how pleased he was to see his mother! She never tired of repeating it. The boy had been out to the Baltic—right to the seat of war itself—she told us, as she wiped her spectacles and put them on again, when they at once required wiping more than ever. He had been out with stores for the fleet. And now he had returned—was safe!—and O, so well!—so much improved since she last saw him! Once more the spectacles were wiped, and once more immediately dimmed again.

Poor mother! You will go home very happy to your bed to-night. Will you go less

willingly to your washing-tub to-morrow morning—we must confess, our friend had very much the appearance of a laundress—for having seen your son to-day? And will our other friend, that dreadful shoemaker who was the first to smoke, feel more unfitted for to-morrow's work for having thoroughly enjoyed himself to-day? Will any one, of all the hundreds in that train, be the worse for it?

Yes; one, at least, we know will. One man—we are pleased and proud to say, the only one who came within our own observation—the wisdom of the mighty, virtuous Mr. Hall of Bow Street notwithstanding—one man was tipsy!

ANOTHER TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

In my first and last work of Geography, these names occurred in the following order, and are the only pieces of knowledge, perhaps, which ever retain their proper position in my memory,—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. Of the Channel Islands,—which nature certainly intended to be satellites of France, but which fortune has assigned to England—the last of the four is hardly supposed to be worth mentioning, and indeed is the only one that has no production of consequence of its very own. Jersey has its pears, Guernsey its lilies, and Alderney its cows; but Sark has nothing peculiar, unless, perhaps, I may be allowed to say, its cockles. Nevertheless, Sark is the most remarkable of all.

It is, in the first place, very creditable, I think, to any island, that it is next to impossible to land upon it—to have no visible harbour, no beach, no sands, no pier, no anything. You may sail round it all day long and perceive nothing but precipitous, barren rocks, which are themselves defended by a cordon of foaming breakers. An inroad upon this bit of British dominion would be a most unprofitable and dangerous business to the most ardent invader, unless he was of a poetical turn of mind. In that case I cannot fancy any spot repaying him so well: if he sailed to the east side and sent out his boats' crews in the direction of a very high seawall, they would perhaps get ashore and be very much astonished at finding themselves then only within a semi-circle of perpendicular rocks; if their noses were turned up, and they followed them, further progress would be out of the question; but, supposing them to be otherwise, and that they poked them into every crevice and corner, they might hit upon a diminutive tunnel through which, by a very steep hill, they would reach the interior of Sark. I assert that this is the sole method of landing in this island to those who have not been brought up at a gymnasium, or been accustomed to give public entertainments on the tight and slack ropes. A crew of three of us, who arrived here in a little cutter from

Guernsey, were deposited on a bare rock at the west end, and directed up an iron ladder which terminated only too soon; leaving us to climb fifty feet of precipice by the aid of a single cord. To get ourselves up—for we had not the advantage of being acrobats—was toil and peril enough; but the conveyance of our portmanteaus would have been the act of determined suicides. A young native of the place, however, without spangles or even a fillet, brought our valuable chattels to the summit without any inconvenience. We carried them ourselves from that point, through what I still consider, after several days' acquaintance, to be Fairyland. Imagine us at such a height above the sea that the rest of the Channel Islands and France—both a long way off—could be distinctly seen from almost any stand-point; the hues of the waves beneath us are wonderfully diversified by sun and shadow; and, from the multitude of currents, the white breaker crosses the most level blue, and the calmest pool sleeps in the swiftest eddy. Our road, which is at first a narrow pathway, leads by large substantial cottages, as picturesque as those in Westmorland; then, by goodly farm-houses (where it is exchanged for a broad, green cart-lane), with large open court-yards. Both these dwellings are set in garden or shrubbery, and especially decked with untrained, but most luxuriant, fuchsias. We were enchanted and tricked out of our reason. Our luggage seemed to grow lighter on our backs, notwithstanding the noonday sun, and our walk of a mile or so, to good Mrs. Hayel-hunt's hotel, was a mere May-day procession. Although the island is ridiculously small, we managed to lose our way more than once—to have (as I believe) an excuse for asking at two pretty cottages in gems of gardens and shaded by pleasant trees—which arbor or avenue would be the best to take; for the lanes of Sark are those deep, umbrageous ways of Devon, with the open downs of Berkshire breaking them, here and there. At last we arrived at a charming farmhouse, having a thousand September scents about it. This we thought must surely be our haven; but the mistress, although she kept a rival establishment, pointed across the road with the most beaming smile, and we went a few yards up a carriage-sweep to one of the cleanliest and most beautifully situated inns I ever saw. Scale Hill, on Crummock Water, in Cumberland, is its only rival; and I am suspended, like Mahomet's coffin (only with heaven on both sides), between these two. It is so sheltered from the four quarters of the wind that I am content to believe it snug in the depths of winter, although there is indeed something in the very name of Sark to forbid that faith. But now, at all events, the temperature is just as it should be—warmer but more bracing than in Jersey—and the grapes in the green-house on the south-side are bearing plentifully. Before the

house there lies (not stretches) a tiny dell, thickset with elm and ash, above which rises the cattle-sprinkled down. The pretty sitting-rooms look out in this direction; as do most of the bed-rooms; which are large and airy as need be, with sheet and coverlet, and curtain, white as snow. Suppose, three Robinson Crusoes, with every comfort in life super-added, and there you have us.

Fallen mortals that we were, how could we have been so puffed up as to expect another Eden! In this hotel, misnamed as we thought, by reason of its beauty and retirement—whose door was unspotted with a licence, whose front undisfigured by a sign—there was not one drop of Beer! Sherry indeed there was,—soft pleasant drink,—different enough from the fiery tavern stuff in England, but to us Cantabs, fresh from climbing the climbing wave, sherry was a mere delicate insult. Upon inquiry, we heard that the Guernsey cutter-boat would probably bring some beer the next day, and in that hope we lingered on.

On the morrow we descended by the rope again, and embarked in a little rowing boat at early morn to circumnavigate the island. We had never seen such rocks, or holes in rocks, in our united existences; but there always was a cross current, and always a breaker a-head, so that for the first three-quarters of an hour our fear exceeded our admiration. Then we became accustomed to it, and could look upon the sheer precipices and slippery downs above, with an equal mind. When we reached the entrance of the Lesser Sheep (Moindre Mouton), we were again astonished rather than made happy; a hill of water, that rose in the mass without a wave, and swept for about a hundred yards straight inward, where it lost itself in gloom, took us upon it into the bowels of the rock. The fine old fellow and his handsome son, who rowed us, both declared no mortal had been further than where we lay at that present upon rested oars, just fending ourselves off the sides, and keeping our position as well as might be. The water dripped from the lofty roof above us with a melancholy sound into the sea; and, from the darkness beyond, there came a dreadful thunder, like the roar of a thousand monsters of the deep. If the feeding time at the Zoological Gardens were "unavoidably postponed" for a day or two, and we should take a ramble therein during a total eclipse of the sun, we might experience a similar but not more awful sensation. The return into the sunlight seemed like a rescue from the dead; and as we passed by natural archway and immemorial tower, the croak of the raven and the shriek of the goshawk seemed a pleasant music after those mournful surges. We threaded a hundred craggy islets, where gull and cormorant were congregated in voiceless council; and one of our party who had the bump of destruction and a gun dissolved a number of such conclaves,

and lessened them by several representatives. The gulls fell principally upon the rocks whereupon they had deliberated, and we climbed their summits, bringing the fair white palpitating bodies into the boat; but the cormorants sought a watery tomb. Often too, when we were congratulating our comrade upon his success with these last, the supposed victim, after a submarine transit of sixty or seventy yards, would come up with his teeth chattering, but otherwise in good health. They are sneaking, low-foreheaded fellows, who set much too high a value on themselves, and are not, as the boatman told us and we readily believed, good eating.

Bay after bay we rounded, each one having some especial wonder of its own; fissures of gigantic size, into which no sun-ray penetrated; fantastic rocks, now aping some dreadful likeness of humanity, now rising up in pillar, dome and steeple, like palace and cathedral in one: an especially ecclesiastical fragment of great size was called the Chapel of Sea-gulls (*des Mauves*), the outside of which, however, rather than the in, those white-robed birds seemed to prefer. Three monstrous rocks—*les Antelets*—especially, stretched out at intervals some distance into the sea; huge altars, of an age of religion before history was, or pillars of some temple the very titles of whose gods are forgotten; everywhere, and here in particular, gape the dark mouths of caverns, and emit an awful sound. It seems, indeed—even if the general belief that Sark was once a part of France be false—that it must have been in ancient times four times larger than at present, and that the whole circumference of the island had been gradually clipped away by that devouring sea, which is even now eating out its rocky bowels, and undermining it as slowly but as surely as ever. How unnecessary do these adamantine sentinels, which stand like advanced guards around the shore, appear in this calm weather! They only serve to feed a sheep or two, who are drawn up by ropes and left to browse upon their summits through the summer. The broad blue deep, breaks not one tiny wave against our prow; and only by the fringe of foam along the rocky shore, can we detect the ground-swell, which in truth would make our landing perilous; and yet upon the *Le Creux* harbour a sea so terrible once broke, that, after carrying the large packet-cutter (torn from her moorings) out of the narrow opening, it cast the same vessel, with the next mountain-wave, right on the sea-wall, which is forty feet in height, into the harbour back again. She fell upon a small craft therein and crushed it to pieces, but without much damage to herself. When the wind blows at all, indeed, it makes terrible music about the Sark cliffs. Such mutterings and thunders are then heard under the whole island as only pent waters in the deep caverns of the earth can make, or, as the natives say,

only devils and spirits of the storm. After many more caverns,—whereof the principal are called The Shops (*les Boutiques*),—have been explored, we are landed, with difficulty enough, to see the *Creux Terrible*—a gigantic circular hole of some two hundred feet sheer ascent, the effect, I suppose, of some frightful convulsion of nature. To be caught by the tide in this place would be certain death to anybody without wings, for the sides are but little less steep than those of a brick well; and yet it is attested that a King Charles's spaniel, which had refused to follow its master's boat, did crawl up like a fly to the very summit. To lean over from the top is very horrible, and does not afford a good view; besides that, there is a savage bull in the same field with the *Creux Terrible*. The *Coupé*, a narrow edge of rock several hundred feet in height, is the only road between Great and Little Sark; and, I doubt not, will one day come down with a run, and leave them two separate islands. The width of the summit is from five to eight feet, and there is no protection on either side. Yet I saw a native gallop at full speed on it on horseback.

From the pleasant little palace where we board and lodge (at four shillings a-day) a pathway leads us through an enchanted dell, and over a fairy-haunted down to the Bay of Dixcart. It is on these especial sands that *Thetis* loves to bask, and watch her nymphs at play, for there is no way (that she knows of) down the cliffs, and no mortal would dare to peep at her over their overhanging brows. The long blue coasts that stand so clear against the sky, too, are much farther off than they seem to be; so she enjoys in peace a perfect privacy. We ourselves repair hither before the sun, so as to be dressed and away before her coming. My companions, as they parted the transparent water, or came up rosy from their dive into the deep, looked like mermen; while, above them, the black heights rose out of the sea, with grass and lichen over them, the heather on their top-most summits purpling in the sun.

Our walks inland were scarcely of less beauty; whether by the farmhouse hidden in the foliage, or the cottage glorious with fuchsia, or the minister's house, with the quaint old garden, or by the *Seigneurie*, which is the Palace of Sark. The laws of the Channel Islands are all more or less feudal; but those of Sark are so entirely. The Seigneur has almost every power, save that of life and death; and, more than that, he has authority. The simple people—who are given in marriage and are forbidden to marry by him, who are expatriated or retained at his pleasure, and to whom the modern comforts and elegancies of his residence appear to be the possessions of a superior being—do absolutely pay homage and obedience willingly and without cavil. The present lord, as it happens, is a refined and courteous gentle-

man, as hospitable (we had early proof) as any lord of the isles can be; but he has only lately become possessed of the *Seigneurie*, and his surprise at his own powers is even greater than that of the inhabitants. He employs a vast quantity of workmen, is building and improving in all directions, and probably has as much good in his power to effect personally as any man in the British dominions. He chances to be a clergyman; but he is also the colonel of the militia, and has the appointment of all Sark offices—clerical and lay. The way in which the Seigneur is addressed by his subjects in the Sark dialect (a better patois, by-the-bye, than the Guernsey French) is such as would make one believe that he is a god. They have a firm faith that he is the right hand man and confidential adviser—but at the same time quite the equal in power and dignity—of Queen Victoria. All that the crown lays claim to in England in the way of mines and treasure-trove and royalties, are in Sark the Seigneur's. Half profits from the waifs and strays of wrecks are also paid to him; from which he derives no trifling income. The law of primogeniture is very strict; and, in case of there being no male issue, the eldest daughter inherits before the nephew. Where there is no issue at all, the property reverts to the Seigneur. His great trouble is with the younger sons; who, being portionless, must needs go forth into the world to seek their fortunes, and are afterwards desirous of returning to their native shore with their wives and families. He is obliged to prevent this, or the island would be soon overpopulated; and this protectionist principle is, under the circumstances, necessary enough. He is compelled by his charter to have always forty men in Sark capable of bearing arms, although he has upwards of a hundred; the whole population of the place being more than seven hundred. These men are the best shots in the Channel Islands, and are provided even with two good six-pounders. They had a field-day lately; and, after excellent practice at white rocks, with the guns and a long range, they feigned two Russian men-of-war's boats, and picked the supposed invaders off, with their muskets, very creditably. They constantly fire volleys into the caverns, to bring down any overhanging rocks, which else would fall at less expected times and destroy the boats that harbour under them. The loading of some of their private weapons for this purpose terrified us not a little. The stock was fastened to the breech by twine; so that it must have been rather hard to take the sight; and first, they put the percussion-cap on, and then they loaded the gun. The spring of the lock being also broken, an urchin stood behind with a stone, to hit the hammer down when aim had been taken by the chief performer. I doubt not, however, besides the standing army of Sark, that a

most effective guerilla force exists to make invasion exceedingly hazardous. The pursuit which the natives are daily occupied in seems to afford a greater proof of personal courage than a hundred fights;—with an iron pin and a cow-rope, they are accustomed to go out alone, and to swing themselves over the highest precipices after birds' eggs, or at the dreadful trade of sapphire gathering: they look, from the sea, like spiders, but I believe no kind of danger is so awful to the novice and so trivial to the adept as is this: their chief difficulty is to get up the last few inches, when they must strike themselves off the summit with their feet, in order to insert their hand between the rope and the ground.

Before we left the island we had a slight touch of this particular nettle Danger ourselves; and though, for my part, I did pluck the flower safely (if not with honour) in the end, it was accompanied, I confess, with an infinite variety of the weed Funk, or terror. We went to visit the Gouliot Cave, where the great (Sea) Lions of Sark live, and we disembarked unfortunately on the wrong, or southern, side of it: for, although it was low water, being only a neap-tide, it did not retire sufficiently, and we had to pass along the face of a perpendicular rock, beneath which, to judge by the dark green of its depths and the malicious smile just curling on its smooth visage, lay plenty of sea to drown us with every inclination to do so. There was no ledge, only little interstices, here and there, for the extreme tips of our toes; but the cliff was covered with very small limpets, and in them we had to trust. I well remember my feelings as I clung, like the spread-eagle of Prussia, to that rock, and strove for a safe lodgment of finger-tip or toe beyond, putting forth all my feelers like an anemone, and grasping at the limpets with all the tenacity of a crab. I firmly believe, indeed, I should have been drowned but for that beautiful and accomplished native youth, who accompanied us, and lent me his hand to tread upon. I gave him, upon reaching what may well be called *terra firma*, the sum of one florin, which seemed, to his Sarkite eye, a provision for life. On the other hand, the scene that awaited us, which appeared to us like a scene from the Arabian Nights, was, I doubt not, ordinary and common-place enough to him.

Imagine a vast cavern, some sixty feet in height, with three arched openings—north, west, and south—commanding each a different sea view; a monotonous sort of organ music haunting it from the sleeping sea, and the sun-rays broken and intersected by a thousand shapeless shadows! Where they chiefly strike, however, a wall of the most exquisite beauty is revealed: the glories of the Pompeian and Egyptian Courts at Sydenham fade before it, as the stars pale before the dawn, and the rainbow itself might borrow from it many a hue. Green, red, blue, white, and scarlet are the prevailing tints;

but, as we approach nearer, the more sombre colours appear—even yet more numerous. Brown barnacles, mixed with scarlet and yellow sponges, form the principal paneling of this tremendous chamber; but, amongst these, are set a million sea anemones of the richest and rarest kind: the most exquisite, to my mind, being the green ones with the beautiful blue edgings—but it is hard to award the palm where all are perfect. Such adventurous votaries of science as have entered into the Gouliot Cave declare there is nothing equal to it, and remain there, hour after hour, as long as a spring-tide will permit.

The westernmost cavern is even still more wondrous; and contains, in addition to the riches of the larger treasure-house, zoophytes and corallines in immense abundance. The ceilings of both are like those of Aladdin's grotto, and their sides appear like masses of glittering gems. When the moaning of the tide got to be unpleasantly loud, and our guide insisted upon our departure, lest we should suffer a sea change, and our spectacles turn into barnacles, I confess to being as hard to move from the Gouliot Cave as one of its own limpets.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

THE vehemence with which Susan Dixon threw herself into occupation could not last for ever. Times of languor and remembrance would come—times when she recurred with a passionate yearning to past days, the recollection of which was so vivid and delicious, that it seemed as though it were the reality, and the present bleak bareness the dream. She smiled anew at the magical sweetness of some touch or tone which in memory she felt and heard, and drank the delicious cup of poison, although at the very time she knew what the consequence of racking pain would be.

"This time, last year," thought she, "we went nutting together—this very day last year; just such a day as to-day. Purple and gold were the lights on the hills; the leaves were just turning brown; here and there on the sunny slopes the stubble-fields looked tawny; down in a cleft of yon purple slate-rock the beck fell like a silver glancing thread; all just as it is to-day. And he climbed the slender swaying nut-trees, and bent the branches for me to gather; or made a passage through the hazel copses, from time to time claiming a toll. Who could have thought he loved me so little?—who?—who?"

Or, as the evening closed in, she would allow herself to imagine that she heard his coming step, just that she might recall the feeling of exquisite delight which had passed by without the due and passionate relish at the time. Then she would wonder how she

could have had strength, the cruel self-piercing strength, to say what she had done ; to stab herself with that stern resolution, of which the scar would remain till her dying day. It might have been right ; but, as she sickened, she wished she had not instinctively chosen the right. How luxurious a life haunted by no stern sense of duty must be ! And many led this kind of life ; why could not she ? O, for one hour again of his sweet company ! If he came now, she would agree to whatever he proposed.

It was a fever of the mind. She passed through it, and came out healthy, if weak. She was capable once more of taking pleasure in following an unseen guide through briar and brake. She returned with tenfold affection to her protecting care of Willie. She acknowledged to herself that he was to be her all-in-all in life. She made him her constant companion. For his sake, as the real owner of Yew Nook, and she as his steward and guardian, she began that course of careful saving, and that love of acquisition, which afterwards gained for her the reputation of being miserly. She still thought that he might regain a scanty portion of sense,—enough to require some simple pleasures and excitement, which would cost money. And money should not be wanting. Peggy rather assisted her in the formation of her parsimonious habits than otherwise ; economy was the order of the district, and a certain degree of respectable avarice the characteristic of age. Only Willie was never stinted or hindered of anything that the two women thought could give him pleasure for want of money.

There was one gratification which Susan felt was needed for the restoration of her mind to its more healthy state, after she had passed through the whirling fever, when duty was as nothing, and anarchy reigned ; a gratification—that somehow was to be her last burst of unreasonableness ; of which she knew and recognised pain as the sure consequence. She must see him once more,—herself unseen.

The week before the Christmas of this memorable year, she went out in the dusk of the early winter evening, wrapped up close in shawl and cloak. She wore her dark shawl under her cloak, putting it over her head in lieu of a bonnet ; for she knew that she might have to wait long in concealment. Then she tramped over the wet fell-path, shut in by misty rain for miles and miles, till she came to the place where he was lodging ; a farm-house in Langdale, with a steep stony lane leading up to it ; this lane was entered by a gate out of the main road, and by the gate were a few bushes—thorns ; but of them the leaves had fallen, and they offered no concealment : an old wreck of a yew-tree grew among them, however, and underneath that Susan cowered down, shrouding her face, of which the colour might betray her,

with a corner of her shawl. Long did she wait ; cold and cramped she became, too damp and stiff to change her posture readily. And after all, he might never come ! But, she would wait till daylight, if need were ; and she pulled out a crust, with which she had providently supplied herself. The rain had ceased,—a dull still brooding weather had succeeded ; it was a night to hear distant sounds. She heard horses' hoofs striking and plashing in the stones, and in the pools of the road at her back. Two horses ; not well-riden, or evenly guided, as she could tell.

Michael Hurst and a companion drew near ; not tipsy, but not sober. They stopped at the gate to bid each other a maudlin farewell. Michael stooped forward to catch the latch with the hook of the stick which he carried ; he dropped the stick, and it fell with one end close to Susan,—indeed, with the slightest change of posture, she could have opened the gate for him. He swore a great oath, and struck his horse with his closed fist, as if that animal had been to blame ; then he dismounted, opened the gate, and fumbled about for his stick. When he had found it (Susan had touched the other end) his first use of it was to flog his horse well, and she had much ado to avoid its kicks and plunges. Then, still swearing, he staggered up the lane, for it was evident he was not sober enough to remount.

By daylight Susan was back and at her daily labours at Yew Nook. When the spring came, Michael Hurst was married to Eleanor Hebthwaite. Others, too, were married, and christenings made their firesides merry and glad ; or they travelled, and came back after long years with many wondrous tales. More rarely, perhaps, a Dalesman changed his dwelling. But to all households more change came than to Yew Nook. There the seasons came round with monotonous sameness ; or, if they brought mutation, it was of a slow, and decaying, and depressing kind. Old Peggy died. Her silent sympathy, concealed under much roughness, was a loss to Susan Dixon. Susan was not yet thirty when this happened, but she looked a middle-aged, not to say an elderly woman. People affirmed that she had never recovered her complexion since that fever, a dozen years ago, which killed her father, and left Will Dixon an idiot. But besides her grey sallowness, the lines in her face were strong, and deep, and hard. The movements of her eye-balls were slow and heavy ; the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth and eyes were planted firm and sure ; not an ounce of unnecessary flesh was there on her bones—every muscle started strong and ready for use. She needed all this bodily strength to a degree that no human creature, now Peggy was dead, knew of : for Willie had grown up large and strong in body, and, in general, docile enough in mind ;

but, every now and then, he became first moody, and then violent. These paroxysms lasted but a day or two; and it was Susan's anxious care to keep their very existence hidden and unknown. It is true that occasional passers-by on that lonely road heard sounds at night of knocking about of furniture, blows, and cries, as of some tearing demon within the solitary farm-house; but these fits of violence usually occurred in the night; and whatever had been their consequence, Susan had tidied and redd up all signs of aught unusual before the morning. For, above all, she dreaded lest some one might find out in what danger and peril she occasionally was, and might assume a right to take away her brother from her care. The one idea of taking charge of him had deepened and deepened with years. It was graven into her mind as the object for which she lived. The sacrifice she had made for this object only made it more precious to her. Besides, she separated the idea of the docile, affectionate, loutish, indolent Will, and kept it distinct from the terror which the demon that occasionally possessed him inspired her with. The one was her flesh and her blood,—the child of her dead mother; the other was some fiend who came to torture and convulse the creature she so loved. She believed that she fought her brother's battle in holding down those tearing hands, in binding whenever she could those uplifted restless arms prompt and prone to do mischief. All the time she subdued him with her cunning or her strength, she spoke to him in pitying murmurs, or abused the third person, the fiendish enemy, in no unmeasured tones. Towards morning the paroxysm was exhausted, and he would fall asleep, perhaps only to waken with evil and renewed vigour. But when he was laid down she would sally out to taste the fresh air, and to work off her wild sorrow in cries and mutterings to herself. The early labourers saw her gestures at a distance, and thought her as crazed as the idiot-brother who made the neighbourhood a haunted place. But did any chance person call at Yew Nook later, or in the day, he would find Susan Dixon cold, calm, collected; her manner curt, her wits keen.

Once this fit of violence lasted longer than usual. Susan's strength both of mind and body was nearly worn out; she wrestled in prayer that somehow it might end before she, too, was driven mad; or, worse, might be obliged to give up life's aim, and consign Willie to a madhouse. From that moment of prayer (as she afterwards superstitiously thought) Willie calmed—and then he drooped—and then he sank—and, last of all, he died, in reality from physical exhaustion.

But he was so gentle and tender as he lay on his dying bed; such strange childlike gleams of returning intelligence came over his face long after the power to make his

dull inarticulate sounds had departed, that Susan was attracted to him by a stronger tie than she had ever felt before. It was something to have even an idiot loving her with dumb, wistful, animal affection; something to have any creature looking at her with such beseeching eyes, imploring protection from the insidious enemy stealing on. And yet she knew that to him death was no enemy but a true friend, restoring light and health to his poor clouded mind. It was to her that death was an enemy; to her, the survivor, when Willie died; there was no one to love her. Worse doom still, there was no one left on earth for her to love.

You now know why no wandering tourist could persuade her to receive him as a lodger; why no tired traveller could melt her heart to give him rest and refreshment; why long habits of seclusion had given her a moroseness of manner, and care for the interests of another had rendered her keen and miserly.

But there was a third act in the drama of her life.

CHAPTER V.

IN spite of Peggy's prophecy that Susan's life should not seem long, it did seem wearisome and endless as year by year slowly uncoiled their monotonous circles. To be sure, she might have made change for herself, but she did not care to do it. It was, indeed, more than "not caring" which merely implies a certain degree of vis inertiae to be subdued before an object can be attained, and that the object itself does not seem to be of sufficient importance to call out the requisite energy. On the contrary, Susan exerted herself to avoid change and variety. She had a morbid dread of new faces, which originated in her desire to keep poor dead Willie's state a profound secret. She had a contempt for new customs; and indeed her old ways prospered so well under her active hand and vigilant eye, that it was difficult to know how they could be improved upon. She was regularly present in Coniston market with the best butter and the earliest chickens of the season. Those were the common farm produce that every farmer's wife about had to sell; but Susan, after she had disposed of the more feminine articles, turned to on the man's side. A better judge of a horse or cow there was not in all the country round. Yorkshire itself might have attempted to jockey her, and would have failed. Her corn was sound and clean; her potatoes well preserved to the latest spring. People began to talk of the hoards of money Susan Dixon must have laid up somewhere; and one young ne'er-do-well of a farmer's son undertook to make love to the woman of forty, who looked fifty-five, if a day. He made up to her by opening a gate on the road-path home, as she was riding on a bare-backed horse, her purchase not an hour ago. She was off before him,

refusing his civility; but the remounting was not so easy, and rather than fail she did not choose to attempt it. She walked, and he walked alongside, improving his opportunity, which, as he vainly thought, had been consciously granted to him. As they drew near Yew Nook, he ventured on some expression of a wish to keep company with her. His words were vague and clumsily arranged. Susan turned round and coolly asked him to explain himself. He took courage, as he thought of her reputed wealth, and expressed his wishes this second time pretty plainly. To his surprise the reply she made was in a series of smart strokes across his shoulders, administered through the medium of a supple hazel-switch.

"Take that!" said she, almost breathless, "to teach thee how thou darest make a fool of an honest woman, old enough to be thy mother. If thou com'st a step nearer the house, there's a good horse-pool, and there's two stout fellows who'll like no better fun than ducking thee. Be off wi' thee."

And she strode into her own premises, never looking round to see whether he obeyed her injunction or not.

Sometimes three or four years would pass over without her hearing Michael Hurst's name mentioned. She used to wonder at such times whether he were dead or alive. She would sit for hours by the dying embers of her fire on a winter's evening, trying to recall the scenes of her youth; trying to bring up living pictures of the faces she had then known—Michael's most especially. She thought that it was possible, so long had been the lapse of years, that she might now pass by him in the street unknowing and unknown. His outward form she might not recognise, but himself she should feel in the thrill of her whole being. He could not pass her unawares.

What little she did hear about him all testified a downwards tendency. He drank, —not at stated times when there was no other work to be done, but continually, whether it was seed-time or harvest. His children were ill at one time; then one died, while the others recovered, but were poor sickly things. No one dared to give Susan any direct intelligence of her former lover; many avoided all mention of his name in her presence; but a few spoke out either in indifference to, or ignorance of, those by-gone days. Susan heard every word, every whisper, every sound that related to him. But her eye never changed, nor did a muscle of her face move.

Late one November night she sat over her fire; not a human being besides herself in the house; none but she had ever slept there since Willie's death. The farm-labourers had foddered the cattle and gone home hours before. There were crickets chirping all round the warm hearth-stones, there was the clock ticking with the peculiar beat Susan had

known ever since childhood, and which then and ever since she had oddly associated with the idea of a mother and child talking together, one loud tick, and quick—a feeble sharp one following.

The day had been keen, and piercingly cold. The whole lift of heaven seemed a dome of iron. Black and frost-bound was the earth under the cruel east wind. Now the wind had dropped, and as the darkness had gathered in, the weather-wise old labourers prophesied snow. The sounds in the air arose again, as Susan sat still and silent. They were of a different character to what they had been during the prevalence of the east wind. Then they had been shrill and piping; now they were like low distant growling; not unmusical, but strangely threatening. Susan went to the window, and drew aside the little curtain. The whole world was white, the air was blinded with the swift and heavy downfall of snow. At present it came down straight, but Susan knew those distant sounds in the hollows and gullies of the hills portended a driving wind and a more cruel storm. She thought of her sheep; were they all folded? the new-born calf, was it bedded well? Before the drifts were formed too deep for her to pass in and out—and by the morning she judged that they would be six or seven feet deep—she would go out and see after the comfort of her beasts. She took a lantern, and tied a shawl over her head, and went out into the open air. She cared tenderly for all her animals, and was returning, when borne on the blast as if some spirit-ery—for it seemed to come rather down from the skies than from any creature standing on earth's level—she heard a voice of agony; she could not distinguish words; it seemed rather as if some bird of prey was being caught in the whirl of the icy wind, and torn and tortured by its violence. Again! up high above! Susan put down her lantern, and shouted loud in return; it was an instinct, for if the creature were not human, which she had doubted but a moment before, what good could her responding cry do? And her cry was seized on by the tyrannous wind, and borne farther away in the opposite direction to that from which that call of agony had proceeded. Again she listened; no sound: then again it rang through space; and this time she was sure it was human. She turned into the house, and heaped turf and wood on the fire, which, careless of her own sensations, she had allowed to fade and almost die out. She put a new candle in her lantern; she changed her shawl for a maid, and leaving the door on latch, she sallied out. Just at the moment when her ear first encountered the weird noises of the storm, on issuing forth into the open air, she thought she heard the words, "O God! O, help!" They were a guide to her, if words they were, for they came straight from a rock not a quarter of a mile

from Yew Nook, but only to be reached, on account of its precipitous character, by a round-about path. Thither she steered, defying wind and snow; guided by here a thorn-tree, there an old doddered oak, which had not quite lost their identity under the whelming mask of snow. Now and then she stopped to listen; but never a word or sound heard she, till right from where the copse-wood grew thick and tangled at the base of the rock, round which she was winding, she heard a moan. In to the brake—all snow in appearance, almost a plain of snow looked on from the little eminence where she stood—she plunged, breaking down the bush, stumbling, bruising herself, fighting her way; her lantern held between her teeth, and she herself using head as well as hands to butt away a passage, at whatever cost of bodily injury. As she climbed or staggered, owing to the unevenness of the snow-covered ground, where the briars and weeds of years were tangled and matted together, her foot felt something strangely soft and yielding. She lowered her lantern; there lay a man, prone on his face, nearly covered by the fast-falling flakes; he must have fallen from the rock above, as not knowing of the circuitous path, he had tried to descend its steep, slippery face. Who could tell? it was no time for thinking. Susan lifted him up with her wiry strength; he gave no help—no sign of life; but for all that he might be alive: he was still warm; she tied her maid round him; she fastened the lantern to her apron-string; she held him tight: half-dragging, half-carrying—what did a few bruises signify to him, compared to dear life, to precious life! She got him through the brake, and down the path. There for an instant she stopped to take breath; but as if stung by the Furies, she pushed on again with almost superhuman strength. Claspings him round the waist and leaning his dead weight against the lintel of the door, she tried to undo the latch; but now, just at this moment, a trembling faintness came over her, and a fearful dread took possession of her—that here, on the very threshold of her home, she might be found dead, and buried under the snow, when the farm-servants came in the morning. This terror stirred her up to one more effort. She and her companion were in the warmth of the quiet haven of that kitchen; she laid him on the settle, and sank on the floor by his side. How long she remained in swoon she could not tell; not very long she judged by the fire, which was still red and sullenly glowing when she came to herself. She lighted the candle, and bent over her late burden to ascertain if indeed he were dead. She stood long gazing. The man lay dead. There could be no doubt about it. His filmy eyes glared at her, unshut. But Susan was not one to be affrighted by the stony aspect of death. It was not that; it was the bitter, woeful recognition of Michael Hurst.

She was convinced he was dead; but after a while she refused to believe in her conviction. She stripped off his wet outer-garments with trembling, hurried hands. She brought a blanket down from her own bed; she made up the fire. She swathed him up in fresh, warm wrappings, and laid him on the flags before the fire, sitting herself at his head, and holding it in her lap, while she tenderly wiped his loose, wet hair, curly still, although its colour had changed from nut-brown to iron-grey since she had seen it last. From time to time she bent over the face afresh, sick and fain to believe that the flicker of the fire-light was some slight convulsive motion. But the dim, staring eyes struck chill to her heart. At last she ceased her delicate busy cares, but she still held the head softly, as if caressing it. She thought over all the possibilities and chances in the mingled yarn of their lives that might, by so slight a turn, have ended far otherwise. If her mother's cold had been early tended so that the responsibility as to her brother's weal or woe had not fallen upon her; if the fever had not taken such rough, cruel hold on Will; nay, if Mrs. Gale, that hard, worldly sister, had not accompanied him on his last visit to Yew Nook,—his very last before this fatal stormy night; if she had heard his cry—cry uttered by those pale, dead lips with such wild, despairing agony, not yet three hours ago! O! if she had but heard it sooner, he might have been saved before that blind, false step had precipitated him down the rock! In going over this weary chain of unrealised possibilities Susan learnt the force of Peggy's words. Life was short, looking back upon it. It seemed but yesterday since all the love of her being had been poured out, and run to waste. The intervening years—the long monotonous years that had turned her into an old woman before her time—were but a dream.

The labourers coming in the dawn of the winter's day were surprised to see the fire-light through the low kitchen-window. They knocked, and hearing a moaning answer, they entered, fearing that something had befallen their mistress. For all explanation they got these words:

"It is Michael Hurst. He was belated, and fell down the Raven's Crag. Where does Eleanor, his wife, live?"

How Michael Hurst got to Yew Nook no one but Susan ever knew. They thought he had dragged himself there with some sore, internal bruise sapping away his minuted life. They could not have believed the superhuman exertion which had first sought him out, and then dragged him hither. Only Susan knew of that.

She gave him into the charge of her servants, and went out and saddled her horse. Where the wind had drifted the snow on one side, and the road was clear and bare, she rode, and rode fast; where the soft, deceitful

heaps were massed up, she dismounted and led her steed, plunging in deep, with fierce energy, the pain at her heart urging her onwards with a sharp, digging spur.

The grey, solemn, winter's noon was more night-like than the depth of summer's night; dim purple brooded the low skies over the white earth, as Susan rode up to what had been Michael Hurst's abode, while living. It was a small farm-house, carelessly kept outside, slatternly tended within. The pretty Nelly Hebbthwaite was pretty still; her delicate face had never suffered from any long-enduring feeling. If anything, its expression was that of plaintive sorrow; but the soft, light hair had scarcely a tinge of grey, the wood-rose tint of complexion yet remained, if not so brilliant as in youth; the straight nose, the small mouth were untouched by time. Susan felt the contrast even at that moment. She knew that her own skin was weather-beaten, furrowed, brown,—that her teeth were gone, and her hair grey and ragged. And yet she was not two years older than Nelly,—she had not been in youth, when she took account of these things. Nelly stood wondering at the strange-enough horsewoman, who stood and panted at the door, holding her horse's bridle, and refusing to enter.

"Where is Michael Hurst?" asked Susan, at last.

"Well, I can't rightly say. He should have been at home last night, but he was off seeing after a public-house to be let at Ulverstone, for our farm does not answer, and we were thinking——"

"He did not come home last night?" said Susan, cutting short the story, and half-affirming, half-questioning by way of letting in a ray of the awful light before she let it full in, in its consuming wrath.

"No! he'll be stopping somewhere out Ulverstone ways. I'm sure we've need of him at home, for I've no one but little Tommy to help me tend the beasts. Things have not gone well with us, and we don't keep a servant now. But you're trembling all over, ma'am. You'd better come in, and take something warm, while your horse rests. That's the stable-door, to your left."

Susan took her horse there; loosened his girths, and rubbed him down with a wisp of straw. Then she looked about her for hay; but the place was bare of food, and smelt damp and unused. She went to the house, thankful for the respite, and got some clapp-bread, which she mashed up in a pail-full of lukewarm water. Every moment was a respite, and yet every moment made her dread the more the task that lay before her. It would be longer than she thought at first. She took the saddle off, and hung about her horse, which seemed somehow more like a friend than anything else in the world. She laid her cheek against its neck, and rested there, before returning to the house for the last time.

Eleanor had brought down one of her own gowns, which hung on a chair against the fire, and had made her unknown visitor a cup of hot tea. Susan could hardly bear all these little attentions; they choked her, and yet she was so wet, so weak with fatigue and excitement that she could neither resist by word or by action. Two children stood awkwardly about, puzzled at the scene, and even Eleanor began to wish for some explanation of who her strange visitor was.

"You've maybe heard him speak of me? I'm called Susan Dixon."

Nelly coloured, and avoided meeting Susan's eye.

"I've heard other folk speak of you. He never named your name."

This respect of silence came like balm to Susan; balm not felt or heeded at the time it was applied, but very grateful in its effects for all that.

"He is at my house," continued Susan, determined not to stop or quaver in the operation—the pain which must be inflicted.

"At your house? Yew Nook?" questioned Eleanor, surprised. "How came he there?"—half-jealously. "Did he take shelter from the coming storm?" Tell me,—there is something—tell me, woman!"

"He took no shelter. Would to God he had!"

"O! would to God! would to God!" shrieked out Eleanor, learning all from the woeful import of those dreary eyes. Her cries thrilled through the house; the children's piping wailings and passionate cries on "Daddy! Daddy!" pierced into Susan's very marrow. But she remained as still and tearless as the great round face upon the clock.

At last, in a lull of crying she said,—not exactly questioning—but as if partly to herself,—

"You loved him, then?"

"Love him! he was my husband! He was the father of three bonny bairns that lie dead in Grasmere Churchyard. I wish you'd go, Susan Dixon, and let me weep without your watching me! I wish you'd never come near the place."

"Alas! alas! it would not have brought him to life. I would have laid down my own to save his. My life has been so very sad! No one would have cared if I had died. Alas! alas!"

The tone in which she said this was so utterly mournful and despairing that it awed Nelly into quiet for a time. "But by-and-bye she said, 'I would not turn a dog out to do it harm; but the night is clear, and Tommy shall guide you to the Red Cow. But, O! I want to be alone. If you'll come back to-morrow, I'll be better, and I'll hear all, and thank you for every kindness you have shown him,—and I do believe you've showed him kindness,—though I don't know why.'"

Susan moved heavily and strangely.

She said something—her words came thick and unintelligible. She had had a paralytic stroke since she had last spoken. She could not go, even if she would. Nor did Eleanor, when she became aware of the state of the case, wish her to leave. She had her laid on her own bed, and weeping silently all the while for her lost husband, she nursed Susan like a sister. She did not know what her guest's worldly position might be; and she might never be repaid. But she sold many a little trifle to purchase such small comforts as Susan might need. Susan, lying still and motionless, learnt much. It was not a severe stroke; it might be the forerunner of others yet to come, but at some distance of time. But for the present she recovered, and regained much of her former health. On her sick-bed she matured her plans. When she returned to Yew Nook, she took Michael Hurst's widow and children with her to live there, and fill up the haunted hearth with living forms that should banish the ghosts.

And so it fell out that the latter days of Susan Dixon's life were better than the former.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM KRAIOVA TO LONDON.

THE road through Kraiova and Orsova is not the nearest way to London, but it is decidedly the pleasantest in winter. With the exception of a few hills about Kraiova, the ground hardly has a single rise till within a stage of Orsova. It was quite exhilarating to scamper over it for hours together without halt or check.

I passed a pleasant afternoon at Kraiova, and was sumptuously entertained by the post-master—a Wallachian officer of some importance—although I had no letter of introduction to him. Kraiova is a pretty, clean, comfortable place; by far the most inviting of the Wallachian towns, and I should have been by no means sorry to pass a few days there. It seemed to boast an agreeable and hospitable society. My host told me there were balls and parties for every day in the week during carnival time. There is capital shooting in the neighbourhood, a very good hotel recently built, and of which the natives are rather proud; in short, better headquarters for a sporting party could hardly be found in the Principalities.

I have often felt astonished that the banks of the Danube should have been so neglected by English sportsmen. There is, perhaps, the best shooting now left in Europe to be found there. The bustard is extremely common, the wild goose equally so. Wild ducks, plovers, every sort of waterfowl, swarm in countless thousands. It is impossible for the imagination to conceive their multitude without having witnessed it. After all, too, the best shooting-grounds are but ten days' delightful journey from England; passing

through all the most beautiful scenery of the Rhine and the Danube. Living is not only cheap in Wallachia, but the people are friendly and hospitable almost beyond belief. Any person of respectability would find himself living at free quarters during the greater part of his visit. He would never be allowed to come within hail of a Boyard's house without being at once asked to sojourn there as long as he pleased. He would carry away with him many a gentle memory, and would witness some scenes of life so quaint and wild as to absolutely fascinate him, if he have one spark of humour or imagination.

While making the best of these thoughts I arrived, in the grey of the morning, at Austrian Orsova, and breakfasted on that odd-looking beefsteak and artificially cut potatoes, which have, I think, become almost as naturalised in Germany as sauerkraut itself. From Orsova I rambled on through the Banat, homewards. At Szegedin begins the railway. It is not a very expeditious or well-arranged railway, but it is a great relief to have arrived there, nevertheless. The fatigue of travelling in a half-civilised country, the determined extortions of post-masters and out-of-the-way innkeepers are over; and, how pleasant it is to have escaped from them, no one can tell better than the persecuted traveller who has just concluded a journey through Hungary and the Banat.

There are things enough, however, to make a man sad in Hungary besides the peculations of hotel-keepers and the difficulties of the road. Austria has never forgiven what she is pleased to call the rebellion of eighteen hundred and forty-eight; and she rules over this wretched province with a rod of iron. It swarms with political spies. The telegraph wires are always at work to convey orders for the arrest or official murder of some helpless wretch belonging to the liberal party, who may have fallen under the suspicion of the paternal government. People are arrested in whole societies. If a gentleman, known or believed to hold opinions at variance with those of the local policeman, should be so indiscreet as to invite a few friends to a supper or to a merry-making at his house, the chances are that their little festivities will be interrupted by a party of armed constables; and that they will be all marched off together, and never heard of more. Young and tenderly-nurtured women are not even secure from these domiciliary visits, and from being dragged away from their homes by armed men at night. Yet the result of all this is hardly satisfactory to the paternal government. It is a notorious fact that liberal opinions are daily gaining ground in spite of all these desperate and atrocious efforts to crush them. There will as surely be another and a fearful struggle in Hungary, as that day comes after darkness. The period in the world's history when a nation so powerful and high-spirited

would calmly bear an organised system of oppression, has passed away for ever. In Hungary, therefore, as elsewhere, the duration of the government is merely a question of chances. The democrats, warned by the dreadful experience of the past, will not rise again till they have a fair prospect of success. Then exeunt the princes of Hapsburg Lorraine, with their whole posse of policemen, gaolers, scourgers of women, and murderers of the innocent.

Still, the present emperor has a little time allowed him, and a noble part to play in history. It is in his power to become one of the greatest and most beloved monarchs who ever ruled an empire. There seems good reason to have hope in him. Young, brave, generous, intelligent, what might he not yet do to deserve the lasting esteem and gratitude of millions! It would be melancholy indeed to disappoint hopes so grave and earnest. Hitherto the prospect, however, has been dark indeed. All the silliest traditions of the imperial court have been revived. The constitution has been most impolitically abolished with every circumstance of scorn and ignominy. The liberties of the land have been annihilated one after the other; the wise and valiant have been banished in crowds; the public money has been squandered on an army of six hundred thousand men, which it is dangerous to employ, and impossible permanently to maintain; all honest capital and enterprise have been driven from the country, till the commerce of Austria is almost entirely in the hands of Jews and monopolists. Meanwhile the tone of public morality is about on a par with that which existed in England during the merry reign of Charles the Second. The nobles are of course the dominant faction. They are needy, ill-educated, and overbearing. They monopolise all privileges and honours. There is no justice for the poor; no security for the middle classes. The taxes which support the lavish expenditure of the state are eked out by government lotteries, government monopolies, government railways,—everything that can interfere with healthy enterprise, and permanently cripple the resources of a nation. To these may be added a forced paper currency, usually at from thirty to seventy per cent. discount and a national bankruptcy every now and then.

Passing on through Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, Brunswick, things are still very much the same.

The whole of Germany seems to take its tone from Austria. The constitution of Prussia exists in name only. In Saxony, the less said about the government the better. Hanover, and most of the smaller states of Germany are essentially Russian, as far as regards the feelings and sympathies of their rulers. As for the people, they seem to have fallen asleep, and to be labouring under a kind of nightmare.

They have been so cowed and dispirited, that they make no sign; they stupify themselves with beer and smoke, and let the affairs of the world go on altogether without their interference. The race of statesmen and lawgivers which seemed to start so suddenly into life a few years ago, had vanished entirely. The moral atmosphere is unhealthy and close, as if heavy with a thunderstorm. The traveller only begins to emerge into a purer air when he gets into Belgium; though there, the state of affairs is anything but satisfactory. The truth is, the present state of Germany and the countries immediately bordering on it, is constantly reminding one of the quaint old fable of the bundle of sticks. There is no union, no common object. If the liberal party could once fairly understand each other; if the chiefs would meet and agree together on some means of acting in concert, their griefs might be relieved at once: but it is inconceivable how a people, coming obviously from a common stock, speaking the same language, having the same manners and customs, should be so disunited, factious, and jealous of each other. There are thirty-four independent sovereigns in Germany, and all are constantly engaged in a species of social war. Each levies taxes, plays at king and courtiers, and manages the affairs of his subjects as he pleases. Thus Germany, instead of being a mighty whole, bearing a fair part in the councils of nations and holding her share of legitimate influence throughout the world, is split up into all sorts of contemptible atoms, whose friendship or enmity are alike worthless, and signify nothing. The impoverished and absurd nobility form a class apart: they will not intermarry with the rest of the community; they will not mix or associate with them on equal terms; they will not employ themselves in useful trades or professions, considering such occupations entirely beneath their dignity. They arrogate to themselves, therefore, all public employments; they swarm in the piping and taboring armies, and about the funny little courts. Every individual belonging to a family of which the chief possesses a title, takes the title also. Thus, it is no uncommon thing to see two or three score of counts and countesses bearing the same name, and all disqualified thereby from earning an honest livelihood.

Now, we certainly have no right to judge other countries by our own peculiar standard of right and wrong; but there must surely be something radically rotten in all this, and the end is not yet. Germany is very much in the same state as was France under the ancien régime. The nobility form a class apart; they are full of silly pride and extravagant pretension; they are more numerous than gnats in summer, and quite as inconvenient. The commonalty, meantime, are superior to them both in wealth, sense, and education. How long, therefore, they will

consent to remain despised and oppressed? is a question I do not desire to answer.

At Ostend I took boat, and a few hours brought me to London.

TRUFFLES.

I PRESUME you are cognisant of the famous receipt for dressing cucumber, or cowcumber, as persons who are proud of their gentility pronounce it: pare it thick, slice it thin; add oil, pepper, vinegar and salt, and then throw it out of the window. Now, what do you think that dishful of ugly, brown-black, mis-shapen balls in the restaurant's window is good for, except to toss scornfully on the rubbish heap, without any preliminary dressing at all—unless it were thought worth while to reserve them as missiles composed of desiccated dirt to cast at the head of the first perjured witness or receiver of stolen goods whom fate shall conduct to the pillory? Do they look like anything edible by the mouth of humanity? Would you not pronounce them as safe from attack by civilised jaws as the calcined loaves and the cinderified fruits dug up from the housekeepers' rooms of Pompeii? Would you give a guinea a-pound for such repulsive-looking objects as those, except on the hypothesis of their rightful claim to a place in your own private museum of horrors, where they might rank with coprolites, fossilised spawn of gigantic antediluvian toads, or corns extracted from elephants' toes and laid to ripen in rotten sawdust? But you may safely pay your guinea a-pound for them, sometimes. Because, like hops and other capricious vegetables, their price will suddenly rise so high as to allow you to make a satisfactory transaction. Their price will also vary in the other direction—at the close of a productive black-ball summer—so as to render the transaction unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, you will have your stock of truffles in hand, and their possession ought to recompense you for every other disappointment.

It is curious that the very name of things so distasteful to many palates, and so unsightly to most eyes, should be a sort of watchword which epitomises the perfection of good cheer and the acme of the culinary art amongst a people who pride themselves on excellence in that line. The phrases, truffled turkey-hen and partridge with truffles, are severally and separately sufficient to indicate that a grand gastronomic treat is impending. No one would combine the two together; it would be overdoing the thing—gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and adding perfume to the violet. Curious, again, that truffles, I think—I don't quite exactly know, for truffles are altogether a paradox, a mystery, a contradiction, an enigma—but I am diffidently of opinion that truffles derive their renown as a condiment not so much from their flavour as from the

quality of their substance. It is not the sense of taste alone which is peculiarly gratified, but also that of feeling and of pleasurable action and exercise of the organs employed in mastication and deglutition. The Arab couriers prevent their salivary glands from falling asleep by perseveringly sucking pellets of gum. As a schoolboy I have chewed a lump of India-rubber for hours together. I have witnessed the performance of a similar operation, for a shorter period, on a mouthful of nuts. I have seen toothless elderlies derive innocent satisfaction from the long-continued mumbling of a morsel of gristle. Truffle-eating borders upon these enjoyments, besides osculating or gently touching upon sundry others. Young people are rarely capable of appreciating truffles, nor are working-people. It requires an education to understand them properly. But for those gifted with the true faculty—respectable old gentlemen, for instance, who have no other thought or pleasure than eating and drinking—truffles are the superlative of edible substances. They are sought for with avidity; they are devoured with the eyes before they reach the mouth; their odour causes every nerve to tremble; and the effect on the palate of the ecstatic gourmand is a sensation of ineffable voluptuousness. To virgin palates a slight amount of apprehensive trepidation is combined with the foretaste of anticipated pleasure. On first receiving a piece of truffle into your mouth, you are afraid it should turn out nasty, and it proves tolerably nice; you doubt whether you can chew it properly, and your molars succeed beyond your expectation. It coquettes with your palate, plays with your tongue, and challenges your teeth with pleasing provocation. When you have got it safe, you don't know whether to treat it as a bit of gutta-percha, a slice of crisp carrot, a fleshy mushroom, or a solid Brazil nut. It is the puzzle which pleases—the perplexity which proves so piquant. With a slice of beef, a baked potato, the wing of a fowl, or a spoonful of green peas on your plate, you go on with your meal straightforwardly enough; you chat your ordinary chat and finish your bottle of ordinary wine with every-day indifference. But with a coal-black slice of the subterranean fungus adorning the prongs of your fork, you assume the right to make gallant speeches to your fair neighbour opposite; you make ready, present, and fire your wit, if you have any, and find the best substitute you can if you haven't; you put middle-aged Bordeaux aside, and take to ancient Burgundy; in short, there are truffles on the dinner-table.

More contrarities. It would be a shame and untrue to say, that women are greater epicures than men; and yet I think—I wouldn't positively affirm it as a Christian gentleman—but I have a great idea that truffles have been even more highly patronised by ladies

than by their lords. The only person I know of as having believed she had succeeded in cultivating truffles is a female horticulturist, as you shall hear by-and-by. I once saw in the streets of a town that stands in the centre of a truffle-growing district, a truffle-hunter arrive one blazing afternoon, with his bag of treasure-trove hanging over his shoulder, followed by his pert little truffle-dog and his attendant humble comrade, carrying the long-handled stub or spade wherewith the cryptogamic nuggets had been brought to light and to kitchen glory. The landlord of the hotel where I stayed (a cook worthy of apotheosis after death, which I hope won't take place till I have had the opportunity of eating a few more of his dinners) caught sight of him, and laid hands upon his bag.

"How much the pound?" he asked, in a quarter of a syllable and an eighth of a breath.

"Five francs," said the fungus-finder, indifferently.

"I will take them all," slowly and solemnly interposed from behind a richly-dressed, hat-wearing lady of fifty. "Follow me to the house, young man."

There was determination in her eye and command in her voice.

"But, madame, I—" protested the landlord-cook.

"Certainly, if monsieur absolutely cannot do without," rejoined the decided dame; till a contest of politeness rose as to who should yield the truffle of discord. She was so excessively polite, so thoroughly resolved not to vex and annoy M. Mayonnaise by robbing his table d'hôte of its handsomest dish, that the poor Frenchman had no help for it. She sailed away with the truffle-hunter, the wiry little dog, the spade-bearing Pylades, and the whole bag of truffles, driving them before her for safety's sake. We had no truffles for dinner that day.

Are truffles invigorating, restorative, and exciting meats? French popular literature sets up an unanimous shout in the affirmative; and yet the matter is far from clear. About truffles there is nothing proved nor certain; they are the Cynthias of the minute whom you must catch in a cloud, and do the best you can with them afterwards. My own medical attendant, whom I have confidentially consulted as to the constitutional effects of truffles, says: As restoratives, truffles are almost always taken in combination with Tokay, Burgundy, and other powerful wines; it may, therefore, be the wine alone which produces the beneficial effect, if any. They are not in themselves at all exciting, any more than mushrooms, morels, laver, cheese-mould, fern-root, bird's-nest soup, or any other cryptogamous condiment—and yet they are. You never dream of eating truffles when you are quietly supping or dining alone or in family. When you eat truffles, it is always at a grand enter-

tainment, with abundance of succulent and high-seasoned dishes, with extra wine both in quantity and quality, and under the mental spur applied by cheerful, witty, and imaginative conversation. I therefore do think that after you have been feasting on truffles, it will be only prudent to exercise all the self-control and circumspection you can. But he did not hint a single word about repudiating truffles, friendly dinners, or little suppers to a moderate amount.

My gentle readers will now perceive that there is more in truffles than they expected to find beneath their dingy warty skin. Well might the Messieurs Moynier fire up indignantly in the preface to their complete Treatise on the Truffle (only four hundred octavo pages): Many persons with whom we have conversed about our work, have held this language to us. But there can't be much to say about such a limited subject, can there? Observations like that caused us to re-read our manuscript several times; and we searched hard to discover lengthinesses and superfluities which required to be cut out or abbreviated. But we have found nothing of the kind. We have judged it indispensable to say all and to print all. In France, the influential effects of truffles spread like oil over the waters of society. They have even given their name to an epoch: Villèle's ministry was called the *ministère truffé*. A truffled pâté or a truffled fowl will suffice to soothe an angry friend, to open the doors of a future father-in-law, and even to turn the key inside the lock of official gateways. Turkeys in their natural state are a source of immense revenue. By their aid, many a farmer pays his rent, many a farmer's daughter saves her dowry. But in the mere financial view of the question, truffled turkeys claim special notice. Thirty years ago it was calculated that from the beginning of November to the end of February there were consumed in Paris three hundred truffled turkeys per day, or a total of thirty-six thousand. The average price of every turkey so prepared was at least twenty francs, or seven hundred and twenty thousand francs in all—a pretty tolerable sum to be put in circulation by the partnership between a single species of bird and fungus. An equal amount of money was assumed to be laid out in the purchase of the truffled fowls, pheasants, chickens, and partridges which tantalise the appetites of francless men from the windows of restaurants, roasters, and charcutiers. The latter's displays have often caused me to observe that the close relations between truffles and pigs are both curious, retributive, and reciprocal. Piggy was the first to discover the truffle for his own private eating; man took the truffle away, and ate it himself; and man's dog pushed the pig on one side, and helped his master in truffle-hunting instead. The pork-butcher now unites the two old acquaintances in one common grave—the pâté, sausage,

truffled pig's-feet, truffled boar's-head, or whatever other form of combination may be devised. As pigs were the first to uproot and destroy truffles, so truffles now enjoy the sweet revenge of increasing the shouts of joy and triumph which are uttered over the carcasses of innumerable pigs. It is a bloody mode of retaliation, especially in the cruel cases where black-puddings are concerned.

For the few persons who do not know, it may be as well to state what truffles are. *Tuber cibarium* and *lycoperdon tuber* are learned names for a curious plant; a fungus which grows completely underground; a vegetable which has neither leaves, roots, flowers, nor stems, that we can perceive. Truffles have been found in England, in the downs of Wiltshire and Hampshire, and in the sandy districts of Norfolk, as at Holkham: but as drought and heat are necessary to their perfection, British-grown truffles are worth but little. Where the vine thrives, there thrive truffles; in Burgundy well-better move to the south. About Perigord, and at the foot of the Pyrenees, the truffle best produces its irregular lumps of vegetable flesh. There are animals that you would hardly take to be animals, and there are plants that few would believe to be plants. The truffle is one on the latter list, as wild and unmanageable in its nature as is possible to be. Pliny called it the excrement of the earth. It thrives best in a mixture of gravel and clay, on spots which the sun occasionally (and occasionally only) bakes to the heat of a natural oven. Favourable localities are the slopes of hills, the skirts of woods, the uncultivated brinks of summer torrents and unrestrained brooklets, and the shadowy places beneath the arms of vast oaks, poplars, birches, and willows. Like mushrooms, truffles like to make a sudden growth after thunder-storms and heavy summer showers. It was believed that storm-clouds lay them, as a hen lays eggs. Some say they are found more plentifully at full and new moon. It is clear that a night search at the former bright period must greatly aid the dogs in finding, by the dew on the ground causing the scent to lie. Hogs were used for the discovery of truffles—dogs are now. A tame grunter, who knew the taste of truffles, was taken out for a rural walk; he was sure to make a point at every spot where savoury odours arose from the ground; his proboscis went to work; a cry of exultation escaped him at the moment when the dainty morsel was attained; then came down upon him a shower of thundering blows with the stick; his master compelled him to relinquish the prize, and content himself with a handful of acorns. Truffle dogs do not require such severe discipline; they are better trained and better treated. They are little wiry, bright-eyed mongrel terriers, rather inclined to give themselves airs. They look as if they wanted to let you know, "You may

patronise me or not, just as you like. I am a perfectly independent dog. If truffle-finding should happen to fail, I can at any time earn my living (and a comfortable one, too) by rat-catching." They are taught the smell and taste of truffles; they scratch the ground when they scent the black pearl hidden beneath; and a few truffles are now and then given them for their pains; for man's propensity to truffles is shared in common by dogs, foxes, wolves, and swine.

There are many men who make a trade of truffle-gathering without any animal assistant whatever. Most of those with whom I have talked on the subject, refer the faculty (when manifested by men) to a kind of instinct, which they exercise without being able to give an account of it. As Fine-ear, in the fairy tale, could hear the grass grow, so these Fine-noses, or Fine-eyes, sniff or perceive the hidden tuber. They can look through a millstone which has no hole in the centre. They pretend to take rank with the treasure-discoverers or water-diviners whom the mysterious agency of a hazel rod conducts to their object. But in this there is nothing really miraculous; the human mind cannot always retrace the steps which itself has taken. Calculating boys have given correct arithmetical results, which they would have a difficulty in working out on paper. There are market-gardeners' children about Paris, who, on looking over a bed of seedling stocks only in their second leaf, will tell you which will turn out single and which double, though they cannot describe the signs by which they are guided. As old experience doth attain to something like prophetic strain, so truffle-hunters may acquire nicely-discriminating powers by practice. Outward symptoms for their guidance are far from being wanting. Where the gravelly surface is bare of vegetation; where, struck with a stick, it gives a hollow sound; where there are slight little swellings and bulgings of the soil; where there are certain unusual cracks; where tiny clouds of minute blue flies hover constantly over the same spot, as if they had found a nidus for their eggs;—there is the place to search for truffles. Not, however, in too great a hurry; for if the ground is broken before the truffles are ripe, the bed suffers, even although the earth be returned immediately,—truffles being, like others of their class, gregarious and social in their mode of growth. But the more numerous they are on the same spot, the less is the volume of the individual specimens. Truffles vary greatly in size, from two or three lines to five or six inches in diameter. Their average bigness is less than that of a hen's egg; they seldom weigh more than seven or eight ounces, though much heavier specimens are on record. The chances are that the fourteen pound truffle, seen by Haller, was not of genuine unsophisticated growth. As a general rule, the peasant extractors, the peasants who

buy up and sell again, and the local speculators, whether in Perigord, Dauphiny, or Provence, are not over scrupulous. They have divers modes of fraud which they frequently employ to put off inferior merchandise instead of first-rate, which the purchaser fancies he is buying.

In the first place, they easily make large truffles out of little ones. The process is simple. They pin together, by means of thorns or small wooden skewers, a number of small truffles. The block of truffles once formed, they fill up all the gaps with moist earth; they cement with mastic or putty every chink till the cluster of ordinary truffles is taken for one enormous monster. Truffle-fanciers swallow the bait. The wonder circulates in the commercial world, and is bought and sold again, like the Pigot diamond. To the final consumer, when the phenomenon is washed, is revealed the bitter truth.

Although they refuse to grow on wet land (as well as in ground that has been manured) yet rainy summers and wet springs are favourable to their development. If accounts are correct, truffles must enter the catalogue of plants gifted with the power of motion. It has been remarked that in August, when the truffle begins to ripen, it rises nearer to the surface of the soil which covers it. It even appears to mount with an elasticity of sufficient force to cause it occasionally to come out of the ground into the open air. How this is effected has not been stated. It is generally believed that if truffles are once disturbed in the ground, although they have no root-fibres, they cease to grow, and remain stationary, imbibing no further nutriment from the earth. They seem to lie there like an animal in its matrix, or a seed in its capsule. If left in quiet, they increase insensibly. The season for truffle digging is from the month of October to the end of December, and sometimes even up to February. If not gathered when arrived at maturity, they rot, and their remains serve as the means of reproducing a future generation of tubers. At the beginning of summer—sooner or later, according to the warmth of the weather—the little truffles are found, about the size of peas, reddish without and white within. The subterranean peas gradually increase in bigness. At a later period, they are taken up in the shape of what are called white truffles, which are immature, and comparatively insipid in flavour. It has always been considered impossible to propagate truffles by artificial culture. It is nevertheless stated that Madame Nagel, the proprietress of the Château de la Moussière, at Biziat, Canton of Pont-de-Vegle, has discovered the solution of the problem. It is just, however, to mention that the honour of the discovery (if a discovery there be) is due to her female servant, who advised Madame, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, to plant little

truffles, and the peelings of larger ones, at the foot of a hornbeam-hedge which grew in her garden. The attempt succeeded; the truffles increased and multiplied, and, in 'fifty-three, many amateur gardeners belonging to Mâcon verified the fact, and recorded it in the journal of the horticultural society of that town. The spell is therefore broken; truffles have been made subjects of horticulture. It now only remains to perfect the art by carefully studying, in the localities themselves, the nature of the soil where they grow spontaneously, and the conditions most favourable to their development.

In the kingdom of cooks, the truffle has sometimes been unjustly considered as an auxiliary only, and not as a principal. It has been asserted, "The truffle is a perfume like roses, thyme, vanilla, saffron, garlic, or lemon; it ought, therefore, to be employed as a substance communicating its special odour. Its flesh is strengthless and insipid, nearly as worthless as an orange from which the juice has been squeezed." But—say French culinary artists—the truffle being thus inadequately appreciated, it is easy to conceive into what serious errors cooks have fallen, and why so many of the profession are incompetent to dress the tubercule. Not to recognise precious qualities in the flesh of the truffle, not to consider it as capable of forming a dish without any foreign aid, is a grand and fatal mistake, which has prevented the due enjoyment of the fungus. The French are circumspect in communicating to strangers their modes, however imperfect, of dressing truffles. During the few years that the truffle has become better known, there has been much vain-boasting respecting modes of preparation, which were stumbled on by chance, and persevered in without attempting to discover something better. Consequently, the knowledge of truffles and their culinary treatment is still in a melancholy and benighted state in many countries of civilised Europe. In England, scarcely any but French cooks make use of truffles, which they procure from France. Of course, those gentlemen, when they emigrated, carried with them the dark-age, barbarous methods. To the evils of ignorance was joined the national obstinacy, which will not be persuaded that truffles do not want to enter into combination with cayenne pepper, Durham mustard, and high-spiced sauces, which deprive the truffles—already injured by their long journey—of whatever aroma is left remaining. It is only lately that the English have pronounced in favour of truffles, and that the consumption has mounted beyond the merest trifle. All the truffles consumed in England by the gourmand world come from France. They are sent over fresh during the season, and are afterwards preserved in bottles. The fresh ones may be good; but the chances are against the quality of those in bottles. In general, the English are inferior connoisseurs

in affairs of the table—they do not stand first-rate as gastrosophs. The alliance will probably enlarge their views and improve their faculties in that important respect. Hitherto, the British palate has not been apt to appreciate the perfection and delicacy of dishes finished off with the height of artistic excellence. The infatuation of eating underdone meat has rendered it insensible to the sublimities of gourmandise. But truffles are beginning to make their way.

Toulouse, from its position, has excellent truffles; which are more studiously manipulated than in many other parts of France. Toulouse has no truffle-merchants, properly so called; the preparation of the article is in the hands of persons, who make it up in pâtés, in terrines, or earthen pans covered with grease, in pots, and in tin-cases with fowl or game. In listening to the language and the Garonienne assurance of these gentry, you would believe them to be in possession of the most advanced secrets of the gastronomic art. They fix the price current, and despatch their circulars to every great person in the four quarters of the world. In all the towns and villages of Perigord, truffles are employed as at Toulouse, with the exception of a few slight differences. Fowls and game are manipulated “aux truffes,” after a preliminary cooking in boiling fat, a seasoning, and a spicing. But in Perigord the atrocity is committed of peeling the truffles and pounding the rind to enter into the composition of stuffings—a villanous piece of roguery, seeing that the asperities of the tuber do not contain an atom of its perfume. A great number of small towns, all situated in this part of France, have an enormous renown for the preparation of truffles in the above-mentioned forms, and also in galantines, or boned fowls. Some of the principal are—Ruffec, Périgeux, Barbézieux, Angoulême (where naughty men steep truffles in water, to make them weigh heavier); Limoges, Brives, Sarlat, Souillac, Bergérac, and Nérac; but at the last place, they are apt to be too heavily-handled with bacon and spices. Cunning virtuosos hereabouts hold to the doctrine that to make a perfect truffled turkey, the truffles ought to be introduced immediately after the bird is killed and plucked.

The Alsaciens, and notably the people of Strasbourg, have the merit of rendering due justice to truffles. Pastrycooks mostly rule the culinary art. Some half a score of these personages in Strasbourg are the sole makers of the immense number of truffled goose-liver pies which are spread throughout the face of the globe. Some of them are extremely rich, and consider themselves of no little importance, in consequence of their frequent intercourse with nobles and millionnaires. A singular adventure happened to one of them. A distinguished person from Germany gave this pastrycook an order for a truffled goose-liver pâté of enormous dimensions,

which were indicated by making a circle with the finger on an unusually large dining-table. If historians do not err, six hundred francs was the price agreed on. Four-and-twenty hours were allowed for its delivery, a handsome sum on account was paid, and a penalty in case of failure was fixed, more to insure exactitude than as any indemnity to the illustrious personage. The artist was by no means surprised at receiving such a commission, because he was aware that the Germans are fond of setting large joints upon their table. It is not rare to see a whole roebuck figuring in the midst of a substantial dinner.

Our pâté-maker, overjoyed beyond measure at the order he had received, immediately went to work, suspended his other labours, slaughtered hecatombs of geese, procured the required supply of livers, recruited several supernumerary assistants, kneaded the paste, and began by laying the foundation of the pâté, which promised to assume the proportions of a brewer's mash-tub. That done, and the circumferential wall of crust built round it, he filled his pâté, trimmed it, affixed the decorative architecture, put the top on, and added the glazing. It was already a charming edifice, highly finished in the composite order. Night was far advanced when the exploit was completed. It was the proudest day of his life. He marched in ecstasy round his marvellous work. He regaled his aides-de-camp with bumpers of Rhine wine. One thing alone annoyed him;—that there would not be time to carry this master-piece in triumph through every street of the town. In short, after a few moments' delay, naturally enough, spent in copious libations, the oven was heated, its temperature tested, and at last the pâté, borne by four of the most eminent disciples, presented itself at the oven-door. But,—overwhelming sorrow,—he abruptly retreated three paces backwards, smitten with sudden stupefaction. The oven-door was too narrow—too narrow by half! “Malediction, rage, despair,” they shouted. “We are lost—undone!” “The reputation of my old-established house is destroyed,” said the chief. “Kill me, my friends—I cannot survive the blow.” They tried in vain, in all directions, to get the pâté in cornerwise or anyhow. The time was spent in useless lamentations, until the moment of delivery arrived. “If I lose the pâté, I had better not lose my customer;” a reflection which helped to calm his agitation. He resigned himself to fate, waited on his patron, and cotton nightcap in hand, stated the unfortunate disappointment with the humblest expressions of penitent affliction. The great man only laughed, like an apathetic German as he was, gave up the instalment already paid, and dismissed him with the consolatory advice, “Mein Herr, de next time you make a grand pâté, you vill take your timensions petter!”

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE BEECHGROVE FAMILY.

"So you think, my lad, that you would be quite happy if you had such a hall as that we past this morning, with a park of old trees and a lake with swans and a terraced garden, and pheasants feeding and crowing in every covert. Ay, but you're wrong, my lad. It isn't halls or parks, or anything that money can buy, that can make you happy."

The speaker was a white-haired, hale old man, with that clear tinted complexion that speaks of an active and not too hard life spent out of doors. From his dress he might have been a small farmer, or a head gamekeeper, or a bailiff, or chief gardener; and, from his way of speaking, it seemed as if he had been in the habit of conversing with his superiors, and had caught up some of their phrases and tones.

"Why, here," he said, pulling out of his pocket a printed auctioneer's catalogue, "here is a paper I picked up in the bar of the station hotel, that tells a very different story of the Place where I passed more than fifty years of my life."

There was not a prettier estate in this county than Beechgrove Park. A thousand acres in a ring fence, beside common rights and other property that went with it. It was in the family of Squire Corburn, they say, for five hundred years and more. But the last three squires dipped it each deeper than the other; for they all drank and all played deep, and drinking and dice don't go well together. Squire Andrew—he was the last—lived as his forefathers had done; kept his hounds and drove his four-in-hand, and had open house always at race time, and strong ale and bread and cheese for every one that called any day in the week; all which would not have hurt him so much if he had not always had either the dice-box or the brandy-bottle in his hand. He was the last of a bad sort who were called jolly good fellows, because they flung their money about to every lad or lass that would join their mad wicked pranks.

Well, one evening he rolled off the sofa after dinner: and, before his poor wife could unloose his handkerchief, he was dead. Then it turned out that, for three years, he had only been living at the Place on sufferance,

that everything there, land, house-furniture, pictures, horses, carriages—everything, belonged to old lawyer Rigors of Blexborough. Squire Corburn left no sons; only two daughters. So the poor lady gathered up the little that was left to her, with a small income the Squire could not touch, and was seen no more.

My father was bailiff over the home-farm, under Squire Corburn, and I was his deputy. So you may believe we had a nice place of it.

The old lawyer had the character of being a hard man in business, and had mortgages over half the estates in the county; but, as soon as Beechgrove Park came into his possession he altered his ways, retired from business, kept on all the old head servants, and carried on everything much the same as before; only, as all was done in perfect order, he got more for his money. Except that he parted with the hounds, he put down no part of the Corburn state. He furnished the best rooms; engaged a first-rate cook; laid in some famous wine in addition to the old stock; and, by these means, with capital pheasant preserves, and the reputation of having money to lend, he was soon visited by almost all the first people in the county. At first the old lawyer seemed to take a new lease of life, looking after his gardens and farm, and riding out to pay visits; for he was a handsome old fellow, not much above sixty—a widower, and mothers thought he might marry again.

But it was too much for him at last. He took to drinking, and played such tricks with low company, that he went back as fast as he had gone forward, and one by one, was dropped by his new friends; for, although they might pardon strange behaviour in one of themselves, they could not put up with the liberties of a man that some remembered an office-boy in Blexborough. The end of it was that he made jolly companions of whoever would be jolly with him, and ended by marrying the daughter and barmaid of Bob Carter, of the Swan Inn, a bouncing girl of eighteen.

Now, the lawyer had a son whom he had brought up for the church, and was at college long enough; though he never became a parson, nor did he agree at all with his father. He used to be away a good deal, travelling,

until his father came into the property. Then he returned with his wife, a very nice lady.

The father and son, whom we all called the young Squire, did not get on at all together—they were so different. The old lawyer was loud, noisy, and hearty: the young Squire was pale, shy, and silent. He had not married according to his father's liking, and he did not push himself forward. He liked his book and hated the bottle.

When lawyer Rigors married Kitty Carter, the young Squire left the park and went abroad, travelling in foreign parts,—France, Italy, and such like; for the old gentleman made them a handsome allowance. At length the old gentleman went too fast, though Kitty took all the care of him she could,—was taken sick, lingered for several months, and died.

Of course, the young Squire was sent for: it turned out that he had left a curious will that no one could understand, with all sorts of directions; but, above all, a great income and one of his best estates to Kitty, for life, if she did not marry. They say the look the Squire gave Kitty, when the will was read, was awful. And that he flung out of the room without noting the hand—Kitty, who was always a friendly soul—held out to him.

Now, when the old lawyer died, I will say there was not a more beautiful place in the kingdom. You went up a drive through the little park, after passing the lodge-gate under an avenue of beech and oak-trees—that led straight to the lake fed by the springs that flowed out in a waterfall and went murmuring along for miles: a stream swarming with trout. On the other side the lake was the Place, a stone house, standing behind some terraced gardens that led down to the water, with rich parti-coloured beds dotting over the green lawns flanked by groves and bright evergreens. Behind the house the lawns and gardens rolled until bounded by plantations where vistas opened views of the distant hills and the pasture fields of the home-farm. The range of walled gardens were placed on the warm south side, quite out of sight; there, the best fruit-trees had been grown ever since the monks made the gardens. The old lawyer spent thousands in building graperies and pineries, for he prided himself on having the best of everything.

To walk out on an autumn evening on those terrace-gardens, all red and gold and green with flowers, turf, and evergreen, and see the lake where the coots and wild-ducks played, and the swans sailed proudly, and the many-coloured trees of the park, where the pet deer lay or browsed, with everything as perfect as men and money, scythes and brooms and weeders, could make it. Often I was up by daybreak to see that the gardeners made all ready for lawyer Rigors to see, when he came from his annual London visit.

And the house was a fine old place with

suites of rooms, one leading from another, without end, and a great hall and a long gallery, where the family portraits hung, and the lawyer put up a billiard table where he and his friends played in wet weather.

The old lawyer was buried before the letter telling of his death reached the son, so Mrs. Kitty cleared and went to her jointure house and from that up to London, where she met young Mr. Rigors, and heard the will read.

We had orders to get all ready to receive him. I mind it as if it was yesterday, seeing the big travelling coach, piled with trunks and imperials, come up the avenue and wind round the lake, as fast as four horses could trot. The children had their faces all out of the windows, wild with delight, and in a minute after the coach stopped at the hall-door, the boys were out and over the gardens pulling the fruit, and into the stables, and then back to the house, and running races through the corridors.

At first, the young Squire, as we still called him, kept up something of his father's style, though he put down four horses to a pair, and got rid of a lot of idle men servants. The calls of those gentry that came, he returned, but excused himself on the ground of his health, and the education of his children from receiving formal company.

The children, were very happy—every day hunting out new stores and treasures, riding the ponies and donkeys, and making all sorts of pets in the preserves and on the home-farm. But month by month expenses were cut down, until at length the Squire sent for me—having taken it into his head that I was the steadiest fellow there—and told me that he was not what people thought; but very poor, and that everything must be made to pay. The gamekeepers were all to go, except two woodmen, and all the fancy gardeners. The old lawyer had a dozen, one for each department. All the land that could was to be let, and the fruit and vegetables sold. He did not say this at first, but he hinted, and I understood him. Do the best you can, says he, don't ask me for money, and I shall expect the house well kept in dairy and poultry, and the land in hand to pay a fair rent.

In two years you never saw such a ruin! I verily believe the master's fractious mean ways broke his lady's heart; anyhow she pined away and died before the worst. After her death the Squire went fairly wild on saving.

You never saw such a change in a place in all your life. The coach-horses were not sold, but set to plough and cart. A many of the fancy beds for flowers were sowed with potatoes, turnips, mangolds, and such like. The lawns were let go to grass, and even grazed over. And as for the park, it was grazed down to the bare roots with stock at so much a-head, until no one would send any more in to be starved. Geese and ducks were

reared in the garden-temples and fed in the basins made for gold fish.

Everything was left to fall to rack and ruin, except just what could be turned to profit, or what, at any rate, the master fancied to be a profit. He took a fancy to me from the first, because you see I was a sort of Jack of all trades, and did not mind turning my hand to anything. So I grew from that to be a kind of bailiff. We had a deal of fruit to sell in Blexborough, which though not such a big place as it is now since these railways were found out, was beginning to be a pretty good market. Then there was the hay and the potatoes, the sheep and the pigs, and I managed all. So, of course, I got to speak to the Squire pretty often, and I said to him once, "I think, Squire, if you're for farming you'd do better to take a regular farm, and let on sale this place that's planned for pleasure-grounds, and never was meant for profit." But, bless you, he'd never listen to any common sense, for I believe the truth was he could not bear to put money out of his pocket, and many and many a time when he wouldn't order a joint of meat from the butcher's, he'd have pork, that, what with one experiment or another, would cost him a shilling the pound.

One day, he made up his mind to break a fine mere of land to plough. Says I, "We want some horses very bad, Squire, for that stiff clay."

"Why, Robin," says he—my name's Robin Spudder—"haven't you the four horses?"

"Lord, sir," says I, "they're no good at all. They may do in the light carts, or for harrowing, though that wasn't what they were meant for; but for ploughing, you see, you want some weight and substance, and it's my belief you'll kill the horses, and do no good to the land."

The Squire was a mild spoken gentleman, unless you put his back up; but, when I said this, his eyes flared like a forcing furnace. Says he, "Robin are you in a conspiracy to ruin me like all the rest? Those horses cost my father four hundred pound, and you told me yourself they would not fetch twenty pound a-piece, and now you want me to buy more!"

Well it was no use saying anything, for I dare not tell him that he had ruined the poor brutes with feeding them on a mess of potatoes and chaff-stuff, he had learned out of a French book.

Another time, I've known him sooner than give an order for a load of coals, make me cut down two ornamental trees.

So you see, we lived on the farm off vegetables, poultry that didn't sell, skim-milk; all the cream went for butter; pork, and such old fat wethers as were not fit for market. I used to be sorry for the poor children, walking among the fine fruit, and not allowed to touch so much as an apple.

unless it was bruised, and obliged to be content with dry bread, when we were making pounds and pounds of fine butter; talking among themselves how different it was when their poor Ma was alive.

But they were so young that they did not feel the change much, as long as they could play about; and, of course, when their father's back was turned, they had the best of everything. We, servants out of the house, did very well, our wages were regular, and, of course, we had the best of everything that was sold, beside our perquisites.

I lived in one of the park lodges, and made myself and my missis very comfortable, with a garden. A cow's grass was part of my wages; and many a time the children came down from the Hall, and had a better tea with us than they were allowed at home. The worst of it was, the Squire was always trying some new-fangled plans, and never stuck to any of 'em long enough to make 'em pay. He used to read something out of a book, and come down full of it, and try it, if it could be done without laying out too much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something else.

One time he was for fattening cattle in stalls; so he fits up with faggots and clay some old sheds, and buys a lot of poor Welch cattle at a low figure, and goes to work very hot for a few weeks. But the beasts wouldn't feed, or the food was not right, and all went wrong. They didn't sell for much more than they cost. Then he was all for pigs, and we had pigs by the hundred, eating their heads off. Well, that didn't answer, and the dairy—made in one of the wine cellars of the old house, with fifty cows—didn't turn out much better. The cows died, or gave no milk, and the dairy-maids stole the butter, or else no one would buy it; and the cheese made on a new plan, from Holland, or Switzerland, or some outlandish place, never turned out right. The Squire, you see, was quite a bookman; and when he'd given his order, and read his explanation, he thought he'd done all that was necessary.

It wasn't my business to make any difficulties. Mine was a comfortable place; and so were all the servants' and labourers', for the matter of that; but we could none of us understand the Squire, no more could the neighbours. For it was said, that though the old lawyer had not left him so much as he expected, still there was a pretty tidy lot: some thousands a-year at the least, I've heard say, beside the house and park. But he had got into his head most times that he was going to be ruined, or that he *was* ruined, and was always dwelling on the large fortune he had to pay to his father's family. He'd talk to me, he'd talk to any labourers about it; I don't think he ever used to talk to his lady about anything else; and that's the way he moped her to death. I've heard him myself talk to little Rupert and Master Charles about the

duty of being content with dry bread, when they were not more than seven or eight years old. The children were dear creatures. Me and my missis loved them all, and they loved us. There was the eldest, Master Rupert, a high-spirited chap, always in mischief when his father's back was turned—a fine, free-spirited lad, and the kindest, bravest heart in the world; and Charles, as quiet as a lamb, always at his book; and Norman, the youngest, rather spoiled, but a merry sharp little grig; and the two young ladies, the twins that my wife nursed and took to almost altogether when their poor mother died;—Miss Maria and Miss Georgina.

They had no playmates; for the Squire wouldn't let 'em have any if he knew it. They weren't dressed like other children. The boys always the same corduroys, except cloth on Sundays; and then they wore these until they were too short in the arms and the legs by half a yard. The poor young ladies were in the same way; always cotton gowns and common straw bonnets, and their hair cut short like boys, until they were quite big girls. They used to creep into church ashamed, for they knew they were gentle-folks, and did not like being so shabby.

They never went to school; the Squire could not bear the idea of the expense. First he taught them himself; then he found that took too much time; so he hired a curate in the next parish, a curious sort of a snuffy old man to teach boys and girls. But they only made fun of him, and did not learn much, I doubt, except Charles. Then he got a cheap governess for the ladies; but she did not like the living, and married Bob Cannon the forester. I believe the Squire loved his children dearly; but he was so busy saving up money for them, and he was so severe with them about every trifle, and always lecturing them about one thing or another, that they feared him too much to love him.

Lord Splatterdash says, I am told, that all children are alike. He would not have said so if he had known my young masters—Rupert, and Charles, and Norman. Rupert was proud naturally. He could not do what his father did. I've seen him cry with shame and vexation when the Squire has taken him with us to market to drive the old phaeton, and he has heard his father disputing about a groat in the bill with the innkeeper. For we used to take our own chaff with a sprinkling of oats in a bag, and feed outside the town, near a haystack, in fine weather, and stood out all the time. In wet weather we were obliged to put up at an inn; and then we had to bear with a deal of sauce because Squire Skinflint, as they called him, was known never to spend a penny if he could help it. He'd go five miles round, and creep over any hedge on horseback, to avoid a turnpike. Many a time at a crowded fair we have been turned out by landlords

saying, "I can't afford to take in folks that neither eat nor drink."

But for all that, the Squire was not a bad man to the poor—far from it; and would come down handsome at times, by fits and starts, if there was any case of distress. But his whole mind seemed eat up with the notion of saving fortunes for his children. He used continually to say, "You see they're five of them; and my father's behaved so cruel to me that there be very little for them, Robin, when I'm gone."

Now, when Master Rupert grew to about fifteen, and the two young ladies thirteen, although they were kept so close, they got to hear many things making them think that their father was not so poor as he always said. For servants will talk: at that time not one single bit of furniture had been bought since the old lawyer died. The carpets were worn out and patched one with another, like a patchwork quilt. In the living rooms, they made up with odd sets of chairs; and he'd patch the broken windows with paper himself. They got rid of servants until they had only two oldish women in the house beside the farm servants. They used to dine at one o'clock, in what was the servant's hall, on a long deal table; and I've known them sit down day after day to a dish of potatoes, chosen from the best of those kept for the pigs (the best of all went to market), with one egg and one rasher of bacon a-piece, and dry brown-bread. The flitches and hams, and all that could be, were locked up in the store-room, and the Squire kept the keys and gave out daily what he thought was wanted. As for the young ladies, when they were big enough, they were dressed in their mother's dresses as long as they would last. I have seen them shivering in a cold October day for want of a shawl or a cloak when he had three or four locked up in the great wardrobe; but the Squire said it was too soon to begin warm clothes in October. No matter what kind of weather, we never began fires until the ninth of November.

One Saturday just before Christmas—it was Master Rupert's seventeenth birthday—not that they kept any birthdays—the Squire went to Christmas fair with me to sell a lot of bullocks, the best he ever had, fed on the summer's grass in the park. An hour after we were gone, Master Rupert called his brothers and sisters into the hall that was never used, and there he had got a roaring fire in the grate. Old Jenny Crookit, who told me the story, said he shouted out like a madman, "Look here, children, I have got orders to give you a treat on my birthday. Here's wine." And so there were several cobwebbed bottles. He must have broken into the vault. "Here are fowls and turkeys ready for the gridiron. Georgy, Molly, and you, Dame Crookit, help to make a good broil; and while you are doing that, I will show you something." He went out

of the room, and returned dressed in a complete set of new clothes, like a farmer's son riding to market. He was very tall and strong of his age, and handsome. Grand he did look, with a red flush on his cheek and a strange, wild look in his eye. The children shouted with pleasure and surprise. Then says he, "Dame Crookit, I am going on a journey—a long journey. The king has sent for me, and I must give you all a feast such as we read of in story-books before I go." So they all set to work, and cooked, feasted, and laughed, and rejoiced, and he the loudest of them all. When they had done, he called in all the labourers that were in the cattle-yards and round the house, and made them drink his health and a pleasant journey. "Drink," he said, "the wine won't hurt you; it's old; it has lain in the cellar ever since my grandfather died, and long before that. If you don't like wine here's rum marked on the cask, ninety years old." So you may believe they all drank. He made the men go out and fetch in more logs and pile up such a fire as had not been seen for many a year. Then he said, "Come, my friends, I will sing you a song." So he sung first one and then another ballad—all mournful ditties that made the lasses weep—he was always a fine singer. Many a time he has rode before me when he was a child, and sung all the way through the park. His beautiful voice went ringing through the empty halls, and winding up the stairs, where the cow-boys hung listening.

He was in the middle of a ballad—we could hear the last verse as we came up the avenue. "What's that?" said the Squire. For the house was always mute as an empty church. When we turned into the stable-yard the flames of the hearth-fire flashed out through the dusty, cobwebbed window. "Good heavens!" he cried: "the house is on fire!" Next, as he hurried along the passage came the gabble of cheerful voices. He flung open wide the heavy door, and cried, in a voice of dismay and rage, "What's all this? Who dared do this?"

"It was I, father," said Rupert, stepping forward, looking flushed and even still more fierce than his father. "It was I who did it all. I am going to leave you, sir, on a long journey, and thought I should like to give my brothers and sisters and old friends one farewell feast after years of starvation; and if you grudge it me, why then you can deduct it from my share of my mother's fortune, which you must pay when I come of age."

"Villain! It's false. You've not a shilling unless you've robbed me." And he raised his whip to strike him.

"Don't strike me," said Master Rupert, stepping back apace, and turning from red to white; "don't strike me, or you'll repent it for many a long day."

But he did strike him again and again, right across his face, until the blood flew.

In one minute, before I could step between them, the son, who was a head taller than his father, had him in his arms pinioned, snatched out of his other hand the big black pocket-book he always carried, and then full of the price of twenty bullocks, burst it open over the fire, shook out the notes into the crackling flames, then threw the book into the embers and put his heel upon it. Some of the notes flew burning, like evil spirits, up the chimney; the rest were ashes in an instant.

"There!" he cried, "there! That's how I should like to serve all your cursed money—it is your curse and ours."

Before the Squire could recover himself Master Rupert was gone. We heard a clattering in the yard of horses' feet. I ran to the window, and saw him by the light of the moon gallop down the avenue on his gray colt, that he must have had all ready saddled. We never saw him again.

The Squire took to his bed and lay there nigh a week, scarce eating anything. I tended on him myself. I could hear him groan as I passed his door; but, when I came in he looked just as usual, pale and hard and grim. You could never tell what he meant by his face.

Some said he fretted for his son; others said it was for the money Master Rupert had burned, and the loss of the gray colt, the best he'd bred. Anyhow he said no word, but got up at the end of the week, moiling and striving, and screwing, and grinding worse than ever. I think myself he loved Master Rupert, for all his hard lines to him; for, once—when his son had been gone six months—I found him in the old lawyer's study standing looking at two pictures—one of himself, taken when he was about ten years old, and another of Rupert when he was seven or eight, drawn for his grandfather by some foreign artist. I heard him mutter to himself, "so changed"; and I half fancied there was a tear in his eye. But turning him sharp round on me, he said grimlike, "Could any one believe that pretty child could have turned out such a villain, to rob his poor old father? What?" he cried to me, as I muttered something—for the boy was my favourite—"do you defend him?"

"Master Rupert was not a villain," says I, "if it was the last word I was ever to speak." And with that I threw down the sample of wheat I had brought, went out, and never went near him all day. But he could not do without me. So the next time I had to go to him, he took no more notice.

When we came to settle with the miller who took part of our corn and sent us meal, we found that he had paid Master Rupert cash for a brood mare that used to be called his. Before that time the Squire had taken care of the money, as he said for them, of any calves or lambs sold belonging to the children.

Two years afterwards a son of the head ploughman that had gone to sea wrote to his mother, saying he had met Master Rupert in Calcutta, dressed in cavalry uniform; that he knew him in a minute, although he was very much altered. But that Master Rupert denied his name, and refused to own to ever having seen Bob Colter before. But Bob was quite clear that it was the young Squire. I went and told my master, who said nothing at the time, but it seems set to work with his London friends to buy Master Rupert out. I did not know this at the time. Long afterwards, when the Squire fell sick of the illness he died of, I found the letters under his pillow: First, there was a letter from some one in India, saying that they had seen the soldier Thomas Rupertson, of the fiftieth K. O. Light Cavalry, and that he had entirely denied that he had any parents living, or that he had any pretensions to be a gentleman; and further said he should enter some other regiment immediately if bought out. There was another letter, saying that, since the first had been written, private Thomas Rupertson had died of a wound received in a fight with some mounted robbers. And the chaplain enclosed a lock of his hair, and a portrait made on something like glass, only tough, by an Indian. Poor lad! it was the very moral of him; though the thick dark moustaches and the fierce look was very different to when he used to go shepherding with me on his rough pony.

Master Rupert's going was only the beginning of our troubles.

Every year the Squire seemed to grow richer. He could not help it; for, though the home-farm was miserably managed, he spent nothing to speak of, and was saving up his rents, and laying them out every year on interest. People came to him from all parts to borrow money; and he sat up all night besides the day, when he was not busy in the farm, looking over parchments and counting up money, and packing it up to take to the Blexborough Bank.

The young ladies were growing up; but he only seemed to notice them by fits and starts. They were afraid of him, always skulked out of the way, and only spoke in whispers, or just Ay and Nay, before him, though they could laugh loud enough behind his back,—joking with the lads who made an excuse to call when they knew the Squire was at market or bank. Oh, but they were bonny lasses, with colour like roses! but strange and wild in their way as any young jillies, and no one to look after them,—scampering about the park on their ponies, with their hair flying about their ears, and just an old shawl or a horse-rug round their feet, instead of a habit; or playing hide-and-seek round the old hall. They were at the age when sorrow and sad thoughts soon pass. So

poor Rupert was forgotten, except on winter evenings round the fire.

Well, one day they were both missing: they had gone off and married two wild fellows, lawyer's clerks—not bad-looking chaps though—who got acquainted with them in the park while coming backwards and forwards to raise money on writings for their master, lawyer Johns,—Jesuit Johns they called him. It was a sad business. First, the husbands sued the Squire for their wives' share of their mother's fortune; then, when they got it, and found it not to be so much as they expected, they ill-used the poor things. Langston, that married Miss Georgy, gave up the law and opened a public-house, where all the racing and sporting fellows from the High Moor training grounds used to go; and poor Miss Georgy, that always had a spirit of her own, when Langston got in the way of beating her, ran off with Captain Lurthcher of the Lancers, the steeple-chase rider. What became of her afterwards I don't know; but they did say that she died in a London work-house. Miss Maria, the fair one, was always a meek spirit; and when she found that Mr. Sam Woods had only married her for her money, she fretted away to a shadow, and soon faded away altogether.

The next that left us was Master Norman, the spoiled darling. He was a keen hand from a child, and would take anything he could lay his hands on. He cheated at marbles; was never so happy as when he could get a few halfpence and play pitch-and-toss with the farm lads or the postilions down at the Flying Childers. He took to betting by going on the sly to his brother-in-law Langston's public-house. How he got the money we could not tell; but he came to be a regular blackleg before he had a beard, at every race he could steal away to. He finished by breaking open the Squire's desk, when it was full of the price of the wheat-stacks, and going off to Doncaster, where we heard he won a sight of money. He never showed again until he was come of age. Then he drove up, dressed like a lord, in a curriole, with two men servants, a bulldog, and a black-faced blackguard-looking dandy fellow alongside of him. The Squire was getting feeble then, but more fond of money than ever. Norman frightened him so, that he was glad to give him more than his share of his mother's fortune down on the nail, to get rid of him. When he heard what had become of his sisters, the boy cursed and swore awfully. From what his groom said, it seemed as if he had brought the black-looking dandy to marry one of his sisters. His last words were to warn the Squire that he should be back in a year for more cash. But he never came; for he was upset and killed coming from Newmarket spring meeting, the year before we heard of Mr. Rupert's death.

So there was none left but Mr. Charles,

who was always a quiet, careful lad, and had persuaded the Squire to let him go into the Blexborough bank, where they were glad enough to have him. So he used to be there all the week, and come up on Sundays, walking the ten miles, unless he could get a cast in a gig, and going back the Monday with me in the market cart. He was the very same sort as the Squire, but not such a spirit. You might see the old man and the young one, with a very old look and stooping shoulders, walking up and down the terrace, deep in talk, every Sunday. Sometimes they stopped and looked over printed papers Mr. Charles would bring out of his pocket. If the weather was too rough, they would take their walk in the long gallery, and so save fire. Then they would sit down to dine off a bit of bacon, or perhaps a rabbit caught in the park, or any cheap mess, and all the time their tongues went slowly, steady on,—but never about anything that I could hear but just money, money, money.

After a while, Mr. Charles left the bank, and set up in business for himself, and, according to what we heard, grew wonderfully rich. Then there came a time of plans of American mines, where the orchids came from, and canals, railroads, and all sorts of schemings. The old Squire's eyes used to glisten again when he heard what a sight of money Mr. Charles was likely to make. He used to say, when Mr. Charles was getting ready on the hall-steps to go home on Sunday nights, "Good boy, good boy; if all your speculations come off right, you'll have all I have."

"How much may that be, father?" Mr. Charles asked him one night.

The old man's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands together gleefully. "Thousands, boy, thousands!" he said, and then went back into the parlour, rubbing his hands faster than ever.

After a while, however, things changed very much. Mr. Charles lost his cheerful looks on Sundays, and I noticed that, whenever he came, the old Squire grew black and pinched about the nose and mouth, as he always did when any one asked him for money. It seemed to me that Mr. Charles's speculations had *not* come off right.

Well, one Sunday—it was in November—for the first time I heard Mr. Charles and the Squire at something like high words; anyhow, Mr. Charles's voice was raised. So I stood in the shade of the long gallery door, and heard the Squire say, "Give my hard-earned money to a pack of scoundrels, thieves! No, Charles, no; not a penny. It will be better for you to"—I could not catch the last word; but Mr. Charles screamed, "Never!" in such a voice as I did not forget, and heard in my dreams often after. They ceased then, but began again after supper, with the doors closed.

The next morning, I went to call Mr. Charles,

as usual, to go with me in the market-cart to town. His door was fast. I knocked. No answer. Something misgave me, so I got one of the boys to climb up to the window with a ladder, and get in by breaking a pane. As soon as the boy got in, he began to holloa and shriek, so I put my shoulder to the door, and burst it in. Sure enough poor Mr. Charles had hung himself and was dead and cold. He'd never been a-bed, but sat up, writing and tearing up papers. I could just read a half a dozen times written over "Bankrupt—Beggars—My poor wife." I never knew he was married before.

It seemed that the poor lad had been unfortunate in business; had lost more than he could pay, and been driven to desperation by the Squire refusing to let him have the money he wanted to go on with out of the million he said he was worth. I went straight to the old man, and said that I could not stay in such a house any longer. He never said a word good or bad, but just stiffened himself up, and waved me out of the room.

What he felt no one knows; but, after this last son's suicide, he seemed to grow harder and harder. The very next day he ordered a distress to be put in on two poor tenants that had lost all their stacks by fire, and turned them out into the snow.

Of course there was an inquest and a great noise about the Squire killing his son for want of a thousand pounds, or so, and he rolling in riches. But, before much could be said or done, having cold at the funeral, he died without saying a word, and before a doctor or a lawyer or a parson could be brought to him. He left four wills, but none of them signed.

They put me in charge of the property, and I had it for years, until they took the railroad through the Hall. As soon as his death was known there were claimants in all directions. It seems Mr. Charles was privately married, and had a family by one of the dairy-maids. She married Jesuit Johns, the lawyer's son for her second husband, and Mr. Norman had a wife; but there were some doubts whether she had not another husband living when she married Mr. Norman. And the two sons-in-law, Langston and Woods, made their claims; and a Mr. Blang, a wonderful Indian lawyer, set up for some yellow children of Mr. Rupert's, and showed a camp-marriage; so there was plenty of law-work. At it they all went, hammer and tongs, before all the courts, and were at me every week to swear one paper or another.

How they settled it I don't know, but the place all tumbled down, except the walls, before the railway came through it, and now I see by this bill, that it is to be sold in lots by order of the Court of Chancery.

I gave up the charge two years ago, to go and live with my married daughter, down south, and as I'm travelling back to spend Christmas with my son, the first thing I see

here is this last memorial of the old place, where I learned that it is content and not riches that makes folks happy.

NOSTRADAMUS.

A FRENCH writer, M. Baresté, published, about fifteen years ago, a book called Nostradamus. It contained a life of that calumniated sage, and dwelt with considerable unction on the prophecies by which his hero had achieved his reputation, and maintained the exactness of their fulfilment in a great many instances, not without an apparent conviction that some of his foretellings would yet come to pass. There is always great difficulty in ascertaining the date of these predictions. From time to time insertions take place. Events are plainly prophesied after they have occurred, and great ingenuity is used to twist events into an accordance with prophecy when the opposite process is ineffectual or difficult.

But as M. Baresté's book was published so long ago, and we have the date before our eyes, we cannot run any risk of being imposed on if a prediction, printed at that time, has received its completion since. Whether Nostradamus wrote down his prophecies in fifteen hundred and fifty-five or not does not matter—nor whether another famous inspector of the future, of the name of Olivarius, saw visions and dreamed dreams in fifteen hundred and forty-two, gives us no uneasiness. We see certain things recorded as being anciently foretold in a volume printed in the first style of modern typography, in eighteen hundred and forty, and we don't care whether they were anciently foretold or not; we are satisfied with the knowledge that they are, at all events, as ancient as the publication of the book containing them. They were written before the event—for they were printed before the event—read before the event, and utterly unbelievably forgotten; all before the event. Not that we consider M. Baresté either a prophet or an impostor. He may believe or not in the unadulterated condition of the Quatrains of Nostradamus, and the more distinct enunciations of Maître Dieu-donné Noël Olivarius. We believe, and that is quite enough, in the year eighteen hundred and forty, and on seeing the difference between that and eighteen hundred and fifty-five, we cannot deny that some person, be he who he may, had an amazingly clear perception of what is going on just now—not that the prophecy is fulfilled—but the curtain is drawing up—the first act is begun, and the principal personages have taken their places on the stage. Let our readers judge for themselves, and first of Nostradamus.

Nostradamus, the Latinised form of the French surname, Notre-dame, was born at St. Remi in Provence, in fifteen hundred and three. Originally of a Jewish stock, his family had devoted itself to the sciences of

law and medicine, and the young Michael, for that was his name, soon distinguished himself by his skill and learning. Having lost his wife at an early age, he tried to distract his grief by travelling in foreign lands. He visited Italy among other places, where Leo the Tenth was physically and metaphorically placing the head of St. Peter on the shoulders of Jupiter; and having seen enough of Rome to inspire him with a philosophic knowledge of the speedy diminution of Papal power, he returned to France after an absence of twelve years, married a second time, and became illustrious for his infallible prescriptions against fever and the plague. A man of a poetic temperament—with morbid views of life—pursued with unrelenting animosity by his professional rivals, and driven for occupation in the solitude to which his pride compelled him, to the mystical writings of the time and his own meditations, he soon became persuaded that he was in possession of marvellous gifts. We do not suppose he was a wilful deceiver. There is sufficient in his history and circumstances to account for the exaltations of his mind without having recourse to the theory of his being a cheat. He collected his predictions in fifteen hundred and fifty-five. They are written in very obscure quatrains from which, in general, it would not be difficult to make out any meaning one chose. But the success of the book was extraordinary. The small town of Salon in which he resided was besieged by illustrious visitors. Catherine de' Medici sent for him to court, and employed him to draw the horoscopes of her sons. A second edition was called for in fifteen hundred and fifty-eight, and the apparent fulfilment of one of the principal prophecies in the following year, placed him at the summit of his fame. This fortunate coincidence was the death of the king—Henry the Second—in consequence of a wound received in a tilting match with Montgomery. This event, enriched the astrologer of Salon. Here is the quatrain, and four more misty lines it is difficult to imagine. Yet, through the mist, certainly looms a golden visor, a wound to the eye, and a death—

Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique par singulier duel;
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crévera,
Deux plaies une, puis mourir, mort cruelle!

The lion young the old lion shall reverse
In single combat in the warlike plain,
Within a cage of gold, his eyes shall pierce,
Two wounds in one, then die, O, death of pain!

Notwithstanding the obscurity, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the lion conquering and the lion subdued, the prediction was hailed at once as a proof of Nostradamus's superhuman powers, and kings and princes were proud to visit the divinely-gifted man. The Duke of Savoy and his wife

made a pilgrimage to Salon, and Charles the Ninth sent him a purse of two hundred golden crowns. But crowns and reputation could not prolong the philosopher's days. He died in fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and is supposed, or was lately supposed by his fellow-citizens of Salon, to have merely pretended to die, but to be in reality comfortably sitting up in his tomb, with pen, ink, and candles, and surrounded with his books of grammar. The epitaph, however, above him, declares solemnly the fact of his death; and in this instance even an epitaph probably speaks the truth. But living or dead, little or nothing was heard of Nostradamus except in the Lives of the Astrologers, and sometimes even in the Histories of Imposture, till he was suddenly reinstated in all his glory in eighteen hundred and four. The prophets began to be honoured, and in that year it is certain that a copy of the Centuries, as they were called, of Nostradamus, was presented to Napoleon. There also fell into his hands a volume purporting to have been written by a certain Maître Noël Olivarius, a contemporary of Nostradamus, which, if it is authentic, puts the powers of his more famous countryman to shame. Its date was fifteen hundred and forty-two. It was discovered in seventeen hundred and ninety-three, in the midst of a large pile of volumes condemned to the flames by the enlightened Montagnards, who were desirous of putting an end to the very memory of priests and nobles and kings. A valorous gentleman of the name of François de Metz, having no fear of Montagnard vengeance before his eyes, and scarcely believing that the liberty of his country depended on the destruction of a little duodecimo, bound in vellum, and written in the crankiest of hands and palest of inks, rescued it from the revolutionary flames, and found it to consist of a great number of prophecies about all manner of subjects, and particularly one which it needed no very brilliant interpreter in the first years of this century to refer to the great soldier on the throne. What became of this marvellous prediction all the time from its rescue from the Montagnard fire till it appeared at the Tuileries, we are not told. In what state was it when it met the despot's eyes? Up to what point of his history did the prophecy at that time extend? It is not likely that a prophet in livery, which the modern soothsayer probably was, would go beyond the establishment of the empire, or dwell on Moscow and Waterloo. But there seems little reason to doubt that the prediction, as it exists at present, was printed in eighteen hundred and fifteen. It was inserted in the *Memoirs of Josephine* (editions of eighteen hundred and twenty and eighteen hundred and twenty-seven), and stretched its glance far into the future; for it clearly foresaw the revolution of eighteen hundred and thirty, the expulsion of Louis Philippe, and the

accession, prosperity, and finally the death of—some one whom the reader may fix on for himself.

Even if the whole story was a mystification at first, how shall we account, we repeat, for the latter part of the pretended ancient manuscript, when we read it in a book published in eighteen hundred and forty?—years before the time of Louis Napoleon—while the most sagacious of monarchs was writing out in text hand, for all generations of kings and governors, the difference between cunning and wisdom; but seemed as firm in his seat as if honour and courage had finally disappeared from the heart of France. How are we to account, we say, for the enigmatical, but very unmistakeable foreshadowing of events going on before our eyes? Whether the foreshadowing was cast from the magic lantern of Nostradamus or Olivarius, or the magic mirror of some seer of visions in the palmy days of Louis Philippe; take what date we choose—whether eighteen hundred and four as M. Baresté does, or eighteen hundred and fifteen as recorded proofs invite us—the fact of its being an actual prediction cannot admit of a doubt. But to make clear its connection with France and her fortunes, it will be necessary to give the whole prophecy; and as we submit the matter to the critical decision of the reader, we will give it in as close a translation as we can of the ancient language in which Olivarius delivered it.

Gallie Italy will see, far from her bosom, the birth of a supernatural being: That man will come out, quite young, from the sea; will come to acquire tongue and manners among the Celtic Gauls; will open, still young, through a thousand obstacles, among the soldiers, a path, and will become their first chief. That winding path will leave him many griefs. He will come to war near his native land for a lustre or more. Beyond the sea will be seen warring with great glory and valour, and will subdue afresh the Roman world.

Will give laws to the Germans, will pacify the troubles and fears of the Gallie Celts, and will then be named not king but imperator by grand enthusiasm of the people.

Will battle in all parts of the empire; will chase princes, and lords, and kings for two lustres or more. Then he will call to life new princes and lords, and, speaking on his estrade (raised dais), shall cry, "O! sidera—O! sacra!" Will be seen with an army numbering forty-nine times twenty thousand, foot soldiers, armed, who will carry arms and horns of iron. He will have seven times seven thousand horses, mounted by men who will carry, in addition to the former, great lance or sword and body-armour of brass. He will have seven times seven thousand men who will play terrible machines, and will vomit sulphur and fire and death. The total amount of his army will be forty-nine times twenty thousand men. Will bear in his right hand an eagle, sign of the victory to win. Will give many countries to nations, and to each one peace. Will come into the great city, ordaining many great things, buildings, bridges, harbours, aqueducts, canals; will do, himself alone, by great riches, as much as a Roman, and all in the dominion of the Gauls.

Will have two wives; and one son. Will go warring to where the lines of longitude and latitude cross, fifty-five months. There, his enemies will burn with fire the great city, and he will enter these and depart from thence with his men, from under ashes and great ruins; and his men, having no longer either bread or water, through great and extreme cold, will be so unfortunate that two-thirds of his army will perish, and, moreover, the half of the remainder, being no longer in his dominion.

Then the great man, abandoned, betrayed by his friends, will be chased in his turn with great loss near to his native soil by the great European population. In his place will be put the kings of the old blood of the Capet.

He, forced into exile in the sea from which he came so young, and near to his native soil, remaining for eleven moons with some of his men, true friends and soldiers, and not amounting to more than seven times seven times seven times two times in number. Immediately the eleven moons are past, will he and his men take ship and set foot on the Celto-Gallic land.

And he will march to the great city, where is seated the king of the old blood of the Capet, who rises, flees, carrying with him royal ornaments. Puts kings in his ancient domination. Gives his people many admirable laws.

Then, cleared away again by a threefold European population (par trinité population Européenne) after three moons, and the third of a moon. The king of the old blood of the Capet is put back in his place; and he, believed to be dead by his people and soldiers, who during that time will keep his memorials on their breasts. The Celts and Gauls, like tigers and wolves, will devour each other. The blood of the old king of the Capet will be the plaything of black treasons. The discontented will be deceived, and by fire and sword put to death; the lily maintained; but the last branches of the old blood still menaced.

So they will quarrel among themselves.

Up to this point the prophecy seems to point to the fortunes of Napoleon, the old Bourbons, and the commencement of Louis Philippe's reign. But now comes the end of it. After the mutual animosity of the old and young blood of the Capet, and the discontent of the French nation, we may suppose ourselves arrived at the end of eighteen forty-eight.

Then a new combatant will advance towards the great city. . . . He will bear lion and cock on his armour. Then the lance will be given him by a great prince of the East. (Ainsi la lance lui sera donnée par grand prince d'Orient.)

He will be marvellously seconded by the warlike people of Gaul, who will unite themselves to the Parisians to put an end to troubles; collect soldiers, and cover themselves with branches of olives.

Still warring with such glory seven times seven moons, that a threefold European population, with great fear, and cries, and tears, offer their sons in hostage; bend beneath laws sound, just, and beloved by all.

The new combatant, whoever he is, who comes in so apropos to put an end to civil dissension, is evidently supported by the soldiers—no less than by the people of Gaul—he bears for his cognizance a lion and a cock; which, without any great stretch of ingenuity, may be taken to represent an alliance

between France and England; and, immediately on this being arranged, a lance is given him by the great prince of the Orient. We may venture to interpret this, "a cause of war is furnished to the allied Lion and Cock, by the Sultan of Turkey."

The war we are sorry to see is to last longer than we hoped: it is not to be concluded till the entire submission and humiliation of three European states, and that is not to occur for forty-nine months. However, the triumphant conclusion will justify any little delay, and we only regret that the indemnity for the expenses of the war is not more distinctly expressed. But the sons deposited as hostages will give the allies an immense power over the royalties of Berlin, Vienna, and Petersburg.

External glory is, however, to be followed by great calamities at home. Peace is only to endure for twenty-five moons.

In Lutetia (Paris) the Seine, reddened with blood (the consequence of struggles to the death) will widen its bed with ruin and mortality. New seditions of discontented mailloins (factions). Then they will be chased from the palace of the kings by the man of valour; and afterwards the immense Gauls declared by all people the great and metropolitan nation.

And he, saving the ancient remains of the old blood of the Capet, rules the destinies of the world, makes himself sovereign council of every nation and people; lays foundation of fruit without end—and dies."

Let every one decide what all this means for himself. We cannot profess that we are altogether pleased with the prospect. But time will show.

TARDY JUSTICE.

In the year of grace sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, Lawrent Guillemott d'Anglade, lived in a fine house in the Rue Royale, at Paris, near the Bastille. He and his wife lived in great style, kept their carriage, played high, talked incessantly of their high birth and family estate, appeared to have plenty of money—which they lent occasionally upon good security—and, on the strength of their own representations obtained entrance into the society of some of the best houses in Paris. For the rest, they were a worthy, respectable couple, like hundreds of others; their only sin being that they gave themselves out for being much richer and grander than they actually were; M. d'Anglade being a man of low birth and very moderate means. This was the beginning of all the sorrows that afterwards befel them.

M. d'Anglade and his wife occupied the greater part of the house; but, as is general in Paris, there were other inmates. A certain Count and Countess de Montgomeri occupied the ground-floor and the rooms above. The ground-floor consisted of three rooms, which all opened into a long corridor, at one end of which was the porte-cochère of

the court-yard, and at the other a staircase leading to the rooms upon the first-floor, where there was a small inner closet or strong room. Here the count and countess kept their money and jewels. The Abbé François Gagnard, the count's almoner, a page, and a valet-de-chambre, slept in one of the three rooms on the ground-floor. Another was the *salle-à-manger*, and the one which opened from it served for different purposes.

A friendly acquaintance soon sprung up between the d'Anglades and the Montgommeries. Soon after he entered the house, the Count de Montgomerri received a large sum of money, partly louis-d'ors, some of which were quite new and others au cordon, or old ones. The remainder of the money was in thirteen bags, each bag containing a thousand francs; also there was a bag containing eleven thousand five hundred livres in Spanish pistoles. All this money, together with a magnificent pearl necklace estimated to be worth four thousand livres, was secured in a strong coffer, and the coffer was carefully placed in the small inner closet we have mentioned. The d'Anglades knew all this, and had recommended an investment for his money to the count. One day M. de Montgomerri and his wife agreed to go and spend a few days at their country house of Ville Vousin near Mont l'Hère, and invited their neighbours, the d'Anglades, to accompany them. They accepted the invitation; but subsequently made some frivolous excuse for remaining at home. The count and countess set off on Monday the twenty-second of September sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and gave out that they should return the following Thursday. The almoner, l'Abbé Gagnard, and all the servants accompanied them, except a *femme-de-chambre*, named Forménie, and one lacquey. Four sewing women, employed to embroider some hangings for Madame de Montgomerri, were also left in the house; but they were lodged in another part of the building. The key of the outer door of the room on the first-floor was confided to the *femme-de-chambre*; the Abbé Gagnard shut and double-locked the door of his room on the ground-floor; and the family departed, considering that they had left everything secure. This was showing a contempt for burglars that, under the circumstances, amounted to rashness; and they seem to have thought so, for, they returned home suddenly, twenty-four hours earlier than they had intended. The count declared that his mind was troubled by the sight of some drops of blood which he found upon a table-cloth, and that he determined to quit Ville Vousin that moment, having a presentiment that something had happened. The abbé and the servants did not arrive until after him.

The first thing that struck the abbé was, finding his room-door ajar, although, during the absence of the count and countess, it had

seemed to be closed; the abbé having double-locked it with his own hands, and the key had never been out of his possession. All the servants remarked the fact also, but at the moment it did not, singular to state, make much impression on them. Supper was served to the count and countess in the *salle-à-manger*, and they were still at table when their neighbour, d'Anglade, came home, at eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Abbés de Fleury and de Villais, who had supped with him at the house of la Présidente Robert. Finding the count and countess were returned, they all went in, and presently Madame d'Anglade joined them. After a lively conversation they all separated for the night, and everything seemed as usual.

The next morning, the Count de Montgomerri discovered that he had been robbed. The lock of his strong box had been forced, and everything it contained had been carried away.

He of course made a complaint to the lieutenant-criminel of the *châtelet*; who, with the *procureur du roi* and the commissary of police, lost no time in repairing to the spot. On examination they declared the robbery to have been committed by some one upon the premises, and decided upon searching the whole house. D'Anglade and his wife requested that their own apartments should be the first examined. Strict scrutiny was made, but nothing could be discovered in the rooms they inhabited. The officers proceeded to the attics. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from accompanying them upon the plea of sudden faintness. Up to the attics the officers went; and, concealed in an old chest, under wearing apparel and house-linen, they found a rouleau of sixty louis au cordon, wrapped in a printed paper, which the Count de Montgomerri declared was his genealogy. He also said that part of the money stolen from him consisted of louis au cordon of the years sixteen hundred and eighty-six and sixteen hundred and eighty-seven.

When d'Anglade was questioned about this money, he stammered and could give no account of how he came by it. He seemed in despair, and Madame d'Anglade said that the door of the apartment of the Abbé Gagnard had not been secured as it ought to have been, and she insisted that it should be likewise searched. This was done, it was found that money had been abstracted from five bags, each containing a thousand livres. As the Abbé Gagnard had double-locked the door before his departure and never parted with the key out of his possession, this incident confirmed the suspicion that had settled upon d'Anglade and his wife. The lieutenant-criminel went so far as to say to d'Anglade,—

"Either you or I must have committed the robbery."

So convinced was he that he had secured

the guilty person, that he declared it useless to waste time in making any further search, especially as the count said he could answer for the honesty of all his own servants.

D'Anglade and his wife were taken formally into custody; their persons were searched, and seventeen louis-d'or and a double pistole, Spanish money, were found in d'Anglade's purse—a circumstance which strengthened the suspicion against him, as part of the money stolen was in pistoles. It came out also, that d'Anglade, who was in the habit of supping every night in town, always took the key of the street-door; there being no regular porter; but, upon the night on which the robbery must have been committed, he supped at home, contrary to his usual custom. This crowning piece of circumstantial evidence seemed decisive; seals were placed on all the doors, and d'Anglade and his wife were carried off to prison,—the husband was placed in the *châtelet*, and the wife in *Fort l'Évêque*. They were each thrown into a dungeon, and the gaolers were strictly charged to prevent them seeing or communicating with any one. Their confinement was made as severe as possible. Madame d'Anglade, had a dangerous miscarriage, but it brought no amelioration to the rigour of her prison.

The trial came on. Witnesses were heard for the prosecution. Amongst the chief were the count's servants and the Abbé Gagnard, his almoner; and two of these witnesses deposed that they had seen d'Anglade near the door of the abbé's apartment just before the arrival of the Count de Montgomeri. Another witness swore that he knew d'Anglade to be a gambler, and that he had heard the Abbé Bouin call him an old clothes-man; and this tallied with the fact that he lent money upon pledges.

Another witness deposed to having heard that d'Anglade had once stolen a piece of ribbon, and that, before he came to live in the Rue Royale, a quantity of silver plate had suddenly disappeared from the house where he lodged. Many other minute facts came out, all tending to deepen the suspicion against the d'Anglades. The most damaging evidence, however, was gathered from his own replies to the interrogatories concerning his birth and source of income. An evident mystery surrounded him. He prevaricated in his answers. At last, it was made clear, that instead of being, as he had boasted, a gentleman of high birth and large fortune, his origin was mean, and his income was not more than two thousand livres, although he lived expensively, paid for everything in ready money, and had money to lend out besides. This at once established him as a chevalier d'industrie, and put an end to the sympathies of honest men. Added to all these facts and suspicions, d'Anglade and his wife contradicted each other, and there were discrepancies between their statements. The case looked

very black against them; but, as the justice of those days would on no account condemn a prisoner without giving him every chance of confessing his doom to be well merited, d'Anglade was put to the torture. The evidence was after all only circumstantial, and it would be a satisfaction if he could be made to confess. He was put first to the torture ordinary; and, as that brought nothing, they proceeded to the torture extraordinary, which brought nothing either. As d'Anglade refused to confess his guilt, there was nothing to be done but to condemn him without a confession (for of course justice never felt a moment's hesitation as to his guilt), and, on the sixteenth of February, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, he was condemned to the galleys for nine years: his wife was banished from Paris for a like period. Also, he was sentenced to pay a fine to the king, to make restitution of the stolen goods, and to pay three thousand livres to the count by way of compensation, which required more than he had in the world. The five months he had spent in prison, during which he had lived on bread and water, with nothing but damp and rotten straw for a bed, had entirely shattered his constitution. Nevertheless, on being taken from the torture-chamber he was thrown into the darkest and frightfullest dungeon of the Montgomeri tower, from which he was only removed to be taken—all broken to pieces—to the Château de la Joncelle, where he was attached to a gang of *forçats*. He seemed to be at the point of death; he declared that he was innocent of all knowledge of the robbery, received the last sacraments with devotion, pardoned his enemies, and expected death with a composure that might arise either from a sense of innocence or the prospect of a release from intense suffering. He recovered, however, sufficiently to depart for the galleys with the rest; but he was obliged to be conveyed in a cart, and two men were employed to lift him down every evening and lay him upon his bed of straw, and to lift him again into the cart the next morning. The Count de Montgomeri, who was terribly afraid that the sufferings of d'Anglade might soften the heart of justice, or that death might deprive him of his revenge, was earnest in his solicitations for the immediate departure of d'Anglade to the galleys, and stationed himself upon the road by which he must pass in order to feast his eyes upon the spectacle of d'Anglade's misery.

Upon the fourth of March, sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, d'Anglade died in the hospital at Marseilles, four months after his arrival at the galleys.

No sooner was d'Anglade dead, than anonymous letters began to circulate in all directions, in which the writer declared that his conscience would give him no peace until he declared that M. d'Anglade was entirely innocent of the robbery committed

upon the Count de Montgomeri, and that the real criminals were one Vincent, alias Belestre, and the Abbé Gagnard, almoner to the count. It was added that a woman named La Comble could give important evidence.

Here was a terrible revelation! The penitent prosecutor had become horror-struck at the possibility of having been the means of subjecting an innocent man to so terrible a fate. He ordered a certain Degrais, (the same who was employed to persuade the poisoner, Madame Brinvilliers, to leave the convent, where she had taken refuge), to make inquiries into the life and habits of the party now accused. The result was that Peter Vincent, or Belestre, the first-named, was discovered to be the son of a poor tanner at Mans. He had enlisted as a soldier, under the name of Belestre, and had risen to the rank of sergeant; but had been tried and condemned to the galleys for his share in the assassination of a miller. This was his first offence. His later exploits had been confined to burglary and highway robbery. After being very poor for a long time, and a vagabond besides, he had finished by purchasing an estate in the neighbourhood of Mans, for which he had paid ten thousand livres. As to the Abbé Gagnard, his father was gaoler to the prison in Mans, and the son had nothing to live upon when he first came to Paris, except the masses he said at the Saint Esprit. When he entered the household of the Count de Montgomeri in quality of almoner, he was in the most abject poverty; but, three months after he quitted him, he lived in something like opulence. He had never been suspected of any especial crime; but he was intimate with Belestre. He was more-over perfectly acquainted with everything that passed in the count's household; and, above all, he knew that the count had received a large sum of money in the month of June, sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and he also knew where it was kept.

They were both arrested. The woman La Comble, alias Cartant, Belestre's mistress, gave evidence which was corroborated by a crowd of other witnesses; and it was clearly proved that Belestre had committed the robbery by means of false keys, and with the assistance of Gagnard. Belestre endured the torture without confessing anything; but Gagnard had less fortitude and confessed his crime. He said, too, that he was so much alarmed when the lieutenant-criminel was examining the premises, that had he asked him the smallest question he should have confessed everything. A comfortable hearing for that officer!

The gibbet relieved the world of these two scoundrels. Nothing then remained to be done, except to make amends to the victim of judicial error. Letters of revision

were obtained. Parliament pronounced a decree on the seventeenth of June, sixteen hundred and ninety-three, which rehabilitated the memory of d'Anglade, justified the wife, and rescinded her sentence, condemned the Count de Montgomeri to make restitution of the money that had been adjudged to him as reparation for the robbery, and to pay all expenses besides. A collection was made in the court for the benefit of the daughter of M. and Madame, d'Anglade, which amounted to above a hundred thousand livres.

But all this did not bring back poor M. d'Anglade to life again.

A CITY WEED.

We may not trample on thee, simple weed,
So bravely springing in the stony way;
The sturdy growth of some far-wafted seed,
Thus flourishing upon a grain of clay.
No gaudy colours flaunt around thy stem,
No grateful scent thy hardy foliage yields,
But, rudely set, thou shinest like a gem,
In hues reflected from the distant fields.

Thou drawest nurture from the dewy skies;
Thou findest food upon the subtle air;
And sometimes may the sun rejoice thine eyes
(For thou hast eyes) down in this sombre hair.
And thou art beautiful! so firmly set
Within the ragged crevice of a stone;
So strong, so resolute, so hopeful, yet
So surely perishable, and alone.

So shouldst thou stand, thou brave and simple heart,
As firmly planted on thy foot of ground;
As strong, as resolute to play thy part,
Though stony dangers hem thee closely round.
Perchance, brave weed, did we thy nature know,
Rare balm and subtle virtues in thee lie;
Yet thy best fortune is, unharm'd to grow,
Unknown to ripen, shed thy seed, and die.

A LADIES' WAREHOUSE.

OLD Queen Charlotte, the benignant patron of literature, never allowed Madame D'Arblay (who had the inestimable privilege of mixing the Queen's snuff and putting on the Queen's gowns because she had written a clever novel), or any of her humbler servants to wear silk. According to her rule, they might not

Walk in silk attire.

As for the veil, the parasol, and the edged pocket-handkerchief, in which our single-handed maid Betty rejoices during her Sunday out, such vanities, had they been possible, would have been set down as so many signs of Jacobinism, Robespierism; fearful, revolutionary, incendiary.

The notion of a sumptuary law, after the model prescribed by that fearful bore, Mentor, in *Telemachus*, is still in favour with a good many well-to-do people; but they are beaten by the cheapness of machinery, which has swept away a crowd of prejudices and flooded

us with comforts and luxuries and reasons for not "sitting at home at ease." Nevertheless, a comical example of Queen Charlotte's principles is yet extant. Squire Raven owns the parish of Ravensburne, a fine estate in the most rural part of Lancashire. Having failed in making the social and political world around him stand still, he is obliged to be content with ruling over his own parish. In the squire's servants' pew on Sundays is ranged a row of serving-maids in the old Lancashire costume—a calico jacket, or Lancashire bedgown, and a striped lindsey-wolsey petticoat. A very pretty costume no doubt; and a costly one; for the old-fashioned chintz, in the good old days, would have cost five shillings instead of five pence a-yard. No servant-maid is engaged at Raven Hall, no family allowed to live in the squire's cottages, that does not conform in costume as well as in politics, to the immutable Ravensburne principles.

If Squire Raven's ukase had been as powerful in parliament as in his own parish; if he could have settled the costumes of the lower classes and excluded all the produce of foreigners, the long line of manufacturing towns and villages, which, beginning a few miles from that green oasis of squiredom, Ravensburne, stretches into Yorkshire and across the border—clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, placing clean linen within the reach of every labouring family—would have remained stagnant under the dominion of the spinning-wheel, in the midst of the moorland deserts, over which manufacturing power has spread turnips and corn, sheep and thornbushes.

Single examples best show what machinery and enterprise have done towards clothing the world. An accident has given us the opportunity of describing what machinery and enterprise can do to clothe womankind and babykind. The accident was a hunt-breakfast, given by Mr. Julius Lincoln (the celebrated paper-stainer), to Lord Drainland's Hunt,—a breakfast which, for admirable profusion and confusion of everything; from plain chops to Yorkshire pies; from cherry cordial to champagne—will long be a green spot in the memory of the two hundred guests. We had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a stout, fresh-complexioned, broad-shouldered, broad-brim-hatted, scarlet-coated stranger. Later in the day, a cramped stile, unjumpable for fifteen stone, gave us the opportunity of turning aside, and jogging on leisurely together; and so, during the rest of the day, we talked of horses and farming aloud, silently reckoning each other up. For my part, I thought my new friend could not be a parson—parsons don't ride in pink in Lancashire; nor a farmer, although very like a thousand-acre Lincoln Wolds man. Speculation came to an end when we parted, and the stout stranger presented me with

his card—Mr. George Ahrab—and invited me to come and lunch with him any day (except two hunting days), "at number ten thousand, Cheapside, where his firm, Ashstock and Ahrab, did a little business with all parts of the world."

Wanting, lately, to show a foreign friend the showy side of England, which does not lie in palaces or public places, I remembered my adventure, and fished out the fox-hunter's card. And this was how I found my way, one fine morning, to a great warehouse—a barrack and storehouse of commercial warfare on human nakedness—which modestly obtrudes a narrow architectural front on Cheapside, and stretches many a rood into the length and breadth of the back regions of that mysterious thoroughfare.

We found Mr. Ahrab, in his brown coat and commercial den, deep in his correspondence,—a very different style of man from Ahrab mounted, top-booted, scarlet-coated, with no anxiety except about killing the fox; after a few cordial words of welcome, an intimation that his dinner and my luncheon would be ready at one o'clock "sharp," he put us under the care of a Mentor able to guide us on our voyage of discovery.

We began our investigations at a counter of pocket-handkerchiefs. A pocket-handkerchief is one of the most solid signs of civilisation—a standard waving in advance of civilised wants. Here were to be found handkerchiefs fitted for all classes; from duchesses to dairymaids; from royalty to the Lilliputian tenants of infants' schools, arranged in dozens,—an exceptional number being worth ten pounds each without lace. Thirty pounds the dozen seemed the apex of ordinary transactions; thence descending, the importance of the sales generally increasing with the descent, were the cheapest description of French at eight shillings and sixpence, Irish cambric at one shilling and ninepence, and Scotch cambric at ninepence-halfpenny the dozen. The price per dozen, in all the cheaper qualities being considerably less than the price charged for a single handkerchief before steam superseded hand-spinning.

French embroidered handkerchiefs, even of a very cheap kind, undergo a strange round of voyages and travels before they appear at evening parties. The cambric is imported into London in the piece, thence forwarded to the branch manufactory in Glasgow; there divided into proper lengths for handkerchiefs; and, with a due quantity of cotton-thread, are distributed among the peasant girls of Scotland and Ireland, to be embroidered. By this new trade of embroidering handkerchiefs, petticoat borders, muslin dresses, and under-garments, many a comely lass is able to exchange the digging-fork for the needle. When embroidered, the cambric, no longer white as driven snow, is collected and returned to Glasgow to be

washed and bleached. Then, marshalled in dozens, it journeys back to Cheapside to be thence distributed

Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam.

By meeting all tastes, and descending to pocket-handkerchiefs at a little more than three farthings a-piece, Ashstock, Ahrah and Co. manage to sell, in the course of the year, something like three million of them; that is to say rather more than three hundred and fifty acres of lawn and cambric; yet, before the spinning-jenny beat the spinning-wheel, a cambric pocket-handkerchief in the hand of a village maiden was as great a rarity as a pair of silk stockings in the days of Queen Bess.

The boxes by which ladies, on shopping thoughts intent, are craftily seduced into buying a dozen at a time, all ready marked with the name Annie or Bessie, and so on through the alphabet, are no longer of the plainest description. The march of luxury has transformed them into works of art; moulded them in elegant forms, and adorned them with coloured pictures of the interesting events of the day—royal marriages and interviews, portraits of princesses and heroes, views of shipwrecks and battles. The Great Exhibition afforded a good many subjects: the Turkish alliance, the Sultan, and Omar Pasha have had their day; as also Alma and Inkermann. At the date of our inquisitorial progress, the Emperor and Empress of the French, with scenes from the Queen's visit to Paris, were in high favour. The taking of Sebastopol will probably follow. These boxes, once given with the handkerchiefs, have now a distinct wholesale value of from sixpence to ten shillings and sixpence each.

The next step was into a snowy armoury; where a wonderful variety of embroidered muslins, dresses (from the Glasgow branch manufactory) for wedding, christening, ball, or any other occasion where white is imperative, were arranged in such numbers as to be truly distracting. Full-flounced robes, gorgeous in their blanch extravagance of tambouring and embroidery, were to be had at ten and fifteen pounds each; but, the great trade is in our favourite plain tucked robes, of which thousands were annually distributed among our rising beauties at from seven to ten shillings each. Imagine the astonishment of our grandmothers at hearing of a ball-dress at half-a-guinea! We calculated that Ashstock and Ahrah sell annually about fifty acres of muslin dresses, without counting roods of cambric collars from fourpence halfpenny upwards, and miles of habit-shirts, chemisettes, jabots, cuffs, sleeves, mantles, and jackets.

Curtains for cottages were once an unknown luxury, unless in common calico, but we found, in the muslin department, that the march of machinery had produced embroidered muslin curtains at two shillings and

sixpence per pair; while plate-glass four-windowed drawing-rooms could be accommodated at eighteen pounds.

Mourning—both light and deep affliction departments—came next; and there, amid crape in all shapes of dress and all degrees of fineness, with bugles worthy of Hamlet, we found that the largest trade was in servants' black caps at three farthings a-piece, and plain linen collars at the same price.

Marching steadily on, we successively passed the department of cap fronts, of cauls—not the natural article occasionally advertised in the Times at fifteen pounds, and specially recommended to sea-captains—but white net, supplied at fifteen pence the dozen, and nightcaps too, from the very plainest to the most insinuating that ever adorned a rosy morning face. In caps, not nightcaps, the Swedish Nightingale's seems the favourite name, judging by the trade thermometer; for the sale last year in white and black Jenny Linds was over a hundred thousand dozen. We roughly estimated the weight of caps of all kinds sold annually at this single shop at two hundred tons.

Next, ribands in all the colours of the rainbow—of silk, satin and velvet—the best work of Coventry and Lyons, made the counters gay as flower-beds. What a delightful addition to a collar is a becoming neck-riband of bright harmonious colours, Parisian women of all grades well know. The attendant in this department told us, with a professional sigh of regret, that his stock was very dead, as broad ribands were all the rage. Passing from gay ribands, a regiment of grave cloaks were reviewed. Cloaks of all materials; cotton velvet, silk velvet, satin and moiré antique, cloth, in admirable sober colours (when shall we have a revival, for the streets, of the charming red riding-hood cloaks of our youth?) alpacas, and mixed mysterious textures with names to match. All tastes and pockets were to be suited; expense-no-object could be satisfied, while the real use of a winter's cloak, warmth, was amply fulfilled in capital woollen imitation of bear-skins neatly trimmed, at five shillings each.

Baby linen came next; organised on a scale sufficiently large to provide for all the nurseries in the kingdom at a moment's notice. There were doll-like shirts at sixpence, and also at sixteen shillings; long robes at four shillings and at ten pounds each (more Scotch and Irish peasant embroidery); Lilliputian silk-embroidered merino shoes, which a young lady with a very new white bonnet pronounced perfect ducks; pincushions—those monuments of increasing nurseries—at from ninepence to a guinea; and all the other paraphernalia that are called into use by the wonder of every family, the baby! Basinettes, at fabulous prices, and caps of satin with or without cockade, pictured babyhood in every corner of the department.

The ladies' general outfitting section came very naturally close to the baby's. The name describes it. As for the contents, it was quite plain that, if a telegraphic despatch announced the arrival at Southampton of an army of amazons a thousand strong in want of all the armoury of modern costume, there would be no hesitation in returning an answer of "All right; the clothes will be sent down by the next train." Everything was to be found there, from top to toe, except shoes. An entire room was given up to those instruments of torture, stays. A single brown wooden-busked rib-compressor was to be had at tenpence; increasing prices ended at best French, one hundred and fifty shillings a-dozen.

Millinery made its department very gorgeous in ornamental articles, the greater part of which puzzled our ignorance, and warned us not to enter into details; but one instance of the development of commerce in an insignificant branch of trade was too curious to be passed over. At a certain, or rather an uncertain, time of life, ladies take to head-dresses. Some adopt false hair, some caps, and many used to wear particoloured skull-caps of Berlin wool. These have recently been in a great measure superseded by certain dark-brown silky materials, manufactured into network coronets, marvellously resembling braided hair, and caps with pendent corkscrew curls, made of mohair, that is, the hair of a goat, chiefly imported from Syria. At first there were difficulties in the way of spinning and weaving mohair; but the attention paid, with such remarkable success, to alpaca led to the study of all kinds of goats' hair; and now, more than five hundred manufacturers, some of them little above the rank of journeymen, are engaged in supplying mohair head-dresses.

Artificial flowers, English and French, occupy two rooms, and make them gay as the parterres of Paxton. English flowers have not, as was expected, been extinguished by French taste and cheapness, but continue to afford employment to a numerous class. But, as a general rule, there is no comparison between the two in beauty. The French flower-maker is an artist; the English, a mechanic, copying from a conventional standard; although some of the English examples showed that there must be brilliant exceptions.

From French flowers at fabulous prices in the two extremes of cheapness and costliness, we returned to the principal department in this great warehouse, lace—the department which in fact has originated all the rest, and led the firm in the course of years to consult the convenience of their customers, by concentrating all their wants and enabling them to stock a shop in one morning walk, under one roof. Thus curtains, dresses, collars, ribbons for collars, bracelets, brooches, flowers, feathers, cloaks, baby-linen, bonnets, millinery, and all the

rest of ladies' apparel were added; and, a Glasgow muslin manufactory became the colony of the parent establishment in Nottingham.

Lace is not a describable article, a few figures will be more expressive than any vain attempt to plunge into a labyrinth of filaments. Roods of counters and shelves were devoted to every description of every country and every kind. France and Belgium supplied hand-made pillow-lace, as did our own counties of Bucks, Herts, and Northampton, and Devon; but the great trade is in machine lace and net from Nottingham, Honiton, and Tiverton; in which, besides many new uses, the finest descriptions are so well imitated that, at a yard distance, no person not in the trade, can tell the difference between costly fine hand-work and cheap machine imitation. The most fashionable collar at the present moment is Irish hand crochet, in imitation of ancient point lace,—the difference in price between the simulated and the real article being about shillings to guineas. Lace curtains and lace flounced robes in black and white have been rendered a possible luxury within the reach of the middle classes. Five-and-twenty years ago an article (in net) now sold for fourpence cost forty shillings a-yard. Changes of the same character, succeeding from year to year, have enabled the million to use goods which were once the privilege of the inactive few, have created the lace-trade of England, and given employment to the thousands who, directly or indirectly, draw their wages from the house of Ashstock and Ahrah.

The importance of the machine lace trade may be measured in millions of yards. Five kinds of it were sold in one year to the extent of more than six thousand miles, or more than the distance from Liverpool to New York and back. This trade rests, like the bulk of British trade, on cheap machine manufacture, and is daily improved and extended to new uses. Where our grandmothers were content with a pair of hereditary lace lappets of unknown age, and, in their eyes, incalculable value, our daughters and wives aspire to whole dresses and curtains, and our servants can afford a succession of clean light caps and bonnet fronts. In fact, by modern improvements, we are less afraid of wearing out than of washing; cheap clothes mean cleanliness.

There is—purse-proud beauties would be surprised to hear—no demand in England for the finest and most expensive descriptions of modern foreign hand-made lace; English ladies will rarely give one, two, three hundred pounds—as French, Spanish, Russian, and American ladies will—for a dress, a shawl, or even a veil. The most expensive laces they purchase are antiquities, or mock antiquities, dyed in coffee-grounds to the colour which enables them to pass for the point of Queen Anne. At the French

Exhibition, there is a black silk-lace shawl, manufactured for the empress of the French, from an original design, by the well-known house of Lefebvre, price six hundred pounds; and the manufacturers have more than once received orders of nearly equal cost.

At lace ended our tour through the long avenues and towering storeys of the great house, the first of some half-dozen engaged in the same operations, presenting in the vastness, completeness, and machine-like order of its operations, a sample of British commercial enterprise. Although a half-way house of distribution between the manufacturers and the retailer, nearly four hundred persons, male and female, are employed under one roof to serve, note down, correspond, pack up, and deliver the supplies required from every point of the compass—five pounds' worth to the little milliner at Penzance, a thousand pounds' worth to Madame Lafleur at Havannah, and Madame Sriggs, from Paris, at Melbourne—which amount in a year to more than a million sterling. We were glad to find that Ashstock and Ahrab—more wise than certain railway companies lately noticed in Household Words—do not disperse their staff among the chop-houses of Cheapside, but provide at a great economy of time, money, and digestion, a series of meals of roast and boiled joints, cooked by gas, which, as our luncheon told us, left nothing to be desired.

Among the elements of the progress of this many-armed establishment, penny postage had no mean share in selling, freighting, and setting in motion the railway van, the ocean steamer, and the clipper ship. The average number of letters received and answered weekly, amount to some four thousand. The electric telegraph, too, gives its help, and often saves twenty-four hours of time in the execution of an order.

What we may call outposts of attack on women's wants have been established by Ashstock and Ahrab in branches in the great cities of Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Plymouth, and Dublin; besides a muslin manufactory at Glasgow and a lace factory at Nottingham. In New York and Calcutta, independent colonies—consuming nothing but the produce of the Cheapside empire—have been established; and, in the great Australian cities, like plantations have been founded. As for home consumption, Great Britain is mapped out into districts, which are periodically traversed by commercial ambassadors, travelling by road and rail. In the hilly territories of the north you may sometimes meet a neat, capacious, dark-green fourgon, driven four-in-hand. It does not contain the bed or batterie de cuisine of a foreign prince, nor any of the hounds or racehorses of a sporting peer: it is a moving warehouse of our friends Ashstock and Ahrab: one of the means by which they

push their sales and afford to pay wages, directly or indirectly, to some ten thousand people, including peasant girls, in English, Scotch, and Irish counties, in France and in Belgium.

And this firm, with its princely revenues, army of assistants, thousands of dependents—its several branch establishments, and still more numerous agents, all working with a clockwork regularity incomprehensible to the muddling proceedings of Ordnance and Horseguards, Admiralty, Woods, Forests, and Public Works—is but one sample of hundreds of firms which organise the labour of the staple trades of England. Neither are the principals mere money-grabbing drudges. They can afford time, as we have seen, for healthful recreation. Neither do any of their dependents appear to be overworked.

THE POST-MISTRESS.

THE post-mistress at Moorbeck is retained by government at a liberal salary of five annual pounds. She has held her office, as she casually informed me, during four reigns, and has seen three great wars: the American, which she remembers hearing tell of when she was a child, because her mother's brother was killed in it; Bonaparte's wars; and now this war with the Russians,—not to mention the battles in India, where one of the old colonel's sons was badly wounded, and another was made captain for slaying a fabulous number of the enemy with his own hand.

I like a gossip about times gone by, and Ailie Jarvis likes a gossip too; perhaps that is the reason why I am so often to be found at the little rose-covered cottage, at the bottom of the hill, when it is half-holiday.

My introduction to Ailie was on this wise;—I wanted stamps, and walked down to the post-office to purchase them with a shilling in my hand—I mention this because we do not carry purses usually; the only article of investment at Moorbeck being pipes and ale. I was accompanied by my amiable pupils, who formally named me to the post-mistress as their new governess. She was a little, well-made woman, verging on eighty, with a fine forehead and traces of a beauty which neither hard work, hard fare, nor a full meed of troubles had sufficed to obliterate. She received me with easy dignity, asked what country woman I was, and hoped I liked Wensleydale. Having replied to these questions, I preferred a mild request for stamps.

"How many do you want, miss?"

"Twelve."

"Then I'm sure I can't let you have them; I've only two left."

"Oh! indeed. Well, never mind; one will do for the present. Perhaps you will ask the mail-cart man to bring some;" and I gave up the shilling, at the same time

feeling a tug at my sleeve from my eldest pupil, who is a girl of precocious shrewdness and vast second-hand worldly experience.

"How silly of you to give her the money," she whispers; "you will never get the stamps."

I cast a regretful look at the old woman's hand in which my coin is fast imprisoned, for my number of shillings is limited—I may say, very limited. Ailie assures me, as I go out, that I shall have my stamps without fail in the morning.

"I should think so," murmured Miss Amelia, incredulously.

I have now been at Moorbeck eighteen months and I have not received those stamps yet. The next day Ailie brought six, and left them with a small note couched in polite terms, explaining that she could not procure more then; but that the five which she still owed should follow shortly. I was satisfied. In the afternoon, however, another missive was presented to me, which ran thus:—

DEAR FRIEND, MISS GOVERNNESS,—Ailie Jarvis will be much obliged if you will let her have the stamps back again; for Mr. West has sent for some, and I dare not tell him I have not got any.

I remain your dear friend,

AILIE JARVIS.

The spelling was correct and the writing legible, and with a smile I hand over the Queen's portraits to the maid, who departs therewith.

"Well, you *are* silly! I would not have let her have them," cried my pupil; "you are a goose!"

I deposit the note in my workbox; and, after slightly ruffling the sleek plumage of my wise and plain-spoken pupil, I return to the perusal of my thirty-year-old Review.

I shall never make a more profitable investment than that shilling; it has yielded exorbitant interest in the circulating medium of chat. When I am dull, or idly disposed, or wearied with the vivid sagacity of my young friends, I write a letter and carry it to the post myself; I enter the office, which is also Ailie's bedroom, and deposit it on the table with a penny, I do not wish the debt to be liquidated now, but it rests between us unforgotten; then I ask after the rheumatism, the finger-joints, and other chronic ailments of the venerable public servant, until we glide into the full channel of retrospective small-talk; for Ailie is the chronicle of Moorbeck. She tells me first that in this little cottage where we both stand she has brought up fourteen children and two grandchildren; that her husband for a long time before his death never did a hand's-turn; that one of her sons, Henry,—the handsomest and cleverest of them all,—lay wasting in bed seven years before he died. She shows me some letters that he wrote to her, and also his Bible filled with marginal notes, and the blank leaves covered with texts appropriate

to his condition. There is a miniature portrait of him hanging over the chimneypiece. It represents a man with a face like Ailie's, strong and intellectual. What those seven help-less years must have been! Then, with a hot flush on her cheek and a sparkle in her faded eyes, she alludes to another son, who, having risen in the world, is too proud to acknowledge his kin.

"I pray God Almighty might humble his pride yet!" she adds in a tone that has more of a curse than a blessing in it; but the indignant anger is quenched as she touches slightly, very slightly, on the favourite daughter, who, who—she pauses, and seeing that the unspoken story is known, says tremulously, "Oh! she was bonnie, real bonnie! neither gentle nor simple in all the dale was half so bonnie as my Alice."

Five of her children, she tells me, three sons and two daughters, lie buried with her husband in Moorbeck churchyard; Henry lies in the old graveyard on the hill at Scarbro', and of the rest, some are married and settled in the dale, some have emigrated, and one is in service. Having got to the end of her domestic relations, by no means to be measured by these few brief lines, she branches out in a general way on things that have been in Moorbeck since she remembers.

We go out into the September sunshine, and stand by the garden gate; every moment I am departing, but still I don't depart. Ailie points to Penhill, and asks me if I can see the beacon. I cannot; my eyes are not so young as they have been.

"Well, miss," she says, "I remember one night—it don't seem so long since to me, though it happened before you were born—Penhill top was all in a lowe. We were expecting Bonaparte and the French to land every day, and on the brow of every hill they piled a great heap of sticks and ling to set fire to, so as to alarm the country, you know. We were just going to bed, the fire was out and the door shut, when we heard somebody run by shouting, 'Penhill's blazing! Penhill's blazing! the French are coming!'

"You may just think what we must have felt. I turned as cold as a stone first, but the lads said, 'Keep up your heart, mother; we'll see them all driven into the sea. They'll never get to Moorbeck.'

"Then I helped 'em, and they all started out to go to meet the enemy. All the dale was up; men a-foot, men on horseback, and the old Colonel and the Squire amongst 'em. It was a wet night, and the church bells were going—it was dismal, mind. Well, the Colonel took his sword, and he heartened the men on, and they rade and they rade until they got nearly to Northallerton: and then, what do you think? Why, the French had never landed at all; it was a haystack on fire that did the mischief, and the beacons were lit for miles away. But the best of it was, that

Bessie Heslop, who lived on Penhill, where her husband was watch, got her bed with the fright, and a finer boy you never saw! The old Squire would stand godfather for him, and gave a fine dinner at the christening. I was godmother, and the bairn was christened Penhill Heslop; ay, and I sat at table with the gentlefolks, and drank wine with the old Colonel and the Squire too."

This is evidently a very proud reminiscence.

"These times are different," Ailie goes on, solemnly; "there are no such fine assemblies at the great house now as there were when I was a lass. I remember one night—I lived nursemaid at the rectory then, and mistress had sent us to bed—I got up and put on my gown, and stole across the paddock into the pleasure-grounds, and up to the window of the room where they were dancing. The blinds were not down, and as it was dark, I watched ever so long without anybody seeing me; but at last a gentleman and lady came suddenly to the window, and I suppose they must have seen me—I warrant I looked queer in my nightcap—for she screamed and fell down in a faint, and I heard the gentleman cry out, 'The Devil!' I didn't stand to be told to run, you may be sure; but got home as fast as I could, and then I did laugh. But it got about that a ghost haunted the gardens; and, if you believe me, the Squire had wooden shutters put to all the low windows immediately. I didn't tell, for I should have lost my place."

"But are there ghosts at Moorbeck, Ailie—real ones?" I ask, with interest; for if there is one thing I relish more than another, it is a ghost-story. Ailie is a rather enlightened character, but she admits that the old Grange, where the Colonel once lived, and which was burnt down two years ago, had a very bad name.

"The servants would not stay one while," she says; "and even the family did not like it. You see the old Colonel had done a wrong thing in leaving it as he did, and so people talked. There were footsteps tramping about at night, and sometimes a great sigh would be heard, though nothing could be seen; it came and sighed over them as they lay in bed, I have heard the girls tell, and then something was sure to happen. And before any of the family was going to die, there was always the noise of shutting down a coffin heard, followed by several people going down the great staircase, slow and heavy, as if they carried a burden. That happened before the old Colonel died, and the nurse told me herself, when I was streaking him for his coffin. He was a grim-looking corpse, with his thick grey moustaches, and his black brows. I've laid out I can't tell how many of that family; there was the Colonel's wife, and Miss Eleanor, who died of a waste—she was a beautiful girl; and as good as she was bonnie; then there was that sad scapegrace,

Master Everard, and the little boy; the old Colonel outlived 'em all, and was as bitter as aloes always. He got his nephew, Richard, to live with him when all the rest were gone, but I dare say he harried him almost to death. Richard married a great lady for his wife, and so the old man was pleased and left the estate to him, instead of to his elder brother's family, who expected it; so the two sets quarrelled. Then Richard and his wife went abroad, and the house was let to Sir John Grafton. It was while he had it, and just before his youngest daughter was married, that it was burnt down; all her wedding-clothes were burnt, and as it happened at night, the girls escaped in their nightgowns, and took refuge at the Squire's. Miss Louisa was married from there a month after. There are a many people who say they saw the old Colonel walking about the house when it was burning, and that at the last he went off like a pillar of blue flame. I say myself that spirits no doubt there were, but they were in the cellar, and as they were not got out they made a fine lowe, as spirits always do."

"I am afraid you are right, Ailie, and that we cannot lay claim to a genuine ghost at Moorbeck, after all."

"I'll tell you, miss, what I once saw my own self," Ailie recommences, laying an emphatic forefinger on my hand. "It was when my husband was took for death, and I had to fetch the doctor from Marston. Nothing would serve him but seeing Doctor Linley—he thought a vast of Dr. Linley. It was a misty October night, and I set off across the fields—it is three miles from Moorbeck to Marston. The doctor had been called out, but they promised to send him as soon as he came back; and as I was in a great fear for poor Willie, I didn't wait to see him. Well, I had got just by the stile in the river-closes, when I saw a light before me. It danced up and down in the mist like a live thing; but I said my prayers, and it kept going on and on, till I got out in the road, and then I missed it. Now, that's true, miss."

"Ailie, it was a will-o'-the-wisp, a marsh-light."

"No, miss, it was a solemn warning; Willie died that day was a week."

The old woman was firm in her own superstition, so I made no further attempt to vanquish it.

"You've been over the ruins of the Percies' castle, down yonder, miss?"

"Yes."

"Well, a light haunts them such as I saw—I've seen it often."

"The ruins are not far from the marshy ground by the river, Ailie."

"What does that matter? And ever since I can remember, the folks have said there is a buried treasure watched by a raven. Penhill Heslop's father actually dug for it, but

he only found some old coins, and rings, and bones, and the Squire was mightily put about that the ground should have been disturbed; for it seems Heslop had dug in the chapel. There is an old stone coffin that they use as a trough—you've seen it?"

"Yes."

"I don't credit the talk of treasures and chests and what not, myself," Ailie adds, with serene dignity, to which I reply that such reports are usually unfounded.

"They are, miss—they are. Have you been to Scarthneck, miss?"

"Yes, Ailie; a couple of months since."

"There was a strange thing happened there once—it was to the squire's father. You remember, miss, that long, steep hill that goes down from the moor into the valley?"

I nod acquiescence.

"And you remember the low wood that covers the high slope on the right hand side?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, one evening at dark, the Squire's father and the old Colonel were coming on horseback up the hill—where they had been to I don't know; but, however, Mr. Langdale had a great sum of money with him; they were talking and going slowly, when, just as they got to the brow, two men rushed out and seized Mr. Langdale's horse—one at the head, and the other at the tail. They never touched the Colonel, whose horse took fright, and started off. Well, what they wanted was the money, but the old Squire was tough and strong in the arm. They tried to drag him from his horse, but it was a high-mettled thing, and kicked and plunged until it shook both the villains off. They fired after the old gentleman, but he got clear and galloped away. He overtook the Colonel soon, and they made good haste home, you may think. The next day, nothing would serve them but they would go and look at the place, for the Squire was sure one of the men had been hurt; and, after looking about in the wood a little while, they found a grave dug, which had been got ready for Mr. Langdale, no doubt. Both the Squire and the Colonel had their suspicions about one man, but for the other they could not fix on anybody. Well, they went home again, and that evening there came a woman to the great house, to beg a drop of brandy for her husband, who was taken with a bad fit of colic. They were decent people as any at Moorbeck, and, of course, the wife got some brandy, and went home. All at once a fancy took the Squire, and he said to his wife that he would just walk up the village and see the poor man. He did not knock at the door, but walked straight into the kitchen, and there, talking with the wife, he saw the fellow he suspected of having been one of those who set upon him at Scarthneck. They seemed quite begone, and would not let him go into the bedroom where the man lay ill, for ever so long,

but the Squire was determined, and, at last, he got to the bed where the miserable wretch was twisting about in pain. He cried out when he saw Mr. Langdale, for the old gentleman was a magistrate, and, besides, his conscience pricked him hard. The Squire talked to him a bit, until the others seemed off their guard, and then he whispered, 'Don't you think it was my horse gave you your fit of colic?' He had not a word to say then, and he confessed it was. He died that same night—the other man was transported."

"I did not think you had had any such wicked people in all the dale, Ailie."

"Oh! miss, I think human nature is much of a muckness all the world over. There are both good and bad in the country as well as in the town."

"You keep up the old customs here, Ailie, don't you?"

"Some of them, miss. Have you heard anybody's banns published in church since you came? No; I don't think you will, for they must needs have a licence now. Well, in my time, after we had been asked in church the third time the old clerk sung out 'God speed 'em weel!' and when I was married his boy asked for my garter, and he got a fine white ribbon. Then the first Sunday Willie and me went to church after we were wed, they sang that psalm about olive-branches—I daresay you know it—and always after a funeral they have dirges when the relations come to church. They don't do it in London, miss, do they?"

"No, Ailie—at least I think not, but I never was there to see."

"And I haven't either, and I think I never shall now. But I walked seven-and-twenty miles one day this summer to see a son of mine that was ill at Leeds. There isn't many going on for eighty could do that, miss."

"Indeed, Ailie, I could not do it myself."

"I dare say you could, miss, if need were that you should. You are small and light, like me, but then, to be sure, we have had different bringings-up. I'm always well if I can get out of doors; for I've been used to a deal of walking. It is only lately that the mail-cart has come through Moorbeck, and left the bag at my door. I had to go to the corner of the road, near the bridge, which is a good mile off, every morning, rain or shine, to wait till the mail went by, and then I had a round of six or seven miles more to deliver the letters."

"All for five pounds a-year, Ailie?"

"No, miss, it was twenty then; and I'll assure you I was main well off with it. But alterations were made: a post was set up at Alanby, and they only left me five pounds;—the other goes to the postmaster there; and maybe he has not above a dozen letters a month, while I've always, when the Squire's family is at home, as many as forty near, or fifty, sometimes."

"That seems too bad, Ailie."

"There is a deal of things too bad in this world, miss, that we have to bide; You're young yet; you don't know. How do you like your place, miss? This question is confidential."

"Very well, Ailie; I am quite contented."

"That's lucky, I am sure. But it must be dull for you at Moorbeck, isn't it, now?"

"No, Ailie, I'm never dull; I have a kitten."

"A kitten—oh! yes; we all know your white kitten, with its red necklace; but you would not get a beau if you were to stop here for twenty years."

I laugh, and say it does not matter, and I do not care; a profession which the old woman scouts as utterly ridiculous and false. Then she bids me be of good heart, and never despair, for who knows what may happen, for I can't be so very, very old, after all. "Not much over thirty," I tell her, smiling.

"You thirty! Nay, that you're not; I'll not credit it. You're twenty-two, maybe."

"I am grey-headed, Ailie, and shall never see old maid's corner again."

"Old maids—I never could bide old maids. Don't you be one, whatever you are. Grey hairs are honourable, but old maids are abominable!"

"Then, the two together—the grey old maid—will be just tolerable."

"Nay, I don't agree to that."

A lurching country lad comes to the gate with a loosely-tied newspaper, and pushes it into the slit of the letter-box.

"You'll never get that in, lad. Just go into the house and bring the tongs to pull it out again."

While the youth drags his newspaper out of the slit, Ailie tells me that she always puts the poker down, lest any letters should have stuck, which is often the case. I wonder what is the state of my correspondence when it reaches the hands to which it is addressed. The intrusion of the boy with the paper has broken the thread of our discourse, so in earnest I say I must really go.

"Well, miss, thank you. It is very good of you to come and talk (?) to an old woman. Bless me, if there is not your kitten!"

I turn round and see my snowball Charlie hastily descending the orchard wall. He comes, and is duly petted and admired.

"The gamekeepers will shoot him," Ailie observes.

"No, they won't; I introduced him formally, and they promised not, and to let him out of traps, if he was caught."

"I lay you're fond of him, miss?"

"Very; he is so compassionate. He lies on the table watching me write, and sometimes he walks over the paper, and acts as very bad blotting-paper. We are great friends, Charlie and I."

"Some people don't like cats."

"Then I pity them. Good-bye, Ailie."

I take my little cat in my arms. Ailie calls after me that she is afraid it is a bad sign, as I saunter up the hill. Midway I encounter a group of small children going home from school. They curtsy reverently before my face; but when they have got past I hear a little laugh, and one says: "It's her cat; she gave our Tom sixpence for getting it out of a tree."

At the turn to the gates I come suddenly on a group of young people—my pupils and some of their friends.

"Miss Lee and her cat, of course; ugly Charlie—horrible Charlie!" cries the owner of a fat terrier, which is pussy's sworn foe.

"You have had him out for a walk. I wonder what you will do next?" cries the amiable Amelia.

"I shall roll a ball on the lawn for him to run after;" and I go and do it defiantly. So ends my half-holiday. I recommend every governess to have a pet; it gives her a feeling of independence, and fills up spare moments when she would be likely to mope, and fancy herself miserable. I think the affection of even a kitten worth having.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

IN BELGIUM.

I AM in one of the third class carriages of a Belgian railway-train, and travelling between Mechlin and Gand. I take the liberty to observe (not altogether without a pang of wounded patriotism) that a third class carriage on a Belgian railway is infinitely superior in comfort and accommodation to a second class carriage on a British railway. It has more air, more light, more room, more conveniences. It has seats so contrived that no man's knees are necessarily in the lap of his fat friend opposite. A passenger—although only a common labourer or mechanic—may sit forward or backward or sideways as he listeth. He may stand up, and even walk about and stretch his legs a little. There are blinds to a third class carriage in Belgium; so that it actually appears to have occurred to the directors or the government (I know not which) that there is perhaps now and then some slight, if scarcely perceptible, difference between poor persons and cattle. Why the advantages here described exist in Belgian third class carriages, and do not exist in British third class carriages, I confess myself entirely unable to determine. Indeed, I take the present cramped and gloomy state of travellers in Britain to be something very much like a personal affront to myself; for, is it not now nearly five years ago that I was enabled to suggest some very simple and practical improvements in railway carriages, derived from the most benighted portion of sluggish Austria? I will not, however, further advert to my valuable

admonitions. Such a course would be ungraceful, as savouring of that vulgar species of self-laudation or egotism which is, or ought to be, abhorred of gods and men. I will here simply add, to the facts which were laid nearly a lustre ago before an observant public, that it appears in my humble judgment we altogether misconceive the true spirit of advertising, and that our tradesmen do not set about it in that honest and straightforward manner which I should be glad to see once more a sure characteristic of anything so truly British as the art of puffing. The sums spent in advertising are far beyond all reasonable calculation. Advertising on a large scale is generally understood to succeed, whatever it may do on a small one. Our advertisements are, however, the clumsiest, stupidest things conceivable. The veriest tyro in his art should be ashamed of them. They disfigure some of the finest sites of our metropolis, they blind us with their intolerable red and yellow glare, they frighten our horses with weird unusual shapes; in a word, they are sometimes ridiculous, and sometimes offensive. Not one of the spirited and enterprising persons who deface our capital with these manifold abominations, I would respectfully suggest, have clearly understood their true interests. They do not appear to have marked, learned, and inwardly digested the capital principle which was suggested to them on so large a scale at the Great Exposition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one. The best artificers and mechanics of every description in the world seem to shrink, with a shamefacedness altogether unaccountable, from a frank and fair exhibition of their handiwork. They have altogether overlooked the valuable capacities of railway trains as so many moveable palaces of industry. A thousand new and ingenious contrivances might be constantly introduced by means of them to a wide and constantly-increasing public, and every carriage might be provided with suitable articles of comfort, convenience, and ornament, without a shilling expense to the wincing shareholders. I am sure that if advertisers will fairly consider this hint, and railway officials unite in carrying it out, travelling might be often made an instructive amusement, instead of a means of getting the backache in the dullest manner. Little glass cases of novelties (well fastened and secured) might be placed in convenient positions, before people who would have often nothing else to do but examine them and reflect on their value during many hours. By a proper system of perambulating guards, such as that which is organised on all foreign railways, robberies would be out of the question. A good light might also be secured in railway carriages on the skylight principle, from the roof, and by better (say advertisement) lamps at night.

To return, however, from suggestions to facts, it is quite certain that our railway

carriages are still inferior in very many respects to those in foreign countries, and this difference is in few places more perceptible than in the third class waggons on the Belgian lines. I am aware that it will be as difficult to obtain useful reforms here as elsewhere; but as the British constitution and Rule Britannia can scarcely be mixed up in the matter by any ingenuity of the most consummate official casuist, perhaps we may venture to entertain something like a growing expectation of improvement within fifty years or thereabouts.

I regret to state that the Belgian custom-house is by no means so agreeable an institution as the Belgian railway. It has given me some very needless trouble. It has idly delayed me, without any comprehensible reason, five clear days upon my journey, and I am now obliged to go from Malines to Gand (a central depot) in order to make things pleasant. I shall succeed, but the custom-house authorities have been, and are, in the habit of adopting very inconvenient proceedings, nevertheless. They are indecorously fond of small quibbles and petty quirks. They pounce on a few centimes (from me they took sixteen, or three halfpence and a fraction) with a haste rather undignified, if not unbecoming.

However, I may thank them for an improving little trip, and it would therefore be but churlish to grumble. I am enjoying the almost unknown luxury of travelling without luggage or impediments of any kind; for, as I am journeying within the frontiers, I am not worried even with a passport question. It is late in September; but there has been such an unusual continuation of fine weather, that I begin to have some hope even of the wayward climate of Flanders. I am not without a charitable expectation that this climate has at last resolved to redeem a very doubtful character, and abstain altogether from fog and water for the future. Although, on ordinary occasions, a wary and prudent traveller, I resolve on the present occasion to undertake my journey without even a cloak or umbrella, and to trust my second-best clothes and a middle-aged hat entirely to the honour and fair promises of the morning. As the reader may be apprehensive of the result, it is proper also to add that my confidence was not misplaced, and that the weather courteously deputed to attend me throughout the day, behaved with the most cheerful and obliging manner, not even venturing to blow a cloud, lest I should begin to entertain a passing doubt of its integrity. I carry nothing with me, therefore, but a pocket-book, a cigar-case, a volume of Robinson Crusoe in French, which I bought at the book-stall for emergencies, and have been reading since with an ever-fresh and eager delight.

Notwithstanding, however, the example of so many British travellers, I begin at length

to think that it is not the most enlightening and knowledge-seeking method of going through a country to keep one's eyes constantly fixed on a book; and, therefore, having read past a station or two, I tear my attention away with a resolute wrench from the enchanted island and the Caribs, to light a waking-up cigar and look about me.

Returning after some whiffs and reflection to the every day world again, I perceive that I am seated next a dapper little man who has just joined us from the small village at which we last stopped. He evidently belongs to one of the great middle classes of the country; but to which class, it is not so easy to determine; for any one more unlike a Briton of similar condition it would be impossible to imagine.

In age, he may be four or five and twenty. He is small of stature, and his limbs are as delicate as those of a young woman. He has a spare black beard, and small moustachios. The sides of his face are shaven. His eyes are dark, and his complexion a pale olive; so that I sit for some time musing whether he may not have Spanish blood in his little veins; reflecting also on the marked peculiarities of race, which no time or circumstance can, perhaps, wear wholly away.

If my small friend is farther remarkable for anything, it is for a certain air of propriety that decent poverty and careful concealing of humble fortunes which has always something in it so strongly attractive—I had almost said affecting. His clothes are well made (though somewhat scanty), and scrupulously brushed, his hair is nicely cut, and his thin beard is prettily trimmed into shape. He is dressed in a jaunty little plum-coloured coat, thriftily turned and newly braided at the worn edges, a black satin waistcoat, and continuations of a neat clouded grey. I subsequently ascertain that they are new, and cost sixteen francs only two months ago. For the rest my spruce neighbour wears a set of gingerbread blue enamelled studs (of pale washed-out Belgian jeweller's gold), curious, as showing in some degree how very much gold may be alloyed, and yet retain its title by courtesy, and how very thin it may be beaten. His shirt is coarse in texture, but so pricked and fretted, so pleated and ironed by housewifely hands as to look fine at a little distance. His boots are unexceptionable, and his hat is vigorously brushed and worn on one side. His Belgian taste (like that of most simple quiet folk), for flaming colours, breaks out in a violent red pocket-handkerchief, which he flourishes occasionally, not without an air of pride and satisfaction in his personal appearance. In constitutional temperament he is evidently phlegmatic enough, as the inhabitants of most moist climates really are; but he is as evidently bitten with that mania for all things French, which occasions such surprising and ridiculous effects in Belgium, as though a frog

would imitate a butterfly. He therefore thinks it necessary to speak in an excited manner, to use much gesticulation, and to affect the air of a gay swaggering young ruffler, so that he reminds me rather of the quiet man who becomes a hero against his will in the charming French comedy of *La Bataille des Dames*.

We soon get into conversation. The Belgians being remarkably friendly and communicative in their manners, I have nothing to do but to sit still and hear my little friend talk, to acquire any information about him which may interest me. The little man's talk, too, really is interesting to a stranger, and a student of manners. Listening, without effort, also suits the lazy languor of the day. He shall tell the reader, therefore, his story, as he told it to me.

"My father was a huissier, or what melodramatic writers call a myrmidon of the law. It is not an agreeable profession. Huissiers are not readily received in society. People are ashamed so ask them to their houses, lest it should appear they came on legal business. Formerly—that is, about twenty years ago—my father sometimes made five thousand, or six thousand francs a-year by his profession. People were then very litigious and extravagant. The property of whole villages and districts changed hands with what would now appear extraordinary rapidity. There was a great deal of drinking and merry-making; so that most folks lived beyond their means, and got into trouble. They spent more and earned less than now. My father, of course, profited by this state of things. He lived in a rural district, and he was usually on horseback from daylight till dark. He was thus enabled to bring up a large family (there were eleven of us), in credit and respectability: for that money which others squandered away, was thriftily employed when it fell into his hands, and became a blessing to us all. Latterly, however—that is, within these last ten years—matters have much altered. People have grown more careful and well conducted. My father's yearly gains gradually diminished to one-third of their former value, and last year he earned only two thousand francs. There are very few lawsuits, now-a-days, in Belgium, and my father had enough to do to bear his reverse of fortune. He fell, indeed, into bad health; and, some months since, not being able to ride as well as he used to do (for he is nearly seventy), he was thrown from his pony, and hurt severely. He resigned his employment; and, though he had been forty years in it, he has no retiring allowance. The huissiers have formed no fund among themselves for this purpose, and the state does not interfere. I wanted to succeed my father; but, as I am not yet twenty-five years old (the eligible age), his place was given to an elder brother of mine, who still holds it. Its value, however, continues visibly to diminish;

and, when the girls ask my brother why he does not get married, he tells them laughingly, but truly enough, 'that potatoes are too dear.' To understand this joke, you must know that potatoes are the chief, and sometimes the only, food of our country people. I am sorry to say they have nearly doubled in price, as have most other provisions, since the commencement of the war; and my brother's fees must be raised, if his business does not increase, before he will be able to marry and support a family in the same respectability as that in which he himself was brought up. I do not know whether to attribute my brother's scanty profits to the good government of King Leopold—perhaps it may be partly owing to the fact that people live more in towns (especially at Brussels), than formerly; but mild laws and uncorrupt tribunals, have doubtless something to do with it.

"I am offered the place of junior clerk at a large cloth manufactory at Verviers. I shall receive seven hundred francs a-year directly I begin. I can live very well on this as a bachelor. I can get a room and my meals at any small respectable inn, for forty francs a-month. This is better than boarding with a private family, because they generally behave as if they were conferring a favour on you. Besides, I shall have more liberty.

"If I liked to go abroad, and travel, I might do much better. Our family has a high character for honesty. People know they can trust, and are glad to employ us. I was recently offered a place of one thousand eight hundred francs a-year, as a commercial traveller, if I would previously qualify myself by a three years apprenticeship to the trade. I refused, however, a rolling-stone gathers no moss, and my mother said I should acquire bad and expensive habits.

"I have another brother. He is a mechanic—a workman. He is employed at Gand for the railway, and he earns about six francs a-day; but he does not save anything. He keeps too good society for that, and he is anxious to maintain his station. I am going to pay him a visit, and shall live with him till I go to Verviers.

"I shall not marry till I am forty, at least. Bachelor life is so amusing. Besides it is not easy to find a wife. Young men are never thought much of in their own country. I should go to England to get married. Parents here judge of me too closely by my sows, and if I were to propose to a girl who has a few sows more than I, her parents would turn me out of the house without ceremony. I shall do very well, however, by-and-by, for I have a rich aunt, the widow of a doctor. She will make me her heir. She has about eight thousand francs in the public securities, and a small cottage with a garden of her own."

It was an agreeable ride—our waggon soon grew full of cheerful, homely country people, and I was never tired of looking at them. The men had mostly pale, passionless faces

cleanly shaved. They wore blue blouses, like the French peasants, velvet caps with large peaks, and often limp white handkerchiefs; they carried stout cudgels in their hands, and short pipes in their mouths. The women were generally dark-eyed and ruddy complexioned; and but for the majesty presented by a back view of their figures, they might have been often called graceful. Their manners were singularly free and unembarrassed. One of them arranged herself so as to use me comfortably for a back-cushion during the journey, and another tied up her stocking before all the company, without the smallest sense of impropriety. They wore long earrings of a bright pale gold, something after the fashion of the Norman women, but they wanted the demure witchery of the snowy, high-crowned cap. In one part of the carriage, among an apple-faced bevy of elderly market-women, sat a priest, with his shovel-hat and shaven crown; in another was a soldier, with the exceedingly short uniform and placid countenance of the orthodox Belgian warrior.

We laboured slowly forward, stopping at some little station every ten minutes, and then trumpeting on again, like a procession of teetotallers returning from one of their excitable festivals. On either side lay the well-tilled and fruitful lands of the Low Countries. Everywhere the same flat, smiling level. Quiet villages cluster picturesquely over the landscape, and the flight of every quarter of an hour is pealed musically from many steeples. Yonder is a thick, shadowy wood, which looks like a fine property for somebody; and near, winds a canal which must have suffered by the railway. Long lines of poplars mark disused dusty roads in every direction. Stunted pollard-trees cast their broad shadow over dykes where the jack lies watchful and ravenous; the dull tench is sleeping among the weeds of many a silent pond; the eel writhes through the mud beneath him, and the frogs croak around—a noisy multitude. In one spot the tall chimney of a manufactory rises high in the air; and, wherever a breeze is to be caught, it turns a windmill. The modest homesteads of the comfortable farmers, with their white-washed walls and straw-thatched roofs, stand plentiful gardens and thriving crops, stud the prospect everywhere. The bee goes about with a business-like hum, and the butterfly on fluttering wings, wantons on his whimsical way among the bean-fields. The peasants working on the soil look up with wistful eyes, and repose for a moment from their labour as we wander along. All speaks of a gentle government and a prosperous community; though I cannot help moralising as we draw near to Gand on the mutability of all human things, and reflecting how matters are altered since Charles the Fifth wittily boasted he could put all Paris into his Gand (Glove.)

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A SLIGHT DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

IT was said by the wise and witty SYDNEY SMITH, that many Englishmen appear to have a remarkable satisfaction in even speaking of large sums of money; and that when men of this stamp say of Mr. So-and-So, "I am told he is worth Two HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," there is a relish in their emphasis, an unctuous appetite and zest in their open-mouthed enunciation, which nothing but the one inspiring theme, Money, develops in them.

That this is an accurate piece of observation, few who observe at all will dispute. Its application is limited to no class of society, and it is even more generally true of the genteel than of the vulgar. The last famous golden calf that disfigured this country, was set up for worship in the highest places, and was pampered to its face and made a standing-jest of behind its back throughout Belgravia, with an intensity of meanness never surpassed in Seven Dials.

But I am not going to write a homily upon that ancient text, the general deification of Money. The few words that I wish to note down here, bear reference to one particular misuse of Money, and exaggeration of its power, which presents itself to my mind as a curious rottenness appertaining to this age.

Let us suppose, to begin with, that there was once upon a time a Baron, who governed his estate not wisely nor too well, and whose dependents sustained in consequence many preventible hardships. Let us suppose that the Baron was of a highly generous disposition, and that when he found a vassal to have been oppressed or maltreated by a hard or foolish steward, who had strained against him some preposterous point of the discordant system on which the estate was administered, he immediately gave that vassal Money. Let us suppose that such munificent action set the noble Baron's mind completely at rest, and that, having performed it, he felt quite satisfied with himself and everybody else; considered his duty done, and never dreamed of so adjusting that point for the future as that the thing could not recur. Let us suppose the Baron to have been continually doing this from day to day and from year to year—to have been perpetually patching broken heads with Money, and repairing moral wrongs

with Money, yet leaving the causes of the broken heads and the moral wrongs unchecked operation. Agreed upon these suppositions, we shall probably agree in the conclusion that the Baron's estate was not in a promising way; that the Baron was a lazy Baron, who would have done far better to be just than generous; and that the Baron, in this easy satisfaction of his noble conscience, showed a false idea of the powers and uses of Money.

Is it possible that we, in England, at the present time, bear any resemblance to the supposititious and misguided Baron? Let us inquire.

A year or so ago, there was a court-martial held at Windsor, which attracted the public attention in an unusual manner; not so much because it was conducted in a spirit hardly reconcileable with the popular prejudice in favour of fair play, as because it suggested very grave defects in our military system, and exhibited us, as to the training of our officers, in very disadvantageous contrast with other countries. The result at which that court-martial arrived, was widely regarded as absurd and unjust. What were we who held that opinion, moved by our honest conviction, to do? To bestir ourselves to amend the system thus exposed? To apply ourselves to reminding our countrymen that it was fraught with enormous dangers to us and to our children, and that, in suffering any authorities whatsoever to maintain it, or in allowing ourselves to be either bullied or cajoled about it, we were imperiling the institutions under which we live, the national liberty of which we boast, and the very existence of England in her place among the nations? Did we go to work to point out to the unthinking, what our valiant forefathers did for us, what their resolute spirit won for us, what their earnestness secured to us, and what we, by allowing work to degenerate into play, were relaxing our grasp of, every hour? Did numbers of us unite into a phalanx of steady purpose, bent upon impressing these truths upon those who accept the responsibility of government, and on having them enforced, in stern and steady practice, through all the vital functions, of Great Britain? No. Not quite that. We were highly indignant, we were a little alarmed; between the two emotions we were

made, for the moment, exceedingly uncomfortable; so we relieved our uneasy souls by—giving the subject of the court-martial, Money. In putting our hands into our pockets and pulling out our five-pound notes, we discharged, as to that matter, the whole duty of man. The thing was set right, the country had nothing further to do with it. The subscription amounted, air, to upwards of Two Thousand POUNDS.

Now, I will assume that the cash could not have been better laid out. I will assume that the recipient in every such case is none the worse for the gift, but is all the more independent, high-spirited, and self-reliant. Still I take the liberty of questioning whether I have any right to be satisfied with my part in that subscription; whether it is the least discharge of my duty as a citizen; whether it is not an easy shirking of my difficult task in that capacity; whether it is not a miserable compromise leading to the substitution of sand for rock in the foundations of this kingdom; whether it does not exhibit my sordid appreciation of Money, and the low belief I have within me that it can do anything.

Take another case. Two labouring men leave their work for half a day (having given notice of their intention before-hand, and having risen betimes to make amends), and go to see a review: which review is commended to their fellows and neighbours as a highly patriotic and loyal sight. Under a foolish old act of Parliament which nobody but a country justice would have the kindred foolishness to enforce, the men are haled before country justices, and committed by those Broddingnagian donkeys to jail—illegally, by the bye; but never mind that. An unconstitutional person in the neighbourhood, making this Bedlamite cruelty known, there arises a growl of wonder and dissatisfaction from all the other unconstitutional persons in the country. We try the Home Secretary, but he “sees no reason” to reverse the decision—and how can we expect that he should; knowing that he never sees any reason, hears any reason, or utters any reason, for anything. What do we then? Do we get together and say “We really must not in these times allow the labouring men to live under the impression that this is the spirit of our Law towards them. We positively must not, cannot, will not, put such a weapon in the hands of those who tamper with them constantly. These justices have made it necessary for us to insist on their dismissal from the bench, as an assurance to the order so ridiculously oppressed in the persons of these two men, that the common sense of the country revolts from the outrage. Furthermore, we must now exert ourselves to prevent other such justices from being intrusted with like powers, and to take new securities for their moderate and reasonable exercise.” Is this our course? Why no. What is our course? We give the two men Money—and there an end of it.

Try again. A countryman has a little field of wheat which he reaps upon a Sunday; foreseeing that he will otherwise have his tiny harvest spoiled. For this black offence he, too, is had before a country justice of the vast Shallow family, and is punished by fine. It is to be presumed that, with this new stimulant upon us, we are roused into an attitude against the Shallows, which has some faint approach to determination in it, and that we become resolved to take our laws and our people out of their hands. But, no. This would occasion us trouble, and we all have our business to attend to, and have a languid objection to being bored. We put our hands into our pockets again, and let the obsolete acts of Parliament and the evergreen Shallows drift us where they may.

It was remarked in these pages, some time ago, that the raising of a shout of triumph over the enactment of a wretched little law for the protection of women, punishing the greatest brutes on the earth with six months' imprisonment, surely suggested that our legislative civilisation must be very imperfect and bad. The insufficiency of this puny law, and the frequency of the offence against which it is directed, are matter of public notoriety. Do we take this subject into our own hands, then; declare that we will have the severity of the Law increased; examine the social condition laid bare in such cases, and plainly avow that we find great numbers of the people sunk in horrible debasement, and that they must be got out of it by (among other means), having more humanising pleasures provided for them, and better escapes than gin-shops afforded them from the wretchedness of their existence? That they even stand in need of cheerful relief without the Cant of instruction, and that Marlborough House itself, may be but a solemn nightmare to legions who, nevertheless, pay taxes, and have souls to be saved? Do we leave off blinking the real question, and manfully say, “We find the existence of these people—men, women, and children, all alike—to be most deplorable, and, as matters stand, we really do not know what it is made easy for them to do when they are not at work, but to lurk, and sot, and quarrel, and fight?” All of us who know anything of the facts know this to be God's truth; but, instead of asserting it, we send five shillings' worth of postage stamps to the police magistrate for the relief of the last unhappy woman who has been half-murdered; and go to church next Sunday with the adhesive plaster of those sixty queen's heads, binding up our rickety consciences.

Neither is it we alone, the body of the people, who have this base recourse to Money as a healing balm on all occasions. The leaders who carry the banners we engage to follow, set us the example, and do the same. The last Thanksgiving Day was not

so long ago but that we may all remember the advertising columns of the newspapers about that time, and the desirable opportunities they offered for devout investment. It was clear to the originators of those advertisements, manifest to the whole tribe of Moses (and Sons) who published those decorous appeals—that we must coin our thankful feelings into Money. If we wanted another victory, we could not hope to get it for nothing, or on credit, but must come down with our ready Money. There was not a church-organ unpaid for, not a beadle's cocked hat and blushing breeches for which church-wardens were responsible, not a chapel painting and glazing job, on any painters' and glaziers' books, but we were called upon to liquidate that obligation, and get a ticket in return, entitling us to the other side of Sebastopol. And we paid the money and took the ticket. Hosts of us did so. We paid the balance due upon that organ, we settled the bill for the cocked hat and blushing breeches, we settled the account of the painter and glazier, and we felt, in the vulgar phrase, that we had gone and been and done it.

So many of us parted with our small change to clear off these scores, because we found it much easier to pay the fine than undertake the service. The service required of us was severe. Paralysis had disclosed itself in the heart and brain of our administration of affairs; favour and dull routine were all in all, merit and exigency were nothing. A class had got possession of our strength, and made it weakness; and three-quarters of the globe stood looking on with a rather keen interest in the wonderful sight. The service demanded of us by the crisis, was the recovery of our strength through steadfastness in what was plainly right, and overthrow of what was plainly wrong. The service was difficult, ungentlemanly, unpopular in good society; and we paid the fine with pleasure.

But if every man drawn in a conscription paid a fine instead of going for a soldier, the country in which that happened would have no defenders. There are fights not fought by soldiers, O my countrymen, and they are no less necessary to the defence of a country, and the conscription for that war is on every one of us. Money is great, but it is not omnipotent. All the Money that could be piled up between this and the moon would not fill the place of one little grain of duty.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"A GREAT gift, a great gift you ask me for, Master Paul!" said the old man, sternly, turning away his head.

"But one that you will never have cause to repent bestowing on me," said Paul, eagerly. "Oh, Mr. Trevelyan, you do not know how carefully I will guard her, how tenderly I

will reverence her, how manfully keep her from all sorrow and all harm! You do not know how much I love her, nor how fervently I honour her! Trust me, sir; for you may; you can bestow her on none who will guard her more tenderly, more lovingly than I."

"Ah! all young men say the same things, boy, before marriage. Unfortunately it is only experience that distinguishes between the real and the false, love and fancy, truth and change. And if that experience prove ill—there is no repairing it, Paul!"

"Yes, yes! I know all that!" said Paul, impatiently, yet not disrespectfully. "But it can never be so with me. Time, age, experience, all will only prove more firmly my love and undying truth. Oh, believe in me! believe in me! God is my witness that my life shall justify you!"

"Foolish boy! to believe in the possibility of love, in the existence of constancy and happiness," murmured Mr. Trevelyan, between his closed teeth. "A day will come," he said, aloud, "when you will curse me in my grave, that I ever consented to this match; when you had rather I had slain her with my own hands than have given her to you."

"Never! never!" cried Paul. "Come what may, the happiness of having once loved and been loved by her, shall suffice."

The old man took his hand, and looked him earnestly in the eyes. They were sitting on a garden bench set in the shadow of a large horse-chestnut. Behind them rose the barren fell, with its grey granite rocks scantily covered by heath and junipers; before them lay a deep glade, flush with the richest green and bright with flowers. In the distance shone the sea, glittering like a band of silver across the opening among the trees made by that steep ravine; the white sails of the distant ships lessened into mere specks, shining in the sun like the wings of white birds. It was one of those summer days when the sun lies like a seething fire on the leaves and grass—when the earth seems to breathe and palpitate through the low heat-mist quivering over her, and Nature lies so still you might believe her dead: it was one of those days which fill the soul with nameless emotion, and make that unfulfilled longing for love and beauty, which even the happiest and most richly dowered among us feel, a passionate desire and a painful void; it was a day wherein we live—in the true meaning of the word—because we feel. Perhaps it influenced even Mr. Trevelyan, although not easy to affect in any way; but there are times when a subtle influence seems to pervade our whole being, and to change the direction of all our faculties and thoughts,—and this was one of them.

Mr. Trevelyan was a man of calm and gentle manner, but with a nature hard and cold and bright as polished steel. Difficult

to excite, but resolute when roused—whether for good or evil, positive, distinct, and firm,—he had none of that half-hearted temporising between the will that would, and the feebleness that dare not, refuse, which so often holds the balance between cruelty and folly. His yes would be yes indeed, and there would be no appeal from his first denial. It was a serious matter to demand a favour from him; but if a pain, at least it was not a lingering one. Paul knew that his refusal would be abrupt and decisive, and that his promise would be religiously kept. And when, after a long silence, he said in that compressed manner of his, "You may take her, I trust you," the young artist felt that the worst of the danger was over, and that his marriage with Magdalen was certain now; for of her consent he never doubted.

Living in a dull country-house, with no pleasures beyond the insipid occupations of a young girl's drawing-room world, the visits of Paul Lefevre, the artist-poet, had given a new life to Magdalen. He had taught her painting, which of itself opened exhaustless mines of intellectual wealth before her; and he had led her to think for herself on many points which hitherto she had either never touched at all, or else thought on by rote. His gifted mind, full of beauty and poetry, was a rare treasure to Magdalen, living alone with her father,—a man who denied all intellectual power and action to women; who would give them so much education as would enable them to read a cookery-book and the Bible, but who thought that a higher class of culture was both unnecessary and unfeminine. In that lonely country-place, and in that inactive life, Paul, and his beauty, and his love, assumed a power and proportion they would not have had in a busier life. Want of contrast lent perfection, and want of occupation created an interest which assuredly was not born of moral sympathy or fitness. But the world of mystery in country places is always to be explained by these conditions.

The result of all those long walks together through the woods, and across the meadows, and upon the craggy fells,—of all those lessons on beauty by the piano and the easel, when art made another language between them, and interpreted mysteries which words could not reach,—of those mutual studies of poetry and history, when the extreme limits of human thought and human emotion were reached, and the echoes of the noble chords struck then vibrated in their young hearts,—the result of this friendship, which at first was simply intellectual intercourse, was, as might have been looked for, that Paul loved Magdalen, and that Magdalen loved Paul, or fancied that she loved him, in kind. If there had been some one else whom she could have loved—some other standard by which to measure the requirements of her nature and the needs of her heart—it would

then have been a choice; as it was, it was only an acceptance. She accepted as likeness what was simply ignorance of diversity, and took that for understanding which was want of opportunity of judgment. She loved Paul from gratitude for his love of her, from admiration of his beauty, and delight in his intellect; she loved him as a sister might love a brother, but scarcely as a woman of her strong nature would love the husband of her own free intelligent choice. But as she knew no other love, this contented her, and she believed implicitly in its strength and entireness.

Paul came into the drawing-room, where she was sitting in that deep cool shadow which is so pleasant when the outside world lies in such burning glare. Rushing in from the sunshine, he could scarcely see her at first, sitting by the open window, behind the green blind, reading; reading one of his favourite authors, marked and paged by him. He came to her hurriedly, his face lighted up with joy and burning with blushes. Though he had never looked more beautiful, he had never looked more boyish than at this moment. Even Magdalen, who was not accustomed to criticise, but rather to regard him as an intellectual giant beyond her stature—even she was struck by his extreme youthfulness of air and manner, as he came up timidly but joyously towards her.

"Magdalen, your father has given his consent!—we are engaged," he said, in a low voice, which trembled so that it could scarcely be heard.

Magdalen laid both her hands in his with a frank smile. "I am very glad, Paul," she said, her voice unchanged, her blue eyes as calm and dreamy as ever, and not the faintest tinge across her brow. Her betrothal was a name, not the realization of a vision; a fact, not a feeling. It was a necessary social ceremony between two persons unmarried and unconnected; it was no material ratification of that dearer betrothal vowed in secret before. And with the childlike kiss, given so quietly by her, received so religiously by him, began the initial chapter of their love and banded lives. It ought to be the initial chapter to a drama of happiness, for no apparent element of happiness was wanting. Youth, beauty, innocence, and intellect; what more was needed for the searching crucible of experience? One thing only. It might be read in the calm still face of Magdalen, bending so tranquilly over her book, while her lover sat at her feet, his whole frame convulsed with the passion of his joy. It might be seen in the immeasurable distance between their feelings as he buried his face in her lap, his long hair falling like dusky gold upon her white gown, and sobs expressing his love; while she smoothed back his hair with a tender but sisterly touch, wondering at his fervour, and at the form which his

happiness took. And then, when he looked up, and with quivering lips called her his life, and his life's best angel, and uttered all the wild transports which such a love in such a nature would utter, she, calm and grave and tender, would try to check him very gently; through all this storm of feeling, herself as calm and unimpassioned as if a bird had been singing at her knee.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a son belonging to the Trevelyan family, Andrew, nominally a lawyer in London; a married man of respectable standing and profession, but practically a gambler and a sharper. Perhaps, if he had been more wisely educated, he would have turned out more satisfactorily, but he had been spoilt by every kind of injudicious indulgence. His faults had been left to grow as they would, unchecked. Nay, in many instances they had been even encouraged. So that it was no wonder if the spoilt and pampered child grew up the selfish, vicious, unrestrained man, who knew no higher law than his own gratification, no higher pleasure than personal indulgence. Love for this son had been one of Mr. Trevelyan's strongest—or weakest—points, as one might judge. Through good report and evil report, in spite of knowing that his race was dishonoured, and his name debased by his evil life, the old man stood staunch and loving. Even when he married that wretched woman, met with Heaven knows how or where, but not as Magdalen's sister should have been; even when he sent down that villanous Jew to tell of his arrest for a dishonoured bill, and to demand, rather than request, enough money to pay off this score, and set him going again—even then, the old man only turned pale and looked sad, but he loved his darling boy none the less. It was his pride, his wilful point of obstinate belief and groundless hope, and he would not be driven from it. He was his first-born, cradled in his arms while the halo of romance yet shone bright about his marriage life, and the golden cloud of hope tinged the dim form of his future. And Mr. Trevelyan was not a man of passing impressions. Affection once marked on that granite soul of his must be struck out violently, if struck out at all; for neither time nor the friction of small cares and petty annoyances could destroy it; and even Andrew's worst faults had not as yet destroyed the sharpness of a letter.

Andrew lived on his professions of affection. If he sent down a shameless confession of evil passages in his evil life, he coupled this confession with such warm assurances of attachment, that the old man's heart failed him for the stern place of judge, and he became the advocate instead. How could he not forgive one he loved so well, and who loved him so faithfully? And what great hope was there not yet of ultimate re-

formation when that sacred filial love continued so unchilled! After all, it was but a youth's folly that the boy was ever guilty of. His heart was in its right place, and all else would come right in time. Andrew well knew what the old man would think when he wrote those loving dutiful letters. He used to call them his exchequer-bills, and tell his wife what each was worth. For he never wrote unless he wanted money; which, however, was frequent; and he was always sure of something as the reward for his trouble. So things had gone on for the last half-dozen years; Andrew passing from bad to worse with startling rapidity, until even the very swindlers and scoundrels with whom he associated grew somewhat shy of him.

One day a letter arrived to Mr. Trevelyan, from London. It was a curious letter, containing minute inquiries concerning his health and habits, which he was prayed to answer by return of post. He did answer, but not on the points required; and a correspondence ensued, which at last led to the information that Andrew had been raising money on post-obits, and that he was speculating deeply on the probable chances of his father's death within the next two years. This was perhaps the only thing that could have stirred Mr. Trevelyan, and this struck at the very root of his love by destroying his trust. Everything else he could forgive, and had forgiven, but this: and this was the blow that struck out that graven word which nothing else had injured, and left a void and a ruin instead.

Magdalen knew nothing of what had happened. She was terrified to see how pale her father was, while reading a certain letter in a strange hand, the contents of which she did not know; and how he suddenly drooped, as if struck by some fatal disease. She asked him if anything had happened to vex him, but all he answered was, "No, child, nothing that you can cure," looking sadly on the ground as he spoke. He folded up the letter carefully, and, in his precise manner, put it away among other papers in his drawer; and the matter seemed to be forgotten, or to have passed like any other small disturbance. But Magdalen understood him too well not to see that there was a painful secret somewhere, one that nothing of her love could touch, nor his own philosophy cure. More than once she approached the subject gently, for she knew that it was somehow connected with her brother; but he never answered her questions, and at last got angry with her if she mentioned Andrew's name. It was very painful for poor Magdalen to see her father breaking his heart thus in silence, without suffering her to sympathise with him; for she thought, woman-like, that love and sympathy would surely lighten his burden, whatever it might be! But he kept his own counsel, strictly, and Magdalen could only guess the direction, while ignorant of the details of his sorrow.

He fell ill; poor old man! No one knew exactly what was the matter with him. The doctors were at fault and drugged him with every kind of abomination, some of which, at least, must have been wrong, if others were right. But no drugs would have saved him now; not the best nor most skilfully administered. At his age, the terrible revolution worked by such a crushing sorrow as this was beyond the reach of doctor's stuff. His heart was broken. He had an illness of two months or more; a slow, sure sickness that never fluctuated, but day by day certainly dragged him nearer to the grave. He knew that he was dying, but he never mentioned his son. It was his bitterest reflection to feel that the gambler's calculation had been lucky, and that his death would shamefully enrich him.

Magdalen hardly ever left him. Nothing could exceed the devotion, the tenderness, with which she nursed him. If love could have saved him he had not died while she had been with him! She had the rare power of embellishing a sick-room—making it rather a beautiful cradle of weakness than the antechamber to the grim tomb: that power which comes only by a woman's love. The friends who came to see them remarked on that exquisite order and the melancholy beauty she had given; and many of them said that Miss Trevelyan had changed her father's sick-bed into a throne. The old man appreciated her now for the first time. He had never loved her as he had loved his son; indeed, he never loved her much at all. She had been born after that terrible night—which no one but himself and his God knew of—when his wife's dreamy lips, Francescalike, muttered the secret kept for so many painful years, and told him that she had never loved him. Magdalen had always seemed to him to be the ratification of his despair, as Andrew had been the fulfilment of his hope; and it was only now, for the first time in life, that he acknowledged he had been unjust. The poor girl had felt the difference made between them both, but she believed it arose from some fault in herself. She knew there was but little virtue in Andrew. Now she had taken her true position in her father's love, and had become really dear to him. Before, he had been coldly proud of her beauty, and he had respected her character; but he had never loved her. Since his illness it was different. He was only happy when she was sitting at the foot of the bed where he could see her.—only easy when she was in the room and before his eyes. Once she heard him say, "Blind! blind!" and "Avenged!" while looking at his son's portrait, hanging against the wall just above her head, as she stood by the table. Blind! yea, as too many of us are blind, both in our loves and our misappreciations.

At last he died. He had been sinking

rapidly for some time, but still his death was sudden at the very last. Magdalen was alone with him. She had given him his medicine, and had just shaken up his pillows and smoothed the coverlet, when she saw his countenance change. She went closer to him and asked him if he wanted anything; she thought he was feeling faint, perhaps. His lip slightly moved, but she heard no sound issue from it; his eyes grew fixed, and that terrible film came over them; she raised his head, again he slightly smiled;—a sigh: and then she was alone.

Andrew did not know of his father's illness. More than once Magdalen had entreated her father to allow her to write to him, but he used to answer, "No, my love, not yet—not till I give you leave," in a tone and manner so distinct and positive, that she felt nothing more was to be said. And in his state of weakness she was careful to be obedient to the utmost, fearing that he should think her undutiful because he was unable to be authoritative. So the old man had sickened and died in peace; and Magdalen was not sorry that his death-bed had been undisturbed by the mockery of her brother's pretended love. But when she was left alone she wrote hastily to Andrew, telling him what had happened, saying that her father would not allow her to write to him to inform him of his illness, but that now he was the head of the family, and must take everything on himself; begging him at the end of her letter to come down immediately and manage all as he liked. Andrew gave a long whistle; "What!" he said, "gone so soon! That little jade!—if she had only told me he was ill, I could have got ten per cent. more. I'll pay her out for this! We'll see who will be master and who mistress, when I've got things into my own hands! However, I can't go down to-night, so they may muddle away by themselves as they like."

The reason why he could not go down that night was, that he had made up a whist-party with cards so cleverly marked that no one could detect them; and as he expected to clear nearly a hundred pounds by this coup, he was not disposed to lose such a good chance because his father was lying dead at home, and his sister did not like to be alone.

He wrote, however, a few lines expressing his surprise at the news; not a word of grief; he had no need now to continue that farce; and authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession, read the will, and see that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with strict economy and simplicity, said careful Andrew,—the word strict being underlined twice. All this seemed very natural to Magdalen. Bad as it was, she expected nothing better. And as for his certainties about his

heirship, she herself shared them. She never for a moment doubted that he was made the heir, and that only a small marriage portion had been reserved for her when Paul—artistic, unpractical Paul—might be able to marry her, and keep a house wherein to hold her.

The whist party proved a failure for the calculating Andrew. Eyes as sharp as his, and senses as keenly alive to all the possibilities of trickery, were there with him; and his clever device, first suspected and then discovered, ended only in a scene of violence and tumult, where everybody was robbed and everybody beaten, and the blame of all thrown on the cheating host;—where, moreover, he had to pay a large sum of money to prevent the affair being carried into the hands of the police, as some of the neediest and most disreputable of the guests threatened.

The next day he came down to Oakfield, battered and jaded, and out of humour enough. Everything had been arranged for the funeral, which was to take place to-morrow by his wish; and the house was full of that terrible stillness which the presence of death brings with it,—a solemn unearthly stillness—the shadow of God's hand. There was the close smell throughout, which a single day's want of air and sunshine will produce, mingled with the scent of lavender and dried rose leaves, and dying flowers, generally. The servants moved about gently and spoke in whispers; Magdalen sat attempting to work—sometimes taking up a book as if to read—but her tears fell over her hands instead, and blotted out the page. Paul wandered mournfully from room to room, his sympathy falling far short of Magdalen's sorrow; "But," as she said to herself, "who could console her?—no one in the world!" When, in the midst of the passionate anguish and the solemn silence that sat side by side, like grim angels by the threshold, a carriage rolled noisily to the door, and Andrew's voice was heard, swearing at the man for having driven past the hall-step.

Dressed with every attribute of the man of slang and vice, loud in voice, noisy, rough, and vulgar in manner, his once handsome face lined and attenuated by dissipation, and all his intellect put into the exaggeration of vulgarity, Andrew entered the hall, where Paul and Magdalen waited to receive him. He made no attempt, no feint, at sympathy or sorrow. So far, at least, he was honest. But how frightful it was to her who had sat so many hours by that dying man, till her whole soul had become interpenetrated by his—how terrible it was to have this gross, rude shadow flung between her sorrow and that sacred memory—to feel the spiritual death which, in her brother's presence, removed her father again from her! The loneliness of the first hours of her orphanhood was nothing compared to the sickening lone-

liness of her feeling now. The coarseness of indifference with which he asked, first broadly, and then in detail, for information of his father's last moments,—the coldness with which he listened, rubbing his eyes and yawning noisily, when she told him such and such facts as for the mere sympathy of a common humanity would have touched the heart even of a stranger—the very boast of carelessness in every gesture; lounging against the chimney-piece; flinging himself into an easy-chair, with one foot raised on his knee, or else with one hand doubled against his side, and the other playing with the little dog—all was torture to Magdalen, who felt that she also was included in the shameful disgrace of her brother.

"Ah, and so this is your Joe?" he asked, looking at Paul through his half-shut eyes; then, turning to his sister, he said, in a loud whisper, "I say, Mag, there's not too much good stuff in him! He's a fine lad as far as face goes; but hang me if I wasn't more of a man at fourteen than he is now. However, that's no affair of mine."

"I hope you will be good friends," said Magdalen, choking, "and that you will never have cause to regret your relationship."

"That's a sensible speech, Mag, proper to the occasion. I say, did the old boy like the match?"

"Do you mean papa?" said Magdalen, very coldly.

"Of course, I do!" and Andrew laughed. How loud and long his laugh was! It chilled Magdalen's very heart within her.

"Oh, Andrew, don't laugh now!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm. "It terrifies and shocks me, when you know what lies above our heads."

"Don't be a superstitious fool, Magdalen," said Andrew, savagely; "and don't tell me what I am to do and what not! You foolish girls stay down here moping in the country, till you don't know how to live. You get into a world of ghosts and shadows, till you are frightened at the very sound of your own voices." Andrew re-crossed his legs, and played with the dog's ears till it howled and slunk away.

Paul looked at the Londoner with a mild curiosity, as if he had been a kind of privileged wild beast; and then, satisfied that he could do nothing towards taming him, and feeling ill at ease in his society, he went away for a time, much to Magdalen's relief and Andrew's disappointment; for he had promised himself good sport in baiting him.

Hearing that Andrew had arrived, old friends of the family had assembled by degrees, to hear the will read, and to offer assistance or condolence as their position warranted;—some with a vague feeling of protection to Magdalen; for Andrew had the worst character possible in the neighbourhood; and more than one thought it not unlikely that his sister might need some

defence against him; "For," as they said justly, "that dreamy lover of hers knows nothing of business;" which was true enough. There was soon quite a large assemblage—large, that is, for a lonely country-house; and Magdalen was surprised to find how relieved and protected she felt by their presence. They all seemed nearer to her than her brother; and all more sympathising and more sorrowful for her loss.

"Mag, where's the will?" said Andrew, in a loud voice. "I suppose you know where the old boy kept his things, don't you?" He spoke as the master, with the tone and manner of a slave-driver. It was the ultimatum of coarseness.

"In the library," said Magdalen.

"Ah, stay! In the top library drawer, ain't it? Don't you think so? I remember that used to be his hiding-place when I was a little lad, and knew all about him. If so, I can find it myself, Mag; I have the keys. No tricks of substitution, you know, gentlemen!" and, with a laugh and a leer, he strode out of the room.

He soon came back, bringing a sealed packet, endorsed "My will," in Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting.

"Here it is, safe enough!" he said, chuckling, and drawing a chair nearer to the window. "Hang these plaguey blinds!" he cried, plucking at them impatiently; "they don't let a man see his own! Come, Mag, let's see what he has left for your wedding gear. Quite enough, I'll be bound, else my name's not Andrew!"

Magdalen rose, and walked haughtily across the room: haughtily and sorrowfully: not wounded in her own self-love, but in her daughter's dignity,—wounded for that dead father whose memory was outraged by his son. A look from one of the friends assembled brought her back to her seat; and she felt when he whispered "bear with him quietly now, for the sake of your poor father," that this was both good advice and the highest duty; so she controlled herself as well as she could, and sat down, feeling for the first time in her life dishonoured.

Andrew broke the seal of the packet, and took the will out of the envelope. Crossing his legs, and clearing his throat, with a certain dare-devil, "Come on, then!" kind of air, he began to read it aloud. The will set forth that all the lands, tenements, &c., of which he, the testator, might die possessed, were bequeathed to his dear son, Andrew, with the exception of fifty pounds a-year to be paid to Magdalen, whom he confided to the tender care of her brother, "in full reliance on his love and honour." The bulk of the property was about eight hundred a-year. It was all clear and distinct, signed and attested in due form; but Andrew's face had changed as he came to the close.

"Aha! What's this?" he cried, looking fiercely at Magdalen, whose arm he seized as

she bent forward when he called her. "What devil's work have you been after here, with all your pretended love and sickening flattery?" and he almost struck her, as he shook her arm violently.

"Andrew, what are you talking of?" said Magdalen, starting up and flinging off his hand. "Even at such a time as this, and from my brother, I cannot submit to such language."

"You are right, Magdalen! For shame, for shame, Mr. Trevelyan!" went round the room.

"Judge me, all of you!" exclaimed Andrew, hoarsely, rising, and facing his sister. "Judge me by yourselves! If any of you have seen your very lives and the lives of your children snatched away by a demon's turn like this, you can feel with me, and understand my violence. Violence it is not, but righteous and most just anger. This was why she never told me of my father's illness!" he added, grasping Magdalen's shoulder, as she stood firmly before him. "This was why she practised all her arts, and made the old man, doting on his death-bed, believe her devoted to him, not his money,—he, who had never liked her in life, making her his heir!"

"Heir!" cried Magdalen, turning pale. "His heir!" she repeated, as if in a dream.

"Aha! I had been too honest for him, had I!" continued Andrew, without noticing the interruption. "I was not courtier—not flatterer enough, wasn't I! And this was why she has always been the firebrand between him and me, exaggerating every little indiscretion, and turning his love for me into coldness—as she has done lately—all to steal a march upon me, and cut me out of my inheritance. I, the only son, to be disinherited for such a worthless fool as that! By Jove, gentlemen, it is maddening! Listen to the pretty little codicil I find," he continued, in a tone of bitter banter, striking his forefinger against the parchment: "'I hereby revoke all former wills and testaments whatsoever or whensoever made by me, and leave to my dear daughter, Magdalen, the sole use and benefit of all that I may die possessed of, whether in lands or money. I also leave her my sole executrix. Signed, Andrew Trevelyan. Witnesses, Paul Lefevre and Mary Anne Taylor.' And you are in this, too, sir!" he said, turning savagely to Paul. "By heaven, there seems to be a pretty plot hatched here!"

"I saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that paper, and I and Mary Anne Taylor witnessed it; but I did not know what it was I signed," answered Paul, hesitatingly.

Andrew bent his bloodshot eyes full upon him; and from him to Magdalen, and back again. He looked at the writing of the codicil attentively—a profound silence in the room—and again he looked at them.

"Where is this Mary Anne Taylor?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"You know that she is dead; she was our nurse," said Magdalen, in a low voice.

"I see it all—a plot, gentlemen! a plot!" he shrieked. "But as I live, it shall not go unpunished! I see it all now, and you and the whole world shall see it too. That writing is not like my father's—my sister's lover one of the witnesses, and her nurse, conveniently dead since, the other. I am no child, to be taken in by anything so clumsy and self-evident as this!" He flung the paper on the floor, and trampled it once or twice beneath his heel. "I shall not stay for the mockery of this funeral," he said; "I have no business here. My curse upon you all!—my deadly, blighting curse, and my revenge to come! That is my share in the funeral to-morrow."

"Andrew! Andrew! do not go: do not dishonour poor papa so shamefully!" exclaimed Magdalen, clinging to him. "Think of what you owe him. Andrew, reflect."

"Owe him?" cried Andrew. "What I owe you; and what I will pay you." He dashed her from him with an oath; then, repeating his curse, he flung himself from the room, and so from the house; leaving the pale corpse stiffening in the chamber above, without a thought, a prayer, or a sigh for what had loved him so well.

COATS AND TROUSERS.

ARMED with a sufficient Open, Sesame (the gift of an enchanter in an alpaca coat); conveyed to Paul's Wharf by the fiery Dragon of the modern Thames, an iron steamer; threading one of those narrow ducts retained by municipal wisdom to consume time and teach patience; crossing, not without danger, the living roaring stream of Cheapside; diving into another seething gutter of commerce, we passed into a silent dingy court, obstructed by a Pickford's cart and its Mamelon of bales. In other respects the solemn close was deserted by every living thing save by a pair of solemn city cats, which gravely sat where helmeted sentinels and powdered sedan-chair-bearers had watched or lounged in bygone times. We pushed in at a door, guiltless of the finery of paint, that closed behind us with an unmechanical bang; and, passing through a gloomy ground-floor unquestioned by the tenants, we ascended a broad staircase, black with time and hand-friction.

In the suite of chambers that we entered—once the town residence of Mr. Peel of Lancashire, father of Sir Robert Peel of Tamworth—canvas-covered bales formed stacks rising to the ceiling; piece goods lay in vast square heaps upon long counters; wide deal shelves were stuffed with layers of woollen stuffs and of woollen mixed with baser material of every degree, quality, and variety that goes to the clothing of man civilised and uncivilised. We were on the premises of a firm of merchants

in the wholesale sense, to whom orders for a hundred thousand yards came as often and as naturally as a command for a single suit to a popular tailor; to whom in these warlike times almost every goods-train from the works brought unnumbered yards of uniform cloths, and every trading vessel from Scotland and Ireland mountains of the flax goods in which those countries so much excel. From the dark dingy staircase we had ascended, continually went forth the stuff for clothing the armies and navies of England, the parti-coloured troops of Indian princes, the Zouaves, the Gardes Impériales, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and riflemen of Vincennes. From the same source is provided the scarlet robes of Ashantee headmen, the camelot cloaks of Chinese mandarins, the white blankets of Kafir chiefs, the canary-coloured pantaloons of South American infantry; the serge shirts and pea-coats of Jack, A.B.; the grey great coat of his ally, the jolly marine. The bishop's sober black of costliest quality; the miner's flannel jacket and moleskin suit; the Derby alpaca of the sporting dandy; the blue broadcloth of the school-boy's many-buttoned jacket, and the coffin-maker's dismal baize, also continually flow into the warehouse from every manufacturing district, and out again to consumers of every class and clime.

Broadcloth—once the distinguishing mark of the gentleman and well-to-do citizen—is the oldest of our manufactures. It dates from William the Conqueror, and its very existence was thought to depend upon a close monopoly of British wool. To export British wool was highly penal; but a dispute which long raged between the woollen manufacturers and farmers, at length resulted in freeing the public from the monopoly of both; and this dispute was a notable example of the sort of slavery our neighbours the French endure. English manufacturers stoutly contended against the exportation of British wool, lest foreign manufacturers should rival them in cloth-making, but claimed to import the fine wools of Spain and Germany. The farmers, on the other side, desired leave to sell their wool to the foreign customer; but demanded protection against the competition of the foreign wool-grower. The contest was waged hotly, and the battle swayed to and fro, according as the sheep-feeding or the wool-consuming faction obtained the upper hand. At length, Huskisson, the legislative precursor of free commerce, took advantage of the pastoral and wool-weaving dissensions, and gave both what they did not want. He permitted the exportation of British, and the importation of foreign wools at a low duty, and sent both sets of suitors despairing away. Up to that period, very little woollen cloth was sold under from eight to ten shillings a-yard. At present, broadcloth can be bought at every price between two shillings and twenty-

five shillings a-yard. The highest priced material, consumed in a limited quantity, consists in the finest blacks and scarlets. At from four to five shillings per yard an excellent pure wool cloth can be produced. Cheap cloth has rendered cheap clothes possible, and extinguished the custom of hereditary wardrobes. In our younger days, all the mechanics and humbler classes who wore Sunday clothes were content with the second-hand garments of the wealthy. Their appearance was mean, and their cost, taking wear into consideration, extravagant.

The change was helped on curiously enough by negro emancipation. While the negroes of the West Indies were slaves, their owners clothed them simply in a shirt and trousers of a kind of striped mattress sacking. When emancipated, the first desire of the coloured gentleman was to dress like his late proprietor. The Jews of London, well posted up, as the Americans say, to this fact by their West Indian Hebraic correspondents, hastened to send out consignments of second-hand clothes which had been previously cleaned and remade. Thus, Julius Caesar Twigg or Napoleon Bonaparte Buxton was able to rig himself out in the latest fashions from England for as many half-crowns as it cost his white rival pounds sterling. The demand soon exceeded the supply; the Yorkshire manufacturers were called upon for a cheap cloth, and they found it in two materials—cotton and shoddy. Instead of making the cloth of all wool, a warp of cotton was introduced under a woollen weft, and a strong, durable, good-looking article was produced at a cheap rate. But cheap wool was also needed for the face or weft, and this was found by tearing up old woollen clothes, re-washing, dyeing, and spinning them, with the addition of more or less new wool. This is shoddy. Thus, shoddy and cotton-warp gave cloth for the million. A great deal of virtuous indignation has been wasted on shoddy making which is only one way of utilising what used to be grievously thrown away to rot. The cheap cloth soon found its way into English shops, and drove out the old clothes trade. The new demand had another effect; it stimulated the ingenuity of mechanical manufacturers to comb wools that had hitherto been deemed too short for combing, in order to mix them with shoddy; and thus arose a demand for wool from all parts of the globe, that has been increased beyond all calculation. At first, purchasers were taken in by cheap coats and trousers; but now the thermometer of price is perfectly understood. We have seen a beautiful article in wool made of old worsted stockings. The mixed coloured shooting suits now so much in vogue are chiefly made of shoddy, just as fine paper is made of rags. By our manufacturing skill, cheap iron and coal, capital and credit, by a repeal of all the

monopolies and all duties on raw produce with which our staple trade was once fenced round, we are able to sell woollen all over the world, and to buy from Egypt, from Abyssinia, from Syria, the East Indies, and all regions where sheep can live, anything which is wool or hair, in addition to the fine qualities obtained from Germany and Australia. In France, on the contrary, under an absolute protective system, foreign woollen cloth is loaded with prohibitory duties; but, as the French manufacturers are quite unable to supply any large sudden order for military cloths and blankets, or any of the cheaper sorts of warm woollen goods, the French government, since the commencement of the war, has been obliged to lay out upwards of a million sterling in British blankets, rugs, and broadcloth. Perhaps the very great-coats they lent our troops last winter were spun and milled in Yorkshire.

Army cloth is a trade of itself. There are a number of manufacturers who make nothing else. Army cloth has no face, no right or wrong side; it cuts equally well every way. For a sea-traveller's coat there is nothing better than a soldier's grey great-coat, which costs, in large quantities, about five shillings a-yard. Nothing is more deceptive than a bright-faced cloth; when unclipped and unsmoothed, cloth wears the best. Flushing, better known as P-coating, is another separate Yorkshire manufacture, chiefly found about Dewsbury. This like broad-cloth has been reduced in price, and can be had from one shilling a-yard, used in the commonest slop-clothing, up to ten shillings, for the suits of members of Royal Yacht Club and other sea-going amateurs. An A.B. Jack gets a capital P-coat at five or six shillings a-yard.

Tweed is one of the favourite names among tailors' goods. It formerly meant a sort of plaid of pure woollen, manufactured on the banks of the river of that name from Scottish Cheviot and black-faced wool. It has since been cheapened by cotton and shoddy mixtures, and improved by Australian wool,—the staple of all our best cloth. Tweed is manufactured not only in Scotland but in Yorkshire and Gloucestershire, of mixed British and foreign wool, and means anything that for a particular season the tailors agree to call by that name.

After going through the various samples of the varieties enumerated, we did not pause over the curiosities of cloth fabric, such as cloth of two colours, one on each side, chiefly valuable as cloaks for pickpockets, or the elephantine cloth made once and never again for the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one. These feats are the toys of rich manufacturers, and not worth serious attention. Indeed it may be laid down as a rule that the greatest manufactures and most important trades rest on the unattrac-

tive articles which the millions consume. The stuff of parti-coloured waistcoats, dear to our youth, of wool, silk, and cotton artfully mixed, was not to be found, fashion having driven it into the shade,—it was chiefly manufactured at Almondsbury, in Yorkshire, which now languishes, because the men of eighteen hundred and fifty-five wear coats and waistcoats all of a-piece.

A pile of blankets of peculiar stripe led us to a fresh apartment. England beats the world in blankets. Until the war broke out, our army lay beneath blankets woven from Russian wool, which is of a shining, bright texture, mixed with our own ancient long-woolled breed. When the supplies were stopped, the vacuum was filled by a cheap, but for the purpose an excellent wool, from the East Indies. East Indian wool is a comparatively new article of commerce: previous to eighteen hundred and forty-two the quantity imported was quite insignificant. The best blankets are made of English wool; we send them to every quarter of the world, to South America, where they are often worn coloured as ponchos. But in Leeds they also manufacture ponchos of cotton and wool mixed, of the ancient Mexican and Peruvian patterns, which are more beautiful than any modern designs. Australia is a great market, as the bushman or gold-digger finds in his blanket the uses of a knapsack, a tent, and a bed. In New Zealand, among the natives, English blankets have superseded the native robe of New Zealand flax. The Kaffirs formerly wore brown cloth cloaks or karosses; they now send to our friend's warehouse for white blankets. The custom house of the United States imposes heavy duties on English cloth; to evade these duties, the material for the uniform of part of the United States is imported in the shape of blankets large enough to make two uniforms; the duty on blankets being less than on cloth.

Next to the blankets, bales of serge attracted our attention. This is a cheap worsted fabric, used largely for the blue shirts of sailors in the navy, for ladies' bathing gowns, and for gentlemen's cricketering trousers. Recently, government having discarded cough-creating white duck in army, after many changes in search of something not too hot, warm enough, and of uniform colour, in spite of rain and sun and soldiers' washing, have fixed on a dark blue serge for military continuations.

Thus the woollen trade, which forty years ago was confined to one or two materials in a few colours—having been relieved from protection and encouraged by the abolition of duties on foreign wool—has been extended into innumerable branches, from robes as fine as muslin, to felted carpets and hats as soft as velvet and tough as leather: the old felted hat was iron in its texture. This vast extension of trade would have been impos-

sible, had we been confined to British long wools, which are excellent, but limited in their application. British sheep are now kept primarily for mutton; the mere wool-producing breeds have disappeared, have given way to Leicesters, Lincolns, Cotswolds, South Downs, and Cheviots, to our great profit.

Australia was the great woollen revolutionist. German superseded Spanish wool, and Australian has superseded German to a great extent. The fine wool of Spain often cost ten shillings a-pound; we now obtain an enormous supply of fine wool at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per pound. In eighteen hundred and fifteen, the whole importation, under the discouragement of a heavy duty of foreign wool, was under fourteen million pounds weight, of which about seven million pounds came from Spain, three millions from Germany, and three millions from the rest of Europe. In eighteen hundred and forty, after the total imports (after Huskisson's reduction of duties, in eighteen hundred and twenty-five) had reached fifty million pounds; in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, after Sir Robert Peel's total abolition of duties on raw produce, wool importation rose to seventy-six million pounds, of which more than half came from Australia. There were no flocks of fine-woolled sheep in Australia before the year eighteen hundred. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, our importations of wool, including alpaca, amounted to one hundred and six million pounds. This increase from the importation of eighteen hundred and forty was caused by the East Indies sending us fifteen million pounds instead of two and a half millions; the Cape and South Africa, eight and a quarter millions instead of three-quarters of a million pounds; and Australia, forty-seven and a half millions instead of fifteen million pounds.

In broadcloths, doeskins, and every kind of woollen cloth where a fine appearance is required, Australian wool is the principal material employed. When a cheap article is required, this kind of wool is thrown to the surface, and lower class wools with a cotton warp form the rest of the cloth; but, for the very finest cloths, manufacturers employ the most expensive German wools. In the same fleece, the choicest portions will be worth six shillings a pound, and the inferior less than two shillings. These are got up with more care than it is possible to bestow in a country where labour is so dear as Australia, and are worth from three shillings to five shillings per pound. Soil and climate do for Australia what in Germany is the result of the greatest care and skill, and give a large fine average of beautiful wool.

Manufacturers have been greatly assisted in their consumption of foreign inferior raw material, by the invention of machines which can comb and produce a continuous sliver,

from wool only one inch and a quarter in length; in fact, any description of wool can now be turned to use and find a market, whereas formerly the special value of English wool lay in its long staple, three to four inches being the shortest length that could be combed by hand. Thus have English woollens thriven and extended in the face of the cotton trade, against which they were once protected by special legislation. Spain, ruined by wretched government, now sends us only half a million pounds; and Germany, undersold in the commoner qualities, sends half her former export, or eleven million instead of twenty-two million pounds, and is a purchaser of Australian wool in our markets.

In the mean time, English sheep, instead of being extinguished by the foreigner, have gone on multiplying under our improved system of agriculture, until they have at least doubled in number, and increased one-third in weight of fleece. It is worth while noting that Peru has given us guano, which, by its fertilising, stimulating qualities, has enormously increased the home-breed of sheep, as well as alpaca wool or hair, the source of a new manufacture.

Next to Australian wool, the greatest addition to our textile manufactures has been made by the introduction of the hair of the alpaca. We found on the shelves of the warehouse pieces of goods labelled alpaca, and real alpaca, in as great variety as to quality as woollen cloths. The cheaper kinds do not contain a particle of real alpaca wool, but are manufactured from Russian and other bright coloured fleeces mixed with long Leicestershire wools, into light and serviceable garments for man and woman. The finer qualities known in the trade as real alpaca, are extensively used for the linings of coats instead of calico or silk, for women's dresses, and for fashionable summer coats. They are often equal in beauty to silk, and much more durable. The consumption for cheap summer coats (which have superseded the linen blouse) is something enormous. It is also largely used in the manufacture of waterproof garments. There is a curious story connected with Indian-rubber coats. The late Mr. Charles Mackintosh introduced waterproof garments, and under his patent realised a large fortune from heavy cream-coloured cotton coats and cloaks, which smelt most vilely, fitted most awkwardly, and cracked and rustled most unpleasantly. At his death, the executors considered the fashion worn out, and sold off his stock with the idea of abandoning the manufacture. But very soon some one hit upon the idea of using first thin calico with a caoutchouc lining, and afterwards alpaca cloth, and soon the waterproof or Mackintosh was brought within the reach of all classes from the cabman upwards.

In Queen Anne's time, as Pope records, in the lines beginning "Odious in woollen,"

woollen was protected against cotton, by an act of parliament which compelled Clarissa to be buried in a woollen shroud. In our own time, a political lunatic endowed with some fortune and powerful lungs, tried to set up a British wool league against cotton. It died without a sign. Had he spent an hour in a woollen factor's warehouse, he would have found that every day produces new openings for the use of new material and new manufactures, and that there is room for the growth of all wool, flax, and cotton, if left alone, and that there will be room as long as half the inhabitants of Europe are clothed in rags or untanned sheepskins. Before the South American revolution the country people wore expensive and uncomfortable leather suits; now they wear cloth and cotton garments. There is also a lesson to be learned by those dilettanti official or would-be official teachers, who want to establish trade museums to teach our manufacturers their business.

Returning by the dark ground-floor, we took a rapid glance at the linen and canvas department, of which some kinds very naturally follow the woollens. Whether the woollens led to the linens or the linens to the woollens we did not learn; at any rate, the arrangement was the result of the tendencies of the modern system of trade, to concentrate in the hands of intermediate agents all that a special class of retailers or contractors are likely to require. For instance, the trade in military cloaks up-stairs led naturally to a stock of military drills for army, and ducks for naval, trousers down-stairs. The difference between drill and duck lies in the texture; drill being smooth-faced, duck showing the course of the threads. Both ought to be made of flax. Then again we saw vast bales of canvas for tents, a demand entirely created by the war; others again of varying qualities, beginning at number one, for ships' sails, all of flax. There were also specimens of cotton-cloth, for the small tents of four parts to be borne by troops in the field, each soldier carrying a fourth-part, an idea which we have borrowed from the French army. We can manufacture the article, however, much better and cheaper and more quickly than they can. Then, in hemp, there was hammock-cloth, and enormous quantities of the sheeting used for packing up bales. Bed-sheets of every quality were to be found, the coarser kinds in immense quantities, as was necessary, since, this last year, orders have come in for ten thousand pairs at a time, to be supplied at short notice. Among the canvas articles was one light coarse article, which helped us to a derivation; it is known in the trade as dandy-canvas, and is used by tailors for inner unseen linings and paddings of the collars and breasts of coats. Did this material, so extensively used when George the Regent brought padded shapes into fashion, originate

the word dandy, which succeeded buck and blood, and has been succeeded by swell? Again, is not dandy an English corruption of Dundee, the seat of this said canvas manufacture? Perhaps some correspondent of Notes and Queries will take the subject up.

There must be some very curious statistics, if they could be hunted out, on flax and hemp manufacture. Cotton has taken the place of flax for many garments, and so has woollen; and all three have been mixed. Yet there is more flax, more hemp, and more wool consumed than ever, in consequence of certain trade compensations. The flax employed for the sails of the ships set afloat by the raw cotton and manufactured cotton trades, must be nearly equal to the amount displaced in shirts and shifts. The canvas sheeting for covering bales required by increased foreign trade must have risen to a very formidable item in the last twenty-five years; and in racing England, light woollen has taken the place of drill for trousers, the owners of the trousers have created new outlets for white cool drills at the Antipodes. Scarcely a year has passed since war interrupted the supply of Russian flax and hemp, but already new supplies and new materials are flowing in. India begins to be especially rich in substitutes for hemp and flax. Jute is one of the comparatively new materials; it is a sort of hemp, inferior in strength, but more of a cotton character, and is much and skilfully used in Scotland.

THE REGIMENTAL MARKET.

AMONG the orators who have been flourishing lately at agricultural meetings, there was a clergyman who propounded the opinion (as one that could not be controverted) that our regimental system was as near perfection as possible. Without stopping to enquire what the reverend gentleman's opportunities may have been of forming such a conclusion, I shall proceed to state what my own experience is. Having been upwards of ten years an officer in a light dragoon regiment, I may perhaps know nearly as much of the subject as the reverend orator.

Why I entered the service I can hardly define. I had no particular glow of military ardour. It might have been because several "men" of sixteen, or so, who were my schoolfellows at a fashionable public school, intended to join the army; or, more likely, because of the glorious privilege of wearing a uniform bedizened with gold lace; but, most likely of all, because of the alternative my father placed before me of either purchasing a commission, being made sole master of five hundred a-year besides my pay, and started with good horses in a well-known regiment; or of going to college, working for a degree, and then entering the Middle Temple, to bore my brains with law.

The choice was rapidly made, and my

name was put down at the Horse Guards for a commission.

Commissions were very difficult to be had in those days, even by purchase; and, after waiting about a year and a half, and tormenting my father to write almost every month to the county member, and the different general officers with whom he was acquainted, I received formal official intimation from the military secretary of the commander-in-chief, that, upon paying the sum of eight hundred and forty pounds to Messrs. So-and-so the army agents, my name would be recommended to her Majesty for a commission of cornet, in the light dragoons.

Thus I was appointed to the army, not on account of any merit of my own; not because I was either morally or physically suited for it; not because I knew one iota of the profession; but first, because my father had interest enough to get me a commission; and secondly, because he had money enough to pay eight hundred and forty pounds for it.

About two months after seeing my name in the Gazette as a cornet of light dragoons, I joined the head quarters of the regiment, which were stationed at a manufacturing town in the north of England. For the first four months I was kept pretty close to the barrack-yard, having to learn all the various drills and exercises. It is an extraordinary anomaly that young officers should be taught all their duties after, and not before, they join a regiment. I have often seen a recently appointed cornet learning to ride in the school—bumping round without stirrups, continually and not gently bullied by the riding-master, and much laughed at by the men—who, a few hours afterwards, was in command of a troop, or part of a troop at stable duties, the minutiae of which he knew less about than the horses the dragoons were grooming. I defy the men over whom such a youth ought to exercise authority, to have much respect for a lad who does not know the accidence of his profession, and has to learn before their eyes what all of them know perfectly, and what many of them knew before he was born.

I got through my riding-school and drill in about six months; and, in three more, could take command of a troop on a field-day, without making many more mistakes than my neighbours. With this knowledge I began to take a certain degree of interest in my profession, and, had I met with encouragement from my seniors, might have turned out a tolerably good soldier. But, in the light dragoons, as in almost every arm of the service, it was considered vulgar and intolerable to speak upon any subject connected with duty. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the corps was the younger scion of a noble house, who had, by great interest and a large outlay of money, risen to his present position in a very few years. He seemed to consider his regiment his own private property, and

took great umbrage if even the authorities at the Horse Guards interfered much with his command. Being a married man we saw little of him, except on parade or at stables; but, as he gave us all as much leave as we liked, and never bored us with much drill, he was very popular with his officers, and had the reputation throughout the cavalry branch of the service of being a capital good fellow. The fact was, that although very fond of his profession, and very fond of his regiment, the colonel was too sensible a man to attempt impossibilities. Like many other men in his position, he saw that his officers were not soldiers, and that nothing could ever make them soldiers while the present regimental system lasted. The duty of the corps was altogether carried on by the colonel himself, his adjutant—a smart middle-aged man who, like most other cavalry-adjutants, had risen from the ranks and was thoroughly conversant with every thing connected with a dragoon regiment, from the shoeing of a horse to manœuvring in the field—and by the six troop sergeant-majors. The captains knew little respecting either the men or horses of their troops, and the subalterns less. If the colonel or adjutant wanted any information from the captain about those under his command, he was always obliged to ask the troop sergeant-major as the readier means of getting a correct answer. Captains by purchase hardly ever know much about their own men. So absolutely were professional subjects tabooed amongst my comrades, that it is only after frequenting our mess-table for years, the scorn and contempt with which any topic relating to “shop” is put down, can be believed. At every regimental mess at which I dined (and there are few, amongst cavalry corps, whose hospitality I have not partaken of), the same peculiarity is visible. Horses, dogs, hunting, shooting, racing; the ballet, the peerage; whom this duke married and whom this dowager; Tattersall’s; and the sporting magazine, formed the staple of talk and knowledge; but of military tactics, military history, the art of campaigning, of training men and horses for their work, they know nothing, and will not learn, or speak about, or suffer their brother officers to learn. Why this should be the case I know not, but I would as soon think of asking the Archbishop of Canterbury’s opinion of the winner of the Derby, or the Lord Chancellor for a criticism on the cut of my trousers, as I would dream of leading the conversation at a mess-table into any military subject. Indeed, one of the first things a lad learns from his companions upon joining a corps, is to designate every kind of duty a bore. To be orderly officer once a week, or once in ten days, is a bore; to have to attend stables, and see—or be supposed to see—the troop-horses groomed for an hour every day, is a bore; to have a couple or three field-days in ten weeks, is a bore; to

be detached as member of a court-martial is an awful bore; and to have to wear uniform in the streets—as is the regulation at Dublin and a few other large towns—is an insufferable bore. Having been denied leave of absence to town during the season; to Doncaster when the St. Leger is about to be run, or to Newmarket for the Cæsarwitch; to Scotland in August, or to Leamington in October; are such superlative bores, that many a patriotic officer has sold out in consequence. Not that such warriors are in the habit of allowing professional sources of annoyance to bore them for any length of time. In this respect they are consistent. They enter the service for their own pleasure and convenience, and leave it for the same reason. I have known even captains of Dragoons cut the concern, as they curtly term it, at a moment’s notice; and as for subalterns—to repeat an expression I once heard used by an old Sergeant-Major—“one never knows what cornets or lieutenants may belong to the regiment for any given ten minutes.” Nor are these sudden whims exclusively the acts of very young officers. I remember a captain in a cavalry corps who had lately returned from India being refused by his colonel three days’ leave to go to London. Five minutes after the refusal, he was in the room of the senior-lieutenant for purchase, asking him what he would give him if he sold out. “If you send in your papers this afternoon, I’ll give you so much” (naming a very large sum), was the reply. The papers were sent in, a cheque was given for the amount agreed upon, and in twenty-four hours the captain was a free man and the lieutenant a captain. In the course of my service, I certainly remember a score, if not more, of officers who retired from the army upon the pique of the moment. Some sold out because their regiment was ordered to Ireland, or to some quarter which they did not like; others for being reprimanded for neglect of duty. In fact, officers consider their commissions to be their own private property—which is certainly the case according to the present system—and that they have a right to sell them, as they were purchased for their own private convenience.

After being about two years in the regiment, I became senior cornet for purchase, and very soon after had an opportunity of obtaining my promotion to lieutenant. What was my fitness for this step? Money; nothing else. Senior to me was an officer who had risen from the ranks, and had seen much active service with the corps when it was in India. This gentleman had been nearly twenty years a soldier; having passed through all the grades of the service, from private soldier to that of cornet and adjutant of his regiment. But, as he had not the money to purchase his lieutenancy, I, who had only been two years in the army, leapt over his head. Including what my father had paid for my first commission, my rank had now

cost me seventeen hundred and sixty pounds. The regulation price of a lieutenantancy is eleven hundred and sixty pounds, and by Act of Parliament, as well as by the Queen's Regulations for the Army, to give more than the sum laid down for any commission, is to be guilty of a misdemeanour; nevertheless, there is hardly ever a commission sold in the army for regulation price: double that sum being in many cases given as a bribe to the senior officer. For the seventeen hundred and sixty pounds laid out by my father in my commissions, I received an income of one hundred and sixty-two pounds per annum; but this was nothing like enough even to pay my monthly mess-bills. I was not extravagant; but, on the contrary, was always careful of my money; and yet my actual barrack-yard expenses—that is, all I spent when actually present with my regiment—never came to less than fifty pounds a-month, and few of my companions spent as little as I did. Thus it will be seen that for any, save men with a certain income, to dream of entering a cavalry regiment would be utter madness. In fact, the means which a candidate for such regiments has at his command, are always ascertained at the Horse Guards before the nomination is made. In infantry regiments the expense of living is not so great, I believe; although even young officers in that branch of the service require from two hundred to three hundred pounds a-year beyond their pay, to enable them to live like their companions and to keep free from debt. In the regiment in which my lot was cast there were only two officers who had no private means; these were the quarter-master and the adjutant. Both these gentlemen had risen from the ranks; and, as each was in the receipt of better pay on account of their situations than the other subalterns; as the colonel excused their attendance at the mess on account of the expense; and as neither were ever asked or expected to join in any subscription to balls, hounds, the regimental-drag, races, steeple-chases, mess-dinners, or other extravagancies, they managed to make the ends meet.

The marketing for promotion which frequently takes place, would, in the commercial world, be called by an ugly name. About four years after I had purchased my lieutenantancy, having been then six years in the service, an opportunity occurred of getting my captaincy. I was not the senior subaltern, there being two before me on the list. One of these was the riding-master—a gentleman who had an annuity which enabled him to live with tolerable comfort, but neither he nor his friends had the requisite amount of capital to purchase a troop. The other officer senior to me had just lost his money at Newmarket, and was therefore obliged to withdraw his name from the list of purchasers. Being third-lieutenant, and only having been six years in the army, I was thought parti-

cularly fortunate in being able to obtain my troop; and therefore the captain who wished to retire, determined to make me pay highly to induce him to do so. I had heard that he had given five thousand five hundred pounds for his troop, the regulation price being only three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and offered him what he had paid. But the price he asked was six thousand guineas. This sum I thought too much; however, after a great deal of haggling and bargaining, I agreed to pay him six thousand pounds, and to take an old screw of a charger off his hands for a hundred pounds extra. The sale was duly made, and, in a few days, my name appeared in the Gazette as captain by purchase. Once more, by virtue alone of my father's long purse, I passed over two officers much senior to myself. Not once but twenty times have I been present, and still oftener consulted, when bargains of a like nature were struck between my brother officers. Nor have I told the whole tale. When a promotion takes place, not only has the bargain to be struck between the officer actually desiring to sell out and him wishing to purchase, but the lower grades, who gain a step by the move, have to furnish their quota of the sum required. Thus, in my own case, although I was responsible to the retiring captain for the whole six thousand pounds, I had to negotiate with the cornet who was to succeed me as lieutenant, in order to induce him to contribute a certain amount for his own promotion, which my purchased step occasioned.

Shortly after I obtained my troop, a practical illustration of what our system of army promotion leads to, occurred in my own case. The head quarters of the regiment I belonged to were stationed at a garrison town in the south of Ireland; and, as it happened to be the season when there are no field-days, several of the officers were absent on leave. In those days, we had only six troops in each cavalry regiment, and, of those belonging to our corps, four were stationed at different out-quarters. The colonel was travelling on the continent, and the major, who in his absence commanded the regiment, was suddenly taken unwell, and proceeded at once to his father's house in the neighbourhood. I being the only captain present at head quarters—and it not being thought advisable to recall any of the other captains from their respective troops at the out-posts—was for upwards of a month in command of the regiment. During this time, I, of course, was over all the officers present with the corps, amongst whom were the riding-master and adjutant. The latter had been a dragoon, and had risen to the rank of sergeant-major, six years before I was born; even the commission, which by long and good service he had obtained, was awarded him four years before I entered the army. Yet I,

by mere dint of purchase-money, commanded this man, whom I could not but feel was in every respect my superior as a soldier. This gentleman had been three or four times wounded in India, wore a couple of medals, and had been mentioned in General Orders. He could never rise to higher rank than he had already attained, for the want of money to go into the regimental market with.

The other officer I mentioned—the riding-master—was the senior lieutenant in the regiment. He had never been in the ranks, having entered the corps when it was in India, where he had seen a great deal of service, some fourteen years before I got my first commission. This officer had purchased both his cornetcy and lieutenantancy, but his father having lost his fortune by the failure of a Calcutta bank, was unable to help him with any more money, except a small annual allowance. The consequence was that he remained a lieutenant, although every captain in the regiment, as well as the major, had joined the corps as youngsters since he entered it, and none of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger; whereas this officer had gone through three campaigns in India.

I remained about six years longer with the regiment, and during that time lived like most of my brother officers. The never-varying monotony of English military life, affords no scope for the working of those energies which seem natural to the Anglo-Saxon race in all countries and all professions. This every officer begins to feel after a certain length of time. So long as the end and aim of existence is hunting, shooting, horse-racing, dining at mess, or making one of a jovial party in London at the Army and Navy Club—known familiarly as the Rag and Famish—a commission in a crack regiment has a certain charm, which to most men, on the younger side of thirty, is most seductive. But after that age, the mind begins to want the realities of life, and to desire some advancement in social position, fortune, or even an increase of responsibilities—even of cares. Thus it is that so many officers leave the service after having been about ten or twelve years in the army exactly at a time when they have learnt their duties and are likely to serve their country with the greatest efficacy.

After ten years of a pleasant, but useless—although, perhaps, not positively wicked—life, I sold out, obtaining from my successor, a like sum to what I had paid for my rank, and became once more a private gentleman.

How is it possible that with such a military system, the English army can ever be in time of war useful to the country? I grant that our apprenticeship in the Crimea has taught our troops something of the art of war; but, should they not have known this from the commencement? What should we say of a barrister who, when a brief was put into his hands, began only then to study the law? Or, would we not be greatly surprised at a

doctor who, when called to a sick man's bedside, asked for time to consult his medical books?

THE PORCUPINE CLUB.

At Constantine, Algeria, there are several clubs or societies of porcupine-hunters, whom the Arabs call *hatcheichia*, because they smoke hatchich, or hemp, instead of tobacco. The members of these clubs are of Kabyle origin. The title of *hatcheichi*, or a man who loses his reason by indulgence in smoking, is the cause and the permanent mark of the contempt with which the other natives regard them. To console themselves for the reprobation of the Algerian public, they meet every evening, to howl like wild beasts, and to smoke to the sound of the tom-tom, till they drop to the ground, overcome by the influence of drowsiness and hatchich. Between the different clubs there exists so fierce a rivalry, that, before the taking of Constantine, on the fête-day of spring, the members belonging to the Gate of El-Kantara and of the Gate Jebia used to engage in bloody battles, in which clubs were the only offensive and defensive arms employed. It was worse than the rows at Donnybrook fair, inasmuch as the Arabs are more habitually sanguinary than the Irish. One would have thought that these assassins (as the etymology of their name justifies us in calling them) would have bestowed their hunting aspirations on nobler game than a poor inoffensive porcupine. The French authorities soon put an end to these encounters within the walls of the town, but the *hempen coterie* contrived to make up for the lost time when they reached the theatre of their sporting operations. Their passion for porcupine-hunting is not easily understood by persons unacquainted with the difficulties they are obliged to overcome in order to take a single head of this prickly game.

The porcupine resembles the badger in its manners and habits; only nature has armed it with a cuirass to protect it from the hyenas and jackals, who often dwell in the same burrow. It digs its retreat to a great depth, and always at the foot of a rock. In the environs of Bougie and Ghelma, the French soldiers caught fabulous quantities of porcupines, with snares made of brass wire. It is probable that they formerly abounded in the outskirts of Constantine, which are very rocky, and full of burrows swarming with jackals; but the *hatcheichia* must have exterminated them, since none are left.

The porcupine-hunters generally open their campaign towards the close of winter. As they are obliged to make a march of several days before their sport can begin; as each of these excursions lasts for at least a month, and as they are aware from experience that their habits shut them out from Arab hospitality, they wisely make prepara-

tions beforehand. On the eve of the day appointed for their departure, they meet in their club-room, and feast and riot there, till it is time to open the doors and start. Those who are not so fortunate as to take part in the expedition, accompany their confrères a little way, and embrace them on parting as if they were never to behold them again. The sportsmen, ordinarily eight or ten in number, promise to work miracles for the honour of the club, and set off, preceded by one or two donkeys laden with tools and creature-comforts, and followed by two or three couples of almost-always mangy terriers. Each hunter is armed with a stick five feet long, to the extremity of which is fitted a piece of lance-shaped iron with teeth like a saw. This pleasing instrument is intended to spit the enemy, and to drag him out of his hole, as a cork-screw would a cork. The girdles of the most robust adventurers are adorned with iron hammers of all shapes and sizes, whose mission is to widen the runs of the porcupine to admit the entrance of a child ten or twelve years of age, the smallest, puniest, most wire-drawn animal in all creation, who, if he walked upon his hands and feet, would be the perfect image of a turnspit or an otter-hunting Scotch terrier. This abortion is covered from head to foot with a leather dress (which is his armour of proof, that makes him look like an overgrown spider). He is the hero, the Hercules of the band; for his unfailing duty is to attack the prey.

The porcupine-slayers march for several days over mountain and plain, sleeping beneath the starry vault slightly protected by some tolerant douar, which, as a great favour allows them to encamp within gunshot distance. At last they arrive at a burrow which they know of, or which has been pointed out to them. The presence of the porcupine is betrayed by sundry quills which he has let fall; his habitual points of exit and entrance are betrayed by numerous foot-steps. There can be no doubt about the matter; this tenement is inhabited. The dogs, uncoupled, disappear in the mouths of the burrow, and, immediately that they give tongue, the sportsmen answer with a joyous hurrah, and prepare their arms to besiege the place. When all is ready for opening the trenches, they look out for the biped who plays the part of terrier; but in vain. He and his lance have disappeared. It is useless to interrogate the echoes around by calling him by the tenderest names. The support, the pride, and the hope of the expedition remains invisible.

Whilst the hunters, believing him lost, are giving way to their despair, the dogs rush out of the burrow, with their wiry hair standing on end; and then, after the dogs, appears at first a foot, and then a leg, advancing backwards, and soon afterwards the lengthy body and the head of the child, who throws into the midst of his companions a porcupine almost as big as himself and as lively as can

be, although transfixed. After killing the animal, he is regularly prepared for the spit, the entrails being replaced with aromatic plants, mingled with a few handfull of salt. The object of this operation is to make the porcupine keep till the end of the campaign, in order that he may figure on the table of the club at Constantine. It ought to be mentioned that things do not always go off so well, and that more frequently it takes several days' hard work and siege to catch the animal, —if, and when, he is caught. For it sometimes happens that the runs are so narrow and the rocky walls so hard, that in spite of the crow-bars, the hammers, and the heated passions of the assailants, the child, however capital a ferret he may be, is unable to reach the porcupine's last retreat, and the siege is unwillingly obliged to be raised. In this way the sportsmen scour the circles of Constantine, Ghelma, and Bône; they even penetrate as far as the circle of La Calle, sixty leagues from their starting point. Their expeditions are more or less lucky and productive; and, if they sometimes return with a dozen head of game, which furnish materials for feasting during several days, on other occasions a month's journey of fatigue and privation results in the capture of a single porcupine.

In such cases, the members of the club meet as usual to celebrate their comrades' return. The animal is served roasted, on a wooden dish, and placed in the middle of the assembly, who are grouped in a circle around it contemplating its beauties with intense satisfaction. The president invites his right-hand neighbour to help himself; the polite epicure just touches the edge of the dish with the tips of the fingers of his right hand, moves them towards his lips, and says, "I have had enough." All the other guests follow his example, and fall to on the cous-cousson and the dates which surround the dish of honour. Then they sing in head-splitting style, with an accompaniment of tom-toms and clapping of hands, in celebration of their own exploits, past, present, and to come. The hemp-pipe finishes the rest of the business. The club meets again next day, the day after the next, and every day the same, till the neighbours begin to complain of the disturbance made by the hatchetia during the night, and of the insupportable infection inhaled by the porcupine now passed to the putrefactive phase,—higher than the highest six-weeks-old hare, or grouse sent by coach in August from the moors of Caithness to the valleys of Cornwall,—till the police is obliged to interfere at last, and turn both the game and its captors out of doors, to open their sittings in some other locality.

As the porcupiners wage no more than two or three campaigns annually, they practice hedgehog-hunting during the intervals, just to keep themselves and their dogs in training. When the weather is fine, and the moon

promises well, they start from Constantine in the afternoon with a few couple of terriers, and beat the country all night long. When a dog falls upon a hedgehog's track, he gives tongue, and is joined by the others, who hunt in a pack, exactly as if they were after a stag or a boar. When the creature finds he is caught, he rolls himself up like a prickly muff, exposing the spines which cover him to the teeth of his pursuers. One of the hunters seizes him with the flap of his burnous, puts him into his hood, and the chase goes on till morning dawns.

Porcupine-hunting is looked down upon, not for the fault of the creature itself, but because of the disreputable habits of the persons who usually make it their object of sport. Another wild animal is scorned as a quarry, on account of its own intrinsic despicability. "Cowardly as a hyena," is an Arab proverb. Perhaps, however, the main cause is the universal hatred which this odious beast inspires, arises from its habit of violating graves. Whether resurrection-men or hyenas are concerned, the feeling is the same in the popular mind. What else can we do, but execrate the insulters and devourers of what remains of those we have loved most dearly on earth? Now, the hyena, who fears to attack any other creature than a solitary, wretched, ailing, half-starved dog, not daring to make an onslaught on a flock of sheep, the vile hyena disinters the dead, and eats their very bones. Is it likely that such a beast should meet with anything but detestation? As a precautionary measure, which is not always effectual, the Arabs bury their dead very deep. In some districts, they even build two vaults for the reception of one body, putting their precious deposit in the lower one. Consequently, the skin of so dastard an animal is looked upon as valueless. In the majority of tents it would be refused admittance, for fear it should bring bad luck with it.

The lowest Arabs will eat hyena's flesh, which, by the way, is not particularly good; but they are very careful not to touch the head, and hold the brain in especial abhorrence, believing that such contact would suffice to make them lose their senses. They sometimes amuse themselves with chasing it on horseback, and allow their harriers to worry it to death without doing it the honour to fire a shot. The gun would be contaminated.

One fine August morning M. Gérard, riding in search of nobler prey, whilst meditating his plans, observed the approach of a bristling, repulsive-looking, limping animal, — a hyena which, surprised by daylight, ashamed of himself and out of countenance — was regaining his fortress or burrow with a hobbling step. The lion-killer had left his gun in the hands of his Arab attendant; and, having no other weapon than his sabre, he drew it from its scabbard and charged the brute, which darted away and disappeared amidst the wayside bushes, at the foot of a

rock. M. Gérard dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and soon found a hole which he was delighted to recognise as an ancient quarry, high enough and broad enough to admit his passing along it upright and with his arms at liberty. In two minutes, the two new acquaintances were face to face, and so close that the party most anxious for the introduction could feel the end of his sabre bitten by teeth; but he could see nothing, the hole was so dark. He knelt down, closed his eyes for an instant, and, on opening them, could distinguish the animal sufficiently to know where to strike. The great difficulty was to draw from its mouth the point of the sabre, which it continued to hold fast; then, as soon as it let it go, he plunged the blade into its chest up to the handle. A sort of muffled grunt was the only response; and when the blade was drawn from its body, the animal was dead. Just as M. Gérard was about to seize the carcase by the foot, to drag it into the open air, he heard a confused sound of voices at the quarry's mouth, proceeding from his guide and a group of reapers, who had seen him charge the hyena and dismount at the foot of the rock. When the Arab beheld the blade of the sabre red with the blood of the animal, he said,

"Thank heaven, for causing me to remain behind with your gun, and never again make use of your sabre in warfare; it would betray you." As the Frenchman did not appear to understand the meaning of the speech, the guide added,

"An Arab, when he finds a hyena in his hold, takes a handful of cow-dung and holds it out to the brute, saying, 'Come; let me make you pretty with some henna on the tips of your charming fingers.' The hyena offers its paw, the Arab seizes it, drags it out, gags it, and gives it to the women and children of the douar to stone to death, as a cowardly and unclean animal."

M. Gérard, without literally believing every syllable told by his guide, easily comprehended that he had made a mistake which would require a brilliant reparation in order to put a stop to scandal and ill-natured remarks amongst the tribes; but he actually witnessed an occurrence which proved that his follower had not spoken altogether falsely. Having met one day with a troop of porcupine-hunters laying siege to a burrow, he dismounted to watch the catastrophe. After several hours of terrible labour, a hyena was caught and dragged out by a child only twelve years of age, who had plunged his lance two feet deep in the animal's body. European sportsmen would have been proud of such a feat. Squire Pettiseshuns, on receiving a letter from his son, with the news that the cadet of the family had slain a hyena in the Algerian wilderness, would take care to publish the glorious bulletin at all the dinner-tables for two unions round. The hatcheichia were annoyed and humiliated; annoyed,

because the omen was bad, in their eyes ; and humiliated, because the Arabs of the neighbourhood, whom curiosity had drawn together to witness the sport, overwhelmed them with scornful, and sarcastic jokes. It is needless to add that the animal was left on the spot, to be devoured by his fellows, and that the sportsmen shifted their quarters to get out of the way of the invectives of the Arabs, as well as to look out for better game elsewhere.

The hyena never walks out alone ; you always meet with them two together. When their mouths begin to water for a morsel of dog, they go and prowls about some douar which happens to be located in a wooded country. The female posts herself behind a bush, and the male purposely shows himself to the dogs, who charge him gallantly as he makes his retreat to the ambuscade occupied by his better half. Madame makes her appearance at the nick of time, and catches, strangles, and devours on the spot the dog whose ardour has led him the nearest to her spouse. It sometimes happens that the Arabs interfere, and cudgel to death these dog-loving ogresses ; who, however, seldom indulge in such amusements, except after a fast of several days.

As there is sport which every Arab will not, so are there modes of the chase which every Arab may not indulge in. Falconry in Algeria is the privilege of the great and powerful. The persons who passionately follow it, are the descendants of noble and military families who have rallied round the standard of France, in order to preserve, or obtain, command. Whatever may be the influence or the fortune of a native, he cannot, unless he be in some degree noble or of well-established courage, devote himself to the art of falconry without running the risk of being turned into ridicule, and sometimes of being molested by his own people. A falconer, named Abdallah, one of the bravest cavaliers of the tribe of the Mahatla—which is saying a good deal—related to M. Gérard an anecdote in point.

"In the course of the same year," he said, "in which Algeria fell into the power of the Christians, my cousin Lakdar and myself took it into our heads to mystify a cheik of the Ouled-Bou-Ghanem, our neighbour, who, although a mere nobody, presumed to train falcons. For this purpose, we took a couple of eaglets which we knew of in their eyrie, and trained them to fly at the young falcons which our shepherds brought us every day. When we judged the education of our birds to be sufficiently advanced, we sent one of our trusty people to discover from the cheik's followers when he was likely to begin hawking. Having learned the appointed place and day, Lakdar and myself set off before the dawn, driving in front of us the ass which carried our hooded eagles, and a few falcons to lure them back when required.

We were at the rendezvous long before the cheik and his people arrived, close by the Oued-Mellègh, where they meant to hunt the bustard. As the tamarind-trees which fringe the stream allowed us to follow the chase without being observed, we regulated our march by that of the sportsmen. A flock of bustards soon took to wing before the horsemen, who were beating the plain. Four falcons were successively let fly, and a bustard was instantly singled out and vigorously attacked.

"It was not long before our eagles, unhooded, caught sight of the chase, and directed their flight towards it, at first heavily and in a direct line, afterwards more rapidly and in circling sweeps, which gradually brought them together as they rose in the air. After fastening our ass to a tamarind-tree, we directed our course up the stream, in order to keep the scene of action better in view. The bustard, separated from the flock, and, vigorously attacked by the four falcons in concert, had no other means of safety except to keep above them. It rose, therefore, vertically, to such an altitude that it looked no bigger than a pigeon, while the birds who pursued it so furiously sometimes looked like grasshoppers, and sometimes were altogether lost to view. The two eagles once arrived in these lofty regions, became so completely confounded in the chase, that it was impossible to distinguish them from the other birds. The cheik and his cavalcade were waiting in the plain, with their eyes directed towards the sky, watching like us the issue of the aerial combat. Suddenly we thought we heard distant piercing and repeated cries ; soon afterwards we could see a black body, which increased in size as it approached nearer to us, sometimes struggling violently, and then descending vertically to the lower regions. We were then able to distinguish our two eagles with expanded wings suffering themselves to be dragged downward by the weight of the bustard, which, with drooping legs and closed wings, fell towards the earth, without giving the slightest sign of life. In vain we gazed in search of the cheik's falcons ; they had disappeared. Our whole attention was then directed towards the cavaliers. The instant when the bustard and the eagles fell whistling into the midst of the wide circle formed by the cheik and his train, a long shout of 'treason !' froze us with terror. We remembered, but too late, that in the hurry of letting loose our birds, the leash had been left on the foot of one of them. Several men had dismounted, and were folding their burnous in such a way that they could catch the eagles without being hurt by them.

"Our only hope of escape was by flight, which we took to as fast as our legs could carry us, without bestowing a thought on the ass, which nevertheless, was destined to save my life that eventful day. We had

been running for nearly an hour, always up stream, and without quitting the trees which skirt the river, when we perceived four horsemen a couple of hundred paces behind us, and further off, the cheik's whole cavalcade. They had followed our track at full trot and gallop. Further flight was impossible; we endeavoured to hide ourselves. Lakdar chose a tuft of tamarinds and brambles; as for me, I slipped down to the river's bed. I walked in till I was up to my neck in water, and could stand with my head hidden beneath the aquatic plants which overhung the bank. I was scarcely installed in my snugger, before I heard the footsteps of horses and the voice of a sportsman shouting to the cheik's people, 'Come this way; we are on their track! Their footsteps are as plain as daylight. They are two sons of dogs together!' A sharp galloping and the neighing of the horses heated by a long run, announced the arrival of the cheik and of every one belonging to him.

"Let ten men," he said, 'instantly go forward till they lose the track. Then, and not before, they will halt, and keep military guard on both banks of the river. You, my children, will dismount; follow the steps of these wretches, pistol in hand, and bring them to me alive if you possibly can.'

"At this order, I felt sure that it was all over with Lakdar. My position was better than his, and I retained the hope of surviving and avenging him. Then only I became aware that my feet were sinking in the mud, and that the water, which at first scarcely covered my shoulders, began to moisten my lips. They say that he who knows not fear, is not a man. Well; that day, I was afraid, not so much on account of the threats of the enemy who were pursuing us so furiously, as of dying by the death of drowning. My personal meditations were interrupted by a shot, followed by imprecations and several other shots. My cousin, finding that he was discovered, had fired his pistol at the group which surrounded him, and which, in spite of the cheik's prohibition, could not restrain itself from returning the fire. The few words I was able to catch, amidst the disturbance which took place around me, gave me to understand that Lakdar was not killed, and that they were dragging him to the cheik's presence. Unable to contain myself, and anxious, even at the risk of being caught, to know what they were going to do to him, I was on the point of quitting my place of refuge, when a couple of men leapt into the river's bed.

"He came down this way," said the first, pointing to my footsteps on the sand.

"He entered the water here," said the other, advancing towards the edge of the stream, in which I remained motionless only ten paces off, peeping at him through the foliage which covered my head. 'It is singular,' he continued, 'there are no more

footsteps visible in the river's bed. Can he have crept in, and hidden himself?'

"At that moment I heard some one walking on the bank above my head, and saying to the fellow who was searching after me, 'Mohammed, the cheik has sent me to fetch you, because there is not one of the cavaliers in company who has so good a knife as yours.'

"What for?" rejoined the other.

"To decapitate the dog whom we have just caught," replied the envoy.

"The prospect of cutting off a man's head got the upper-hand of the ardour with which these wretches were ferreting me out, and lured them away instantly; thus delivering me from the most frightful position in which I ever happened to be in my life. According to what I had just heard, my cousin was on the point of losing his head, and I was unable to succour him in the least. Fully persuaded that the men who had departed a minute ago would return after the execution was over, and conscious of the impossibility of finding any other retreat without leaving traces of having shifted my quarters, I determined to stop where I was. A root which I had observed beneath the bank, and over my head, rendered me the service of hanging by it, and of taking a position less dangerous than my former one. After the uproarious shouts and laughter caused by the triple execution which took place behind me, I thought I could hear the horses' footsteps travelling away from the brook, and then all was silent.

"Time fled, and with it the sun, who set and disappeared. Then came the twilight, and soon a few stars were twinkling in the sky. I crept softly out of my retreat, and cautiously stole up the river's bank. I listened—I looked in every direction—nothing. Not a sound, except the croaking of the frogs; not a living creature, except a few jackals prowling around poor Lakdar's body, which I found horribly mutilated, and flanked on each side by one of our eagles, also decapitated like himself. Having first made sure that I was quite alone, I wrapped up my cousin's body and head in my burnous, took it on my shoulders, and directed my steps towards the spot where we had fastened our ass in the morning. I found it in the same place, browsing the grass at the foot of the tamarind-tree. I made use of the rope which was twisted round my head to fasten my precious burthen more securely. I then marched straight across the plain in order to gain a pathway which ought to lead me to our douar before daybreak. I had continued my journey for about four hours without meeting with anything, but always followed by a small party of jackals, whom the smell of blood kept on my track, when the ass stopped short, pricking its ears, and trembling at every limb.

"I instantly perceived, not far before me, and on the path, a pair of shining eyes, as bright as burning coals. Accustomed to these sort

of encounters, I made haste to cut the cords which held Lakdar's body on the ass's back. I hoisted it on my shoulders, as before, and struck across country, leaving the poor brute chained to the spot, by the effect of terror. When I was about a hundred paces off, I heard a noise which sounded like the fall of a heavy body violently dashed to the ground; then a sort of rattling in the throat; and then, nothing. The lion had accepted the sacrifice which I offered him. I was reassured on my own account, and after making a considerable circuit, I regained the path which I had left."

The story ends with the vengeance which Abdallah and his friends took on the murderers. This was as ample and complete as the most merciless barbarian could desire.

TWELVE MILES FROM THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WE are no Cockneys down here. For miles between us and the first tokens of the great city cattle find pasture, and the plough is driven a-field. There is a story of a soldier who once heard the great clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen times, from his post some twenty miles off, and, being accused of sleeping at midnight, was enabled entirely to clear himself by proving that the clock of Saint Paul's did actually, in some eccentric fit, strike thirteen times upon the night in question. But however this may have been, no one ever heard the clock of Saint Paul's in our village, let the air be ever so humid, or the wind from that quarter ever so gusty; and we are quite sure that Bow bells are out of the question. There is not a boy in all Rutstead parish who would not take off his jacket upon this question, and the old people have a horror of metropolitan habits, which no man out of Rutstead could rightly understand. We have a figurative expression that the Londoners live by cutting one another's throats, which principally refers to their commercial rivalries; but Miss Bunbury, for one, does literally believe it. At the Guy Earl of Warwick, which we call familiarly the Guy, you may generally hear some one in the parlour discoursing of our intercourse with the metropolis in pre-railwayite-days, when as many as thirty coaches, besides vehicles of other kinds, used to pass our doors within the twenty-four hours, startling the inhabitants with noisy horns, or the cheers of school-boys going home. But they have dwindled down to a single carrier's cart—a creaking, dawdling, bony-horsed thing, which rings a cracked bell as it passes through the place, evidently on its last wheels. Our last stage-coach only ceased running a few winters ago. It was a remarkably comfortable conveyance, when it did not turn over upon the brink of the chalk-pits (which the parish, by large majorities, declines to rail in); and if the railway had come near us, instead of stealing all

our traffic, and leaving us at last in the lurch, it would have had no chance against it. I am quite sure of that; and why? Because we all knew the coachman, and would never have dreamed of withdrawing our support (we never regard any of our dealings but in the light of a support to somebody or something); while the man was civil; and he was invariably civil, and, moreover, had a large family. He was a thin man, with a wrinkled face, and short, grey hair, who did duty sometimes as a post-boy, in a blue jacket and white cords, and drove people at weddings; but was as unlike my idea of a jolly old coachman as any one I ever saw; though he was not out of keeping with the faded and contracted aspect of coaching in those latter days. He was related to two well-known jockeys, and would have gone into that line himself if he had been a trifle lighter, or had been capable of any reduction in flesh by the usual process of sweating down. But he was a real coachman, full of the traditions of the road, and as ignorant of what time of day you might mean by eight forty-five, as if you had spoken of a decimal fraction. His time for starting was a quarter before nine; but if any passenger happened to be shaving at that moment, what gentleman could reasonably refuse to wait about a little? John Jarvis was his name upon that road which knoweth him no more; for he is dead, and Mrs. Jarvis has got into an almshouse; and the large family have gone out to service; and even the coach, after a struggle with the heavy roads and high prices of one winter, now lies abandoned in a wheelwright's yard, cracked, paintless, broken-windowed, and with a rich crop of moss and houseleek upon its mouldering roof.

When the railway proposed to come near us, we passed resolutions at the Guy, and instructed a lawyer to oppose. The coaching interest, which comprised one-half of the inhabitants, said, of course, that there was abundant accommodation already; and the rector said that the railway would bring down all the loose characters in London on Sundays, and take all the respectable people in the village up to town: and Mr. Grinstone, the great landed proprietor, declared that scarcely any sum of money could compensate him for the injury and annoyance he would have to suffer if the hateful scheme were carried out. We raised such a cry, that I verily believe our village was the cause of the railway engineer suddenly striking out a new course through the marshes, on the other side of a ridge of hills. Nobody repents of that opposition, except Mr. Grinstone, who is now known to have been willing all along to capitulate on advantageous terms. But the country itself is staunch and true. Gentlemen in the House of Commons, in whom we were once proud to recognise an exalted embodiment of our opinions, have deserted our cause again and again; but we are unchanged.

What those opinions are, no man who is skilled in the interpretation of hints and signs could fail to know, after remaining an hour among us. Ask old Nelby, the job-master, and proprietor of the solitary fly that stands for hire in these parts, and who has the gouty and lame completely at his mercy. He is not saucy (nobody in our village is), but he knows what is usual, and consequently what is right. Four shillings has been the fare from the corner of Guttlebury Lane to the Black Lion in Swillstead, ever since he can remember; and he has repeatedly said, in the parlour of the Guy, and in the presence of a strongly sympathising audience, that he would not take his own father for a sixpence less. No more he would; for I have seen him, even when driving back empty, and without the hope of another offer, refuse to take up a dusty Londoner, who ignorantly tendered him three-and-six as an ultimatum. A chit! chit! to his highly respectable old grey horse was the only answer which he deigned to make to that ill-advised proposal.

If this does not give you an idea of our opinions, you can ask Chaffers, who had the folly and impudence to come over from Buffborough (a good three miles), on purpose to set up a branch grocery-store in our village, where he was neither born nor reared, and had no influence nor connections whatever. He tried to wean us from dealing with Pidden (as kind-hearted a creature as ever breathed, and worth money), by writing up Town Prices in his window, and putting up a sunblind, and having the footway in front of his door watered every day. He had the meanness to offer to undersell Pidden in everything. He put in his window pinker ham than Pidden's—having found out that ham was Pidden's weak point—and showed loaf-sugar at sixpence, of a dazzling purity. He offered new-laid eggs at a shilling a-dozen (Pidden, who keeps fowls, has let many a dozen get musty, rather than do it); and pretended to grind his coffee fresh every day, because he had heard that Pidden, who knew there was a time for all things, always ground his for the week, on Monday mornings. He tried to outdo poor Pidden in everything, and has had as many as four candles all burning at once in his shop. But a universal sympathy grew up for Pidden. We could not tamely see him crushed by a stranger, who had no business there. It was cruel, scandalous; it was mean, despicable, untradesmanlike; it was anything and everything but staunch and true. We found out Chaffers' paltry little handbills stuck up on the sides of barns, and on fences and posts all along the highway, and we daubed them out, or wrote offensive remarks beneath them. We taunted him with wanting to take the bread out of Pidden's mouth, and would be glad to know (and we felt it to be our business to inquire, and Chaffers' to explain) how

Pidden was to keep his two unmarried daughters in respectability, and pay rent and taxes upon town prices? Chaffers only came over from Buffborough three times a-week; some said he was ashamed to show his face there. People made observations upon his personal defects, and said that he looked a sneak, and that you could generally tell. We found out that his wife had an income of her own (Pidden's late wife had not a farthing, and cost him a fortune in doctors); so we said it was plain that he did not do it from necessity, but evidently from downright greediness. I am sure we were much more concerned about it than Pidden himself, who disdained to employ the arts of his opponent, but left himself confidently in the hands of his neighbours and customers; and no wonder; for he flourished under it amazingly. Everyone grew extravagant in grocery, to give Pidden a turn. Even old Miss Bunbury, who had learnt frugality in the days of the East India Company and convoys, would shake a third spoonful into the teapot, with a remark that trade would be the better for it, meaning, of course, Pidden's trade. Chaffers' representative was a silly-looking, florid young man, who wetted his red hair, and brushed it all off his forehead. Our boys used to look through the window, and make faces at him, and he always laughed, in a weak, sheepish manner, which showed that he was ashamed of his position there. We did not dislike the young man at all; but when we heard he was miserably underpaid we pitied him, and learned to distinguish between him and Chaffers. He told us frankly that he did not like the place, and Chaffers was no better than a negro-driver; though he was always so afraid that the tyrant would drop in upon him from Buffborough, that it was quite painful to talk to him. But it did not last long. One day, Chaffers suddenly discharged the florid young man; and Pidden, with a calm dignity, unalloyed with the smallest atom of vindictiveness, saw, from his shop-window, all the unsold stock go back to Buffborough, in a van.

After this, I need scarcely say that we have the strongest dislike to meanness or shabby dealings of any kind. Nobody likes Spokes, the wheelwright, for example, who employs a number of boys, while men with families continually ask him for employment; and who is always taking in people who never served their time to the trade. And what do you suppose we thought of Mr. Simmer, the new curate, who actually (it was when the bread was so dear) told John Hitchman, a poor labouring man, down the lane, with nine children, to let his wife know that stinging nettles boiled down with a little dripping, made a very wholesome and palatable dish? John Hitchman told them all about it at the beer-shop, and it came to the ears of everybody, and we said it was infamous. It was

telling a Christian man, who had brought up nine children for his country's benefit, to betake himself to the food of brutes. Nay, the very donkeys on the common shrank from contact with the odious weed which a Christian minister had not hesitated to recommend as a fit nourishment for the bodies of his poor parishioners. Was the fleshy teneament of an immortal spirit to be kept up upon stinging nettles? We asked how the Reverend Mr. Simmer would like to have his tongue, and palate, and throat irritated to inflammation by stinging nettles? and did not care a pin for his answer, that he had tried and found them very good. We know how grandees, like the Reverend Mr. Simmer, having made an appointment to taste the workhouse soup, always found it excellent, and talk lightly of the labours of bricklaying, after setting first stones with a silver trowel. We made observations on his conduct in a loud voice when he happened to be near. We stared so hard at him, when he accidentally alluded to Nebuchadnezzar in his sermon, that he drew out his delicate white cambric handkerchief, and made such a long pause, that everybody thought the sermon was done. John Hitchman happened to be there that day (he attended church regularly during the excitement), sitting in one of the free seats, wiping his forehead with a tattered, blue, cotton rag; and everybody was struck with the contrast, and made his own reflections. Public opinion chalked itself upon the walls of Mr. Simmer's house; till one day the rector told him, that without any reference whatever to the merits of the case, it was unfortunately evident that he was not popular in the parish, and that he must therefore see the necessity of resigning. So he went away; and his true character came out afterwards, when he published a book on population, which competent judges residing in the parish have pronounced to be a disgrace to him as a minister and a man.

Spry, the policeman, who lives up-stairs, at the shoemaker's, is equally the object of our contempt and detestation. It is nothing to us that the mere presence of Spry makes our property as safe as if it were under guard in the Tower of London. We will grant you that, under the protection of old Cumpston, the late constable of the parish, the very doors of our houses, and the gates of our gardens, have been unhinged and carried away for fire-wood; and nobody dared to go down Guttlebury Lane after dark; for self-interest does not blind us to what is mean and unmanly. We all hate Spry, and never miss an opportunity of reviling him as a pitiful fellow and a sneak. He never looks you in the face, like an honest man; and has a nasty, shuffling, sidelong walk, which particularly annoys Miss Bunbury, who always speaks of him as that reptile Spry, and who, though she did reluctantly call him in one night, turned him out again the moment she

had discovered that there were no thieves in her back kitchen, but only a stray bantam from the next garden. We have seen him in plain clothes peeping through the crevice of the tap-room door of the Guy; and have watched him standing in the sun, with his back to a wall, lazily cutting a whistle out of a bit of reed, and everybody knew that the artful fellow had some business in hand. We have come upon him in out-of-the-way places, and have suddenly found him walking beside us, in a manner that makes your blood run cold. There is not a boy in our part that would associate with Spry; but he does not care for that. Since he managed to get noted for promotion as an active and intelligent officer, he calls us all civilians, and seems to enjoy his own isolation.

But we have another quarrel with Spry, which I will just mention, in further illustration of our opinions. Spry was originally no more a policeman than you are. He is by trade (as we always express it) a cooper. His father was a cooper; his grandfather was a cooper; and the Sprys have all been coopers (except one, who went to sea), ever since they came into the village. But this Spry actually deserted the calling of his ancestors, and, on the shabby excuse that coopering wasn't what it used to be, entered the police force, and lost caste among us for ever. Now, if Spry's father had been a policeman—if he had been the son of Cumpston, the late constable, who died childless, at an advanced age; or if he could have shown the slightest relationship with any person whose business it had been to prowling about, and take his neighbours into custody, we might have endured it, and come to look upon him as a necessary institution in a corrupt state of society. But Spry had no such excuse, or did not care to mention it, if he had. He does not care a fig for the example of the coaching interest, who are true to their calling, to a boy. They hang about the steps of the Guy, and loiter round its moss-grown, broken-windowed outbuildings, still clinging with a fanatical faith to the hope of the final disappearance of railways, and triumphant restoration of four-in-hands. Their linen jackets are in tatters, and their shoes are soleless; but there they lie, on sunny days, basking under the red-brick wall, or fast asleep in shady corners. But see them if a cart or chaise should stop there! Only a fortnight ago, there drove up to that door a dusty four-wheeled vehicle, containing one lean gentleman, who, to the wonderment of all, desired to stay there for the night. Then the coaching people sprang upon their feet, and came about him; and four of them unharnessed his rough, shaggy pony, and led him tenderly in; and two held the traveller's carpet-bag, and one his whip; while the traveller himself went in, and was swallowed up in the gloomy vastness of that ancient hostelry. He must have been a strange man,

for he decided to stay there a whole week, giving, by his single presence, an unwonted stimulus to the trade of our village. Great, therefore, was the grief of all when he went away. The coaching interest looked after him till the diminished forms of pony, chaise, and man, disappeared over the hill-top, and the sound of his wheels died away. Will he ever come again? Some think he will; but others shake their heads, and say it may be many a day first. But they will wait patiently, and so will the Guy. Its bar has contracted, and its whole life shrunk into one dismal corner of the building. But its fifteen beds are still made up, and, we are proud to say, that its extensive accommodation for man and beast has never been reduced.

I do not know whether it be a natural consequence of our steady adherence to those principles, which I have faintly indicated; but it appears to me that all the inhabitants of Rutstead, either make money and die well off, or else live in great poverty and dependence, till after going into the union and coming out again, and hovering about that splendid building, like dazzled moths, are finally drawn into it, and slowly consumed. Our chemist, who sells human-medicine and horse-medicine, besides tobacco, pepper, and other articles of domestic use, is publicly known to have made money in that dusty and deserted shop of his. He is not an active man; he spends more time in picking pimples on his face, than in anything else; and he has a wife who gets dirty, dog's-eared Minerva Press novels from a sweet-stuff shop across the road, and reads them again and again; and, addressing the unknown author of *A Year and a Day*, in four volumes, writes in pencil, at the foot of his most eloquent chapters, "Oh, why wert thou not a poet!" She is no help to him in the business, and he mildly observes that some people like a shop, while others never take to it! How he made money with such notions, I know not, but everybody knows he has. So has Grimshaw, the butcher, though I never saw four joints hanging up at once in his clean-swept shop, which, with the tree before the door, and its footway paved with pebbles, is as pretty a place as you will find in our neighbourhood. He never ventures to expel the vital spark—which he professionally regards as a something which keeps sweet the flesh of sheep or bees—until he has gone round on horseback to all his customers, and satisfied himself that their united orders amount to a whole animal. Again, there is Groyne, the builder, who owns half the houses within five miles round, and who is a staunch upholder of our principles,—as sturdy a defender of his right to build for every one within that distance as the heart of our village could desire. He smokes, and plays at bowls and skittles, at the Guy, and boasts in his cups that he can buy and sell Grinstone, the landed proprietor, and shouts it out

loud enough to be heard by Grinstone, in his pillared mansion over the way; and I have no doubt he could, though he never cared a pin for poor Richard's maxims, and, as far as I can see, ought to have been bankrupt long ago. He is a notorious gormandiser, though only for the public benefit. Live and let live, he says, is his notion; and, when he is stuffing more than usual, he will keep repeating that noble-spirited maxim, and will give it you on every occasion with such an air of being then struck with the idea for the first time in his life, that if any one at the same table hurled one of the dishes at his head in a moment of rage, I could understand it. There is such a disagreeable self-possession about him, when he is not eating—such an embarrassing air of knowing what you are going to say, and smiling deprecatingly before you say it, that I abhor him from my soul. Why should that man flourish, and have the gout for weeks together, when Spokes, the wheelwright, works early and late, and cannot make both ends meet; and poor, old Mrs. Weeks has forty-three direct descendants, all living, who could not, altogether, prevent her selling her old walnut chest of drawers, and antique piece of needlework, and going into the union at eighty-five?

But if I were in the mood for asking peevish questions about what I see and know in our village, this paper would never come to an end. I might desire to know why beggars enjoy so sacred a character among us, and know it so well, that we dare not say our gardens are our own. They open our gates, and come round and bully us at our back doors, and even quote Scripture at us, until we tremble in our shoes. Why does a tyrannical public opinion compel us to bear this meekly, and forbid us to send them up the lane to Mr. Colewort, the market gardener, who is generally in want of hands. I might ask why we have four chapels and a Mormonite cobbler's, where the elect meet nightly, and whence, in long processions, singing merry hymns to vulgar tunes, they go forth to publicly baptise grown men and women in a horse-pond by the roadside, and not a solitary school within two miles. And if I did not know this last fact to be true, I might ask why we are so prejudiced and ignorant—so proud of being out of the sound of Bow bells, and so united to resist all projects of improvement—why, within twelve miles from the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, London, we nail horseshoes over doors, and have a public excitement about a ghost now and then—or why poor widowed Mrs. Cottle, when the Mormon elders met together and formally cursed her for some trifling disobedience, went melancholy, and tried to hang herself, and failed at first; until, after moping about for months, she hung herself effectually; whereon, the wrathful elders met again, and were much edified but unappeased.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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HOBBIES.

HOBBIES are, in the intellectual and moral world, what horses are supposed to be in the material: you may judge of a man's (intellectual or moral) wealth by the number he affords to keep. I myself keep a stable-full of fifty; and this definition is the apple of the eye of one. It does not by any means express a commonly-received opinion. Why is that, when everybody, commonly, is so much in the right? It happens in this way: one man's hobby bores all those among his neighbours who are not so lucky as to have its match. When people are bored, they are unable to keep their judgments well in hand; they form opinions without patience, and at random; in fact, they misjudge. Thus it is that, in this matter, except when a man pronounces an opinion upon himself, there is no getting at truth and justice.

It so happens that Mrs. Stickleback—Mrs. Honor Stickleback, lady of Jehoiachim Z. Stickleback, Esq., myself, much at your service—Mrs. S. happens to have cherished, for the last two years, the noblest pair of piebald ponies; call them hobbies if you will. There is nobody upon earth by whom those ponies are understood and appreciated so completely as by Mrs. Stickleback; and they are maintained, let me add, wholly at her own expense, out of her private jointure. Let any feeling person judge how out of patience my dear lady was, when, some months ago, the house opposite ours, in Crotchet Place, was taken by a foreign person, Mrs. Inderella, who drives four cream-coloured—I was going to say mice. Since the turn-out first stood before our window, I have had, every day, mice for breakfast, mice for dinner, mice for tea. Were Mrs. Stickleback the owner of the creams, and Mrs. Inderella mistress of the piebalds, I know who would drive four-in-hand with passing state, and dash by the piebalds if she overtook them on the road, with the pride of a woman who is mistress of their betters. Now, when the ladies meet, each with her team in front of her, as it has been well said by the bard—

O gracious Muse!

What kindling motions in their breasts do fry!

And yet the ponies are good ponies, the whole six of them.

Even so are the hobbies of our neighbours good hobbies; a great many, no doubt, are blind, and some are lame; none are short-winded. But, after allowing an extreme percentage for disease (and the diseases of hobbies are worth studying), there remains enough to stock the country with a sound and wholesome breed.

Now, let me drop the material side of the argument, which is mere figure of speech, to become intellectual and moral. I maintain that a man's hobbies are his spiritual vertebrae, that they compose the back-bone and the marrow of his character. A man with a hobby or two, sleek and well kept, is well to do in his mind; is to that extent, although it may be in no other respect, mentally respectable. A man's hobby is the point upon which he is strong, and we respect strength. But it is more than that. Mrs. Stickleback, who derives her information from the lady's maid, knows the private affairs of most people living in our street. Let me then, profiting by her knowledge, put my case in the form of three or four examples.

As the attic windows and part of the roof at number seven Crotchet Place, were blown out into the road, only last Wednesday, that house is at present open to the dropping of a good deal of remark. Its master, Mr. Priestly Bomb, is stock-jobber; and, as we opine, from the number of anxious men, most of them young, who communicate their agitation to his knocker, he lends money at interest, and is much less warm in his heart than in his pocket. His whole manner of life is mean, and he looks mean: he is fat and bald-headed, the bald expanse being all roof, none of it wall; his skull above his eyes slopes up to a high point in the bump of veneration (which is large in him), so that I should be disposed, if I might, to call him gable-headed. He has pillows of fat under his sly little eyes, very large ears, a massive jaw, and dewlaps. This man is very warlike in his conversation. Russian acquisitiveness scandalises him. The Russian seizure of material guarantees he regards as infamous. As X. Y. Z., he has sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calling it conscience-money, a large balance of income-tax, for property that had not been accounted for in former years. He pays up now to the uttermost mite, and his hobby is to bring the

powers of chemistry to bear, in some terrific way, against the public enemy. I have heard him, at a dinner-party, argue very well to prove that if we can send messages by lighting from one part of the world to another, there is no reason why we should not be able, in a few years, by a new arrangement of electric wires, to send a complete thunder-storm to any part of Europe. Already he is sure that if he had wire enough provided him by government, to reach from Crotchet Place to St. Petersburg, that if the Czar would only stand on a glass stool, at the other end, and put his head near to a jar provided for the purpose, he could sit in his own parlour and destroy the tyrant. He believes that a Powder Plot could easily be organised by the secret addition of a few branches to the existing wires of the electric telegraph, which he would have carried by some conspirators residing in the Russian capital, by secret passages, into a barrel of gunpowder, placed under the imperial throne. The Czar might then at any time be blown up in the presence of his court and people. Our neighbour grants us, however, that these are crotchets upon which—as there are difficulties in the way of their satisfaction—he is not so impractical as to dwell. What he thinks can be done, and what he is endeavouring to find out the right way of doing, is one of those simple things about which everybody when he hears of it wonders that it had not long since occurred to himself. It is the scuttling of Cronstadt and destruction of St. Petersburg, by means of an artificial earthquake. He is always trying to make earthquakes, and that is his hobby. Before poor Cocking fell a victim to his hobby, that parachutes ought to be built bottom upwards, he satisfied his mind by witnessing the descent of a model of his model—something smaller than a lady's bonnet—from the top of the Monument. P. B. produces model earthquakes on a larger scale. He has removed his servants' beds into the back drawing-room and parlour, and has filled the whole range of his attics with a bed of earth. Earthquakes on the ground-floor, still more at the basement, would be liable to bring the house about his ears. Up-stairs, he can make them in comparative security. His design is, when the recipe is found, to send out the ingredients for a large earthquake by the Baltic fleet. He means to present his secret to the country, and charge only cost price for his chemicals.

But, it will be asked, what do I make of this man Bomb for the advantage of my theory? A despicable fellow, who preys on the ruin of his neighbours, and whose hobby is to discover how he may achieve a ruin on the largest scale. So far as he goes, I say, my case is proved by him. He has no sign of a moral nature, and his intellectual employments, apart from the chemical researches, are all of the very basest. His hobby alone, though utterly absurd in itself, saves him

from contempt. In obedience to that, he has laboured to cultivate his stupid brain; has read volumes of physical geography and experimental science; has dipped for earthquakes into books of travel. If he knows anything worth knowing, it is to his hobby that he owes his information. This is the real source of what little respect he earns for himself fairly in society.

Now let me take a much less extreme case. At number eleven Crotchet Place—the large centre house—the tenant is a wealthy city merchant. He is a man of the kindest disposition, but hopelessly obstinate, and full of prejudices of all sorts. He is quick at wrath, and though the passion is soon over, he punctually does, when of his usual mind, whatever he may have threatened to do when beside himself. He disinherited, upon a point of prejudice, his only son in favour of a young nephew Tom, who, as a favourite of Mrs. Stickleback's, has spent many a week with us. "I hate going to Uncle Timothy's," Tom used to say, "though he expects me every other Sunday, and gives famous dinners, and don't mind my liking three glasses of wine. I hate his garden, and I hate his pigs, and I hate his rabbits, and I wish he had been black-balled when he was put up for master by the Dollmakers' Company." The fact is, that the hobby of Mr. Timothy Branbody—he is a wholesale toymen—is his garden. I believe it to be a fact—and if a fact, it is a very curious one—that, as every man's hobby stands in some relation to his temper, the hobby of an obstinate man, who is, at the same time, amiably disposed, is gardening; and that if he be also passionate, the said hobby commonly includes poultry, rabbits, or some such domesticated creatures. Let the caviller against this theory take notice for himself. I am an old man now, and I have devoted myself to the investigation of this subject from my childhood up. Let me have an opinion. The phenomenon is to be accounted for in this way. To be obstinate, is to be determined to do as one likes; now, in a man's garden, he has only submissive material to work upon. If he object to weeds, they come out at his pull; if he must say to a tree, You shall not have that branch, he has only to take a saw or pruning-knife, and cut it away. Nothing resists: everywhere he has his will, and (what especially makes gardens dear to obstinate men who are kind-hearted) he can fill his day with acts of despotism, and yet go to bed knowing that he has inflicted upon nothing hurt or pain with the reproach of which there comes a wound upon his feelings or his conscience. As to the other part of the case, if it be a truth, as I take it to be, that the passionate but amiable man is apt to include some domesticated animals among his hobbies, it may be that the temper which so constantly provokes the hot blood of other people into conflict takes pleasure in encour-

tering such living things as never use the little power of retort they have ; and knowing, or appearing to know, nothing of the passion, half suggest to the faulty that he has no fault. I do not mean in any way to affirm that gardeners and fowl-keepers are a good sort of folk given to stubbornness and wrath. But folk of that sort, I believe, are apt to take for hobbies gardening and the cherishing of fowls, rabbits, ducks, or pigs. All green is colour, but all colour is not green.

If there be truth in this hypothesis, it was quite natural in Mr. Branbody to fill up his nephew's time between morning service and a four o'clock dinner with a grand tour of the garden, including detours to the rabbits, cows, and pigs, which, for a hungry boy, was cold work on a grey, damp winter's day. When dinner-time arrived, there was, said Tom, hobby the rabbit to be eaten in pie, hobby the pig in loin or ham,—that he did not so much mind. Uncle Timothy eating his own hobbies is simple bliss ; and, when their bones are picked and the dessert arrived, there is an after-dinner hobby to assist the happy host's digestion :—The past-mastership of the Dollmakers' Company. But what is that dear conversational hobby, more than an expression of the natural delight of an upright and simple-hearted man, in the esteem and confidence of worthy fellow-citizens ?

Now, I affirm, that with all the social respect due to Mr. Branbody, the back-bone of his intellectual and moral nature consists of his hobbies. In his garden, telling his friends of his azaleas and tulips, he is his best self, amiable, happy, clever. No doubt, he is master of the toy-business, but out of that—and into that none of his friends follow him ; out of that, he knows little or nothing, beyond what he has learnt for his hobbies' sake. But he is an intellectual giant upon the subject of horticulture, and upon the natural history of both rabbits and cochin-china fowls. If he had not had a hobby to sustain him, his son might have died unforgiven. The boy was cast out, and took to the sea. Abroad, he collected strange seeds ; and, when he came home, sent them to his father, with a rabbit from Patagonia, Kamtchatka, or I know not what far place ; it had a surprising tail. This did not brush away the quarrel. The old man was obstinate, though he, perhaps, did in his heart relent a little ; but, after a time, the strange rabbit became a father. Three rabbitings, all with surprising tails—an unique breed—were a peace-offering to move the stubbornest of hearts. Branbody, junior, now is, what he ought to be, his father's right hand man. He understands perfectly the management of foreign animals of all sorts. Nephew Tom is no longer required to offer himself up for martyrdom before the hutchers. Who will deny, then, that if Branbody is a good fellow to the back-bone, and a clever fellow, in some respects, he owes it to his hobbies. May he live long to enjoy them !

Now, let us take number nineteen—Well, I won't. Though I am on a hobby of my own, and ought not to be taken off abruptly, and, indeed, have not said my say, or taken up all threads of my discourse, I won't say a word more. There are peremptory orders given from the head-quarters of this journal that no reader is to be bored. The fault would be in the reader, if I bored him ; but we will not discuss that. Except, indeed, to sum the matter up, by putting it in this way. Unless a man can be choice in the selection of his company, must he not want strength of character, if nobody can ever say of him, "Now, he is off upon one of his peculiar hobbies, and becomes a bore ?" Ought we to trust a man who does not keep a hobby ? Ought we to like a man who never is a bore ? My answer is, No. Many a thing ruthless to hear is good to speak ; and, it is not seldom the best part of a man, that, in the utterance, he most sorely tries his neighbour's patience.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

THE excitement and disappointment of the last few days, added to the craziness of a constitution broken by dissipation, struck Andrew with a terrible fit of delirium tremens, from which it was thought he would never recover. He could not, therefore, make any opposition ; and Magdalen proved the will, and took possession of the property undisturbed, wondering why he never answered her letters nor acknowledged the remittances she sent him. In her own mind she determined that her brother should share equally with herself in her inheritance ; only she would not bind herself to this by any written deed or agreement, as she wished to reserve the right of distribution according to her own judgment and the circumstances of his family. She was uneasy at his silence, however, and more than once spoke of going herself to London, to see what was the matter. But Paul, who had a horror of scenes, and who dreaded anything like contest infinitely more than he hated oppression and wrong, persuaded her to remain quiet ; telling her that if there was ill in store for her, it would come soon enough, without her meeting it half-way, and that silence was the best thing that could happen between them. And, as Magdalen felt he was right, she remained in the country : calmer and happier as the sharpness of her sorrow wore away by time.

"A letter, miss !" said the servant, one day, bringing in a coarse-looking epistle sealed with a wafer and marked with a sprawling blot of ink. It was wet, too, with rain, and had been suffered to fall into the mud. Magdalen took it carelessly, thinking it was a circular or a begging-letter ; not at first recognising the writing. But she soon

changed when she opened it and read the name at the end. It was written by Andrew, in a trembling straggling hand, as if he had indeed been very ill; but written with all the force and bitterness of his nature—as if death had never been near enough to teach him gentleness or reformation. It began by accusing her broadly of having “forged that pretended codicil.” It made no kind of hesitation in the matter. “For you know,” it said, “how well you can imitate my father’s handwriting. I have now in my possession letters—more than one—written by you, which any one would swear were more like his writing than that trumpery codicil you have attempted to palm off. I little thought, when I used to laugh at your innocent forgeries, that I should ever have to shudder at a forgery so vile and guilty as this. However, to spare you the inevitable ruin that must fall on you, I make you an offer, though an illegal one—compounding a felony—which would, if known, bring me into almost as bad a place as yourself. Yet, because you are my sister, I will run the risk, and commit this legal offence. I have some compassion still left for you, base, treacherous, and false as you have proved yourself to be. If, then, you will quietly give up possession of everything you hold now under your forged codicil, and content yourself with the fifty pounds a-year left you by the true will—and which, I must say, I think a very handsome provision for you—I will let the matter drop, and you shall never hear me allude to it again. I will even give you an asylum in my house, if you could bear to see the family you had so wickedly tried to ruin. If you do not accept this most generous offer on my part (by which I shall lose the fifty pounds a-year that would be mine on the detection of your guilt) I will at once put the matter into the hands of my friends, and you may defend yourself as you can. Your concealment of my father’s illness—telling me only when he was dead—your letters, written to me in imitation of his handwriting, will condemn you without a moment’s hesitation, or the hope of appeal. Beware! and think well before you refuse your only chance of salvation. If you reject my offer, be prepared to brave infamy and transportation; for you will find me inexorable. Take my advice as your brother and friend—still your friend, in spite of your evil conduct—and give up possession quietly. You will find that I am right. ANDREW TREVELYAN.”

Magdalen sat stupified. She could not at the first analyse her own feelings nor reason out her position. It was as if she had been suddenly branded with hot iron, the pain of which suddenly took away thought and power. But the numbness of that sudden terror soon passed. A strong nature like hers could not long remain prostrate beneath any shock. Indeed, the fiercer the blow the

fiercer would be the resistance. Her brother Andrew had not calculated well when he thought she would be conquered by the mere force of an accusation. Some of the nature of the father had passed into her also, and submission without a struggle was as impossible to her as the bending of a strong rod of iron by a child. But—what was she to do? for, after all, there was much to be considered beside her own temper. What was her position, and how should she act for her own honour and for the best in point of morals? She knew, of course, that the codicil had been written by her father’s own hand; that it was his express and deliberate will. She could not, therefore, give up her right without transgressing that will, which of itself—whether for her own advantage or against it—was a thing she would always hold sacred above everything else in the world. It was her father’s will that she was resolute to maintain, more than her own fortune. Then another, and this time a more selfish, side of the question:—This fortune enabled her to marry Paul. Without it she knew that their marriage was hopeless; at least, for many years to come. Unpractical to the last degree, visionary, poetic, generous, unreal, his love even for her would never make him practical and rational; never make him capable of earning a livelihood by an art which he asserted lost all its divinity so soon as it became venal. Had she then the right, waiving all other principles, to destroy the future of her betrothed by yielding to the false assumption of her brother? Was it not, on the contrary, her duty to take thought of him, if none of herself; and was she not justified in maintaining for him what, for very weariness, she might have been driven into relinquishing for herself alone? Again, a third consideration, and not a trifling one. If she gave up her rights without a struggle, would not the whole world say it was because she knew herself to be guilty, and was frightened at the thought of exposure? And how would she feel, even though innocent, when it was said of her that she had violated the will, betrayed the trust, and dishonoured the grave of the being she most honoured! No! The girl’s heart swelled and her eye flashed. No! She would defend herself, cost what it might. Innocent, she would maintain her innocence; and, justified in her inheritance, she would preserve it against all assaults. Let who could deprive her of it!

She crushed the letter in her hand with a strong and passionate gesture, and then sat down to write to her brother. The pen was long in her hand before the tumult within her subsided. When she did write her expressions were emphatic but calm. She distinctly refused to give up her rights: she denied the charge of forgery in two words; not deigning to discuss the charge; but she expressed her determination to defend her innocence to the last farthing of her estate,

and to the uttermost verge of her strength, body and mind.

While Magdalen was still quivering with excitement, like a young war-horse at the first sound of the trumpet, Paul came to her to pay her his evening visit. Ever loving, ever gentle and even feminine in his ways, he was more so to-day than usual. He wore an expression of thought and love so earnest, so unearthly, that he might have been a spirit or an angel come down to teach godliness and purity. But there was nothing which could teach them management or strength. His brown hair parted in the middle and falling quite to his shoulders in rich undulating tresses, his small, slender figure, his white hands, with those taper fingers and pink nails which speak the idealist, were all so womanly, that he might have been a woman dressed in man's clothes for all there was of masculine or powerful in his mind or person. Magdalen, on the contrary, tall, well-formed, perfectly organised, with well-shaped but rather large hands—the hand of a useful and practical person—resolute though quiet, and with that calm steady manner, different from coldness, which is usually the expression of strength,—standing there, nerved for a deadly combat, her nostrils dilated, her chest heaving, her hair pushed back from her broad full forehead, and the eyes flashing beneath their straight dark brows,—Magdalen, full of the passion and power of actual life, looked like a beautiful Amazon by the side of a young shepherd-boy. Certainly she did not look like the weak woman needing the protection of his arm, as is the received fable respecting men and women, whatsoever their characteristics.

"Magdalen, how glorious you look to-day!" said Paul, with fervour, taking her hand.

She looked at him quietly enough; but with a certain distraction, a certain indifference, which could not be reduced to words, but was easy to be felt by one who loved; and her hand lay passively in his.

"Come and sit by the window," he said, "we have so few days of sunshine left us now, so few moments of beauty before the winter, that we ought to make the most of them while they are here."

For it was the late autumn now, when the sunsets are so grand and the cloud scenery so glorious.

"You know, Magdalen, how I love to watch the sunset with you," Paul went on to say, "how I love to see the clouds pass through the sky, to read their vague words of promise, to shape from them bright auguries of the future, to feel that they are words passing between us, speaking to each of our love more beautifully than even loving words falling on the ear. And, when I turn and see your face lighted up with the same thoughts as have been burning in my heart; when I feel the glory of your great love round me, then, Magdalen, I feel that I have been prophetic in

my hope; an enthusiast but a seer as well. And you, Magdalen, do you not also dream of our future—of that beautiful future, once far off like a faint star on the horizon, but now a glorious temple, on the threshold of which our feet are already set? Do you never think of the time when sacred words shall add their sanctity also to our sacred love?—when the grand name of wife shall enclose and crown your life? Do no great loving thoughts burn through your heart as through mine, Magdalen, and seem to lift you up from earth to heaven?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen, dreamily. "Oh, yes! I often think of it." She spoke as if she thought of other things.

Paul looked at her wistfully for a moment; then, drawing the low stool on which he sat nearer—for it was his fancy always to sit at her feet—and pressing that unanswering hand yet more tenderly, caressing it as a child, with whom caresses cure all ills. Yet the fingers coldly fell on his, which throbbed in every nerve. He flung back the hair from his eyes, and with a visible effort looked up joyously as before.

"O, Magdalen!" he continued, "I cannot tell, even to myself, and still less to you, how much I love you; how my whole life and heart and soul are bound up in you, and how my virtue and inspiration own you also for their source! If you were taken from me, Magdalen, I should die as flowers die when they are cut from the stalk. I seem to draw my very being from you; and to have no strength and no joy but that which you give me. Are you glad, Magdalen, that I love you so much?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen wearily, "I am very glad."

"I feel, Magdalen, that we shall do such great things in life together!—that by your inspiration I shall be, in art, what no man of my time or generation has been, and what I could not have been without you. You are so beautiful, so glorious! O, what a great and solemn joy it is to me that you have brightened across my path—that I have had the grand task of leading and directing your mind, and that I have brought you out into the light from the mental shadow in which you formerly lived! What glorious lessons we shall give the world together! What an example we shall offer, for all men to follow and walk by!"

"What are we to do, Paul?" said Magdalen, not knowing exactly what to say; but seeing that her lover waited for an answer.

"Can you ask what we are to do? can you now, after all that I have said, be doubtful of our mission?" cried Paul.

"Why you know, Paul, you are never very definite," said Magdalen; who, having dashed into the middle of the truth unawares, was obliged to make the best of it now. She did not know where she got the courage to speak as she did; but it seemed to her an

easier thing to-day—she did not know why—to tell Paul that he was an enthusiast, than it had ever been before.

"My Magdalen!—but I must not chide you, love; I know that you have not reached my place of faith, from whose heights the world looks so small, and insuperable difficulties seem so easy. What is our mission? Is it not that I am to be the artist, the great artist of my day?—embodying thoughts which the world is too sceptical and material, too irreligious and God-forgetting to keep in daily view; giving back its true religion to my art; giving back its forgotten glory, and raising it from the dust where the iron heels of trade and scepticism have crushed it for so long?—is it not that I am to be the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of England? And you,—O, what will you not be in my glorious life! You will be its star, its love, its glory! When I am dead it will be written on my tomb, that this great artist was made great by love; that Magdalen, his queenly wife, had sat by his side as his inspiration, and his interpreter of the divine. Oh, Magdalen! Magdalen! do not doubt our mission, nor of the glorious manner in which we shall fulfil it; for we shall regenerate the art-world together! Apart we should be nothing; no, Magdalen, without me your strength would crumble into ashes, as mine would without you. We were made to be the leaders of our age, the founders of a new race, and of a higher generation. We were made to be the restorers of faith and love to art. Magdalen, we shall be all that man and wife can be together, and our lives shall be a deathless lesson of good and beauty to mankind. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Paul, I hope," said Magdalen; "but will you please let go my hand," for, in her present state of excitement, she could not bear the nervous irritation produced by his restless touch. It was as much as she could do to listen to his dreamy voice and vague visions, with composure. Those restless burning fingers passing perpetually over her hand, irritated her beyond her self-command.

"Do you not love me, Magdalen?" he said, letting her hand fall mournfully. His eyes filled with tears.

"Yes. I love you very much, and you know that I do; but it disconcerts me to have my hand held. And then yours is so unquiet."

"No expression of your love could annoy me, whatever it might be," said Paul, very sadly.

"Don't be vexed with me, dear Paul; we are more nervous on some days than on others, and to-day I am not very well."

"And does your love depend on your health, Magdalen? If I were dying, your caresses would be just as precious as in my best moments!" His eyes turned to the sky where the sun was sinking into darkness, and his lip quivered.

With a strange gesture, sudden and abrupt, feeling for the first time annoyed at being obliged to soothe him so like a child, Magdalen passed her hand across his hair with a caressing gesture—that still was hardly loving.

His tears grew larger, though now for joy, and fell fast and heavy on her lap. He took her hand, and kissed it eagerly.

Magdalen turned away. "I wish he were more manly, and did not cry so soon," she said to herself; "and O! how I wish that he was more of a man of the world, and understood the realities of life better than he does!"

In the terrible conflicts of real passion—in her first outstep into actual life—the vague and dreamy hopes of Paul; his impracticable assertions, his unreal romance, and the sufficiency to him of mere words—of the mere visions they called up, rose through the tumult in her own heart like the notes of an Æolian harp through the clang of martial music. They were very beautiful, but meaningless; without purpose or design; vague sounds, struck mournfully and at hazard by the passing wind. What she wanted then was some powerful manly practical adviser, on whom she could rely for real assistance. Paul's poetry was very lovely, but very unstable; and, in spite of all his assertions respecting the strength that he bestowed, Magdalen felt that a child would have been as useful in her present pass as he. He wearied her, too. Like a hungry man, she wanted substance, and he gave her only dreams and visions. She began to be conscious of his weakness; not confessedly conscious, but none the less really so; sensitive, tender as he was; easily wounded, easily soothed again by caresses; so living on words, and so satisfied with them; so certain that in the future—that future which never comes to the idealist—he would be touching pencil or brush, and spending his days in dreams and love-making; a power in art, yet seldom child-like in actual experience, but child-like in his vain belief that he had received all the teaching life could give him, and that he did not require further experience.

"No, no," Magdalen used to say to herself, "he is no guide nor strength to me."

Paul saw something of this feeling. He knew that his words often fell coldly on her ear, and that not a pulse of her calm, strong heart beat in unison with his, throbbing wildly at the future of fame and influence he was picturing. And soon he knew, too, that her character was developing itself in a direction away from him, and that her soul was disengaging itself from his. But he shut his eyes to that, and only suffered instead of acknowledging.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE proceeding to extremities, Andrew wrote again and again to Magdalen. Alter-

ing his tone with every letter ; sometimes sending threats, sometimes entreaties ; now endeavouring to terrify her into submission, and now to cajole her into complaisance. For a week this went on, not a day passing without a letter of one or the other character. When he did not insult her by evil names and foul suspicions ; when he did not wound her in every nerve of her woman's heart, and wring her pride till the sense of degradation became real torture, he appealed to her generosity in the most heart-rending terms, for the sake of his wife and family and the influence that his disinheritance would have on his world when known. It would be his death-blow. It was from death that he asked her to save him. Though perhaps that letter wound up with a fierce attack, and an intimation that to-morrow, without fail, he would send down a policeman and handcuffs.

Magdalen was peculiarly frank by nature ; yet she was not able to speak to Paul of the news which troubled her. She knew that he could not go through with it bravely, and she did not want the additional embarrassment of his weakness. If he sunk, as she was quite sure he would, under the first approach of such a gigantic trouble, she would have to support him as well as herself. That would complicate her troubles. So she said nothing, and bore her own burden in silence. But this was the beginning of sorrow between them. Pre-occupied, excited, and consequently irritable, her whole mind and soul bent on one thing only, and that of such fearful import as to overshadow every other portion of her life, Magdalen grew hourly more and more impatient of Paul's girlish tenderness and poetic reveries ; of his gentle bewailings, worse than impatient. He never complained, but he perpetually bewailed—in a dove-like fashion, without any expressed cause. He spoke always in a melancholy voice and on melancholy subjects ; he wrote sad verses, and wept much ; under any kind of emotion, whether joy or grief, tears were always in his eyes. He followed her about the house with a kind of mournful watching, as if he was afraid of something carrying her off bodily from before his eyes. He was for ever creeping close to her, nestling in, if she had left space on the sofa large enough for a sparrow to perch on. Then she would move farther away, with perhaps an apology. Then he would look hurt ; perhaps have a 24 of mournful sulkiness, which it was inexpressibly painful to witness. When that was passed, he would go to her with an air tenderly forgiving, and attempt some gentle caress ; and, when she repulsed him, as she generally did now—although she did not know why, his caresses annoyed her—he would either droop suddenly like a stricken bird, or stand like the lover in a melodrama who opens his vest and cries "Tyrant ! strike your victim !"—with that provoking kind of resignation which infers meek virtue on the

one side and hard barbarity on the other ! Or, with the temporary combativeness which belongs to weak natures, he would press any particular manifestation of love on her until he made her accept it, unless she had undertaken to discuss the matter openly, which was not desirable for either. So she would submit to his offered kiss, or suffer him to take her hand, or hold her waist and press him to her (they were just the same height, and she was much the stronger), with her teeth set hard and her nerves strung like cords. She felt sometimes as if she could have killed him when he touched her.

He came oftener than ever to the house ; and he had always haunted it like a spectre or an unladen ghost. But now he was never absent ; she was never alone, never free from him. She began to weary of him fearfully, and to feel that solitude was an unspeakable luxury. She was brought to the pass of feeling that, to escape from Paul Lefevre, her affianced lover, was one of the things most to be desired and attained in her daily life. He tried to lead her to talk of their marriage, and she turned pale instead. He spoke of the great things they would do in life together : and her lip curled contemptuously. He repeated again and again his own high hopes ; and she answered, "Dreamer ! to believe in a future of fame without endeavour ; content to say that you will be famous, while taking no means to become so ; dreaming away the hours which should be employed in action, and thinking that the will can do all things, even without translating that will into deeds ; enthusiast ! who of ideas makes realities, and of hopes certainties." This was but a sorry answer, however true, to the burning thoughts that did verily stand the young artist in place of deeds. They were finding out how little moral harmony there was between their natures, and how unfit they were for the real union of life.

Paul came one day, as usual, early in the morning. He used to run all the way from his lodgings to Oakfield, so that he always came in a terribly excited, heated, panting condition, which of itself irritated Magdalen. To-day he came, flushed and eager ; pouring out a volume of love as he entered, and for his greeting flinging himself at Magdalen's feet, embracing her knees, and calling her his morning star and his life. Magdalen had not slept all the previous night ; she too was excited, but in a different way—irritable and nervous. She would have given the world to be alone, but how could she send Paul away ? However, being there, she must make him reasonable. He spoke to her passionately and tenderly ; she answered him in monosyllables, her head turned away or her eyes on the ground. He took her hand, and she withdrew it, saying, "Dear Paul, leave me alone to-day, and do not touch me." He asked her if she had chosen the plain silk or

the flowered, for her wedding-dress? And she said "Neither," very coldly. "We have plenty of time before it comes to that," she added, with an accent that said of itself "I am happy to be able to say so."

Paul had long been choking with sobs, kept back with a wonderful amount of self-command, for him. But now, he suddenly gave way. A violent flood of tears burst from him as he exclaimed, "Magdalen! Magdalen! we are drifting fearfully apart. Tell me what you disapprove of in me; and trust me, my beloved, I will alter it, whatever it may be—were it to cut my very heart out—to please you!"

He sobbed so bitterly, that Magdalen was almost overcome too. For she had a real affection for him, if not quite the strength of love desirable between persons who are betrothed.

"Dear Paul," she said, gently, "I dare say I have been very much changed lately; but I have been suffering a great deal of misery, which I have not liked to tell you of. That is the only reason of my coldness. I know that I have been cold and changed, but then I have been harassed. Will you forgive me?" And she looked and spoke gently and lovingly.

"But why have you not told me, Magdalen?" cried Paul, still sobbing. "Why have you concealed anything of your life from me? Does not all belong to me now, Magdalen; and have I not the right to share your burdens with you? You have not done well to conceal anything from me."

"Perhaps I have not," answered Magdalen, kindly; "but I did it for the best, Paul."

"I know you did! I know you did! You *could* not do wrong. If ever you make a mistake, it is from a nobler motive than others have. But now, open your heart to me, Magdalen; it will do you good; and I will help you and support you!"

Magdalen glanced down at the upturned face, still flushed and suffused with tears; nervous, quivering, full of passion, but so weak; and a smile stole over her own calm, grand features—like the features of a Greek goddess—as she said to herself, "Support! from *him*!"

"My brother disputes the will," she said, suddenly. "He says that the codicil which you witnessed is a forgery; that I forged my father's handwriting, and that you were privy to it, of course. I can write like poor papa, as you know; and as I have often written letters to Andrew in jest, pretending that they came from poor papa, he has a strong case. On this fact, as the principal evidence against me—on the fact, also, of the codicil being written in a trembling hand, very unlike my father's firm distinct writing, he has founded his charge of forgery. Is it not painful?"

"But what are you going to do, Magdalen?" said Paul, who had become deadly pale, and was trembling.

"Dispute the point to the last inch of ground," she answered firmly.

He covered his face in his hands. "Are you obliged to do this?" he asked.

"No; I had a letter again to-day from my brother, offering, as he has done before, to withdraw his charge, and not proceed with the affair at all, if I will give up possession, and destroy the codicil. If I do not, he will have me arrested for felony."

"Magdalen!" That tremendous word, felony, had an overpowering effect on Paul; and he asked wildly, "You will not surely let it come to this?"

"What else can I do, Paul?"

"Give it all up to your brother—to the last farthing—your portion—all—rather than begin this unholy and most unfeminine strife."

"And what are we to do then, Paul, when I am a beggar?"

"What?—can you ask me, love? Hand in hand we will wander through the world; my art our aid, our love our consolation and protection. We shall not be deserted, Magdalen."

"What! give it up, Paul, and allow him and the world to believe me guilty?—be myself my executioner? I could not do that."

"Let them believe what they like, Magdalen. Does belief make truth? Are you not innocent? Who judges you but God? What is the opinion of the world, compared to the truth of your innocence, and the reality of Heaven's favour? Magdalen, take my advice—do not enter into this contest. Give it all up without a struggle. Come to me!—my arm shall uphold you, my heart shall shelter you."

"That is very well in words," said Magdalen, a little coldly; "but you know that in reality it means nothing. If I give up this property, we give up all hope of our union. We have nothing for our support but this; what would you do, then?"

"My art," said Paul. "Have I not said so already?"

"Your art? how can you rely on that? Have you not always said that you could not paint for money, and that so soon as you began anything like a commission, you lost all power and inspiration? Have you not again and again congratulated yourself on this good fortune, as giving you the power of painting for fame, and the regeneration of mankind?" And Magdalen's lip slightly curled.

"But if necessary, and if I could not support you, I would postpone our marriage to an indefinite time, Magdalen, rather than that you should do wrong to your nature."

"And you think a manful defence of my just rights a wrong act, Paul?"

"Against a brother—yes."

"Then must we submit to any oppression and tyranny whatsoever, rather than defend ourselves? Is this a man's creed?" Mag-

Magdalen was speaking now with somewhat undisguised contempt.

"Yes!" said Paul, his lips quivering, "I would rather you submitted patiently and woman-like to any wrong than that you came out into the open day to defend yourself. The publicity! The disgrace! You—you, my queenly Magdalen, in the criminal's place; gazed at by the coarse rabble; spoken of by the licentious press; your beauty commented on; your innocence made the theme of arguments and doubt, bandied about from counsel to counsel; tormented, insulted; looked at by bold eyes—never! never! Magdalen, it would break my heart! It would be such degradation to you, as I could never bear. For I am jealous of you for your own sake!"

"Is not this rather childish?" said Magdalen. "Have you no more sense of justice—of justice to one's self—of innate dignity, and the worth which cannot be lessened by any outward act? Are you not frightening yourself with words as much as you sometimes flatter yourself with words, when you say that you will protect and support me, and live by your art? I know what the future would be, better than you know, Paul. I am neither so good nor so enthusiastic as you, but I am more rational, and I think I understand real life better than you."

"Magdalen! I am losing you!" was all that Paul could say, as he sunk upon the sofa, nearly suffocated with tears.

"Dear Paul, be reasonable," said Magdalen, more tenderly; "what can you expect from me, a woman of strong will, and holding my father's wishes as the most sacred things on earth, but the determination to uphold my right and fulfil his intentions? If every time in our lives I differ from you in opinion, and even in action, it would never do ever for me to yield to such a terrible fit of despair as this, Paul," and she tried to smile. "This will never do!"

"Magdalen—darling wife—do with me as you will! Only love me, be gentle with me, stay near me, and do then as you will, even with my conscience! Arrange my life as you like. I am passive in your hands."

"Your conscience?" said Magdalen. "I am not dealing with your conscience, nor your life, excepting in so far as it relates to my own. What I do is in my own affairs, and the responsibility, both social and moral, is on my own head only. I do not associate you in any way with it, nor lay a feather's weight upon you!" She did not mean to speak proudly, and yet she did.

He raised his head. "Do as you will," he repeated. "Only love me, and let the rest go!"

"This is my protector," thought Magdalen, standing a little apart and looking at him mournfully. "A weak, poetic boy of intellect, but of no power; of thought, but of no real force of action. And I——" she

laid her hand on her bosom heaving with emotion, "and I must be strong enough for both, and never let him nor the world know that I regard him but as a petted child, whom I must soothe by caresses, and from whom I must guard the truth.

This discussion had no good effect on either of them. Magdalen could not overcome the impression left by Paul's tears on her. She never thought of him now without associating him with an hysterical fit; which is neither a pleasant nor a dignified association of ideas with any man, more especially the man who is to be the lord and master. Her manners grew colder; and, with her coldness came, a certain shadowy assumption of superiority; a certain vague expression of contempt, which cut Paul to the soul. Yet he felt that he deserved both. But his unhappiness did not add to his strength. He daily became more unhappy, daily more hysterical. His health suffered, his finely chiselled features became like the beauty of a heart-broken angel; his lips were painfully contracted, and so were his brows; and his eyes—those large, tender, liquid blue orbs—were never wholly free from tears, even while he forced himself to smile, in such a ghastly fashion as imposed on none but himself. When Magdalen scolded him for being miserable, he smiled in this awful way, and asked her what more she wanted?—and didn't she see how happy and joyous he was?

In the midst of this painful state of things, Andrew, seeing that nothing could be done either by menace or entreaty, suddenly resolved on extreme measures. In one of his drunken fits of fury, when he was more like a demon than a man, he procured a warrant for the apprehension of his sister on a charge of forgery; and ten minutes after it was granted by the magistrate, a police officer was despatched to that still quiet country house where he, the prosecutor, was born, to bring to a felon's trial the playmate of his early years, and the friend of his manhood—his only and defenceless sister.

It was in the grim autumn twilight when Magdalen and Paul heard a carriage pass through the lawn gates, and drive up to the house. Paul had been unusually doleful all the day, for Magdalen had been unusually absent in her manners. She had expected a letter from her brother as usual; and, not receiving one, anticipated some evil, and was thinking how she should best meet it. Paul, who referred all things to love, wondered why she was not soothed by his caresses. He thought it unkind in her to refuse them, and unloving to doubt their power. He had been troublesome, and tearful; and Magdalen had been provoked into more than one harsh speech, and more than one look of intense weariness, which had not mended matters, even as they stood. When she heard the carriage-wheels, for a moment her heart sank within her: she felt what they brought, she

knew what they foreboded. And, when a strange voice was heard in the passage, asking for her, and a tall, resolute-looking man was ushered into the drawing-room—which he seemed instantly to take possession of by the first glance of his eye—she knew without a word passing between them that he was an officer, and had come to arrest her.

"I am very sorry, miss," he said, in an off-hand kind of way, but with great kindness of manner, too—as much kindness, that is, as an officer with a warrant against you in his pocket can show. "It is a painful office I have been obliged to undertake; but I am compelled to fulfil my duty."

"Yes," said Magdalen, quietly; she had risen as the man entered. "Of course you must do your duty."

The officer pulled out a piece of paper. "Here is a warrant for your arrest," he said, "on a charge of forgery; at the suit of your brother, Mr. Andrew Trevelyan. I am afraid, miss, I must ask you to trouble yourself to come along with me."

"Where?" said Magdalen, not moving a muscle of her countenance—only placing her hand on her heart by a simply instinctive action.

"Before a magistrate first, miss, and then, perhaps, to prison," said the officer, respectfully. "You may be able to find bail, and I hope you will."

"I will ring the bell," answered the girl, still calm, "and yet resolute, "and order my maid to prepare what will be necessary for me. Will you not sit down? And may I not offer you some refreshment?"

Paul had sunk back in a stupor when he heard what errand that muffled stranger had come upon. But, when Magdalen, having given her orders, turned to him and spoke to him as quietly as if nothing had happened, he started up and flung himself on his knees, beseeching her to give up everything, to sign anything, confess to anything, rather than submit to this terrible trial. Oh, that she would listen to him! Oh, that she had but listened to him when he had first spoken! that she had had courage to prefer a life like the brave old troubadours of a better time—the heroic artists of the day when art was heroism—to this fearful scepticism of to-day; and had trusted to Providence and him! Oh, that his life could buy her safety! that he could deliver her by some heroic deed that should not only free her, but stir men's hearts to bravery and nobleness to the latest time! And then he sobbed afresh; and the nerveless arms, which were to stir the world, fell weaker than a weak girl's round her.

"Hush," said Magdalen, gravely; "do not distress yourself so painfully! You know that I am guiltless; be sure then that I shall be proved so. Do not fret; do not agitate yourself. You, who trust so in truth and God, will he not defend the innocent, and will

not my truth be of itself sufficient to protect me?"

"No, no, Magdalen! they are going to murder you!" cried Paul, clinging to her. "Magdalen! I shall never see you more!"

"Not so bad as that, young gentleman," said the officer, mildly, taking him up from the ground as if he had been a child; unloosing his nervous clutch on Magdalen's gown, and seating him on the sofa. "I assure you we are going to do your aunt no kind of harm. Let go her dress, my dear young sir,—she has need of all her fortitude, and you are only knocking it down by carrying on so. She will come out well enough. I know too much of these things not to know the truth when I see it staring before my eyes."

"Will she be proved innocent?" cried Paul, appealing to the officer, as if he were a Rhadamanthus. "Shall I ever see her again? Magdalen! Magdalen! are we to meet only in the grave? Is the tomb to be the altar of our marriage vow?"

"Dear Paul, for heaven's sake a little courage; a little fortitude!" said Magdalen, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Where is your manhood? I, a woman on whose head all this misery is accumulated, I should blush to bear myself as you do! Cheer up! I am not sent to the colonies yet!" and she smiled, sadly enough.

He tried to rise, but his agitation was so extreme that he could not stand. Half-fainting, he sunk into a chair, while the maid brought in a carpet-bag in great wonder and grief, and some suspicion of the truth. The officer drank a glass of wine, with an unusual feeling of oppression at his heart. Magdalen, in her black dress, her face as pale and as composed as marble, looking as if she had concentrated all her strength and courage within her heart and held a grasp of iron over her nerves, leant over Paul; who, trembling and faint, seemed to be dying. She stooped down and kissed his forehead, murmuring softly some love names which he preferred to all others. He revived, only to catch convulsively at her hands and waist, and try to hold her near to him by force.

The calm grand air with which she gently undid that feverish clasp, while he still cried, "Nothing, not even your own will, shall part us!"—the quiet majesty with which she forced him to be calm and to listen to her—"If, indeed, he wished to do her any good, rather than merely to indulge the selfish weakness of his own sorrow,"—Paul felt that she was the strongest now, if never before in their whole lives together; and, while her influence was on him, he controlled himself sufficiently to understand what she said.

"Listen," she said, in a deeper and more monotonous voice than usual, "do you wish me to feel that I have left behind me a

child, to weep at my departure, or a man to care for my interests? If a man, rouse yourself; if a child, can you ask me to yoke my life to a child's feebleness? Listen to me well, Paul, for much depends now on you."

"Oh, Magdalen, you know I would give my life for you!" cried the poor boy, passionately.

"I know that, but I want only your self-command. Write to that friend you have spoken of to me, the barrister, Horace Rutherford. Tell him to come to me; if you send a special messenger, he can be with me by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and he can perhaps arrange for my release. Be calm, be courageous, and useful, and remember your own faith in truth. Good-bye! you can do me good only by your courage and self-control."

She stooped down and again kissed his forehead; and he, awed rather than calmed, let her go from the room quietly, without making any effort further to keep her. But, when the carriage rolled away from the door and bore to infancy all that he loved on earth—while the servants clustered round him terrified and weeping, and asked what it all meant—his strength gave way again; and for long hours he was alternating between fainting and hysterics. In this way, much precious time, of inestimable value, was lost before he remembered Magdalen's request, or was able to write to his friend and only hope, Horace Rutherford.

THE SANTALS.

LOCATED, as I am, in the heart of our Indian empire, at a station guarded by several regiments of Queen's and Company's troops, it seems strange to hear of people around me becoming anxious on account of their too close proximity with a peaceful and primitive people, who are only about five hundred miles off. Yet it is true that the Santals, or Sontals, or Santhals, or Sonthals (nobody agrees in orthography of Indian names), who are now ravaging the country in the neighbourhood of Ráj-mahal, and thereabouts, are described as a peaceful and primitive people; and it cannot be denied that they have a number of savage virtues which should render them the most formidable friends, and which certainly make them extremely inconvenient foes. These peaceful and primitive people have lately been moving about in large masses, numbering from three thousand to eight thousand each, to destroy, or loot, occasional villages, indigo factories, private houses, anything that came first to hand; murder defenceless travellers; and carry off everything of value that they had reason to suppose was honestly obtained. Among the exploits of this peaceful and primitive people may be noted, as a model to mere civilisation, the slaughter of two European ladies, whose hands and feet they

cut off; and the killing of an European baby, some of whose blood they compelled its mother to drink—they themselves partaking of the refreshment in a friendly manner.

It is true that, up to the present time, the Santals have kept their peaceful and primitive peculiarities to themselves; and travellers for many years have been in the habit of passing through their neighbourhood without molestation—even English ladies, alone, or accompanied only by a native Ayah. In the very rare cases where such travellers have been molested, the Santals have not been the aggressors, and the murder or robbery has been merely an act of individual speculation, and has had no political import whatever. Indeed, so secure has European life and property seemed to be, even in the wildest parts of India, that an admiring Frenchman is recorded to have exclaimed, with an irreverence only pardonable for its Gallic and graphic force, that the government was *comme le bon Dieu*; *on ne le voyait pas, mais il était partout* (like the good Creator; one never saw it, but it was everywhere). It is therefore supposed that some provocation must have been offered by somebody, to cause the present departure from all precedent and primitiveness. It has been alleged that the people employed on the railway, with whom the Santals had pecuniary dealings, paid too much attention to the ladies of the tribe, and too little money to their husbands. Next, it is the exactions of the collectors of revenue to which the outbreak is attributed. Presently, we find that some holy places have been violated, and that the effigy of some sable goddess has been treated as if she were an improper character; then, it is made manifest that the whole proceedings are the result of a blind belief that the Santal deities have decreed the end of the British rule, and mysterious accounts are sent forth of the Santal chief who is to effect the object—who is said to be of divine origin, and to have been born and to have arrived at manhood in a single night, just like the mango-trees which the magicians at Madras raise with such marvellous rapidity for the delectation of overland grifts.

The whole affair is mysterious; and while waiting to see how it will end, the reader might do worse than learn, what few persons in India really know, who the Santals are, and how far they are the peaceful and primitive people, which they have clearly shown themselves not to be.

An interesting account of the Santals is to be found in the "Asiatic Researches," volume four of the quarto edition, reprinted in London in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine; and the latest description we have seen is by the Rev. J. Phillips, an industrious missionary, published in the "Oriental Baptist" in July, eighteen hundred and fifty-

four. Both of these accounts furnish us with what may be relied upon as authentic information; and the extent to which they agree with one another shows that the Santals, though revolutionary as regards British rule, are a strictly conservative people among themselves. They are said to have entered Orissa from the north—at what period is unknown—and to have dispersed themselves through the tributary mehals lying west of Balasore, Jellassore, Midnapore, Baikura, Suri, and Rāj-mahal; thence westward, through Bhau-gulpore and Monghyr, in Behar—the whole including a territory of some four hundred miles in extent. They seem to be of one race, and it is certain that they speak one language. In Orissa they are described as a hardy and industrious people; generally short, stout, robust, of broad features, with very dark complexion, and hair somewhat curly. Those who had held intercourse with them found them to be mild and placable, and of a particularly social turn. They are more dignified and proud than the Hindus, whom we now find them massacring without mercy, and are at the same time more hospitable and courteous to strangers. Women, too, exercise considerable influence over their manners and habits, and in this respect they afford a striking contrast to most other Indian nations. Santal wives are of course not allowed to eat with their husbands; but they may order the dinner, and take a considerable interest in domestic arrangements; and their freedom and frankness to strangers is so agreeable, that it would be held in horror in polite Hindu or Mahomedan society. It is probably this characteristic which has caused the railway people, who are generally wifeless to a hopeless extent, to be guilty of the domestic depredations alluded to. Polygamy, it seems, is allowed; but is little practised, except when the younger brother takes the widow of the elder, to whom, according to law, he has a right. The Santals are generally believed to be aborigines of the country; but there can be no doubt that they are a distinct race from the Hindus, with whom they have little in common. Their religion has small resemblance to that of the Hindu; their castes are not so binding, and a Santal may lose his caste altogether without incurring much disgrace, as far as the men are concerned. Then they are great drunkards, which the Hindus never are; for—with the exception of the pariahs or outcasts, who are employed only in the most menial offices—the Hindu, however ignorant and brutal, will very rarely deviate from the rule of total abstinence, which your Mussulman very often regards no more, than the majority of Christians keep the commandments of their own church.

According to the Santal traditions, the first man and woman came from ducks' eggs, and were married in due form under the auspices of Sita, or Marang Buru, one of their gods;

whom it is conjectured may be identical with the Siva of the Hindus. Such points as the original nakedness of our first parents, and the dispersion of mankind, with some allusions to a deluge, show traces of Mosaic history. The Santals are also divided into tribes, something like the Israelites, but they all live together upon terms of perfect equality; and the only restriction seems to be, that a man must not marry in his own tribe, but must go elsewhere,—a wise provision having, no doubt for its object, the prevention of alliances with near kindred.

The love of strong drink, which I have noticed, is a part of their religion. Their god, they say, was under its influence when he brought together the original Santals from the ducks' eggs; and its use is declared to be enjoined by divine authority. The spirit seems to be of only one kind, it is called Handia, and is a fermented preparation of rice. It is not intoxicating taken in small quantities, but that objection is provided for by taking it in large quantities—a gallon or two at a time—and they will sit over it half the day, or all the day. At all religious, and other solemn ceremonies, it is a *sine quâ non*. But the Santals are not prejudiced, and will drink the strong waters of the Giaur whenever they can beg, borrow, or steal them; but they generally find them too high in price to pay for, and debt is an institution which civilisation has not yet introduced among them.

From intoxication to religion is but one step, according to the Santals. Their creed is described by Mr. Phillips as a strange mixture of Hindu superstition, demon-worship, and a belief in, and dread of, demons, ghosts, and hobgoblins. Hinduism is making some inroads into it, as is proved by the introduction of the Charak-puja, or swinging festival, which has been among the phenomena of late years; backs scarred by iron hooks are now frequently to be seen among this primitive people. For the rest, the sun is said to be their supreme god; but they have smaller gods whose light is less dazzling, and who are invoked with offerings of meat, rice, and similar refreshments. A sanguinary Hindu goddess, it is alleged, is also worshipped by the Santals in some localities. To her, human sacrifices are made; and it is possible that the mutilation of the two European ladies, already alluded to, had for its object the propitiation of this deity. The Santals swear by the skin of the tiger, or by a tiger's head, sketched on a mango leaf; and they believe that a false oath will be punished by the living animal. They also swear by their gods, and by the heads of their children.

The Santals are agricultural in their pursuits, and would be prosperous, but for the exactions of their petty Hindu rulers. They

are industrious at their work, unlike the Hindus, and set about it in a blithe and cheerful spirit, which the Hindus never do. They are indeed generally a cheerful people; fond of music and dancing, and less elegant recreations; in which the civilised amusement of cock-fighting has a share. Here, again, the Santals are distinguished from other eastern nations. Dancers, among both Hindus and Mahomedans, are always hired; and are generally infamous in other respects. But the Santals cultivate dancing themselves, for the fun of the thing, and their jattras, when the young men are clad in plumes taken from every description of bird, and the girls (respectable females) have their heads uncovered, are described by those who have witnessed them, to be highly exhilarating and impressive.

The account of the Santals in the Asiatic Researches (seventeen hundred and ninety-nine), describes both men and women as remarkably bashful, but more recent writers give to them the good qualities of truth and cheerfulness. There seems also to be a sentiment of honour among them; for it is said that they use poisoned arrows in hunting, but never against their foes. If this be the case—and we hear nothing of poisoned arrows in the recent conflicts,—they are infinitely more respectable than our civilised enemy, the Russians, who would most likely consider such forbearance as foolish, and declare that it is not war.

So much for the virtues of these people. These qualities are interesting as matters of speculation; but most persons in India think they have received too much consideration from the government, since a more savage and ferocious enemy than the Santal our arms have seldom had to contend with. Entrenched in their jungles, they are nearly impregnable; and, from their jungles they never emerge, except to take us at a disadvantage. The sepoy regiments are not always trustworthy; and nobody doubts that the Bhaugulpore Rangers, the other day, behaved disgracefully,—so disgracefully, indeed, that the conduct of their commanding officer is being made the subject of a court of inquiry. But not only did we have bad troops on the spot, but through hundreds of miles of wild country we had no troops at all. There is no station on the grand trunk roads between Burdwan and Benares; and travellers passing through that desolate and beautiful tract never fail to be struck with the facility with which they might be robbed and murdered. To crown all, notwithstanding the loss of life and property which has taken place, the insult to our power, and the injury to our prestige, martial law has not been proclaimed, and even those troops which are on the spot cannot act without the civil authority. The consequence has been a state of alarm throughout the empire, which is most dreaded by those who have the best expe-

rience of the peculiarities of the European position, and the character of the native population.

ASLEEP.

An hour before, she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kiss'd me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She seem'd among her flowers and birds,
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
And strew the gravel sweep.
I wander down the garden-walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the limes;
And, resting on the garden-seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
I think of other times:

Of golden eves, when she and I
Sat watching here the flushing sky,
The sunset and the sea;
Or heard the children in the lanes,
Following home the harvest wains,
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky in the bay,
These recollections cease;
And in the stillness of the night,
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore;
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim unsounded sea,
With her for evermore.

DECIMAL MONEY.

THE word decimal is an English noun and adjective derived from the Latin decem, ten, which has made, and is likely still to make, considerable stir in the commercial world; for it so happens that, although we have the liberty of choosing from all the numbers lying between simple unity, or number one, and the billions and trillions which are the milestones that mark the way to infinite multitude, ten has been the favourite selected as the foundation on which to build the established system of decimal arithmetic; or, as it might with equal propriety be called, Arabic arithmetic. It is, therefore, agreed, that all the large collective numerals employed, either for record or calculation, shall be multiples of ten; that ten times ten shall make a hundred, that ten times a hundred shall constitute a thousand, and that a thousand times a thousand shall be called a million. It is true, there are a few exceptions in popular usage—such as the long hundred, of a hundred and twelve, of many of the English counties, for the sale of the minor

produce of the garden and the farm; the French quarteron, or quarter of a hundred, consisting of twenty-six, in the case of eggs and fruit; the gross of twelve dozen, by which certain small manufactured articles are counted; and the various local tales employed in counting herring, oysters, mackarel, and other results of the fisherman's labours. Most of these customs of the country, which have the force of law in the districts where they prevail, may be accounted for as bonuses to the general purchaser, as compensations offered by the wholesale dealer to the retailer for the loss he is likely to sustain on perishable articles, and as profits to remunerate him for the trouble of retailing; it being all the while supposed that his transactions with his customers will be measured by tens in the ordinary way.

There is no absolutely imperative reason why ten should have thus been fixed upon, in preference to any other number, as the measure of every calculation. The probable cause is, that all primitive counting is performed by the aid of the fingers and toes. Shepherds are especially attached to scores—the aggregate amount of the human extremities. But eight might have served the purpose even better in some respects; as it is more divisible than ten, and is theoretically a more perfect number, being the cube of two; that is, twice two are four, and twice four are eight. We might have had a sort of octonarian hundred of eight times eight, and an octave thousand of eight times sixty-four, and so on. The number twelve has also had zealous partisans, who have urged weighty reasons in its favour; such as, that it contains the greatest possible number of factors in the smallest compass, and that its hold on ancient prejudice is evidenced by the twelve months of the year, the twelve hours of day and night, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. The carrying out of duodecimal arithmetic (from the Latin *duodecim*, twelve), would require, besides other difficulties, the invention and adoption of two new figures to stand for ten and eleven; since a unit followed by a cipher would then have to stand for twelve, and a one followed by two ciphers would in future represent the square of twelve (that is, twelve multiplied by twelve), exactly as it now represents the square of ten. But, all things considered, ten may be received and acknowledged as the best possible basis for a system of arithmetic. Eight would prove inconveniently scanty and limited; and twelve, in its multiples especially, cumbrously burdensome.

The value of the accepted Arabic decimal notation will be appreciated, if you endeavour to work, in imagination or reality, a complicated sum with Roman numerals. Please try and tell me, by those means, the price of LV. tons, XVII. cwts., III. quarters, and XII lb. of rough brimstone, at V. pounds, II. shillings, and VI. pence per ton—the price

at which a parcel was actually bought and sold. Did the Romans ever work sums? Could they do even the rule of three with their abacus, or counting-machine? Or, did they jump at their "tattles of the whole," like George Bidder, making a few mental somersets, and lighting on their feet at the exact spot required, by marvellous good luck, as it would seem to ordinary mortals?

Another great merit of our numerals is not thought of so often as it ought to be. Attempts, be it known, have several times been made to construct and spread the use of a universal language, which should be legible and intelligible to all the nations of the world. One of these days we may, perhaps, arrive at that convenient result; at present, the nearest approach to it is the adoption by the civilised world of the Arabic numerals, which, though differently named in different tongues, are alike comprehensible to the eye of French, Greek, Spanish, and American. The symbols 10 are instantly translated into ten, dix, dieci, zehn, дека, or дѣсянь as the case may be. Modern arithmetic is a universal language as far as it goes.

Instead, therefore, of giving you a long sum of compound addition, in pounds, shillings, and pence, consisting, suppose, of fifty items, to cast up in Roman numerals, I will allow you to do it in the current mode in which bankers' clerks perform it at this hour. You feel the boon a great relief. Your mental labour is infinitely less. But is it not possible still to reduce that labour, by some simpler mode of counting money? You stare and doubt. But I know that it is possible; because, every time I pay my baker's and my butcher's bill, the labour comes ready reduced to my hand. How, I will endeavour clearly to state.

In adding up your pounds, shillings, and pence,—supposing that you are not plagued with farthings, halfpence, and three-farthings to boot,—you begin with the pence column, and run it up. It comes to so many. Then you have to say to yourself, "Twelve pence make one shilling;"—have patience, reader, you will understand me all the better by listening to a little childish talk;—"twelve in so many is so much and so much over." You put down the odd pence in their place in your total, and carry the shillings forward to the benefit of the next column, which you add up as before. But then you have to change the current of your thoughts, and to check yourself with the remark that, in the present column, twenty shillings make one pound; and that twenty in so many gives so much and so much over. You then put down the shillings superabundant over some given multiple of twenty, and carry the resulting pounds to the column of pounds, which you are at last allowed, taking breath at the thought, to add and put down in their natural state, without having to say that so many pounds (of course, an awkward

number—eleven perhaps, or seventeen) make something else. It is nothing to the purpose to object that, by constant practice and by being well up in your tables, the mental process here described is performed almost unconsciously. It still has to be performed; otherwise, pence, shillings and pounds could not be added together to form one amount.

Now suppose,—though this is not the system I am going to propound for your approbation,—suppose that ten, instead of twelve pence, made one shilling; and that ten, instead of twenty, shillings made one pound; how incomparably easier compound addition would be! That is, it would cease to be compound and would become simple addition. There could not be two figures in the column either of the pence or shillings, because nothing higher than nine could stand there; and there would be no mental arithmetic to do of turning pence into shillings and shillings into pounds (the cause of troublesome mistakes, as everybody's experience can testify); because decimal notation would do that of itself. In short, the pence and shilling tables would be abolished utterly, to the tumultuous joy of schoolboys and schoolgirls, without any allusion to the private sentiments of the masters and mistresses of schools. There would be no putting on of dunce's caps, no perching on high stools, book in hand, no sticking in corners with the face to the wall, no boxes on the ears, no smittings elsewhere with birchen rods, no "impositions" to learn by heart, no shuttings-up at play hours; none of these horrors would have to be endured on account of tables incorrectly said; because tables would be sunk, heavier than lead, five fathom deep, in the waters of oblivion. I call upon all instructors and instructees to give me three hearty British cheers in honour of the anticipated deliverance. And then the accountants—the accountants would simply have to cast up columns of figures, untormented by the division by twelves and twenties, which are the curse and incubus of £ s. d. There would even be no occasion, unless from choice, to put those mystic letters at the top of a bill.

"What does the little d. mean?" a foreigner once asked me.

Any three naked plain figures, without any point or comma between them, 4 5 6 suppose, would necessarily mean, and could mean nothing else than, four pounds, five shillings, and sixpence. Take, for experiment's sake, the larger sum of 1234 5 6. The six being, of necessity, pence, and the five, by the law of nature, shillings, the sum total must amount to one thousand two hundred and thirty-four pounds, five shillings, and sixpence. And with ever so many of such items to add together, the operation and the result would be equally clear and simple. Try and comprehend this perfectly, before reading any further; and meditate upon the system calmly and fairly the next time you take up your Ready-

reckoner, or glance at your tables of farthings, pence and shillings. I will not, on the present occasion, harass you with troy or apothecaries' weight, nor with harmonious measures, liquid and dry,—with Winchester bushels, combs, quarters, gallons, gills, pottles, and Scotch pints.

A system analogous to the above might be adopted without greatly disturbing the current coin of the realm; although some modification must, of course, be made. There may be a great variety of coins existing, for the convenience of change as well as for compendiousness (to serve, in short, as small bank-notes), which are not required to make their appearance in written accounts. We have no separate column for half-sovereigns and half-crowns. French accounts are kept in francs and centimes only,—a plan I shall explain immediately;—and yet, in addition to franc and centime coins, they have the Napoléon or twenty-franc piece (corresponding to, though not of equivalent value with our sovereign), besides pieces of one, two, and four sous, and of two, five, and ten francs.

In planning a decimal coinage and a decimal system of book-keeping, the first point to settle is, to determine the unit, or rather the starting-point, which is to be divided into tens and hundreds. The French when they made the change from the old system to the new, fixed upon the franc, value tenpence, as their unit. This they divided into tenth parts, *décimes*, value one penny; and hundredth parts, *centimes*, value one-tenth of a penny English. Practically, *décimes* are rarely spoken of; it would help our compatriots if it were not so, because the *décime* is exactly a penny. But still *décimes* have a material existence in the shape of two-sous pieces, and a moral existence in the figure which occupies the place of tens in the column of centimes. The franc being divided into a hundred centimes, a franc and a half is expressed in numerals by 1'50, or one franc fifty centimes; a franc and a quarter by 1'25; and a franc and three-quarters by 1'75. A franc and one sou, or one franc five centimes, is written thus, 1'05; a sou only, in the centime column, thus, 05. The cipher is put before the five, not only because such is the correct notation in decimal fractions, but also for the sake of preventing mistakes, by keeping the five in its proper place in a column which, thus, always consists of two figures, and two figures only, side by side. I have heard English travellers complain of the difficulty of reckoning by centimes; sous they manage easily enough, by thinking about our own halfpenny pieces. But nothing is easier, when you once have the clue, than to convert centimes into sous, and vice-versâ. Five centimes make a sou; therefore, a simple division by five gives you the value in sous or halfpence. Thus, sixty-five centimes are thirteen sous, or six *décimes* five centimes, or in plain English sixpence halfpenny.

Even large sums of money are always mentioned as well as written in francs. In such cases, you have the inconvenience of noting down long lines of figures. But there is something superb and grandiose in the custom, when you come to apply it to your private affairs. It sounds pleasantly, and rings in the ear like a peal of bells, to say that your income is so many thousands (of francs) a-year. You begin to consider philosophically whether people who have as many thousands sterling, enjoy life more in the same proportion—namely, twenty-five times as much as yourself. I remember the look of wishfulness and disappointment which overspread a young Frenchman's face, when I said to him, "If you could only speak English, I could at once get you a place of twelve hundred francs a-year, with almost sure increase by-and-by." A millionaire, in France, is the fortunate possessor of a million of francs—a nice little sum, take it as you will, and more within the reach of possibility to amass than a million of pounds sterling. These colossal French fortunes are easily reduced to more modest proportions by the consideration that twenty-five francs make a pound, barring the fractional fluctuations of more or less, which depend on the ever-changing rate of exchange. Divide by twenty-five by mental arithmetic, and a hundred francs sink to four pounds, a thousand francs to forty pounds. Cinderella's gilt carriage is reconverted to a humble pumpkin, and her fine laced footmen to full-grown rats. Preferable, however, is the pumpkin to the carriage, if we can thereby learn economy and content. I do think that the French, as a nation, have more nearly attained to this conclusion than the English have. Can decimal money have had anything to do with it?

The centime, or tenth-part of a penny, being acknowledged as legitimate by law and custom, must of course have a copper representative. "Of what use is so small a coin?" it may be asked. "What can you buy with it? What could we do with anything of the kind in England?" To the first questions, I answer that, in the south of France and in Italy (where there are also centesimi) you can buy with it something—a few figs, nuts, plums, or hot roast chesnuts, or a cooling draught. To the last query, I reply that a very small coin, if it occupied its place in a decimal coinage, would be found to play its part in Great Britain and Ireland. County rates are often assessed in fractions, say three-eighths, of a penny in the pound. Here at once is an instance in which much plaguy calculation would be avoided. Again, it would be useful, as furnishing an easy mode of registration, and also for maintaining established rights, by the payment, as it were, of a pepper-corn rent. For example, over the Seine at Rouen there hangs a handsome suspension-bridge. The passage is not free, but as nearly so as

possible. I took a lady and a little girl over that bridge; and, laying down a sou to pay the toll, received out of it the change of two centimes. The charge was only a centime per head; and the little girl made me cross the bridge two or three times afterwards, solely for the fun of getting change out of a sou. It was infinitely more amusing, in her opinion, than an hour's study of the pence table. It struck me that it could hardly be for profit's sake that so low a toll was charged, but to preserve some right of the builders of the bridge, or to ascertain how many people went over it every day. Now, considerable pains and trouble are taken to give an account of how many people annually visit our great public establishments, such as Kew Gardens and the British Museum. But no reasonable person would object to pay a centime for admission to the instructive sights which he now inspects gratuitously; and it would be less trouble to the door-keepers to take a centime from each visitor, as a sort of counter, than to mark down the numbers of various groups as they arrive, sometimes in bustling crowds. When the numbers amount to thousands and hundreds of thousands, the sum received would tell in the end. The government, which now bears the whole expense, might continue to do so as heretofore. The centime-tax might be allowed to be appropriated to some useful purpose required by the exigencies of the time, such as, just now, an orphan asylum for the children of soldiers slain in the war. No one would find fault with the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster if they asserted their rights, when the Cathedral and the Abbey are not open for divine service, by the imposition of a centime-tax on curious strangers. To demonstrate at once the charitable resource thus opened, and the convenience of reckoning decimal coins, we may instance that in 'fifty-one the annual number of visitors to Kew was roughly estimated at two hundred thousand. Put the figures on paper, and you will instantly see that in centimes they amount to two thousand francs or eighty pounds sterling. Suppose Hampton Court, the National Gallery, and other like places, to contribute their mites, and you have at least the beginnings of something good. The hint once given, its development is easy.

And now, to show the possibility of naturalising decimal money in the United Kingdom, I will briefly state a portion of the mode proposed in a pamphlet called *Decimalism*, by a Commercial Traveller—not advocating that in preference to any other scheme of decimalism, but simply taking it, with all reserve, as a specimen whereby the general topic may be stated to those to whom it is almost or entirely new. Every man of business who has been abroad, or who has had dealings with foreign countries, may be considered to think well of the proposed reform in our national coinage. Foreign

countries have been adduced as having, some of them a long time since, adopted the decimal system in their currency, whilst none of them ever thought of returning again to the old clumsy confusion worse confounded. One slight exception, however, may be mentioned for the sake of truth. In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, the Duke of Baden attempted to introduce decimal coinage, and began introducing, from his ducal mint, thalers of a hundred kreuzers each, whilst all the rest of South Germany had thalers (of account) of ninety, and gulden or florins (coin) of sixty kreuzers each. In the land of the hunchbacked a straight man is sneered at. After patiently bearing for three years sneers of this kind, the Duke of Baden gave up his attempts at decimalisation; and, with a vengeance, coined thalers of a hundred and sixty-two kreuzers each—something like cutting off his nose to spite his face.

Without undertaking to count the millions of the human race who have tested the merits of decimal coinage, and are now enjoying its advantages, it will suffice to say that nearly all the civilised nations of Europe, America, and Asia, are decimalists; even China and Japan are of the number. In fact, the only exceptions are Great Britain and her dependencies, Turkey, Denmark, Germany, and part of Switzerland. It is, however, to be observed, that in Egypt, where the division of the piastre is the same as in Turkey Proper, into forty paras, foreign merchants keep accounts in piastres of hundredths. In certain places in Germany, as on the Rhine, some banking and commission houses keep their accounts, also, in thalers divided into hundredth parts.

There are three ways in which it is possible to reform our weights, measures, and moneys: First, to abandon the old system entirely, and invent a new one in its stead; secondly, to adopt that of another country, in which case the old system will also have to be given up; and thirdly, to remodel the old system, rejecting of it what has become useless or unsuited to the ideas and wants of the times, and combining new with the useful part of the old material.

To follow the first of the above propositions, would be identical with a sudden change. Several writers have recommended, others have strongly insisted upon it. They assert that more confusion and error would be likely to arise from a gradual than a sudden change. That an entire change, and a sudden change, does create inconvenience, is, however, confirmed by the historical experience of France. It is well known that a radical change was made there at the time of the first revolution. In many respects the change was more sudden than radical. In coin, for instance, the difference chiefly consisted only in the decimal division; yet, the tradespeople and the poorer classes, not having been properly prepared for the abrupt change,

much confusion ensued, partly owing to the ignorance of the people, and partly through the bad faith of shopkeepers, who preferred selling by the old and lighter, instead of by the new and heavier weights. Repeated decrees became necessary to enforce the adoption of the new weights and measures; and, at length, in eighteen hundred and twelve, the French government, in order to avoid these inconveniences, was obliged to make a composition with the people, allowing the use of old names, with binary, instead of decimal division, of the new weights and measures. Thus, the half-kilogramme, called the new pound, is still divided into halves, quarters, and eighths. The division of the sou into four liards still lingers even in the coinage. Often, you cannot buy a loaf without taking a two-liard piece in change. Often, a fishwoman or a fruiterer will ask you six liards a-piece for her herrings or her peaches. In short, certain classes of a nation will and must have a binary division, although they may not entirely object to a decimal system. This should not discourage, but it ought to make us wise.

As to the second mode of effecting a change; would it be prudent and expedient to adopt the French, or American, or some other system? The Commercial Traveller opines, and I quite agree with him, that apart from the great inconvenience and confusion which would be sure to arise in consequence, such a measure would sooner or later end in disappointment, whilst its alleged advantages are for the greater part imaginary. The members of the international jury of the exposition and of the statistical congress who are at present in Paris, are meeting, at the moment this sentence is written, at the Palace of Industry, to consider the means of organising an International Association for the adoption of a uniform system of weights, measures, and moneys, by the two allied nations at least; but we may be permitted to entertain the fear that such a union as that—between two foreign countries—especially such as have different standards (as is the case with this country and France), will only end in disappointment. In spite of treaties and engagements, circumstances must be expected to arise that would lead to a change in the standard.

Supposing, however, that a treaty of the sort had been concluded, its alleged advantages, we may apprehend, would be found illusory in practice. The Hispano-American republics, for instance, all coin Spanish dollars; yet the coinage of the one is not readily received in the other, except at a discount; and the exchange between Mexico, Chili, and Peru, must be regulated by a per-centage, just as it is between Cuba, Porto Rico, and Spain. The same happens between Paris, Turin, Switzerland, and Belgium, though all four have now the franc. There are better means of cementing the union of two friendly

nations than by such forced assimilations as that now under discussion. It is too much after the fashion of Procrustes's bed; stretching out the short man and cutting down the long man to one uniform standard of height.

Fraternisation, beyond a certain point, may at present be a day-dream, and a waste of time. Neither country would gain anything by denationalising its coin. Suppose the franc to be adopted in England; it would alter our gold coin, and most of our silver coin, and would cause a bewilderment in the masses of our population. Besides, the merchant would not be better off; for he would have to distinguish in his books English from French francs, although identically the same in coinage, but different in value, on account of the daily fluctuating rate of premium or discount between the two countries.

There remains, then, only to be considered how the desired change can be best effected, by our preserving whatever is worth preserving, of our old national materials, combining it, upon the principle of decimal numeration, with suitable new material. In the construction of a new system, such as is at present called for, the masses of the nation will have to learn how to live, as it were, in a new house, better arranged than, but, at the same time, so differently arranged from, their old dwelling, that they will have to give up certain comforts, till they become used to the new ones. To render, therefore, the change acceptable, and at the same time really useful, the new system should not alter the old one, more than will be necessary to establish the new principle soundly and firmly. It should, for all practical purposes, be more simple and easy than the old one. It should consult the wants and customs of the people in general, and those of the several classes in particular. It should be constructed with a view to durability and permanence, which will be best attained by consulting strict regularity and simplicity. And finally, it should be as national, in name as well as in spirit, as circumstances will allow; old absurdities, such as, for example, duplicate terms (pound in money and in weight, quarter in measure and in weight, &c.), being absolutely rejected.

At first sight, the temptation is very strong to make the halfpenny enter into the new system of coinage; because it is identical with the sou, which works so well in the composition of the franc; but in the first place, that would reduce us to a copper, or a silver, instead of a gold standard; and secondly, would involve the rejection of the sovereign, being no decimal fraction thereof. Now, the best authorities are agreed that the present sovereign is the best basis that lies within reach for the proposed new coinage. A people that has to reckon with a debt of some hundred millions of pounds,

should preserve as high a coin, and money of account, as our present sovereign, because they cannot find time to play with so many figures as would be required to express that sum, and others of daily and hourly occurrence, in shillings, or half-crowns. The recent happy introduction of the florin, a decimal of the sovereign, has decided the question by anticipation.

Our mint laws are open to reform, quite independently of decimalisation; such as they are, they have given us the SOVEREIGN in gold, by which all payments of a certain magnitude are to be made, and in which, or FRACTIONS OF WHICH, all values and contracts whatsoever, exceeding forty shillings, are expressed or understood, if they are to have legal value. Silver, in coin or bars, is not available according to law, if rejected by the creditor, nor is copper, beyond forty shillings of the former, and twelve pence of the latter. Our silver and copper coin are only small change, auxiliary coin, that serve to balance debts below the respective amounts stated. Hence it follows, that government might alter, raise, or lower, the fineness and weight of the shilling and of the penny, without interfering with the value of our property, or the import of our contracts, even if these were expressed, as indeed they are in numerous instances, in pence or in shillings; for when, for example, an Act of Parliament authorised the payment of railway fare at the rate of a half-penny per mile, the meaning of the Act, to be in harmony with previous laws relating to the legal tender of copper and silver coin as before-mentioned, could be no other than that the fare should be reckoned and paid at the rate of one four-hundred and eightieth of a gold sovereign in all cases where the amount exceeded twelve-pence. In like manner, if I sell a cargo of wheat at the rate of fifty shillings per quarter, I mean to be paid for it, not in so many shillings in silver, but at the rate of two and a half sovereigns in gold. But a change in the weight or fineness of the sovereign would have very different consequences; not only because it is made of gold, but chiefly because legal enactments and our mint regulations have combined to make it the legal basis, or unit, of our moneys of coinage, determining implicitly, at the same time, that our standard should not be one of silver or copper.

From all this, it follows, that we have already the unit, or basis, in gold, of a decimal coinage; and that it only remains to complete the system by the addition of intermediates and sub-divisions; at all events, no plan has been proposed that could present equal, or greater convenience and correctness. And it also follows, that the proposed withdrawal of the penny, and its being replaced by a decimal copper coin, cannot affect laws, or contracts, stipulating rates, or taxes, in pence or shillings; because the enactments

relating to the legal tender would not admit of any other interpretation of such laws and contracts than this,—that these rates, or taxes, in pence or shillings, signified so many fractions of the unit (sovereign) in gold.

For the purpose of reckoning and keeping accounts, we ought to have as few sorts of money as possible; but, for payment of small debts, there should be no lack of various coins. According to the plan of the Parliamentary Committee, we should have two moneys of account, as other countries have: with this difference, however, that most of these have only hundredths, that is, two places after the unit, or integer, whilst we should have thousandths, that is, three places after the pounds. This is as it should be, and arises from the simple fact that France, for example, has only hundredths, because their integer, the franc, is only of the value of about ten pence sterling; and, as we find the pound more convenient in accounts, than the franc or the shilling, hundredths would not complete our system, as the hundredth of a pound is two pence three-farthings, whilst the thousandth part of a pound is as near as possible our present farthing. In whole numbers, twenty-four farthings are equal to twenty-five thousandths. Thus our accounts in decimals will have the advantage over our present ones in point of exactness, as halfpence and farthings will in no case be lost.

The Committee's plan is, to adopt the existing pound as basis, with three decimal places; that is, dividing it into a thousand parts, millesimals, or, by abbreviation, mils. The Commercial Traveller suggests that the term pound be abandoned, as obsolete and absurd. Others advise that "sovereign" should be abolished and "pound" retained; but what's in a name? The coined gold sovereign, and the proposed money of account of a thousand mils being identically one and the same, common sense, as well as our convenience, urge that both moneys should have but one name.

A sum in sovereigns and mils requires after the whole numbers the decimal point, comma, or some other distinctive mark. The point as well as the comma are objectionable; in their stead are proposed the mark „, or as the Portuguese have it, //, viz., two strokes prolonged above and below the line. This mark is undoubtedly the most convenient in practice; it serves also very well if placed before mils where these do not amount to a thousand, that is, a full sovereign. We might then dispense with putting a mark for mils, and also with placing a cipher to the left of the point, to signify the absence of sovereigns. Thus, what is now printed, for example, S.3-825m., S.0-037m., we should in future express by 3//825, and //037, which is as brief as it is perspicuous.

It is very desirable that people should be impressed with the rule in decimals, that when we mean to express thousandths, which

we shall do whenever we speak or write of mils as thousandths of a sovereign, the obviating of mistakes requires that three places should ALWAYS be expressed, especially where only units or tens of mils occur, in which case we place the cipher after the mark. Thus, writing //037, or //007, we shall make it appear for certain that the tenth of a sovereign, or the tenth and the hundredth in the second example are wanting.

To write and cast sums in merchants' books, the best plan the Commercial Traveller can suggest is, to leave the columns exactly as they are usually ruled at present. The sovereigns will continue to be distinguished as they now are. The tenth of a sovereign, or florin, is, as a money of account, the decimal multiple of (ten times) a cent, and, together with the unit of the cent, would occupy the column which now serves for the unit and ten of the shilling. The unit of a mil would then alone appear in the third column, which is now that of the pence. We should, therefore, write in our books as follows:

Sov.	C.	M.
100	23	5

which would be read, One hundred sovereigns, twenty-three cents, and five mils. In coin, it would be 100 sovereigns, 2 florins, 3 cents, and 5 mils.

And now, with regard to the various coins by means of which a decimal system is to be practically carried out. The evidence given by some gentlemen, before the Committee, was to the effect, that the smaller the number of coins with which it is practicable to effect purchases, the better. This is undoubtedly beautiful theory; but in practice it would be dangerous to disregard too strictly the convenience of the public. When we come to treat of the moneys of coinage, we ought to consider that the public have a right to ask for accommodation. All decimal-reckoning countries have found it necessary to afford facilities for small change in purchases, by coining a variety of subdivisions.

Upon these grounds it will be quite safe to retain—at least for a time—the half-florin (shilling). The quarter-florin (sixpence) would do very well, discarding only the term sixpence; but, unfortunately, the sixpence stamped on its face renders the coin highly objectionable, when it becomes of the utmost importance, for the lower classes especially, to efface old recollections, as Sir J. Herschell said, of everything that reminds them of pence. The sixpence ought, therefore, to be condemned as absolutely as the three and fourpenny bits, and the copper pennies. Besides, the sixpence, taken as the fourth part of the florin, will become entirely superfluous by the introduction of the double cent, the fifth of the florin. In the same manner the half-crown, rendered supernumerary by

the florin, should be withdrawn; as also the crown, an inconveniently heavy silver coin, which might be replaced by a new gold coin, of the value of five or four shillings, as small change in gold, for home circulation. The half-sovereign is supposed to be altogether relinquished, for reasons which there is not room to state. More regular proportions of the decimal scale would certainly be observed, if the proposed new coin were made of the value of four, instead of five shillings, that is to say, equal to a double florin. As to its title, the name of prince appears to be the most appropriate for a coin that stands nearest to the sovereign. A double florin, in silver, although perfectly right in a decimal system, would be too heavy a piece for general use.

To fill other vacancies, the committee proposes that a double cent, and a cent, should be made of silver, and a half-cent of copper. It should be remembered that the cent forms an essential link in the decimal change of moneys. To omit it in the coinage would deprive the masses of the most material help to comprehend the new proportions, for which purpose no fair means should be omitted, by which the cent may become the poor man's unit, in the sense in which the penny is at present.

The present copper coins—the time-honoured penny, half-penny, farthing, and half-farthing—being all of them incompatible with the decimal division of the sovereign, which is an essential part of the proposed reform, they will have to be withdrawn before the issue of the new copper coin. In their case, old recollections must certainly be given up, and reckoned with the things of the class of pig-tails. A compromise would be a hindrance to the nation's readily adopting decimal proportions, and convincing themselves of the advantages of a purely decimal system. But even if that hindrance did not exist, a compromise would be uncalled for; as three out of the four former copper coins will have their representatives in the new series. Of these, the half-cent has already been under notice; those of the half-penny and the farthing will be presently described. The half-farthing alone will be entirely dropped, simply because it will not be wanted.

The word mil has turned up as the most fit and proper for its signification, of a thousandth of a sovereign. In virtue of its brevity, the language will not be a loser by exchanging it for the farthing. A punster might be tempted to call the introduction of the mil, the millenium of coinage reform; while a counter-punster might endeavour to confound mil with nil. Although a necessary part of the moneys of account, the mil, in coin, will like the farthing at present, probably be rarely used. Still, it is the last and not the least link in the chain of decimal coins, and part of a system pregnant with

advantages and improvements, the importance of which, for all classes, it would be difficult to overrate. It will, however, be expedient to coin a two-mil piece, which will take the place of the half-penny, than which it will be less by one twenty-fifth, the proportions being the same as between the mil and the farthing. The name of a double-mil would probably best be a cash. Farthing belongs to the old series, and implies a fourth, which is inapplicable to the mil. New-farthing would therefore be equally objectionable.

Upon the plan above suggested, our new moneys of coin would therefore stand thus, in the order of precedence: sovereign, prince, florin, double-cent, cent, half-cent, cash or two-mil, and mil. And the pence! What is to become of the dear old brown penny-pieces? Are they to vanish like unclean ghosts? There are people who will resist a decimal coinage as obstinately as their forefathers did the change from old style to new, when they absolutely believed that their lives were to be shortened, by Act of Parliament, eleven whole days. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. But the pence will be gone; argal, there will be no possible pounds to take care of, and a national bankruptcy must inevitably follow. Do what you please with the rest of the coinage, but leave—O! leave us—our beloved pennies. Very well; let them be left to you. And then, as far as a decimal system goes, you will be penny wise and pound foolish.

LODGINGS.

I HAVE lived all my life, both when I was my own master and since I have been married, in furnished lodgings; and I think I ought to know something about them and the people who let them. Lodging-house keepers, however different in degree and phase, are but of two kinds;—the shiny unctuous party that has a husband just enough to swear by, and who never appears save at the last extremity; and the stormy, arm-a-kimbo individual, who is a lone and desolate widow, but is by no means to be trodden upon on that account, neither.

There is a story told of a learned Cambridge professor, which has always filled me with the highest respect for his courage and conduct. Finding that his college bedmaker—which is, however, a very mitigated species of landlady—was continually abstracting his teas, and being, sagacious philosopher, aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he determined to let her know he had found her peccadilloes out, without the chance of contradiction; he bought two pounds of tea, one of which he placed as usual in his caddy, and secreted the other in a drawer; he drew

from the latter store so much as was necessary for his use, but never touched the former; the contents of the caddy nevertheless decreased daily, and in greater proportion, and at last, while the Professor had still a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bedmaker, declared his tea to be out, and offered to get him some more. "Well," exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great triumph, "I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted so long as mine has." But though this may have been permitted to a great man to do, backed by the opinion of the whole of Europe and with five hundred bachelors within call, I affirm for myself to have ventured on such a scheme would have been madness. From the first designing woman who hooked me as a lodger, to the last, nothing of mine was safe from them; nothing untouched, unrummaged, unpilfered, except a case of horse-pistols, which they were all afraid to meddle with, and wherein I was consequently wont to keep a few wax matches and my biggest lumps of sugar. I have known rash young men to inquire after missing articles more than once, but I have also overheard their abject apologies. If the mistress of the house has been a small woman, she has insisted upon their being taken instantly up to the maid's room, in order to examine her boxes, as such a thing never occurred before under a roof of hers; if a large person, she has had the most violent hysterics, and screamed incessantly for her husband.

My sufferings and humiliations during the period of my being done-for as a single gentleman, were, indeed, of a nature too painful to be recalled, and I will confine myself to the relation of my experience of lodging-house keepers since my marriage; for it is unquestionable that in the case of these persons, the wife is the natural protector of the husband—the living shield which is ever thrusting itself betwixt the spear of the enemy, her tongue, and our saved ears; or rather, the buffer by which the shocks of that terrible engine are broken and weakened before they reach ourselves. She inspires courage, too, even in us, who have been defeated in many conflicts, so that we descend, upon occasion, into the very stronghold of the foe.

We spent our honeymoon, and half our yearly income with it, in lodgings in one of the best streets out of Piccadilly; a very dark, dirty, and aristocratic one, and the very quietest retreat (said the landlady) that could possibly have been selected for a young couple. She took quite a motherly interest in my little wife from the first, and, unfortunately, a mother-in-law's in me. By excessive apparent kindness she got my poor Ada to leave everything in her hands, and, when I ventured to remonstrate, I was asked, whether I wished to see my bride consigned, through over-work, to an early grave. At night, this

fashionable quarter was the noisiest in London; there seemed to be an eternal roll of wheels from ten P.M. to four in the morning, and our total want of rest was little compensated for by our landlady's assurance that there was scarcely one commoner's carriage amongst them, and that eleven noblemen lived opposite, all of a row. She did not mind our going out to operas or theatres a bit, but sat up for us herself quite cheerfully, and finished our oyster-suppers afterwards without a murmur. She never made any difficulty about our having anything we wanted (although she thought my wife's ordering dinner, as a general rule, a decided interference), and never suffered her smile to get out of type, nor one of her false ringlets to be ruffled, through anger, during our stay; as a sporting man would say, she never turned a hair, in the way of temper; but she did lay it on to that extent on the butcher's and on the bakers's, and on the beer bills, that I do believe it would have been cheaper for us to have lived at the Clarendon. She had the first read of our newspaper (for which we should have paid a shilling a-week) and charged us one shilling and sixpence for partaking of that little enjoyment after her. She was the completest conductor of the systems of direct and indirect taxation possible, and I don't believe we smuggled so much as a biscuit, upon which, sooner or later, her duty was not levied. She had two sleek maid-servants without much to do and with plenty to eat—for she did not stoop to petty economies and was liberal enough with our provisions—who were devoted to her interests, and regularly trained to act under every circumstance against the lodger. Mrs. Rubens was the greatest brigand housekeeper I ever met with, and infinitely superior to those guerilla chieftains who have harassed my life in lodgings from my youth. I think my wife has even still a sort of sneaking affection for her, and she shook hands with us, on her part, with tears in her eyes, as we drove away with diminished purse from her aristocratic tenement. I never disputed the bill from not knowing which exorbitant item to make my stand upon; but, to each of her confederates who stood at the door with outstretched hands and an expression such as might have been worn by the daughters of the horse-leech, I gave a fourpenny-piece, neatly wrapped up in many folds of silver-paper.

We were rather sick of London, where beef seemed to be sixteen pence a-pound and everything else in proportion, and travelled northward, taking up our abode in the lake country. The cottage that we lodged in was the most charming in the world, it was half smothered in roses and honeysuckles, with diamond panes to the casements, and a stone porch over the door. The garden shone like a little rainbow; so gorgeously was it decked with bud and

blossom, and sloped down to a gravel-walk which ran for a score of yards by the brink of a rock-stemmed river. At the end of the walk was an arbour; from it a beautiful view up the stream of closing woods in the foreground, and, beyond, of purple mountains. What a bower that was to dream in, with half-shut eyes and a cigar just balanced on lip! The pie-crust was not very good at the Dove-cot, to be sure, and the rooms were a little draughty; but I could have been happy there for summer after summer. The Nemesis of my existence, however—the landlady—rudely dispelled this illusion.

My wife, one morning, wished to speak with me a moment, as I was writing in my study. I put away my books and shut up my desk at once (for I had begun to know by that time what my dear Ada meant by that form of expression), and courageously awaited her communication.

"James," she said, "we must leave this place at once, and for ever!"

I said, "My love, it is impossible: I have taken it for three months, and like it exceedingly. The accommodation is excellent, and Mrs. Danae is all that can be expected of her—worth ten thousand of such people as Mrs. Rubens, and half as cheap again."

"James," whispered Ada, in a voice trembling with emotion, and a tear gathering in each of her hazel eyes, "if you do not wish to see me live disgraced and die broken-hearted, you must give notice of our leaving this house immediately. Three times—not once, nor twice, but three several times—when I have gone to order dinner in the kitchen, that abominable woman has called me 'Miss!'—me, your wife, James!—she has called me 'Miss!'"

"Perhaps, dear Ada," I murmured, but very hopelessly—"perhaps it was a mistake."

"No, it was not a mistake; and if you imagine by a heartless pun to—to—to—"

Here sobs choked her utterance, and her victory, of course, was secure.

The Dove-cot, it seems, was such a desirable abode as to have been bidden for over our heads; and Mrs. Danae, although in other respects a model-lodging letter, was not proof against a guinea a-week extra rent. She took, therefore, this decided method of getting us out of her cottage, and succeeded on the third day's trial. What she might have turned out without this temptation—how obliging, how just, how good-tempered—is a question that cannot now be solved. She may have been smooth and courteous to the end, and have cut both our throats on the very last night of our sojourn immediately after I had settled her account; or she may have never got into bad ways, but have proved the perfectability of her species. Who can tell?

I know that Mrs. Williams, of Belle Vue

Villa, whom we next lodged with, had no intention of proving anything of the sort. She was the dirtiest woman and the most talkative I ever knew, with the sole exception, that is to say, of her eldest daughter; and the former cooked for us and the latter waited at table. I never could keep my eyes off that young lady's thumb, as it appeared served up in company with my food upon those willow-pattern plates. It reached to about where the bridge comes with the people fishing on it, and always, if possible, took its way through the mustard and salt. Then, the partitions were so thin that, except for the look of the thing, the kitchen might have been in the parlour, and we heard the most horrible secrets concerning our dinners. "Drat the cat, he's been at the weal again, Mary; do cut it round with the knife, or we shall have Mr. Jones a-swearing away like anything;" or, "Pick it up with your hands if it have dropped, Mary, and nobody need be none the wiser, except ourselves."

We were the wiser, and the sadder for all this. It was rather cheap living at Belle Vue, certainly, but it was uncommonly nasty, and we were obliged to take the precautions of the most hated tyrants of ancient times with respect to our food—we lived upon eggs and bottled beer, and afterwards, when we grew more systematic, upon potted meats and fish and prepared chocolate. At last, Ada appeared at a grand ball with her white silk bridal dress decorated with numberless human finger-prints, where Mary had set her mark while dressing her; and we suddenly left Belle Vue and the north for the seaside.

There was a good view of the sea from Mrs. Spidaweb's drawing-room floor on the Marine Parade; but the rent, for the first time, forbade our taking the whole house. We had the pas of the other lodgers, and were permitted to fix our own dinner hour; but, that once fixed, we were not permitted to change it. If we rang the bell between one o'clock, when the dining-room began to feed, and three o'clock, when the second-floor had about finished, it was not answered. By this time our private establishment included a maid-servant—because we had a baby—and the miseries of life in lodgings were increased about threefold. Jemima Ann was frightfully exclusive, and refused to associate with the maids-of-all-work. I believe Ada went down upon her knees to persuade her to take her meals in the kitchen; and even then she would sometimes knock at our door in a peculiar manner, and be found standing outside it with a specimen of the table d'hôte of Mrs. Spidaweb for us to sympathise with her upon. There was a pitched battle one day between this young female and the mistress of the house, which resulted in the latter lady's signal discomfiture. I heard a cry from our faithful retainer of, "Hould the

baby, will you, somebody?—hould the baby while I destroy her,” and arrived on the landing of the stairs just in time to see Mrs. Spidaweb’s eyes—her spectacles were already lying in small particles in different directions.

The baby, however, was a great favourite with Mrs. S., and when not petitioned for by the dining-room, or second-floors—who were all females, and passionately addicted to infants—it would be found in her sanctum, the back parlour, admiring the parrot, and sucking (until the practice was forbidden), coloured sticks of liquorice, or peppermint. The baby, indeed, was apparently the sole link between her and the humanities; she did not even charge for the little crib it slept in, as an extra bed; and presented it with a perforated penny, to hang round its neck like a medal, and to be employed in bringing forward the teeth. Otherwise our landlady was not lavish, nor even liberal; I believe she never got one single article of housekeeping for herself, or for her servants throughout the bathing season; but abstracted from the joints, and pies, and teas of her lodgers, according to a regular scale, which, of course, punished most severely the drawing-room floor. After a certain period, Mrs. Spidaweb’s account suddenly came out with a supplement, a regular double number in fact, because of the season having commenced; the upper floor took flight at this extortion, and we ascended to that elevation, and played second fiddle for a few weeks in the house where we had led the orchestra. From that moment, we found the airs of the drawing-room lodgers insupportable; they wanted more waiting on than the Nepaulese princes, especially at the times when we were dining; and they never (as my wife justly observed), “ever so much as sent for our dear, darling baby.” Mrs. Spidaweb soon, therefore, lost again her second second-floor. The score for our concluding week at number twenty Marine Parade, I shall not easily forget; indeed, I preserve it as a curiosity to this day, with her autograph at the bottom of it, written in an easy and flowing hand, as though she had nothing on her mind, in the way of thieving, or extracting money under false pretences, whatever. This bill was just three times the length of any previous week’s, the proportion being accurately maintained in every item.

“Have we, then, drank three times the usual quantity of milk this week, Mrs. Spidaweb!” said I.

“No, sir; but the fact is, that the bills from the thirteenth to the twenty-seventh, when you lodged in the drawing-room flat, sir,” (with asperity and contempt), “were not sent in at all.”

“And the beer? Was the beer bill also not delivered?”

“No, sir, but Jimema Ann has got to drink of it to that extent, that I only wonder she doesn’t burst herself.”

“And the meat, Mrs. Spidaweb,” said I, languidly, for I saw it was no good. “The butcher’s bill?”

“The extra quantity of meat, sir, has been got, according to the doctor’s orders, for the sake of gravy for the baby.”

I was, for my part, thunderstruck; but, as I gave a last look up at the top floor, as we drove off I perceived that wonderful woman pinning Apartments to Let in the window, with an expression of beaming philanthropy, as though it were the prospectus of a religious and charitable foundation, started by herself, gratuitously, for the homeless.

A pious widow, with a family of pious sons and pious daughters, next admitted us to the privileges of Zion Cottage for a moderate remuneration; her dear departed, she told me, had died after many trials—I afterwards discovered that one in particular, connected with a bill of exchange, and the playful imitation of another gentleman’s hand-writing, had been almost the immediate cause of his decease—and left little behind him, except his blessing and a few African tracts. He had been once the alderman of his native town, and his bereaved relatives could never quite forget that state of carnal dignity; the young ladies, indeed, dressed to that extent, that Ada did not dare to ask them to do anything; and the young gentlemen, to a boy, all gave one the idea of fashionable preachers. Their mamma, confessed that she thought we should like our dinner better, if cooked at the baker’s, and she never suffered the mere ringing of the sitting-room bells to interrupt the singing of a psalm in the kitchen; not that her poor drudge, the maid, ever partook of that refreshment, for that earthen vessel was always employed up-stairs in arranging the back hair of one or other of her young mistresses; but whenever the family got tired of looking out of window, and walking in the back garden, they set up a hymn. The Ebenezers were all teetotalists, and strove to make a convert of our Jimema Ann; one of their young men was accustomed, while she disposed of her modest half-pint of beer, to read her a short homily upon the sin of drunkenness, illustrated with many awful instances of sudden death; and the females would beg her to taste their delicate toast and water, if it was only for once. But she merely expressed herself in reply as being happy in drinking their very good healths.

I cannot say that Mrs. Ebenezer’s spiritual enlightenment interfered much with her worldly wisdom and financial acuteness. Now and then, through inattention to such secular concerns, perhaps, a little item in the account would make its appearance twice; but, on the other hand, she never forgot even the most insignificant matter on the creditor side; along with each weekly bill would appear a little parcel of gay but useless ornaments, elaborate book-markers, and highly-

decorated pen-wipers, which in the first instant I took to be tributes of affection at the hands of the young ladies to my wife; but which I afterwards discovered were to be purchased from seven shillings and sixpence a-piece and upwards, for the benefit of a native congregation in the Tonga Island.

What was wanting, indeed, in our temporal comforts at Zion Cottage was well made up to us in attentions to our moral welfare. Twenty-five copies of Good Resolutions, or the Broken Pipe, were presented to me by Miss Miriam alone, on the occasion of a smell of tobacco being apparent in my dressing-room. We received the Infidel's Warning in return for our notice to quit, and were pointed out to Jemima Ann during the last few days by the Reverend Benjamin as having been typified, in a most satisfactory, though not in a pleasing manner, several thousand years ago.

Besides these awful specimens of the genus lodging-letter, we have experienced nearly a score of others: each, I believe, enough to have driven a philosopher (regardless of mere appearances) to live on wheels, or under canvas, rather than in furnished apartments. Let it suffice, however, to paint one more likeness, the original of which is unhappily close to my hand. I allude to Mrs. Peachbloom, at whose lodgings, number eleven, Garden of Eden Terrace, Saint Heliers, Jersey, we now are. She is a widow lady of that extreme delicacy and invalidism, that when the wind is in the north she retires to her couch; and when a door bangs she has a series of hysterical fits. At our first arrival she seemed pleased enough to see us; but on the second day (on which we went out to dinner) she thought we should be too much for her. "My health is such, you see, madam," she told my wife, "as to make all exertion dangerous, and standing in the front of a fire perfect madness; you must, at all events, dine early, and require as little of everything as possible."

During that same night we were awakened by screams, which we supposed to proceed from Mrs. P.'s hysteria, but turned out to be from the maid, whom she was beating with a gravy-ladle with much enthusiasm and vigour. In a voice, too, singularly different from her accustomed whisper, she was responding to her threats of departure, that she might go whenever she liked, but it would be without a character. One day she gave us notice to leave, because she could not bear to see us any longer occupying the very rooms which had once been Lord and Lady Millefleurs, the best and kindest friend she had ever had; she thought she could have borne it, she said in apology, but her feelings were stronger than she had reckoned upon. It appeared afterwards that she had in reality heard news of a more eligible tenant from the West Indies, which did not turn out to

be true; but in reply to our inquiries a few days after, as to why Lodgings was again in her window, she said that she had managed to conquer her feelings once more, and that we might still remain. After a week of tranquillity, she again informed us that the Earl of Millefleurs had written to her the most friendly of letters, advising her to let the house for a term of years. I was disturbed, indeed, on the ensuing morning by the following dialogue between her and a bill-sticker at the front door. He had just been putting up House to Let over the porch:

"So you have done it, Williams, have you?" whimpered Mrs. Peachbloom.

"Done what, marm? I don't know what you mean?"

"Put up the—the—the notice, Williams—put it up in the sight of the world."

"Well you told me, marm, didn't you? It's easy taken down else, and no trouble."

"Ah, you don't understand me, Williams—you don't sympathise with me—and, indeed, how should you? For we must all come to this, or something of the sort, at last. This house to let unfurnished. Well, well, God bless you, Williams!—God bless you!"

She affirms, indeed, that with the exception of his Lordship, nobody does understand her; nothing under a member of the aristocracy can do this; and we are not that, nor (as she is pleased to add, we hear through Jemima Ann) anything of the sort. There will be an auction, therefore, in the house to-morrow, and we must go. "All is to be sold," she says, "even to the very piano"—which I do not think will come to pass, for want of a buyer, as it has no keys to speak of, and half the wires have snapped;—"singular, is it not, that not even her piano is to be saved—bought-in, she believes they call it—but all is to be sold?"

Yesterday, however, upon some people calling to see the house in consequence of the placard, she took it down before their very eyes, having mounted upon a ladder for that purpose; declared that it was all a mistake, and that they could not so much as look at the apartments, occupied, as they had so lately been, by Lord and Lady Millefleurs. So there is to be no auction, and we are not To Let after all.

Except, however, that we think it right to be unpleasantly careful in locking our own and the nursery doors at night, I think we like this poor out-of-her-mind little Peachbloom as well as any; but Jemima Ann and the maid have lost all patience with her tantrums, and are eagerly desirous ("character or no character," says the latter) to give her a precious good shaking before they have done with her. I confess, if it could be effected without legal risk, I should very much like to see them putting that design into execution.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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PARIS IMPROVED.

THE citizens of London and the citizens of Paris can be compared and contrasted in almost the same terms as the cities themselves: the one sombre, heavy, large, continually expanding, seldom changing; the other bright, compact, open, lively, and ever improving. The pace of London improvement is that of the overgrown alderman, or of his own beloved turtle. It takes a lustre to pull down and rebuild a house or two in Chancery Lane, a decade to reconstruct Cannon Street, and a lifetime to open out an entirely new thoroughfare. In our youth, a nest of rookeries was demolished on the Clerkenwell side of Holborn Bridge, under pretence of continuing Farringdon Street to be an open route for the Northern and Western Railways: we are now more than middle-aged, our second son has attained his majority, and Farringdon Street still stands where it did. It is neither longer nor broader than it was when Fleet Ditch ceased to be navigable for merchant ships, and when Fleet Market afterwards flourished above that covered estuary. It is not a foot nearer to Bath, nor Liverpool, nor Berwick-upon-Tweed. The loose bricks; the unconsidered tiles; the rusty, dinted fragments of pots and kettles; the rugged mounds of filth; the slimy holes and puddles; the jagged profiles of tenements half torn down, half standing; the arches of empty coal-cellars; the carcasses of dead domestic animals; the bones of others whose death and skeletonhood dates three reigns back; the "temporary" posts and barriers now decayed with age; and the stench from Cow Cross; all continue to seethe and breed pestilence in the hideous gap dug out of the centre of this metropolis nearly a quarter of a century ago. Yet, during that time, there has been activity of another kind close by. Hundreds of dinners have been eaten; thousands of turtle have been slain and washed down with oceans of cold punch; millions of money in coal-dues and corn-dues have been squandered, and diverted from their legal purposes, into ever-running channels of gormandising and jobbery. Further off in the world a vast amount of work has been done, of precisely the same sort as that which our citizens have wretchedly shirked. Within the territories of

the United States, whole cities have been built, peopled, and organised, of not much smaller extent than the city of London proper. Miles and miles of ground have been covered with habitations in other parts of the globe, and called St. Francisco, Melbourne, Port Philip, what you will. Even while the wise men of the East have been haggling about one little piece of open ground at the base of St. Paul's Cathedral, a considerable portion of the capital of the great French empire has been not only razed, but rebuilt; rebuilt with a degree of solidity not easily conceivable in this our city of bricks and stucco; and in a style of splendour which would have startled the late Mr. John Martin, notably the most extreme idealist of gorgeous architecture ever known.

Indeed, since the tradition of Cadmus and the magical realities of the gold districts, we know of no instance of rapid building to equal the recent transformations in Paris. In the three years during which this short work has been mainly in action, there have been swept away a great many narrow crooked streets, which reeked with open streams of fetid refuse; which were without side-pavements—foot-passengers, horses, vehicles and filth, all mixing there in continual confusion;—which were seldom lighted by the sun by day, in consequence of the height and close proximity of the opposite houses, and which were but dimly lighted by night, with miserable lamps slung across the road; which were densely thronged from the cellars to the roofs, by a variety of inmates whose salient characteristic was wicked squalor; into which prudent people never ventured after sunset, and where imprudent people were frequently robbed and sometimes qualified by the *coup de clef*, or some other sudden passport, for the Morgue; nests, in short, of disquiet, disease, and iniquity. Not only have entire neighbourhoods such as these, been swept away wholesale, but every part of the city has been more or less improved in detail. Streets of moderate width have had their narrow entrances enlarged; sharp turns have been squared, and corner houses made to form double, instead of single angles—so that these widened cross-roads are never crowded, and seldom obstructed; projecting houses have

been forced back into line with the rest; convenient thoroughfares have been opened through blind blocks of buildings which separated one quarter from another. Yet, utility was not the sole motive power which has executed these improvements. The love of ornament and a passion for display, always attributed to the French, have been brilliantly and beautifully exhibited; especially in the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Sebastopol. But above these, common-sense (the most uncommon sense known), proclaims itself from every improved street and altered house. An English architect, or a member of the City Improvements Committee with any conscience or any observation, cannot walk through Paris without feeling ashamed and humiliated.

"But, sir, we live in a free country: in a country where private property is respected and private right a palladium. France, sir, is a despotic country. There, your house is not your castle: you can have it pulled down about your ears at a moment's notice, merely to promote public convenience. Our government cannot, with one stroke of a pen or after a one-sided discussion with civic authorities, depopulate a neighbourhood to have it built up again. We must wait until capital has accumulated from the proper sources; until leases have fallen in, and ground-landlords fallen out; until paving-boards have been conciliated, and commissions of sewers are agreed; until acts of parliament are, at an incredible cost and waste, fought through both houses, surveyors consulted, fees guaranteed to high-minded architects, building contracts—wickedly paraphrased by the vulgar as "jobs"—solemnly sealed and legalised. Sir, the boasted Parisian improvements have been made, I will venture to say, at the single will of the Emperor, and against the several wills of thousands of ousted tenants and ruined landlords; for despotism can do in ten minutes, what sober, constitutional legality is obliged to be busy ten years about."

So says the honourable Deputy for the ward of St. Vitus's Backlane; but that eminent and respected public nuisance is in error. He will perhaps be surprised to hear, that not a jot of private right was invaded; that every stone in Paris which formerly stood on the area of improvement was paid full value for, before a slate was removed or a pickaxe lifted; that every owner and occupier was fairly compensated, not only for loss and removal of property, but for damage done to his business—compensated too, not with the off-hand tyranny of "take that or none;" but, in case of dispute, by juries selected from his own class. If the worthy St. Vitus's Deputy could divest himself of his London Corporation prejudices, and could inquire into the subject, he would perceive that nearly every expedient, every administrative arrangement, every mode of negotiation and adjustment between

the authorities of the city of Paris and the imperial government, is applicable to the speedy improvement of his own or any other pent-up, ill-planned, ill-governed city in these liberally governed dominions.

The nucleus of the Paris improvements is the Hôtel de Ville. Around it, the first great shattering and shocking of vile streets took place; and, in it, are performed the administrative and financial operations by which the wholesale changes are set in motion. The chief municipal authorities do all their work in this gorgeous Guildhall, partly of their own free inspirations and will, and partly under the direction of government. There, the plans for changing some of the worst parts of the capital into palatial habitations, are devised, deliberated on, and adopted; thence, come out the loans for carrying on the work, which capitalists eagerly "take up;" and there the work is paid for when it is finished. As, however, it is thought possible that a body of gentlemen of equal status to the aldermen and common-councilmen of London, are not solely sufficient for deciding upon works of such magnitude, their proceedings have to be ratified by the *conseil des bâtiments civils*, an imperial committee, composed of five of the most eminent French architects and eight non-professional colleagues, whose business it is to report upon all plans respecting public structures. The sanction and co-operation of the minister of finance is also necessary to the monetary operations; because, as the construction of several public offices and other public works is included, a certain quota of expense is paid out of the imperial treasury. It must not be supposed that these and other excellent regulations were framed to direct this single outburst of architectural renovation; they are the law of the land, made and provided for all such cases, by the astonishingly far-seeing and comprehensive Code Napoléon—a code which Britain, though she *did* rise out of the azure main to the singing of Guardian Angels, has some cause to envy.

It was originally intended that the vast alterations to be made in the map of Paris should occupy fifteen years; but the present emperor had his reasons for ordering that they should be finished in five years; so that a considerable amount of capital had to be raised in a very short time. Fortunately the task was not difficult; for, as municipal tom-foolery and gluttony are not the business of the Hôtel de Ville, a fund, applicable to the work, already existed in its coffers amounting to about sixty millions of francs. The credit of a corporation so flushed with ready money, is in itself a bank; and, when more money was wanted, an additional sum of fifty millions of francs was eagerly lent by capitalists. No sooner are proposals for a loan announced, than the scrip rises to a high premium, and the competition for it is

so strong, that ten millions more francs have been raised, by lottery, upon the excess in premiums alone. Five millions of pounds sterling have therefore been raised since the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, for buying up property to improve Paris, besides vast sums realised by old building materials and fittings. Two years more of well-spent and costly activity have yet to elapse, before the contemplated regeneration will be complete.

The doomed quarters having been marked out, notices to quit are served upon the occupiers. The bargain with each proprietor differs little, in the first instance, from that entered into between an ordinary buyer and seller. The municipality is willing to give so much; the vendor demands so much; if terms cannot at once be arranged, the dispute is referred to a compensation jury, composed of members of the council-general of the department of the Seine. Upon the whole, our inquiries led to the belief that the sums awarded are fair. Some cases of underpayment and hardship could, of course, be adduced on the one side, as well as instances of exorbitant demand on the other. There are, indeed, whispers, of tradesmen living in the line of projected improvement, making out beforehand on their books, enormous transactions which only existed in their books, to mystify the jurors into extravagant payment for loss of trade by forced removal. Even lodgers are compensated by *indemnités locatives* according to the value of their holdings. Where one family in London is put to the rout by the demolition of a house, from four to five families are ejected in Paris, where the inhabitants are nearly all lodgers; each house being separated into tenements; and each floor containing a complete and distinct household.* The consequence of the sudden sweeping away of habitations, caused shelter to become uncommonly scarce. Enormous rents were, for a time demanded, even for the meanest garrets and the dampest cellars; and the poorer and industrious classes suffered intensely. Ejected families, in a most piteous plight, were seen in the streets, following the tumbrels or the hand-carts in which their household appliances were piled, unable to find a roof to cover them. Many were obliged to remain out of doors in the midst of frost and snow, until the government caused certain waste places to be hutted, in which they gave the houseless shelter, free of charge. After a time, new houses were ready, and these inconveniences disappeared.

There are, it must be remarked, some circumstances which render these sudden changes in Paris much more easy than in London. House-building must always be a

more rapid operation in most parts of France than in England. Hitherto, underground works have not cost much time there; and—although the ancient fosses surrounding the garrison were converted at an early period into main sewers, and a great straight sewer, running east and west under the city, was constructed in thirteen hundred and seventy—yet few of the houses are drained into them to this day. But, by a decree of the sixth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a system of tubular drainage into them, and into a new sewer running parallel to the Seine, on the south side, was established; ten years being allowed to the proprietors of house-property to cause the necessary connection to be made. The main sewers will be eventually discharged into the Seine a few miles below Paris; but, so far above tidal influence, that the sewerage will be carried away. Not all the grand new streets and beautiful houses, nor the noble monuments and public buildings, will improve Paris so thoroughly and fundamentally as this measure. The abolition of cesspools centuries old, with which its foundations are honey-combed, and of the pestiferous *voiries* of Montfaucon and Bondy into which they have for ages been emptied, will increase the hygienic condition of the city beyond all calculation.

The ground cleared, at the expense already indicated, had to be covered; and the four thousand master-builders who habitually find business in Paris—though taking upon themselves a fair share of such work as adding some half mile to the arcaded Rue de Rivoli (already one of the grandest streets in Europe)—were not able to provide capital for realising all the gigantic projects demonstrated in the plans laid out on paper. The universal remedy in such a case, a joint-stock company, instantly sprang into existence; and the covering of those acres of rugged waste known as the Place de Carrousel—with its noble triumphal arch and its tall, grim coffee-shop that stood for many years a solitary and shaky spectre of the past; with its second-hand book, curiosity, and stuffed-bird stalls; with its clamorous shoe-cleaners and politely importunate dealers in second-hand umbrellas, canes, and catalogues of the picture gallery—has been gorgeously accomplished by the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli assisted by the funds of the Société de Crédit Mobilier. The palace of the Louvre and the palace of the Tuileries—recently not much less than a quarter of a mile apart—are now joined by galleries and arcades of great architectural beauty set with gateways and pavilions adorned with caryatides and allegorical groups of the most elaborate design and execution. The new edifices thus enclosing the Place de Carrousel, comprise two inner squares, immense barracks, public offices, an extensive riding-school, stables, and great additions to the Tuileries palace itself. The

* In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, according to the Census, the average number of individuals living in each house in Paris was twenty-six. In eighteen hundred and seventeen the average was twenty-four inmates per house.

same company have also built, close by, the largest hotel in Europe. The Hôtel du Louvre, standing opposite to the north face of these structures, in the Rue de Rivoli, covers more than an English acre and a half of ground. It has eight hundred rooms; and presents as splendid a specimen of interior decoration and furnishing as is known to exist. Four years ago, when the Place de Carrousel was a void, this magnificent traveller's rest was the site of several back streets.

It is needless to detail all that the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli has effected; and, to those readers not thoroughly acquainted with Paris as it stood in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a description of the other improvements would be tedious. What has already been said will give a faint idea of the power of capital and skill when energetically directed. What capital, without well-directed skill, can effect they know pretty well from experience at home. The architectural and structural achievements of Paris are on a much larger scale than those of our Houses of Parliament, for instance, yet have taken not a hundredth—perhaps (for we do not yet see the end of Westminster palace looming in the distance) not a thousandth, part of the time.

We must repeat, however, that building of the first class is naturally an easier operation in France than in England. The neighbourhood of Paris, the banks of the Loire, and other large districts abound with a soft, tractable stone of dazzling whiteness, which cuts with little more difficulty than wood; hardening with age and exposure. Squared into cubes, and moved with ease, on account of its comparatively light specific gravity, this material enables the French mason to pile up his walls in half the time, and with three times the solidity, that an English bricklayer can his; the neatness and beauty of the work being necessarily very much greater. Even rough walls, built with small unhewn stone, (*limousinage*) are more rapidly raised than brick walls, and are often faced and dressed with the softer hewn stone. The new streets abound with the richest sculptured ornament; and this is chiefly executed after the shell has been run up: not delayed piecemeal in the sculptor's shed before being set in.

But, evil was foreseen in these rapid building performances themselves. Philosophers of the St. Vitus's Backlane school shrugged their shoulders, and predicted that the concentration of a prodigious number of workmen whose employment could last for only a certain time, would be a huge foundation for disturbance, when the work was done and the workmen discharged. But, the prophets knew nothing about the character and circumstances of the French mason and stone-cutter; necessarily the largest body of operatives massed together in the capital. They had not read about him in

an article on the French Workman, which appeared in this miscellany,* nor M. le Play's account of him in his prodigious (but not quite trustworthy), Monography of the Workmen of Europe. This author declares that the masons are, or have been—for they are deteriorating, he says,—models of prudence and sobriety. They travel up from La Creuse or La Haute Vienne—as the Irish haymaker visits England in summer—during la belle saison, and return to their homes when frost forbids work. There are at present about a hundred and fifty thousand stone-cutters and stone-setters in Paris, working with unflinching zeal, to earn from two francs and a half to five francs a-day; to live after so much only of the communist principle as promotes economy; and to turn their faces finally homeward with light hearts and heavy purses, after they have converted Paris into a stone and sculptured paradise. The masons never marry a Parisienne, and seldom contract unlawful unions. They live in large parties of twenty or thirty, called *chambres*, in one room, for about thirty-eight francs each a-month for board and lodging; and soon save enough money to marry a woman of their own country: and to buy a house, land, and cows. They then stay at home, and send their sons as emigrant masons to Paris in their stead. The stone-cutters are in two factions, or societies; one called the Children of Solomon; the other, the Children of Maître Jacques. These work together well enough, but do not live in anything like harmony. Whether the four hundred thousand persons now engaged in the remaining branches of building and decorating, will devote their attention to barricades by-and-by, becomes very doubtful when we know, that the ordinary absorption of labour in all the various building trades, including masonry, usually keeps forty thousand operatives out of mischief in Paris alone.

We have said and seen that the best kind of building is rapidly accomplished in France; and only the best kind of building is, as a rule, tolerated. There, a house is not a lath and plaster, or a brick-thick, shell. The self-contained pride of being a respectable house-keeper (that is, very often, of inhabiting an expensive kennel "without lodgers," where every sound in the kennels right and left is distinctly audible) does not exist. The French, like the Scotch, live one above another, under the same roof, in the separate floors of large houses; thus economising space and money. In the principal streets, the ground floor consists of a shop; then comes a mezzanine floor, or *entresol*; then a suite of rooms, on the same level, which includes every convenience for a family; and so up and up, to the highest floor. This is usually divided into two sets of apartments, for residents of humble

* Volume viii., page 802.

means. At the end of a pretty tessellated passage beside the shop, there is, at the foot of the stairs, a snug little glass case or lodge. Looking in, you will usually see a woman in a clean cap knitting a stocking; a gilt pendule is certain to be ticking on the chimneypiece; and a clean bed ensconced in an alcove. This woman's husband—always dressed, in the morning, in a cap and a coarse green apron—is one of the trustworthy and serviceable class of domestic hall-keepers, or porters, for which Paris is remarkable. He polishes the stairs, polishes the banisters, polishes everything he can lay his hands upon, and has generally polished his own manners too. He is shrewd, steady, observant, and can keep his own counsel withal. Every floor pays him a small, fixed, monthly stipend; and he is the guardian genius of the whole house. You ask his wife on which floor your friend lives, and she, the portress on duty, takes all sorts of pains to make you understand her directions, if she sees there be any dulness in your foreign apprehension. You ascend a flight of oak stairs (carefully, for the porter-husband is polishing his way down from the top, vigorously) by the help of a banister supported by bronzed and gilt rails. Your friend's door opened, admits you to a little hall, in which, when it is shut after you, you feel as much isolated from the world as if you were standing on the mat of the private residence of the honourable Deputy of St. Vitus's, Backlane, near Camberwell Green. Little drawing-rooms, dining-room, study, nursery, bed-rooms, kitchen (and a back-stair leading to it, for servants and tradesmen), all furnished with an amount of sensible taste highly suggestive to all the Deputies in all Camberwell. And all—horrid idea!—over a shop. Yet your friend may be an English baronet or a foreign count, with thousands a-year, and with some capital horses in a stable close by. Does Monsieur Viteplume, chef de bureau at the office of the Minister of the Interior, who lives in the floor above, or Madame Bonnebonnet, the court milliner, who lives over him, or M. Burin, the engraver, who resides nearer heaven by the altitude of one story, or Jules Cordon the journeyman bootmaker, or Mademoiselle Fleurschâteau, who each inhabit the attic apartments—ever interfere with the rich baronet, or with one another? Never. When the cobbler meets the baronet or the government official, or madame or mademoiselle, on the stairs, he claims them as neighbours only by a polite bow, and “bon jour.”

Even in the more private streets, few people occupy a whole house. There is generally a court-yard surrounded by apartments, with one common entrance. Sometimes, houses are clustered together round a larger court-yard, and called a *cité*. In the poorer quarters, some of these *cités*—which have fallen in the general sweep, swarmed to a degree prejudicial to health; but their populations are now distributed.

This plan of residence of course necessitates large houses. There are no Prospect Places, Adeliza Terraces, or Paradise Rows in Paris: no small, mean, slightly-built streets; but every house is of sufficient dimensions to admit of architectural display. Even in the humblest parts of the town the houses are lofty and substantial.

When the stipulated five years shall have elapsed, and the contemplated improvements shall be completed, Paris will be a marvel of improvement. And London? London will go on talking for and against improvement, for another half-century or so, and will remain, as to its general ugliness, pretty much what it has been for the last ten or a dozen years. The Hôtel de Ville in Paris and the Guildhall in London, are mightily expressive, in their vast differences, of the intelligence and spirit of the public bodies they represent. But then the corporation of Paris really expresses Paris itself, while the corporation of London expresses nothing but obsolete pretences and abuses.

DECIMAL MEASURES.

WEIGHT is a measure of density—of the amount of ponderable material elements contained within a given bulk of substance. The above heading, therefore, intends to include decimal weights and measures: which we must also adopt if we are determined to enjoy the full benefit of decimal moneys of account, and of a decimal coinage.

In the case of weights and measures, there arises, for us, a difficulty in fixing on the unities, or starting-points, of our system, which does not occur in the case of money. Value is an arbitrary and conventional thing; an article is worth what it will fetch in the market, and no more. And, what is of still more importance, values are always fluctuating. Money is nothing but a set of signs contrived to represent certain values of merchandise. But, in more than the popular sense, there is nothing fixed or stable about money. The very gold and silver of which we make our money-counters, change their value, often considerably, from week to week. Consequently, the French have selected the franc as the unit of their accounts and circulation, and we are likely to take the sovereign as ours, simply because it happens to suit them, and ourselves, respectively best. Nature will help us to no standard for the regulation of our stock-exchange and bourse transactions. She gives, takes, transmutes, restores, decomposes and reproduces; but her capital in hand remains always the same; not a particle of matter disappears from her surface or her kernel; not a single elementary atom is annihilated, or created in addition. In short, Nature does not buy and sell, and never, that we know of, gains or loses.

On the contrary, Nature is as precise and fixed as the ratio of the force of gravity to

the distance, or as the proportions in chemical combinations—such as, for instance, of the primitive ingredients which, together, make up common salt. Weights and measures are therefore, bye-laws of nature; and it is of the utmost importance to fix upon a unit whose invariable representative is to be found in the material world in which we dwell. What have we done in that respect? We have a measure, the assumed length of the human foot; and another, the inch, the imagined breadth of the human thumb; as if all men were cast, like rifle-bullets or leaden idols, in the same iron mould, and had feet and thumbs of uniform dimensions. The old French foot and inch are longer than the English ones; but if ethnical differences had been taken as a guide, they ought, I think, to have been somewhat shorter. We have a liquid gallon, which might perhaps have passed as a factor of the contents of the human stomach during the age when ale-and-beer-drinkers measured their powers by the number of gallons they were able to swallow, but which, happily, is either obsolete or voted low now, as such. And our dry measures! We have dry measures with no better natural standard than existed in the times when a cat suspended by the tail with her nose touching the ground, had to be covered by a heap of wheat.

The French reformers made their lineal measure, or long measure, as we call it, the foundation of all the rest; and, as the terrestrial globe on which we dwell shows no symptoms either of increasing in obesity, or of wasting away in a galloping consumption, they took their measurements from the earth herself. They ascertained how many yards it would require to put an exact-fitting girdle round, not her waist or abdomen, for that would vary from the equator upwards—but from head to foot, passing through the poles both north and south. Such a girdle as this, from top to toe, is invariable, to whichever part of the earth we apply it; and it is called a meridian, from the Latin meridies, because every such girdle strapped round the world is fully exposed to the noon-tide sun once in every twenty-four hours. An infinite number of meridians may thus be supposed to be twisted round the globe, exactly as the threads lie closely side by side on a ball of twine. Every inch of ground, as we proceed from east to west, has its own meridian of precisely equal length to that of its next door neighbour. If you trace anywhere a sun-dial on the ground, the line where the shadow of the upright gnomon falls exactly at the moment of noon, corresponds to the meridian line of that special spot, and might be continued, of course, perfectly straight both north and south till it reached the poles.

For convenience, the quarter only of the entire meridian was taken; namely, from the north pole to the equator, for the reason that it subtends a right angle exactly, which, as a

fixed and invariable term, must be the unit of angular measure. But when the exact length of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian was known, although it possessed the great advantage of being a natural and invariable standard, it also proved of rather inconvenient length for the measurement of tapes, ribbons, and even roads. It was, therefore, judged proper to cut it up into a stated number of equal bits, and to take one of those bits as the unit to start from. A mode of division was fixed upon which should give portions successively ten times less than the parts divided. Accordingly, the quadrant was first divided into ten equal portions, and then each portion into ten others, and so on; or, what comes to the same thing, the quadrant of the meridian was successively divided into tenths, hundredths, thousandths, and so on. The first sub-divisions being evidently too long to furnish a measure convenient for practical purposes, and quite incapable of serving as the unit of ordinary measurement, the division by ten was continued till the quadrant was divided into ten million parts, and it was found that each ten-millionth part, which was about three feet and an inch of the old French measure, fulfilled the conditions requisite for every-day usefulness. This length was adopted as the unit of measurement, from which all others were to be deduced; and it was called a *MÈTRE*, a word which means neither more nor less than a measure. Thus, *mètres* fulfil in French measurement, the office performed by English yards, than which they are more than a trifle longer.

The value of the *mètre*, and of its subdivisions and multiples, arises from the circumstance, that such measures have a real basis, always existing and invariable; since the definite length, from which they derive their origin, is taken from a natural standard. The only human agency applied is, the way in which this stated length is divided, and the choice of certain special divisions, which appeared the most suitable for national convenience. This standard length may therefore be compared to the lengths of the day, or of the year, both which are natural lengths, measured by the revolution of the earth on its axis, or round the sun. All that remained for men to do, was to divide the length of the year into twelve months, that of the day into twenty-four hours, and that of the hour into sixty minutes; but they were equally at liberty, as has been attempted, to establish a decimal division of time. Although measurement by *mètres* is a French invention, it has the same claim to be adopted by the whole family of the human race. If all the *mètre*-measures in the world (whether made of wood, ribbon, ivory, or metal) were utterly destroyed and made to disappear, the *mètre* itself could still be found again, to half a hair's breadth, by repeating the same calculations and processes

by which it was originally determined. But better than that; if it were required to recover immediately the lost unit of measurement, it would not be necessary to recommence so laborious an operation as the measurement of a notable portion of the quadrant of the meridian, which occupied several years to complete perfectly; because, after once that unit has been determined, it is possible, with the aid of natural physics, to reproduce it as often as you want by a prompt and easy method, which will furnish you with an exact copy of the original. Space allows me to say no more than, that the oscillations of a pendulum supply the means. By a law of nature, every pendulum of a given length oscillates, at the same latitude and elevation from the sea, in the same given time; consequently, knowing that a *mètre* pendulum completes its oscillation in such a time (very nearly a second), supposing the *mètre* to be unfortunately lost, or utterly falsified, you have only to make a pendulum oscillate in that exact time (or to make a given number of oscillations in twenty-four hours), to regain your missing *mètre*, and to compel the absentee M. T. R. (as *per Times'* advertisement), to return without delay to his sorrowing friends, when all will be arranged for the best, and no reproaches or scoldings given.

For these reasons, I humbly state my opinion, that more good is likely to arise to neighbouring countries from the international adoption of uniform measures and weights, than from any assimilation of their current coin. The quadrant of the meridian, and the weight of water at the freezing point, are the same for all the nations of the world; but the prosperity, the credit, the debts, the exports and imports, the demand and supply of each individual nation, have always varied, and always will. It does really seem, on close consideration, that national moneys of account and coinage, co-existing with uniform, international, and universally received weights and measures, form the system most in accordance with things as they are at the present epoch of the human race; and are, therefore, a more natural arrangement, and more likely to work well in the long run than the equalisation of moneys also.

The French *mètre* is divided into ten parts, called *décimètres*; but *décimètres*, like *décimes*, are seldom spoken of in every-day language. The *décimètre* is divided into ten *centimètres*, and the *centimètre* into ten *millimètres*, the hundredth and thousandth parts of a *mètre* respectively. These are found to answer conveniently and accurately for all purposes of small measurement. Note well, that the divisions of the *mètre* (as of all weights, measures and coins in France) are expressed by numerals derived from the Greek: thus, a *kilomètre* is a thousand *mètres*, and answers the purposes of our mile (than which it is considerably shorter)

in the measurement of French roads. Four *kilomètres* make a French league, which may be called two and a half English miles. It cannot be denied that the *mètre*, with its multiples and subdivisions, offers a simple and natural means of measuring length, against the naturalisation of which in Great Britain, and elsewhere, no other objection can be urged, than the violence it would offer to established customs, modes of speech, and money-charges.

The clever Commercial Traveller, whom we have already cited, despairs of reconciling the inconsistencies accumulated by ages in the department of lineal measures. He confesses that, owing to the relation of the foot, or the yard, to the mile, the equatorial degree—all conventional measures, remember, and therefore open to modification—and to astronomical and nautical calculations, the settlement of this question is perhaps the most perplexing of all. He doubtingly proposes the adoption, as the unit, of the present foot, and the introduction of a new rod, the decimal multiple of the foot: for, if the yard be retained and decimalised, we lose the inch, and very likely also the foot. In short, he tries to untie the Gordian knot, and cannot; yards, perches, fathoms, chains, ells, and furlongs, are intertwined so inextricably as to render the feat impossible. I say, "Cut the knot at once; throw away the yard measure, and seize the *mètre*." From it every other measure may be deduced with equal accuracy and fixedness. Thus, in France, the litre, which is no more than a cubic *décimètre*, is the element of all liquid measures, and of all other measures of capacity. There is no reason (except the love of confusion, complexity, and consequent difficulty, in which certain persons find their account) why goods that are to be measured by capacity—whether liquids, as beer; or dry, as seeds—should not be meted by the same measures. There are very many reasons why they should. Again,—to show the general applicability of the fundamental *mètre*—the gramme, the unit or element of all weights, is the weight of a cubic centimètre of distilled water, weighed in *vacuo*, at the temperature of melting ice, its point of greatest condensation. A thousand of these make a kilogramme, less than two and a quarter English pounds. On the first publication of the republican weights and measures, as they were called by the commission appointed by the National Convention, *cadil* was the name given to the unit of capacity; and *grave* (from the Latin) to the unit of weight and its subdivisions, changing to *bar* (from the Greek) for the multiples; but their respective values were exactly the same as those of the litre and the gramme, by which they have nominally been replaced. These indefatigable servants of all work, the *mètre* with its progeny, have even been made to turn their hands to the coinage. Twenty-seven five-franc pieces, laid touching

each other side by side in straight row, measure a mètre across their united diameters; while twenty five-franc pieces, fresh from the Mint, weigh exactly half a kilogramme, or a new pound. The franc should weigh five grammes of silver, containing one-twentieth part of alloy. It will be seen that this is no more than a conventional arrangement to manufacture medals of a certain size and weight; the mètre can no more fix the value of silver, than it can arrest the variations of human caprice, on which all ideas respecting value depend.

The unit of our present liquid measures in England is the gallon. Its retention is not considered advisable, even if we will not have the litre, as too outlandish and Frenchified. The imperial pint is suggested as a more proper unit. The gallon is nowhere in use out of Great Britain. The United States use the old wine gallon, with which ours has nothing in common but the name; and it is just this kind of nominal community which renders the admission of the term and thing itself into the new system objectionable. Its decimal division would necessitate the alteration of the pint and the half-pint. The gallon, as a measure of convivial consumption, is decidedly out of place in these temperance times; and so salutary a change for the better has the right to demand the sanction of law. No harm can possibly arise from the new system ignoring the gallon. Brewers, and sellers of oil, would have to alter their prices in proportion, say per ten, instead of eight pints. But if the pint were to be greatly altered, the inconvenience would be of a very different kind. We all of us drink, more or less frequently, every day by the pint, or the half-pint; for it is the measure proper to sustain strength and health, be the drink water, malt liquor, or wine; and it is the measure for which also, in regard to the physical constitution of the present generation, the brewer calculates the strength of his beverages. To meddle with a habit of so general a character, and which so universally affects a necessary of life, could therefore only be justified, if extraordinary difficulties stood in its way. Now, half a litre is less than a pint, and its adoption would so far aid the cause of temperance. A litre of beer or wine, between two persons, as is often called for, is a less profuse allowance than an English quart, which would be ordered under similar circumstances. The gallon, undoubtedly, must surrender at discretion, and yield its place either to the pint or the litre.

Pint being itself a Saxon word, if we obstinately resolve to retain that measure, corresponding terms for its multiples and subdivisions should be preferred to Latin or French words. The following are proposed by the Commercial Traveller, more for the purpose of clearly distinguishing the proportions, than with any presumption of proposing terms. In

the present tea-and-coffee-drinking age, the words cup and spoonful, which after all are only imitations of the Roman calix and cochlearium, have appeared far preferable to gill. In the descending scale, one pint makes ten cups, and one cup ten spoonful. In the ascending, ten pints make a can, ten cans make an anker, and ten ankers one new ton.

Upon principles analogous to those mentioned in reference to the pint, if the same measures are found inadmissible in England to serve both for dry and liquid goods, then the law ought to call the bushel, and not the gallon, the unit of the measures for dry goods. The quarter is objectionable, for more reasons than one. The division of this measure by eight, and its multiple, the old and now forgotten chaldron, of which it is the fourth part, are things incompatible with decimal proportions. Its very name is, therefore, to be rejected. As to practice, nearly the whole United Kingdom (London and its immediate dependencies excepted) reckon by the bushel. The quarter is practically made use of nowhere (although the comb is), being too large a measure to be managed conveniently in metage; and this being the fact, the bushel already is the measure generally used.

The bushel is also the most familiar; our farmers, when speaking of price and the yield of their crops, say so much per bushel, and so many bushels per acre; and so do the Americans, although by selecting such a moderate base they may appear to have taken a more modest view of the extent of their country's production and commerce, than their probable future greatness may justify. Already the large number of bushels, in which their president annually states the yield of their crops, have an awkward and unwieldy look. It is consequently proposed that ten bushels shall make one decuple, which henceforward will fill the office of comb; while one bushel should make ten new gallons, and one gallon ten tenths. An attempt has been made to mix up with the question of decimal reform, that of abolishing grain measures altogether, and making it compulsory to sell the article by weight. As the majority of British and Irish markets already weigh grain, the abolition of the measures seem to be desirable; but the object, namely, general uniformity, would not for that be attained, since every market, where grain is now sold by weight, has its local custom.

On looking at our existing scales of weights, we cannot be surprised that the insidious question, "Which is the heaviest; a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?" should be a well-worn test of a child's intelligence. It is generally supposed that, in the new system, which will be promulgated one of these days, our present weights, both avoirdupois and troy, will be retained. The

troy weight, being already decimally used by the Bank of England, calls only for a passing remark. It is stated that both the governments, for the Mint, and the College of Physicians, for their prescriptions, desire to retain the troy weight. If we are not to have weights founded on the gramme, there are, perhaps, no good reasons why they should not. The attempt to make a fusion of this and of the commercial weight, does not promise well. The two weights will not compare in decimal fractions. It may be better, therefore, to let both alone. There is no more necessity for comparing them, than there is for bringing the pound and the pint decimally together. Those articles which are weighed by the weight of commerce, never are, or at all events, never should be weighed by the troy, and vice versa. Practically, in reference to weight, incongruous dry articles, such, for instance, as sugar and silver, have as little relation to each other as solids and liquids, or sugar and oil. They can never interfere with each other, when weighed and measured. No practical objection can, therefore, be made to the co-existence of troy weight and the weight of commerce — always supposing that the gramme is never to be naturalised on the northern shores of the Channel. The French metrical weight has been adopted by the German Customs Union; and it cannot be denied that it answers in a perfect manner all purposes, commercial and scientific. So, however, will our old weights decimally arranged; and to the advocates of the French weight, may be opposed the fact, that the United States, at present our best customers and likely to remain so, have our old weights, and use them, partially already, decimalised. The Commercial Traveller proposes to take the pound of commerce (*avoirdupois*) as the unit for all those articles of merchandise which are now weighed by it; a hundred of these pounds would make the hundred-weight; and ten hundred-weights, or a thousand pounds, would be a load. In dividing the pound decimally, we shall have ten parts, which might be called poundlings; the poundling might be divided into ten parts, which would be the lowest division of commercial weight, and these, after the manner of our cousins of Holland, might appropriately be called weightlings. The denominations of ounces, drachms, &c. in the weight of commerce are objectionable, as they already exist, and are likely to be retained in troy weight. For the convenience of weighing, quarters of the hundred-weight, and stones of ten pound, might be manufactured; but, as we have the term, quarter, in our measures, the twenty-five pound weight would more fitly be denominated by the term, fourth.

Upon the principle generally advocated, that our new nomenclature ought to contain no two terms alike in sound, but of different application, and by which the ounce would

remain, only in the troy weight, it is urged that the pound should remain exclusively in the weight of commerce, the ounce being made not only the unit, but also the highest multiple of the troy weight. Thus, instead of saying, for example, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine sovereigns are coined out of forty pounds troy, we should simply say, out of four hundred and eighty ounces. If it should, however, be found desirable to have a multiple of the ounce troy (which must, of course, be a decimal one), the term, pound, as belonging exclusively to the weight of commerce, will, it is hoped, be replaced by some new term, or even by some ancient one, such, for instance, as the Roman *decunx*, *dextans*, or the like.

Then, as to when the change is to take place; and also how; whether at once or by instalments. The Commercial Traveller advocates that the decimalisation of the money should, on account of its greater difficulty follow the change in the weights and measures. We should not think of teaching a child half the alphabet, and then presume that he should know how to read; but we teach him gradually, and we insist first upon those letters for which he shows most fancy and receptiveness. In like manner should our decimal reform proceed. A simultaneous change would overtax the patience of the people, and render the reform distasteful.

Upon examination of our present cumbersome system, it will be found that the inconsistencies, absurdities, and inconveniences have most accumulated in the weights; and if our weights are capable, as they undoubtedly are, of being reduced to very simple, easy, and rational proportions, they will naturally call more urgently for a change. But more still, upon further examination, it will also be found, that a reform in weights (and measures), although it seems to present to those who undertake to carry it out, greater difficulties than a reform in coinage probably will, yet promises to be considerably more feasible in its adoption, as far as the people are concerned. This appears to be a grave reason in favour of the reform in weights and measures taking the precedence.

If we begin with the coinage, the law must enact that one fine morning everybody shall pay and receive in a new mode of reckoning. To whatever inconvenience or confusion the change may give rise, that inconvenience will be repeated when weights and measures next have their turn. The same will not happen if the case is reversed. For upon whom is it that the onus and inconvenience of the change will chiefly fall! It is not upon her Majesty's ministers or upon the Master of the Mint; for the law will give them time to prepare. It is not upon the bankers and capitalists in general, who will readily convert their rates (where they are not already per cent.) from vulgar into decimal fractions. Nor is it upon

the public at large, who will receive the new coin at some public office, and spend on the same footing on which they received. The onus will fall chiefly, if not entirely, upon the tradesmen, who will be expected to answer all questions about the difference between the old and the new prices, to have by precalculation set his new price upon every article in his store, and to have split all the awkward fractions of the decimal money fairly between himself and his customers. Now, if it be true that there is no town or village, or even street, without tradesmen, and that the vast majority of the population are sellers of something or other, it must be equally true, that the success of the change will mainly depend upon the facilities the law will allow them in preparing for, or rather initiating themselves into, the new mode of accounts. Due preparation, in fact, for the day of change is everything; but the metrical change will be more facile than that in money, because the former is more simple, at least in the hands of the people, than the money, which is twofold, namely, of account and coin. The tradesman buys most of his articles either by the hundred-weight, which he retails by the pound, or by the pound, which he retails by the ounce,—or by the ton or the quarter, which he retails by the gallon and the peck. He will, therefore, have to calculate the price of every article anew, when the hundred-weight shall be a hundred pounds instead of a hundred and twelve, and the pound ten ounces instead of sixteen. All this will be easily enough accomplished, if he is allowed to go through the change without being confused at the same time by new money. A few months will suffice to impress him with the advantage of decimal numbers. The training his mind is undergoing during that interval will make it receptive of the more important but to him more perplexing, new coinage; but which he will then find, to his surprise, to fit his decimal weight or measure, like cogs in the wheel.

Such is the reasoning of the Commercial Traveller, of whom I now take leave, and to whose valorous expedition I heartily wish success. The last question to ask is, "When are these troublesome alterations to be made?" Of course, as soon as possible; immediately that the necessary calculations are made, and the act passed. That is our way. We always perform all sorts of requisite alterations in a prompt and thorough manner. In time of peace we are, some of our rulers tell us, perfect Chinese, in that respect. But the war! Ah, that makes a difference. We are too busy to attend to such trifles now. Let us make time, then. It has been remarked that a man is never so happy, never so regardless of petty troubles, never in such an energetic frame of mind, as when he has a little more to do than he well knows how to get through with. It is the same with nations as with individuals. And, perhaps,

we, of late, may have suffered ourselves to be too much occupied with minor miseries, straw-splitting doctrinal disputes, and imaginary peccadillos. When the stream of affairs is flowing smoothly and steadily in bright warm sunshine, we just let the waves ripple on in their course; let a storm arise, we gird up our loins, look the tempest in the face, and pull at the oars manfully. While the French were fighting the rest of Europe single-handed, with the sober judgment as well as the prejudices of multitudes in every nation against them, they found time to reform their measures, their weights, and their coins. We are engaged in a war,—a serious one, it is true; but we are buoyed up and borne forward by the universal belief that we have right on our side; and, for our companions in arms, we have the most military nation in Europe, the French themselves. If we cannot contrive to make a few necessary improvements at home, although our minds may be fixed on events abroad, we can claim but little credit to ourselves as able and versatile administrators.

Decimal coins and measures must be decreed at once. Their introduction, at whatever time, would be a sort of coup d'état,—a revolution, if you please. And how do people effect coups d'état, public or private? Not, certainly, by indecision, timidity, and delay. They buckle up their minds to do the thing unflinchingly, and at once, throwing their individual will into much the same attitude as a surgeon does, when he proceeds to amputate a gangrened limb. For, a thing done, differs materially from a thing projected. A fact is no fact at all till it has become an accomplished fact, and will serve as a stepping-stone whereon the foot may be firmly planted, helping us to make another stride in advance. We have had so many good intentions on the part of public men during the last eighteen months, that we do not want any more at present. If the consideration of the claims of Decimals is to be deferred till this day six months, we know, from tolerably long experience, what the result is likely to be.

CHIP.

MY GARDEN LIBRARY.

Nothing, it is said, is so easy as farming. You have only to peep over your neighbour's hedge, spy what he is doing, and immediately do the same thing yourself. Now, I have an idea that I am a tolerably good gardener;—I would grow mustard and cress for a wager—say a duck and green peas—against Sir Joseph Paxton himself; and my knowledge has been gained exactly in that way. In all my gardening excursions there has constantly followed me a polyglot cart-load of horticultural books. Some of these are remarkable for their obesity. Call them manuals, and they

make tolerably plump handfulls; such, for instance, as Loudon's Encyclopædia, and that jolly fat little volume the *Bon Jardinier*, which looks like two good gardeners (single and without incumbrance) rolled into one. Others are wonderful, if true; others, again, are simply stupid. To begin with stupidity, let us open Hervey's *Reflections on a Flower-Garden*; a well-meant piece of platitude and fine writing—popular, while milliners' girls read *Minerva*—press novels at a penny per night, but now for ever shelved with them. "Emblem, expressive emblem," "motive, engaging motive," is the favourite form of speech with which consecutive sentences open. "What colours, what charming colours are here! Fine, inimitably fine, is the texture of the web on which these shining treasures are displayed. What are the labours of the Persian loom, or the boasted commodities of Brussels, compared with these curious manufactures of nature? Compared with these, the most admired chintzes would lose their reputation; even superfine cambrics appear coarse as canvas in their presence."

It is a long time before Hervey lets us get to the flowers at all. He stops, first, to shake hands with St. Paul, a "judge who formed his taste on the maxims of Paradise, and received the finishings of his education in the third heavens." And last, the snowdrop "breaks her way through the frozen soil, in order to present her early compliments to her lord;" and "the kine bring home their udders distended with," not milk,—O dear, no! nothing so vulgar, but with "one of the richest and healthiest liquors in the world;" whatever tap that may be drawn from, and which may or may not be forbidden to be publicly sold, when the Maine liquor-law comes into force in England. To serpentine only half an inch further; this take-for-granted-you-know style of description is complacently illustrated by a guide-book in my possession. It tells me that a certain town contains several manufactories, which are duly described; but that its peculiar branch of industry is an object of *charouterie* "whose name is too well known to be mentioned here." Now, I have patiently traversed the streets of that town, without discovering whether that special object of pork-butchery be pies, sausages, chitterlings, pettitoes, brawn, or tripe. I don't know to this very day.

The marvels in my garden-library would not merely fill to overflowing a double volume of Household Words, but would literally inundate the office itself. To confine ourselves to trees alone; at Fierro, one of the Canary Islands there is a wonderful water-tree, whose leaves continually distil pure water; it is a single tree, as big as a middle-sized oak. In the night a thick cloud or mist always hangs about it, and the water drops very fast and in great quantities. There are lead-pipes laid from it to a great pond, which is paved with

stone, and holds twenty thousand tons of water, yet it is filled in one night. There are seven or eight thousand people, and many more thousands of cattle, all supplied from this fountain. The great pond communicates its water to several lesser ones, which disperse it through the whole island. There is another water-tree, and again another; but one is enough, unless the house catches fire. One summer cannot contain two St. Swithins. Seriously, the above is a neat concentration of the fact that forest-clad hills are the sources rivers. Read me again this riddle-my-ree, "There is a plant here" (the *Isle Sombroso*), "the use of it not known, yet hath a strange quality. It is like a small tree; if you offer to pull it up it contracts itself and sinks into the ground, unless you draw hard enough to prevent it. If you force it above ground, you find a great worm lying at the root, and so closely united to it as if it were a part of the plant. As this worm grows less the plant grows bigger, and when the worm is consumed the plant is fixed and becomes a small tree. When it is come to maturity, if you strip off the leaves and bark, and lay it to dry, it petrifies in a strong body hardly to be distinguished from white coral." Do you give it up? Surely, no; you must burn too warmly to need any help in guessing.

Lastly, you shall have my plant of pluck, in the way to Agra, which they honour with some ceremonies. "It may well enough," says the author, "be call'd the tree of life since it is so stubborn a nature, that it will live in spite of all endeavours to destroy it. It is a sort of wild fig-tree, which, having rooted itself, continues to grow there, whatever courses are taken to the contrary. Take away the earth from about it, stock it up, and manage any way, still some root would send up a fresh tree. Several of the Potane kings and Moguls have trid it, and gave it over as impossible work. The present Mogul has taken a turn at it, but finding he is able to do no good, he cherishes and makes much of it." The East India Company are hereby requested to demand from the representatives of the present Mogul—who is now the late, and no longer the great, Mogul—a sufficient number of sprigs of the pluck-tree, that every Crimean hero, whether English or French, may be able to decorate his cap with a leaf or two.

THE DARK SIDE.

Thou hast done well perhaps
To lift the bright disguise,
And lay the bitter truth
Before our shrinking eyes;
When evil crawls below,
What seems so pure and fair,
Thine eyes are keen and true
To find the serpent there:
And yet—I turn away,
Thy task is not divine,
The evil angels look
On earth with eyes like thine.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,
To show how closely wound
Dark threads of sin and self
With our best deeds are found,
How great and noble hearts,
Striving for lofty aims,
Have still some earthly cord
A meaner spirit claims;
And yet—although thy task
Is well and fairly done,
Methinks for such as thee
There is a holier one.

Shadows there are, who dwell
Among us, yet apart,
Deaf to the claim of God,
Or kindly human heart;
Voices of earth and heaven
Call, but they turn away,
And Love, through such black night,
Can see no hope of day;
And yet—our eyes are dim,
And thine are keener far;
Then gaze until thou seest
The glimmer of some star.

The black stream flows along
Whose waters we despise,
Show us reflected there
Some fragment of the skies;
'Neath tangled thorns and briars
(The task is fit for thee)
Seek for the hidden flowers
We are too blind to see;
Then will I thy great gift
A crown and blessing call;
Angels look thus on men,
And God sees good in all!

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V.

HORACE RUTHERFORD arrived as soon as possible after the receipt of Paul's incoherent letter, and in a very short time Magdalen was free; released on bail, to take her trial at the next assizes.

It was an easy matter enough. Any man of the world who understood how to conduct the affairs of real life, even if not a lawyer, could have managed it. Yet there was something in the promptitude and decision with which Mr. Rutherford acted, that to Magdalen, accustomed to the timidity and want of practical power in Paul, seemed almost heroic, because it was simply manly. She never knew how feeble she felt her lover to be until she had unconsciously compared him with another of his own age; one of his friends; educated under much the same influences, yet on whom life had wrought such different effects, and to whom it had taught such different lessons. Not that she did not fully recognise the graces of Paul's mind and intellect. The positive and practical nature of Horace struck her with greater admiration, perhaps, because it was a new study, and because it was more in accordance with her own.

Horace was soon heart and soul in the

cause. If Magdalen had been his own sister, he could not have worked with more loyal zeal than he did, leaving no stone unturned by which he could establish her innocence. He made minute inquiries as to all the old intimates of her father: the trusted family friends. He got their addresses, so far as Magdalen could give them; and, when she failed, if he could only have the smallest clue, he managed to follow it up to the end. But, as yet, he heard nothing from any of them that could be of use. One, of whom Magdalen spoke the most, escaped him. About two years ago he had gone abroad; to the German baths: since then, he had been wandering about the continent, and had finally gone to Spain; but his only relative (a sister who lived in Devonshire), knew not precisely whither. As there was not much time before the assizes, he could not afford to waste a single day. But Horace never flagged in hope, endeavour, and encouraging assurances to Magdalen; continuing his search after Mr. Slade, the missing family friend, with extraordinary pertinacity. Magdalen was content to let the matter rest wholly with him, to believe in his wisdom and his energy, and to feel secure so long as he told her she might feel so.

They made a strangely-contrasting group, the three friends; as unlike physically as they were morally; and yet each so excellent in his own way. Magdalen and Paul were both handsome, as has been shown before; but Horace had no great share of good looks; yet he had something that compensated for the want of them. He was below the middle size; but firm and strong, and so well proportioned that his want of height was not noticeable. Indeed, he left on many the impression that he was a tall man. He had a rugged, irregular face: but its large black eyes, and the raven hair curling thick and close gave a rough beauty to it. Although every feature was artistically unlovely; though the broad nose, thick at the base and blunt at the end, the unshaped lips, thick also and irregular, the powerful chin and square jaw, were none of them in harmony, yet, from these unpromising elements, came such a noble expression, such a look of energy and frankness and quickness and penetration, that no one ever remarked that Horace Rutherford was what people call a plain man. His manners were rather abrupt; a smile was generally playing round his lips, and his eyes were eyes that spoke and laughed. His conversation was quick and brilliant; usually on some topic of the day; rarely metaphysical or abstract. He spoke well, told stories and anecdotes with great spirit, was brave, generous, prompt, and determined; a man whose hope, energy, and self-command were all but unconquerable.

What a different being he was to sensitive, shy, poetic, tremulous, fair-haired Paul! whose smiles were like sun-flashes on an

April day, and whose tears sprang as easily as a child's, and were dried like a child's. The one, the man of action, born to battle with and to control real life as it passed by;—to lead in the thick of the fight: the other, the poet, resting apart and above the daily things of earth, thinking great thoughts, uttering beautiful words, but doing no deeds; the dreamer, the singer, the poet, but not the man.

By their side, to make up the group, Magdalen—paler than she used to be, and thinner and graver, with her dark-brown hair and grey-blue eyes, with her cold, dreamy face, in which only resolute will and the first traces of sorrow could be seen, and her manners half queenly, half girlish—stood before the one as a goddess to be worshipped, before the other, as a woman to be protected. Paul revered the strength he could not imitate, and Horace loved the innocence he could so well defend.

Horace soon saw that something was amiss between the betrothed lovers. Indeed, Paul told him as much not many hours after his arrival at Oakfield; and, having made that first confession, had ever since drawn largely on his friend's sympathy and forbearance; going to him to complain every time there had been any little misunderstanding between him and Magdalen; which was very often. Horace was kind and sympathising, and gave Paul good advice; telling him not to be so sensitive; although he could not but think Magdalen harsh. But what was to be done? He saw plainly enough where the fault lay—yet who could mend it? If not themselves, then no one! They were unsuited—that was the one sad word that comprised all the rest.

"But Paul," said Horace one day when Paul, had been complaining of Magdalen's temper—"but, Paul, you must forgive a little petulance for the sake of the greatness underneath. Remember—only steel cuts: lead, dull and harmless, will not scratch a fly."

"Yes, Horace, but Magdalen is so changed! She was never very demonstrative, but she was never so cold as she is now," said Paul, sorrowfully.

"Think of how much she has to occupy her: think of the bitter pass of life she is in. It is very well for unoccupied people like you Paul, to do nothing and think of nothing all day long, but of love: but the thoughts of a mind torn and troubled, are very different."

"So it may be," persisted Paul, naïvely, "but I have had nothing to do with her trials, and she should not visit them on me. Why should she be cold to me because her brother is a villain?"

"Well, my dear fellow, that is rather difficult to answer; yet you must be content that it should be so. People are never just when they are excited; and Miss Trevelyan

is excited, and may perhaps be unjust to you; so are you to her in your very sensitiveness. Women are delicate creatures to manage, Paul, even the strongest of them. As a man, who ought to be the superior in moral power, don't you think you could be less sensitive and more considerate?"

"I am sure," said Paul, timidly; "I do all in my power for her. If she demanded any service such as hero or Paladin of old would give, I would do it for her—O, how cheerfully, how gratefully!"

"Yes," answered Horace, with a faint smile; "but you are not required to give these great services. You are only required to be temperate in your judgment, manly, and self-relying. Believe me, Paul, there is often more real heroism in the suppression of doubt, and of the sorrow which springs from doubt, than in any George and the Dragon conflict of olden times. We are all so apt to demand too much. He is the real social hero who unselfishly demands but little."

Paul looked distressed.

"Horace, I need not tell you how much I love her," he said, fervently. "She is my life; the life-blood of my whole being. The world would be dark and cold without her; she is all I love—all! And when I see her coldness to me, and think that she does not approve of me, it breaks my heart. I cannot stand up against it. Weak, passionate, boyish, mad—I may be all—but it is love for her, and sorrow that makes me so!"

"Have you no stronger heart than this? Why, the real man would be able to support more than his lover's ill-temper—not that Miss Trevelyan is ill-tempered; but I see that she is fretted and irritable—and yet have a 'heart strong enough for every fate.' You talk of heroic deeds; yet you neglect your real heroism, which is to bear a little waywardness bravely. Paul, Paul! how often we neglect the flowers at our feet, while stretching out our hands vainly to those above our heads! How often we neglect the virtues we possess, in dreaming of those that are impossible for us to attain!"

"You are right, Horace," said Paul—"quite right; and I will show Magdalen that I am worthy of her."

At that moment Magdalen came into the room. Paul was full of the impulse created by Horace's exhortations. He flew to meet her, took her hand and pressed it between both his own.

Magdalen, coloured deeply, and withdrew her hand, saying, in a low voice:

"Paul, I do not like this kind of thing before other people."

"But Horace. He is my brother—like my own flesh and blood. He might see and know of anything between us."

"Mr. Rutherford is not my brother," answered Magdalen, hurriedly; "and," she added, more haughtily, perhaps, than she

intended, "I will not allow these absurdities before him."

All this passed in a low voice; but Horace heard every word of it. He was agitated, unconsciously; and, while thinking Magdalen harsh, yet blessed her in his heart. Magdalen, also, was confused and rather angry. She turned away without saying what she had come to say to Horace, and left the room; Paul standing like the statue of despair.

"There! See how she treats me!" he cried pettishly, pacing about the room. "You see it now for yourself, Horace; you see her contempt and her coldness. She rules me with a rod of iron; she makes me her slave, and then spurns me because I am her slave. She might be gentler to me. What did I do to deserve this?—I, who love her so much."

He flung himself on the sofa, burying his face in his hands, and quivering convulsively.

"Is this your way of bearing a little displeasure?" cried Horace, in his cheery voice, patting his shoulder. "Come, have a little more pluck for this once. You, who talk of Milton and Cromwell, and all those iron heroes, as if their lives were as easy as painting—do you think *they* would approve of this?"

"Yes," said Paul, almost fiercely, looking up with a strange mixture of feverish passion and grief; "yes, they would. The strongest men love the best, and sensitiveness is not weakness."

"Sensitiveness—no. But this is not mere sensitiveness; it is naked folly," said Horace, in his clear, calm voice.

"Folly, Horace? Such a word from you?"

"Yes, from me, Paul; and don't give way again, there's a dear fellow, and I will tell you why I call it folly. You tease Miss Trevelyan with your love, a little inopportunistly offered—you often tease her so. You never have the good sense to see it in that light; but complain of her coldness, when you ought to be ashamed of your own want of discretion. You are so penetrated by your own feelings, that you cannot see hers. She is bothered by you; annoyed, and tells you so roundly; and you go off into a fit of childish despair. The thing lies in a nutshell, and that nutshell you must crack, to get common sense out of it. Now, don't bombard me with blighted feelings," he added, seeing that Paul was about to argue. "Accept my view as both just and real. You will find your account in being guided by a little more worldly wisdom than you have hitherto allowed. Believe me when I tell you so." And Horace strode out of the room before Paul could answer. He went to find Magdalen, intending to lecture her as well, and to make her feel that she was unkind, and persuade her into better behaviour. For it was very sad to see these young people teasing each other so much, all for want of common sense and mutual understanding.

She was in the dining-room when he went to her; standing very mournfully by the window, looking out on the drizzling rain that fell like the fringe of a mourning garment from the dark clouds above. Her own face was as sad as the heavens, and her heart was as heavy as her eyes. When Horace came near her, she turned with a little impatient movement, for she thought it was Paul come to have a scene and then make up. When she saw it was Horace, a flush like crimson flashed suddenly across her face. She smiled, and half held out her hand, sighing as if suddenly relieved from some heavy burden. Then, as if she remembered something, she drew herself away, checked the impulse and the smile both, and looked at him almost as coldly as she would have looked at Paul.

"I have come to take a liberty," said Horace, smiling, but with a certain embarrassment of manner, too. For he did not like this business, now that he was close upon it.

"What is it?" asked Magdalen. "Not a very great one, I am sure."

"I want to have a long quiet talk with you, if you will allow me," he answered, and leading her to a chair. His manner was slightly authoritative; but it pleased Magdalen, surfeited as she was with loving slavery.

"Has anything gone wrong, Mr. Rutherford?"

"In your cause?—no, nothing; but much in your life will go wrong, if you are not careful. Forgive my frankness; I am an old friend, now, and feel as if I have the right to advise. May I speak openly, without the fear of offending you, Miss Trevelyan?"

"Yes," said Magdalen, timidly.

"I will, then. I want to speak to you about my old friend, Paul."

"What of him?" asked Magdalen, with one of her sudden looks of pride.

"Do not be offended, Miss Trevelyan; I will say nothing that ought to shock the most sensitive pride. But I must be frank. Do you think you are wise—I do not say right, but simply wise—in your conduct to Paul? It is a delicate subject, and one that I have no earthly right to approach; but you are young and inexperienced, and seem to me to want a judicious adviser. Let us pass all ceremony. Think of me as of an old grey-headed priest come to confess you, and let no false modesty mar my usefulness to you. Are you not somewhat harsh and hard to Paul? He loves you very dearly—more than you perhaps know; his whole life seems to hang on you—his whole happiness on your kindness."

"Too much so," said Magdalen, suddenly. "If he did not love me so much; if he could live without following me, like a child after its nurse; if he could bear a little impatience, and perhaps injustice, without weeping as he does—which only makes me more impatient and more cold, Mr. Rutherford:

—if he had more practical power, more knowledge of the world, and were less dreamy and romantic; if he did not always talk of the future so wildly, and with such strange satisfaction; if, instead of imagining himself a hero, he would be content to be first a man, I should be kinder to him: but”—and Magdalen looked up, with a full and almost appealing look, into Horace's face—“he wears me! I am very, very sorry for it. I would give all I have in the world not to feel so wearied by him, but I cannot help it. I love and respect him very much.” And Magdalen got up, and walked away. “If,” she then said, suddenly coming back and standing before Horace, with an expression and in an attitude sufficiently passionate, “if he has told you to speak to me, you may tell him in return what I have said. My love for him will be always in proportion to his own manliness and common sense. If he continues as he has been ever since poor papa's death, I shall get to hate him. My husband must be a man who can help and direct me, not a child sobbing out melancholy bits of poetry.”

Magdalen, as if she had uttered the most tremendous secret, and committed the most atrocious crime, rushed from the room to her own chamber up-stairs; where, locking the door, she flung herself on her knees, and, for the first time since her arrest, fell into such a passion of grief as she had never yielded to in her life before.

Horace sat for a few moments shading his eyes after she had left. Something in her tone and manner had thrilled through him; and, while wishing to condemn her, had enlisted him on her side. She looked so strong and beautiful, and he felt how far below her Paul was; he understood also what she must feel as a woman lately come to the knowledge of her strength and of her lover's weakness together. Horace pitied them both; but he pitied Magdalen the more, because he sympathised most with her. If he had been a woman, perhaps he would have pitied Paul.

“Ah, well!” said Horace half aloud, rising from the sofa; “I dare say they will get on better when they are once fairly married. It is a terrible position for both, and no one knows which is more to blame—for certainly Paul is very tiresome, and Magdalen is harsh,” which was all that could be said for and against both.

After this lecture from Horace, Magdalen, by a visible effort over herself, was kinder to Paul than she had been of late, and the boy was consequently as wildly happy as he had formerly been unreasonably in despair. But Horace saw, by every sign which Magdalen strove to hide, that his raptures bored her as much as his complaints had done before; and that the cause of their disunion lay deeper than anything that Paul could do or undo now. She was disenchanted, and saw their

want of moral likeness—perhaps she exaggerated it: but it was still there, and could not be repaired. The effort of a few days soon became too much for Magdalen: again she relapsed into her old manner of impatience and coldness, and again Paul became heart-broken and hysterical.

Again Paul spoke to Horace—again besought his intercession; with such despair, such ruin of hope and happiness; with such a wrecked life, that Horace, strangely unwilling, was forced, for mere pity's sake, to undertake this most painful and unpleasant task. And, as whatever he undertook he went through with thoroughly, he spoke to Magdalen again with even more decision, force, and distinctness than before. And he told her plainly that she was very wrong.

“Did Paul give you this mission?” said Magdalen haughtily.

“He certainly spoke to me of your coldness to him; but I have also seen it for myself,” Horace said, not looking in her face.

“And may I ask what you advise—nay, desire me to do?” said Magdalen, still in the same manner.

“Be as kind to him as possible,” said Horace, stealing a glance into her flushing face.

“And you—who, at least, are manly—can say such a word to me for my future husband!” exclaimed Magdalen bitterly. “Kind! kind!—the word you would use to a child, or a slave, or a pet-lap-dog! Kind to a man who ought to stand as your ideal of good and of power, to the being whom, next to God, you ought to reverence and worship. Kind!—he asks his friend to plead with his obdurate lover, and beg her to be kind!”

She looked at him with her proud head flung back and her eyes as hard and as bright as steel. Her lip did not curl, only her nostrils dilated, and those glittering eyes looked unutterable contempt—contempt even of him. Then a dim softness came over them; that cold glitter was lost in a deeper and darker radiance—something that was not a tear, but that softened them like tears, stole up into them, as she looked at him, steadily, but timidly. The pride of that haughty head was gone, the swelling throat relaxed and bent forward; and Horace felt his own eyes grow dim and dark like hers, as he met and returned her look. He held out his hand, she laid hers in it, and he pressed it warmly.

“Poor child!” he said, “poor child!”

A sigh, so deep and heart-sent, that, despite her effort to suppress it, escaped from her like a shivering kind of groan, awoke her as from an instant's trance, and she withdrew her hand hastily; turning away from him. But a shadow had fallen between them, and words, which the ear never heard, had been spoken from heart to heart. Horace started as if he had seen a horrible vision, or heard unholy words, and,

passing her, said without looking at her, "If you are strong, do not trample on the weak." And so left her, in a state which she could not define to be either happiness or unhappiness.

"She is right," said Horace, "and Paul is a fool. How I used once to envy that boy's beauty and poetry. But now—I would rather be the most rugged featured ogre that ever terrified a naughty child, if I were but strong and manly, than accept all his loveliness and his weakness with it. No woman shall say of me, that she does not respect me—not even Magdalen!"

So Paul was not much advanced by this interview; and all that Horace said, when he questioned him as to his success, was the pithy advice—"Let her alone," and "don't worry me now, Paul, I am busy."

CHAPTER VI.

THE assize-time was fast approaching, and the trial of Miss Trevelyan for forgery was, of course, the talk of the neighbourhood. It can be imagined what was the excitement in a country place, where the family was so well known, and where everyone took that peculiar kind of interest in each other—half fault-finding and half responsible—which gives a domestic character, though not always a domestic charm, to a small society. Of course Andrew Trevelyan found some partisans. There are always advocates for every side and every person. Even about Oakfield a few—not many—were to be found who thought, indeed, that that codicil was very strange, when everyone knew how fond old Mr. Trevelyan was of his son, and how little he had ever cared for his daughter; and who said also that it was unjust; for though Andrew had been a wild young fellow enough, yet he was married and steadied now, and all that ought to be forgotten. Mr. Trevelyan had forgiven him many times before. If he had forgiven his marriage, he need not have been so very harsh for anything else. And after all, what had he done to justify his disinheritance? Magdalen was a good girl enough, they dared say; but she was one of those plaguy clever women one never can trust. The neighbours talked and wrangled in this way among themselves; there being Guelphs and Ghibellines about Oakfield—strong Andrewites and Magdalenians, Horace worked in his own way, letting no one into his plans; while Paul suffered such agonies of mind from the coming shame and publicity, as might almost earn forgiveness for his cowardice.

The day came, and Magdalen's trial came too. The court was crowded. Every person of any note whatsoever in the county was there. Wagers had been made about it; irreconcilable quarrels and one marriage had alike sprung out of it: it had lighted up a civil war all about Oakfield, and every one was anxious to see how the battle would terminate. The Andrewites were the

weakest in numbers, but the most powerful in lungs; while the Magdalenians contented themselves with the frigid sympathy of all well-bred people, and "hoped poor Miss Trevelyan would succeed." The case was called; and, in the midst of the most profound silence, Magdalen took her place in the felon's dock.

She was ordered to remove her bonnet; which demand, after much apparently angry discussion, was at last merged into the compromise of throwing up her veil. Then the whole court was astir,—silks rustling, boots creaking; some standing up and craning over their neighbours' heads; some leaning forward; others backward—all to obtain a good look at that noble face, calm and dignified in the criminal's place. Horace stood near her. His interest in the cause had become too strong to admit of his trusting himself with the defence of Magdalen professionally. But strong, clear, and prompt, he watched every countenance; every turn of the case, and made frequent and valuable suggestions to the prisoner's counsel. Paul sat near to Magdalen also; but in a state of great physical weakness and mental agitation. He had just so much life left in him as to be able to lean forward against a table without fainting; although, if he had not been seated, he must have fallen. Occasionally Horace was agitated too; but his agitation took the shape of excitation, and gave him greater quickness even than usual. He had more vividness of thought, more keenness of perception; like a man whose senses are heightened and stimulated in power by opium. He seemed to possess almost an added sense, and to be able to divine what he did not see. One thing troubled him—the post-hour. The London post did not arrive at that town till the late afternoon, and he was expecting a letter to-day from the missing friend, Mr. Slade, whose address, amongst the mountains of Cordova, he had at last discovered. He had been in constant correspondence with old Miss Slade, and had calculated to an hour that he might receive a letter to-day from her brother, supposing his had been answered so soon as was possible. He felt sure he would find some important news therein when it did come; but this wretched post would not be in till nearly four o'clock, and how drag on so long as that, a cause that might only employ an hour or two? So Horace was on the rack, but he bore his torture bravely, and made no one else miserable by showing it. Magdalen was pale as a statue: statue-like, too, in her movements—acting, looking, and speaking like a somnambulist—with preternatural calmness and self-possession; as if her nerves had been made of iron. Paul stifled his sighs so ill that he moaned, and drew more sympathy than all the rest.

The trial proceeded: Andrew was the first witness for his own prosecution. He swore that some years ago he read his father's will—the

same as had remained to the day of his death ; that he had seen him sign it, and also the witnesses, William Slade and Joseph Lawson—the last since dead. He said that his father had often called him his heir ; and he put in letters wherein that expression was repeated many times, amidst reiterated assurances of his love and trust. But, he could show none, nay not so much as a line of his father's writing after the date of the codicil. This he slurred over as well as he could, and his counsel protected him. He also swore, that his sister could imitate his father's handwriting perfectly, also his style of expression ; in proof whereof he put in certain other letters, written in girlish fun years ago, confessed to and undisputed. To this he added, that the codicil was, to the best of his belief, not in the handwriting of his father ; whom he had never offended, and who could not, therefore, have had any reason for so suddenly disinheriting him ; that it was a forgery written by his sister. The counsel for the prosecutor had argued, that this was not so improbable, seeing that the witnesses were Paul Lefevre, the betrothed of the prisoner, who would consequently share with her, and the old nurse, since dead—the wet-nurse and foster-mother of the accused. "Conveniently dead," said the counsel ; for which expression he was reprimanded by the judge. This was the case for the prosecution.

Magdalen's only plea to all this was a simple denial. The counsel for her defence stated, that she had neither forged the codicil, nor been even made acquainted with its existence. Her father had forbidden her to send for her brother during his last illness—which point had been made much of by Andrew and his counsel—he was evidently very angry with him. Magdalen did not know why ; but he refused to hear his name, and most peremptorily refused to see him. But, as her father had destroyed or removed the whole correspondence with the insurance offices, with which Andrew Trevelyan had been endeavouring to obtain money on post-obits on his father's life (at least she had not found a line of it), nothing like a reason for the change asserted to have taken place in him, was able to be given. The assertion did her, therefore, a great deal of harm, seeing that it was unable to be substantiated by evidence. Horace looked up to her and nodded, and smiled after her counsel had concluded ; but his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips had turned quite blue,—for he knew the painful effect which this unsupported assertion must have on the jury, and the handle it would give to Andrew's counsel. He looked again and again at his watch, and cursed the dragging hour in his heart. Then he conquered that passing fit of despondency, and set to work and hope again.

Paul was examined next. His agitation, the uncertain hesitating voice in which he

answered the questions put to him, his changeful colour, and timid manner, all made a very bad impression on both the jury and the public. Few said he was sensitive ; many that he too was guilty—a participator in Magdalen's imputed crime. Horace was in despair. To the question directly put, and apparently easy to be answered, if he saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that codicil, he gave such a hesitating answer ; he suffered himself to be so perplexed, bewildered, and brow-beaten ; he got himself entangled in so many hopeless contradictions, and made such awkward admissions, that more than one of the jury exchanged glances,—and one, an old friend of Magdalen's, shook his head and sighed. When he was ordered to stand down,—“You have said enough, sir, for us, and too much for the prisoner's cause,” said the counsel for the prosecution ;—he had entangled the whole matter in an inextricable web of confusion and suspicion.

Magdalen looked at him grandly and coldly as he passed. Her lip slightly curled, but not unkindly. Her eyes met those of Horace fixed mournfully, but very tenderly, on her ; and, for the first time, hers drooped and her lip quivered ; but it was not her trial that she was thinking of.

The case was drawing to a close, and still it was not four o'clock. Horace besought her counsel to delay it as much as possible, and by so doing, weakened the cause yet more ; when at last the hands pointed to five minutes before four, and the messenger who had been stationed at the post-office, rushed in, breathless with a packet in his hand. Horace seized it, saw at one glance that it came from London, tore open the envelope, and observed that his agent there had enclosed certain letters and documents with the post-mark “Spain” upon them, and darted upon that which was signed “William Slade :”

Most important evidence, this, which a post might have lost !

The first letter read aloud was the following, addressed to Horace Rutherford, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—It is with no small surprise and indignation that I hear of the dastardly attempt of young Trevelyan against the honour and existence of his sister ; not that I ought to have said surprise, for my knowledge of that young man's character has been of many years' standing, and from too undeniable sources, to allow me ever to feel surprise at any crime he may commit. I am, however, most happy to be able to contribute to the establishment of my god-daughter's happiness ; and, while unwilling to trust such precious documents as those which I now enclose to the hazard of the post, yet, seeing no better means before me, I send them to you, in the full faith and hope that they may arrive in time, and be found sufficient. Pray present my most affectionate love to Miss Trevelyan, and believe me, dear sir, in the common interest we both have in this case, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM SLADE.

Mr. Slade's ; handwriting having been

proved by a witness whose attendance Horace had secured beforehand, the documents enclosed were read. They were a copy of the codicil in Mr. Trevelyan's hand-writing, the correspondence between himself and the insurance-offices, and this letter, addressed to Mr. Slade, then at Wiesbaden:—

DEAR FRIEND,—You know that I do not often make confidants, nor lay on my friends the burden of my sorrows. But you must be content to be the exception to-day, and to receive both a charge and a confession, in trust for your godchild's future benefit. The correspondence I have enclosed will show you my latest trouble about my son. You know, dear friend, how often I have pardoned his excesses—how many times I have crippled my resources to pay his debts—how I have always loved him, and how I have always believed in him. My eyes are dim now to think of the ruin in my heart which this discovery has made. I could have forgiven anything but this; but this heartlessness—calculating the chances of my life, and making a per-centage out of my infirmities—hastening my death by his wishes, and, not content with the inheritance he knew I was to leave him, gambling on the chance of my speedy decease—this discovery has worked such a change in my feelings—has opened my eyes to the boy's real character so fully, and has made me so sensible, by contrast, of my daughter's worth—that I have to-day revoked my will, and left all that I may die possessed of to Magdalen. A strange presentiment makes me send you these papers. I do not wish them to be found and commented on after my death. I would rather that you kept them in safe and secret custody until they are wanted—if ever they may be wanted—to support the codicil I have executed to-day.

Your godchild is quite well, and growing daily handsomer. You know of her engagement to a young artist who came into the neighbourhood about two years ago? He is a worthy lad, but somewhat too flighty for my taste; however, if she likes him that is all that need be asked for. And as they will be independent after my death, I have no further doubts as to the prudence of the marriage. Keep my secret, dear Slade, till after my death, and believe me always your affectionate friend,

ANDREW TREVELYAN.

Although the document was proved to be in old Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting, yet none of the papers so suddenly produced were held to be evidence. It was admitted that they brought to the case strong corroborative testimony of what had been urged in favour of the prisoner's innocence. There was a sharp and lengthy discussion on this point.

Fortunate that it was so; for the arguments of counsel (continually interrupted by the judges as being quite irregular, and only tolerated by them in mercy to the prisoner) had nearly terminated when a sunburnt, unshorn old gentleman forced his way into the court. The commotion he created attracted Magdalen's attention. In struggling his way to the counsel's table, the stranger turned to look at the prisoner. She uttered a faint cry, and exclaimed—"Mr. Slade!"

It was he sure enough; and he was called into the witness-box. His parole evidence was perfectly conclusive, and this closed

the case. The counsel made a very brief comment, the judge summed up, and the jury without quitting their box found the defendant "not guilty," amid the loud and prolonged cheers of the court—cheers which the judge himself did not interfere to stop.

"How cleverly managed! How did you get up that evidence, Rutherford?" asked Andrew's counsel, shaking him by the hand. They were old friends.

"I found a memorandum in an old pocket-book of Mr. Trevelyan's, 'wrote to Slade to-day,' under the same date as the codicil; and I thought I could get something out of that. I found that Mr. Slade was Miss Trevelyan's godfather, so that it all looked likely he would have some information to give."

"By Jove, a good move," said Magdalen's late champion; and then the two learned brothers sauntered out of court together, to the amazement of the vulgar, who believed in legal histrionics. Mr. Slade took Magdalen to his sister, who had been staying with a friend to be near enough to receive early news of the result of the trial. Paul and Horace went together to Oakfield: Horace joyous, full of the most boyish spirits, laughing, leaping, and singing; the only reward he asked, to see her the first, and be the first to receive her thanks; Paul agitated, trembling, and unnerved. At last she came, bringing Miss and Mr. Slade with her as guests. As she descended the carriage, Horace darted through the gates, and, with almost one bound, was beside her.

She took both his hands in hers—her face eloquent with happiness and gratitude. "God bless you! You are my preserver," she said; and then, she added, in a tone that quivered through every nerve—in a low, deep, rich tone, that sunk like music to his heart—"I would rather owe my life to you than to any one in the world; God bless you, beloved friend, again, and again."

Paul had only enough strength left to fall into her arms rather than to take her in his, covering with a boy's passionate kisses the cheek that had just been brushed by Horace's raven hair. She could not bear this. Miss Slade was manifestly shocked, and her brother smiled wickedly; Margaret dashed her lover's trembling hand away, standing in a strange fit of passion and beauty, with such an expression of pride, terror, and love in her face, as haunted him for days after. He gently asked, how he had offended her? He knew he had given his evidence ill; but would she not forgive him? It was love for her, and pity and grief that had unmanned him.

Magdalen looked up with one wild wide glance to Horace—a look that transformed her whole face—then turning to the darkened part of the hall, she spoke gently to Paul, and offered him her hand. He ran fondly to take it, caressing it; when with a low

cry, and wringing her hands, as if she would strip a coat of fire from them, she rushed from the hall; and they saw her no more for that day.

"It was," said Mr. Slade to Horace, when they parted for the night; "too grave a matter to trust to the post; so I posted off by the same mail as that which brought my packet. Confound those custom-house fellows for detaining me; or I should have beaten my own letter in the race by several hours."

WHAT A MAN MAY NOT DO IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

As the life of a Neapolitan consists of negotiations, I think it better to describe it by what a man may not do, rather than by what he may do; for were I to enter on the affirmative phase of his existence, I should be reduced to so small a compass, that I might as well lay down my pen at once. Indeed, ever since I first made the acquaintance of the Neapolitan branch of the human family, it has appeared to me to bear a strong resemblance to a big boy with a sparrow-tailed coat still at school. You may see the type of the whole nation any day in the Toledo, in those regiments of incipient priests and doctors with heads surmounted by cocked-hats, who, with a priest at its head and its tail, and two or three seedy-looking lay ushers by the side, parade the streets, by two and two, like good boys as they are, to the vast edification of all the old ladies. They present a correct picture of the nation: for, thanks to a pious and adorable sovereign—more father than king—the whole community is flanked by priests and confessors and spies, who are ever carrying out the system of, You shan't do that, sir! You mustn't do this! You shall be punished, sir! Indeed, the prohibitions are so countless, that woe be to the unhappy wight whose star fixed his birth in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

It would be difficult to know, how or where to commence my history of negotiations, were it not for a state paper which now lies before me, and which contains directions to the intendanti (lords-lieutenant) for the regulation of the inferior authorities. "You shall," says the solemn order, "make a very precise and minute list of those who wear hats of a strange fashion or the entire beard. . . . In the column of observations shall be inserted the date of the beard, as also the particular shape of the hat, and whether this be an old custom of the country, or whether it be a novelty. . . . You shall order them to be removed the same day, and if not obeyed, you shall proceed to the immediate arrest of such persons, and send me the prisoner, together with a procès verbale of the case." What's in a hat? some trifle may ask. King Bomba thinks that there is a great deal, and fancies that he can see treason, Muratism, Mazzinism, and every other ism, crouching, like so

many devils, within the broad brim of a wide-awake. The mortal fear of hats and beards that his Majesty has, is so great, that for many a month he has sent forth his myrmidons to cut and slash, right and left, in the public streets. Shops have been vigilantly searched for obnoxious broad brims, and a great destruction of property has ensued. Policemen have gone their beats with shears in their hands, and, more inexorable than fate, have seized every wide-awake, and cut away the excess of rim and large beard. "Thou shalt not meddle with the foreigner," says the same state paper; but, when a foreigner cannot get a wide-awake for love or money in the streets of Naples, and is compelled to wear a black one under a July sun, the indulgence granted him appears to me to be of a very doubtful character. Of late, however, the objection has not been so much to the shape as to the material of the hat. It was found that a pliable article might be made to assume any form, legal or illegal, in a moment. If it were stiff, there would be greater fixity about its form, and a greater difficulty in changing it according to the views of political cunning. Straightway Denmark's royal brother, the Count of Syracuse, led the fashion. This move was as benevolent as it was necessary; for, it must be confessed, that there is so much indefiniteness about the words of the ministerial edict, "hats of a strange fashion," that a book of fashions, on blocks, as in a barber's shop, had become quite necessary. What the next change may be, and what other shape will be shortly chosen to absorb political fury, no one can tell. It may depend on some private antipathy of the minister of police. Some variety in his taste, or on the state of his wardrobe; he may have a shocking bad hat, and may form a sudden dislike for a new nap,—who knows what will decide the next move?—'tis not for the subject to decide; he must tremble and obey. Still it is not a pleasant thing to be deprived of one's hat in the centre of a crowded city. It is not pleasant to be "bonneted," or to have a hat carried off by the wind; but it is inexpressibly disgusting when a Jack-in-office comes upon you suddenly, and seizing it, cuts it in pieces before your eyes. Yet this is a very common occurrence.

Beards have been the subject of much recent discussion; and if the authorities, in adjudicating on these knotty questions, have not always been very skilful, at least they have been active. The subject has presented many phases. Thus, the long beard was first clipped, spite of its venerable appearance; then, the moustache was denounced; then, the beard under the chin was regarded with suspicion,—it was the emblem of unity; then, the imperial or Napoleonic, as it is here called, was looked upon with a jealous eye, for it savoured of Muratism; and these two last are the forms which are at

present especially offensive. One man whom I knew, with a jolly round beard, was compelled to shave it, and to present himself every morning at eight o'clock, for two years, at the police-office. The authorities wished to know how the barber had done his duty. Another had his imperial cut off. "Why do you wear that?" he was gruffly asked, by a Sbirro in the street. "Follow me!" So, obeying the Jack, he was conducted to a police station, where other unfortunates like himself were seated. A barber was sent for, to perform the necessary operation; and the quondam wearer of beard was sent to prison, to digest his mortification. Further, he was ordered for transportation to Traniti, when some superior influence stepped in and saved him. The officials, funny fellows, sometimes mix a little jocoseness with their duties: thus, some sailors—rough enough, it may be well imagined, after a long voyage—were had up for a shave. It was too good an opportunity for a practical joke to be permitted to pass by; and soap was prohibited. They are wonderfully pleasant fellows, are those Neapolitan Sbirri. There is, however, a refined ingenuity about the following joke, which is vastly entertaining.

A gentleman of the servants' hall, in the service of an English friend of mine was leisurely taking his afternoon stroll on the Mola, when a lynx-eyed policeman laid hold of his hat; nay farther, cut it up before his eyes. It so happened that a friend of the victim was also walking in the same direction; and, seeing a crowd collected, eagerly joined it. His first movement was to partake in the laugh against his hatless friend: but, whilst enjoying his chuckle, he was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman.

"What is the matter?" inquired the man, with offended dignity.

"Oh, a trifle! Follow me!"

"But what for?" remonstrated the lacquey.

"Follow me!"

To hear was to obey, and, in a few minutes he was taken off to the prefecture of police, and there quickly relieved of his beard. "How much handsomer you are now," observed the officer; "why, really you are not a bad-looking fellow."

Things are not, however, always conducted in this pleasant manner; for policemen are as liable to be bilious as men, and not unfrequently they give a tug to the beard, and a tweak to the moustache; and, when the skin has been delicate, the hair has sometimes come away. But—what business had the people to wear such beards? It was all their own fault.

It must be highly gratifying to king Bomba to know, that history presents a parallel to himself, and that in the case of a Russian despot. Dr. Giles Fletcher, in his Treatise on Russia, observes, "The Russian nobility and gentry nourished and spread their beards to have them long and broad. This fashion

continued among them till the time of Peter the Great, who compelled them to part with these ornaments; sometimes by laying a swingeing tax upon them, and at others by ordering those whom he found with beards to have them plucked up by the roots, or shaved by a blunt razor which drew the skin after it." Thus Ferdinand the Second is as Russian as he could desire to be. One exception has been made, and one only, to the Imperial prohibition; and that is in the case of Cardinal Carafa, Syndic of Naples, and by virtue of his office, a grandee of Spain; he is permitted, by a special act of royal grace, to wear a Napoleone.

What else may not a Neapolitan wear? Ah! that requires much consideration; for he may not certainly dress according to his own taste, or that of his wife, or that of his tailor; not, at all events, as to combination of colours. He must avoid an union of green, white and red; or blue, white, and red. They are Unitarian or Muratish: horribly revolutionary. So, that unless a poor fellow be very careful, the change of a cravat or a waistcoat, a coloured summer shirt, or a pink bordered handkerchief may consign him to the prisons of Vicaria, and thence to exile. Blue-stockings should equally shun the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, for a white petticoat and a red scarf in addition would put all the gallantry of Bomba to flight. This very summer two brothers were arrested because two bonnets with ribbons of three colours were found in their house; and, within the last few days, a man has been arrested for flying a kite with three colours on the top of his house. I have heard of some poor fellows who, for the sake of peace and quietness, had determined to be on the right side, abjured all varieties of colours, and clothed themselves in a suit of one sad colour. Worse and worse! The change was doubly treasonable—they were Unitarj—and might just as well have worn the entire beard. A trinity and an unity of colours being equally prohibited, must the lieges of the kingdom of Naples revert to a state of nature? The remote possibility of such a change was anticipated by her late majesty, of very pious memory: who was such a determined enemy of even the very colour of flesh, that she imposed an order on all opera dancers to wear blue pantaloons: an order which is still enforced. The last attack I have heard of for the sake of colours was, not on a person, but on a coffee-house recently opened in the Strada di Chiaja. It was shut up and was repainted in the night by order of the police.

If I have not exhausted the prohibitions laid on the external man, I have touched, I believe, on those which are essential, and may now proceed to those which affect the inner man; for this government is of so paternal a character, that it regulates mind as well as matter, and prescribes what a man may speak, read, or think. As to reading, Naples

has its Papal and its Royal Index Expurgatorius; in this is it doubly armed, and it is only by a special permission, superseding the indices, that a private gentleman can form a library containing some of the best Italian classics. Even this permission is a matter of favour, and perhaps, to be obtained only by fat easy-going, home-keeping men; men who worship the Assoluto ed Adorato Padrone, or who have a strong, spice of bigotry in them. To thinking, active, liberal-minded persons, be assured it would be refused. To prevent the admission of moral poison into the kingdom, a learned staff, presided over by a fat priest, hold their headquarters in the Custom-house, where hundreds and thousands of books lie piled up for examination, that never can, and never will be examined, to the vast edification of a highly moral government, and to the ruin of many a poor bookseller. For, be it known, the duty is paid always before confiscation, and thus a double loss ensues. I have had some experience of these affairs; there are books which I have been enabled to get out by means of the piastre, whilst others are gone to their eternal rest in that land of oblivion. With regard to the prohibitions against printing, there is a width, and breadth, and simplicity about them truly wonderful. A man must have a general permit before he can entertain the idea of writing a book. A censor is enforced upon him who has a right of cutting, and slashing, and prohibiting altogether. His manuscript printed, the letter-press is compared and criticised; and not until the censor-superior shall have stamped his awful imprimatur will the crippled bantling see the light. Of course, the consequence is, that we have no need of steam-presses in Naples; and that the printed mind of the country is remarkable for its highly-religious tone, some oceans of paper having been consumed, within the last year, to the glory and praise of the Adored and Absolute Master and the Immaculate Mary. The strongest precautions, however, are taken against foreign journalism; but, lest the Neapolitan mind be altogether unprovided with political matters, a very dainty dish, all the ingredients of which have been well sifted, is prepared in the shape of the "Journal of the Two Sicilies." Its leading articles are eulogies of the Great King Bomba, the Adored and Absolute Master, more father than king. After soaring to these vast heights, the reader is let down to a Russian despatch, or to a tale of disasters suffered by the allies, or to some faint praise of them. Even matter such as this has been considered almost dangerous, and one of the directions contained in the public paper I have already quoted is, "I order you to observe who they are that are most constant in reading the official journal; where they read them; what ideas they form of the Eastern question; what conversations they hold after the

reading of the journal in private and in public; in what sense are taken the news which are necessarily published; who circulates, or foment the farther publication of them."

I shall say nothing more to prove that the Neapolitan is the best tended animal in the fold of civilisation. A simple summary of what he dare not do shall suffice. He may not wear a wide-awake, or a plumed hat, or one of a strange shape; he may not wear a large or a long beard, or one that meets under his chin, or an imperial; he may not wear three colours, or one colour; he may not read, except by special order of his Holiness the Pope, or of the Adored and Absolute Master; he may not print what has not been thrice purged; nor look even at the official journal, without a spy at his elbow to watch the variety and amount of interest which flicker over his face. "But at all events, he may think?" I asked of one of the satellites of the system. "Think? Why, there," said my respondent, "is the folly and error of your countries. I never could see any good in thinking. What is there to think about, in a well-regulated country? As to religion, your confessor will take charge of that; and as to politics, they are no affair of yours—your Adored and Absolute Master will arrange all that. Eat, drink, and sleep, and fatten and die—so the Madonna wills—but for Mercy's sake, don't think!"

A COUSIN IN NEED.

ON a dreary autumn day, more than a hundred years ago, a heavy travelling-carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it, was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the travelling: but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket-book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and, though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky, gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier and heavier—at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveller who was ploughing his way through its mire; and so, doubtless, it did seem to the carriage horses, who at last floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach—though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first bucketful of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up his portfolio, and returned the pocket-book to its place in the breast lining of his

coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time, he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart light. Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveller's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice :

"Hollo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night?"

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a resting-place before I get there—to that I am bound, for I am a-weary."

"I should think you must have a two hour's walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause the stranger said;—

"If it pleases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's-your-name."

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; "one of those who wisely never refuse the small benefit, because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to him.

From inside the window the next question put to Heinrich was :

"What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer.

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner—who should have been an American colonel—looked amused and astonished, as he suggested;—

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin; or what could have put this idea into your head?"

"Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighbourhood; I have no relative to help me, and not quite money enough to find me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments, and whenever I asked them to let me know

how it was done, the answer always was—'A cousin gave it to me,' or 'I got it through the interest of a cousin, who lives at Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in the country, I must go without their help, or else hunt for them in Berlin."

This was all said in a comical, dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned round to Heinrich, saying, that he observed he had been smoking, and that he felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tinder-box out of his wallet, immediately began to strike a light. Now, it has been said, that the evening was damp,—it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect of the tinder's lighting; moreover, the wind blew the sparks out almost before they fell.

"Well, if your cousins are not more easily to be got at, than your light is, I pity you, young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched Heinrich's laborious endeavours.

"Nil desperandum is my motto," answered the young man; and when the words were scarcely uttered, the light had been struck. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich jumped up on the carriage-step, and leaning through the window, thrust the tinder eagerly in the direction of the gentleman's face. "Hurra, sir, puff away!"

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been puffing at his pipe, he removed it from his mouth, and addressed Heinrich in this way;—

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and perhaps, in a humble way, I might be able to assist you, and thus act the part of the cousin you are seeking. At all events, when you get to Berlin, take this note," handing him the slip of paper on which he had been writing; "take this note to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat of a friend of mine, and who will, I think, be glad to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly as he bids you, and abide strictly by his advice. If he says he will help you, rely upon it he will keep his word; but he is rather eccentric, and the way he sets about doing a kindness may perhaps seem strange to you. And now," he continued, "as the road is improved, I must hurry on the horses, and so bid you good evening, hoping you will prosper in your new career."

As Heinrich began to express his thanks for the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and, before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself alone again. The young man was no little astonished at what had taken place; and as he

gazed on the slip of paper, could not help wondering whether any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it :

DEAR MARSHAL,—If you can forward the news of the bearer, Heinrich Meyer, you will oblige your friend.

Let me know the result of your interview with him.

"Time will prove this, as it does all other things," thought Heinrich, as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore, since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him than she had been for many a day ; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached Berlin by nightfall.

The noise and bustle of the capital was new to him ; and he found some little difficulty in making his way to the *gasthaus*, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The pastor having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with town-life.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after breakfast.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of those persons of whom he made the inquiry ; as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow ?"

The house was however at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich awaited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in the most respectful manner, to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously ; and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects ; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing ; the school in which he had been educated ; at what inn he was living in Berlin ; and so forth. But still, no allusion was made, either to the note or the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes ; at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fortnight.

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting the lions of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth-day ; and, like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom he had never seen. At one point of the review the king stopped almost opposite to Heinrich ; and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who hailed him in the muddy road ? Impossible ! How should

a king be travelling at that time of the day ? At any rate, it vexed him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the coach in a very ceremonious manner. He had thrust tinder at his nose, and cried to him "Puff away !"

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favourable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by one, if he knew in whose handwriting the various superscriptions were ?

Heinrich answered, that to the best of his belief one was that of Herr Mudel, his former schoolmaster ; another, that of Doctor Von Hummer, the principal of such a college, and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unabashed ; he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you, that all that they say of you is most favourable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous ; the conviction that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination, became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. As last as he found himself, following Grumbkow, even into the palace, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake ?"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened, one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud, and his king, were one and the same person. The poor cousin-seeker greatly confused, knelt before Frederick-William, and began faltering out contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was ? I should not travel

quietly if I meant to be everywhere recognised."

After re-assuring Heinrich, the king told him, that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But, first," he said, "I must hear how you preach." On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but, mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as soon as he should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day, he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his ears that of the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still no text.

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no further information; all he could do was, to promise that, if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible despatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporise in case of emergency, he would have certainly run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text!

Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The service commenced, but no text!—the prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper, and lo!—it was blank—not a word was written

on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying, "His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world;' I shall, therefore, take the Creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely crossed the threshold of the king's room when his majesty jumped up, and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurra! sir!—puff away!—take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he had got as far as "Your majesty—" the king interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the paper. You came to Berlin to seek a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the university of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

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OUR ALMANAC.

WE have been at some pains to prepare an Almanac for the coming year. It is now published; and we may be allowed briefly to make known to our readers, the general nature of its contents.

It has been our endeavour, in the preparation of the HOUSEHOLD WORDS ALMANAC, to compress within a small space the greatest possible amount of interest and information, applicable to the varying seasons of the year and of mortal life. The laws that maintain this wonderful structure, the Earth, in its appointed place among the stars, and regulate the winds and waters; the principles on which the preservation of our health and cheerfulness mainly depends; the times of the development of the several kinds of trees and flowers, and when the melody of the various sorts of birds is first awakened; we have tried to set forth in a clear and attractive manner. We have attached to the Calendar of every month, a Chronicle of Progress, enabling the reader to compare

the times in which he lives, with the times of a hundred years ago. We have accumulated a number of remarkable Predictions, all falsified by the result, inculcating the wisdom of not too venturously binding down the Future. The rearing of children, the nursing of the sick, and the readiest means of doing good in cases of sudden accident or other emergency, we have not neglected. It has been our aim to make our Almanac a serviceable friend every day in the year, and, while it is full of human interest, to associate it with every pleasant sight and sound in Nature.

Finally, in the contemplation of the beautiful harmonies by which Man is surrounded, and of the adorable beneficence by which all things are made to tend to his advantage, and conduce to his happiness, we hope we may have necessarily infused into our work, a humble spirit of veneration for the great Creator of the wonderful Universe, and of peace and good-will among mankind.

MIND YOUR MANNERS.

MANNERS make the man; the want of them the fellow. Manners also make the woman; and, above all, manners make the child. Nay, even manners make the dog. There are ill-behaved, untidy dogs (like poor unfortunate Launcelot Gobbo's), who only serve to bring upon their owners disgrace, abuse, and fisticuffs; while there are cleanly, considerate, praiseworthy dogs; dogs who will offer their paws to be wiped with a napkin before entering a drawing-room; dogs who prepossess you in their favour as soon as you look at them; dogs whose refined and courteous demeanour will introduce you to the acquaintance of the very persons you desire to know, picking them out for you in a public walk.

In another sense, manners make the man; that is, they make his fortune. A ready smile, a modest assurance, and a patient and deferential power of attention, have carried a man further and higher than great talents or brilliant powers of mind. A pleasing address, if not the best letter of recommen-

dation, is certainly the best assistant to a good one. A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar. Politeness is the current coin which purchases the most for the least outlay. Therefore, all these things considered, mind your manners,—young people who are just beginning the world!

And you do try to mind your manners, I must confess. There is an epoch in every well-constituted young person's life, when he or she is anxious to please, for the mere sake of pleasing. Their elders wish them to please, to attain the end of worldly advancement; but, for themselves, virtue is its own reward. Many sincere and lasting friendships have been formed between the young and the middle-aged, in consequence of the latter having kindly trained their juniors in the drill of etiquette; thus helping them to perform the first stage of their march with a firm footstep, to the avoidance of blunders and exposure to ridicule. Happy for the neophyte is it, to meet with the protection of such a Mentor! who, in the majority of cases, is some kind-hearted, thorough experienced

woman; but, as the height of good luck does not happen to every one, the young are obliged to have recourse to such aids as they can find.

Books are necessarily the advisers of those who have no competent friend to refer to; accordingly, such educational helps to adolescent men and women have enjoyed immense popularity, when their merits have in the least entitled them to deserve it. Witness Lord Chesterfield's letters, in their day; witness the novels of the Almack's class, which, I believe, were studied by many as much with the object of self-improvement in deportment, as for mere amusement or for vulgar curiosity about the doings of their social superiors. Witness, too, the numerous little manuals that are hatched in broods by the press at the present day, and are sold at most obtainable prices, from twopence to a shilling and upwards. Witness the *True Courtesies*, the *Spirits of Etiquette*, the *Guides to Polite Society*, the *Codes of Manners*, the *How-to-dress-well Handbooks* and the *Dinner Table Observances*.

Why, in this branch of artistical knowledge, a living guide is better than one in print, arises from the fact that the details of manners are conventional and capricious, while their grand principles and their spirit only are universally accepted. Even in the same country, the observances that are inviolable in certain castes and cliques are absurd if laid down for others. But your tutor in etiquette will tell you what is right and proper in his and your circle, in respect to minutiae; a book can only lay down regulations which may or may not be applicable to the society in which your orbit lies. It is less ridiculous even generally to despise such minutiae of pump-room etiquette, than to observe them strictly mal-apropos. The plain rusticity of a country farmer is much less absurd, when met with in London, than are Cheapside and Regent Street airs and graces shown off in a little market-town. For those especially who are likely to take a wide range of travel, the great point will be to ground themselves well in the fundamental elements of self-possession, self-respect (which involves respect for others) personal neatness, a ready appreciation of what is admirable in any shape, a desire to be pleased (which implies the desire of pleasing), and an allowance to others of indulging their innocent peculiarities, as we assert the right of indulging our own, when not offensive. With such broad views of good behaviour, you may journey respected from the north pole to the south. If you unflinchingly cling to the etiquette-books and Islingtonian formulae, you will often excite a smile as an amusing specimen of affectation.

No rules of behaviour that are contrary to common sense need be adhered to anywhere. For instance, "In eating fish, use your fork in your right hand, and a piece of bread in

your left"—that is, never eat fish with a knife and fork, as you would meat. Now, the writer who caused the above generally-received dogma to be perpetuated in type, probably was not aware of the origin of the whim—for it is nothing more—which often involves the disciple in ludicrous difficulties. Almost the universal habit of the French—in the middle and lower classes, at least—is to cut up whatever happens to be upon their plate into mouthfuls (no matter whether it be roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, or fish), and then, laying the knife quite on one side, they eat it with the fork in the right hand, a piece of bread being in the left, if required. In large table d'hôte dinners, where you are expected to partake of five-and-twenty or thirty dishes, the portions offered to each guest are sometimes so small that the fork alone suffices to dispose of them. Somebody, in an endeavour to import the mode (at about the epoch of the introduction of white tablecloths at dessert), spoilt it, and, in short, made nonsense of it, by confining it to fish, and tabooing the knife completely in that special case. Such trifles do not belong to cosmopolitan good manners, though they may be curious to observe as national marks. Thus, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you may tell an Englishman from a Frenchman or a German by the way in which they each eat soup. The former puts the side of the spoon to his lips to sip the fluid; the latter presents the spoon lengthwise in front of his mouth, in the way in which a juggler must, if he seriously intends to swallow the spoon.

There is a book called *La Petite Civilité de la Jeunesse*, or *The Little Civility of Youth*, which well deserves translation, with a few trifling modifications to adapt it to a Protestant nation. It is looked upon as the rule of right in France. In many points it is admirable; but, in several particulars of etiquette it does not agree with the teachings of the London Guides to Politeness. Thus, in one of the latter we are told: "When your visitors arise to go, ring the bell for a servant to attend them. Merely rising from your chair and bowing, if not very intimate, is sufficient leave-taking: never attend them to the door." Now this, though common enough in England, would not be thought very courteous in France. Little Civility says, "You must always re-conduct those who pay you a visit to the door; and if they have to get into a carriage, you must not retire till they have taken their seats. When there are ladies, you must offer your hand to help them into their carriage. When, amongst the visitors you receive, there are some who remain while others are departing, you ought only to accompany those whose position is sufficiently distinguished to justify your leaving the rest of the company on their account. When a lady rises to take leave, you must quit every one else to conduct her to the door of the suite of

rooms, and even further, if respect requires. When a person to whom you pay a visit chooses, in spite of his superior rank, to conduct you as far as the door, either of the suite of rooms or of the street, you ought not to refuse the honour; but you must show your sense of it by marks of the most profound respect. It is a gross piece of rudeness to make people wait who pay you a visit. If you are unable to keep them company so long as politeness would seem to require, you ought to excuse yourself in the most kind and civil way possible, without even attempting to conceal that you are occupied with important business. Nothing," continues the Little Civility, "is more insipid and more troublesome than the conversation of those persons who put everlasting questions on the most trifling subjects, and about which they have no need to ask for information. It is contrary to good manners to question persons of a superior rank, except very rarely. When business or circumstances compel you to interrogate them, it must be done in the politest terms and the most respectful expressions. It is a rule of good manners, when you enter a company, never to interrupt the conversation by inquiring what it has been, and is about. If you find that an explanation of the kind would be the cause of tiresome or embarrassing repetitions to others, you should keep silence, try to catch the thread of the discourse, and wait till a favourable opportunity arrives of learning what you wish, without annoying any one. Nevertheless, it is an act of politeness to inform a new arrival, briefly and quietly, what topic of conversation is under discussion. It is very uncivil to inquire of any one, what he has been doing, or what he is going to do."

It is uncivil—disgustingly uncivil! And yet there are impertinents, with brazen fronts and eyes like those of a stuffed tabby cat, who will draw every tooth in your head, if you do not check them. It makes one's blood boil to see cunning horse-leeches pumping dry timid young persons, who dare not yet say the bold word No. What, as Little Civility indicates, can be a more offensive breach of good manners than for even elderly persons to acquire the habit of putting all sorts of questions, point-blank or roundabout, in season and out of season! Observe, I do not ask a question. I take your judgment for granted, and end the sentence with a note of exclamation. No one asks the Queen a question; and, in descending the social scale, the rule, instead of losing all force whatever, only becomes a little less stringent. Even with permissible questions, there is a great difference in the style of putting them. If you are visiting any establishment, for instruction or amusement, take care to get the subject well-up beforehand; otherwise, beware how you open your mouth. The very first inquiry will cause your attendant

guide to regard you either with pleased interest, or with weary indifference.

In some points, the French and English printed rules agree, while our practice at home does not accord with them. The Spirit of Etiquette decrees that "A salutation must always be returned, even to one of the very lowest condition." Little Civility goes even further: "You ought to salute all the persons whom you know, wherever you meet them. In saluting an inferior, you ought not to wait till you are forestalled by him. Well-meaning persons, whose heart is in the right place, endeavour to be beforehand in this respect with every one belonging to their acquaintance. Above all, it is becoming in children to adopt the mode. To be hindered by pride from returning a salutation is the sign of a very foolish and narrow mind. Every person of superior rank, endowed with noble sentiments, may be known by the obliging manner in which he fulfils this duty. In isolated spots, it is usual to salute the strangers whom you meet by chance. If the persons in whose company you are salute others whom they meet, you must follow their example, and remain uncovered if they stop."

It is a solecism in English manners (which may be accounted for as a remnant of feudal times), that, while the labouring man, the small farmer, and the country schoolmaster, take off their hat to the squire, the squire does not take off his hat to them. A condescending nod, a patronising look, is no equivalent return for a formal salute. Such a style of politeness towards inferiors adopted as a system, would in France be criticised by the utterance of one single word—"cochon!" It might be even dangerous there in troubled times; and, in short, will not answer out of England, unless perhaps in Russia. There are people in the world whose fiery spirits will blaze up fiercely, if you neglect to render them like for like. If, for instance, you are bent on a tour in Africa, you will find the Arab vainglorious, humble, and arrogant by turns; but his next door neighbour, the Kabyle, remaining always wrapped up in pride. This pride gives importance to the slightest details of everyday life; imposes on all a great simplicity of manners; and, for every act of deference, exacts a scrupulous return. Thus, the Arab kisses the hand and the head of his superior with abundance of compliments and salutations, caring but little all the while whether his politeness is responded to or not. The Kabyle does not compliment. He kisses the hand or the head of the chieftain or the aged man; but, whatever may be the dignity or the age of the person to whom this tribute of respect is offered, he must return it instantly. Si Saïd Abbas, the marabout (priest) of the Beni Haffif, was one day in the Friday market of the Beni-Ourti-lan. A Kabyle, named Ben-Zeddarn, went up to him and kissed his hand. The marabout, no doubt in an absent fit, omitted to

return the salutation. "By the sin of my wife!" said Ben Zeddum, setting himself in front of Si Said, gun in hand, "you will return me what I lent you just now; if not, you are a dead man." The marabout performed the ceremony required. Now, this was a lesson not easy to forget. Still, on consideration, I would not advise the shooting of squires for breaches of salutational reciprocity; only, if his worship did not take off his hat to me in return, I would never again take off mine to his worship.

Exactly as the little distinctions in their codes of etiquette are one reason why the French have believed the English to be proud and cold at heart; so the manners of the French have caused them to be despised and undervalued by their Mohammedan tributaries in Africa.

General Daumas's sketch of Algerian manners is well worth attentive study. No nation, it seems, is better skilled or practised than the Arabs are in the forms of urbanity, and in the verbal caresses which facilitate access and predispose to a gracious and favourable reception. No people know better how to conform to the respective exigences of various social positions, by treating every one according to his rank. They take care to give you what is your due; not an atom more, but also not an atom less. Everything is graduated according to understood regulations, which are the subject of traditional theory. The very prologue of the code of politeness is a long affair, consisting of interminable litanies, of the formulae which equals imperturbably exchange whenever they happen to meet. There are general expressions suited for any time of the day, and others that can only be used from morning till noon, or from noon till night. There is a less marked shade, in the circumlocution by means of which an Arab inquires after the health of the wife of the person with whom he chances to be conversing. To name her, were she lying at the point of death, would be a great breach of good manners; consequently you make your inquiries in indirect allusions. "How are the children of Adam? How goes the tent? How is your family? How are your people?" and even, "How goes the grandmother?" Any clearer designation would only awaken jealousy. It would be remarked, "He must have seen my wife; he must be acquainted with her, since he inquires so very particularly after her!"

In ordinary conversation pious phrases frequently intervene. But it may happen that amongst the persons to be saluted there are members of a different, and consequently a hostile religion. To avoid wounding these individuals by expressions on which they would set no value; and, on the other hand, to avoid compromising sacred words in the company of infidels, vague and more general forms are employed, as for instance, "Health to my people." Nevertheless, you will meet

with a number of fanatics whose wild and timorous consciences would refuse to make such a compromise, and who would believe their salvation to be in peril if they did not establish a marked distinction between themselves and miscreants. On entering a company where Christians or Jews are present, they will not fail to say, "Health to the people of salvation!" or "Health to those who follow religion!" Notwithstanding this, it will be understood that, in the districts subject to the French domination, prudence closes the lips of fanaticism; and that they would not risk affronting persons who might make them pay dear for their want of politeness. On accosting an Israelite, a member of the population so long enslaved and so harshly persecuted by the followers of Islam (a man to throw stones at, to borrow the Arab expression), if you condescend to speak the first word and to treat him with affability, you say to him, "May Allah make you live! May Allah aid you!" This simple phrase, which is an exceptional piece of politeness if accorded to a Jew, would be an insult to a Mussulman.

Official etiquette is rigorous; every point is scrupulously noted. An inferior salutes his superior by kissing his hand if he meets him on foot, and by kissing his knee if he encounters him on horseback. The marabouts and *tolbas*, who belong to religion professionally, whatever may be their position in the Mohammedan church, contrive to reconcile their natural haughtiness of character and their pride of caste with the quality of pious humility. They snatch back their hand abruptly; but they do not withdraw it from the offered kiss, till the simple believer is in the attitude of giving it. They do not refuse a respectful embrace, but allow their head or shoulder to be slightly touched with the lips. Such a caress does not imply the reverential deference exacted by the great ones of this world. When an inferior, on horseback, perceives on the road a man of any considerable importance, he alights at a distance, to embrace his knee. Equals kiss each other on the face; or, if they are only mere acquaintance, and not friends, they lightly touch their right hands, and then each kisses his forefinger. When a chief passes, every one rises and salutes him by crossing the hands on the chest. This was the ordinary mark of respect accorded to the Emir, Abd-el-Kader.

An Arab will never pass before a group of his equals or his superiors, without saying "Health be with you!" They always reply, "With you be health!" These words are pronounced in a grave and solemn tone of voice, which contrasts strongly with the light and laughing mode in which their French conquerors accost each other. To ask any one how he does in a careless off-hand style, to salute him as a matter of no importance, to assume an attitude which does not accord

with the serious phrase, "May the health, or salutation (of Allah) be upon you," strikes the Arabs as excessively offensive. Their criticisms on such behaviour are endless. "It must be a very ridiculous circumstance," they remark, "to ask your relation or your friend: How do you do?" In summer, in saluting a superior, the straw hat must not be kept on the head. In passing rapidly in front of strangers whom it is intended to salute, the hand is put upon the heart. Sometimes an interesting conversation on peace, or war, or other stirring topics, is interrupted by a sudden recommencement of polite inquiries, such as, How are you? Does your time pass pleasantly? Is your tent well? And, after the vocabulary of friendly expressions is exhausted, the conversation is resumed at the point where it stopped short. These alternations of gossip with interludes of well-bred inquiries are repeated in turn from time to time, and occur with greater frequency in proportion to the degree of friendship entertained or the length of the previous absence.

If any one sneezes in your presence, you must say, "Allah save you!" to which will be replied, "Allah grant you his mercy!" Eructation is not an act of rudeness; it is permitted, as with the ancient Spaniards, amongst whom, doubtless, the Arab dominion left this trait as a souvenir. Before eating, Allah is invoked in the following form: "In the name of Allah! O my God, bless what you now give us to eat; and when it is consumed reproduce it."

The right hand must be employed for eating and drinking, and not the left; for, "the dæmon eats and drinks with his left hand." A well-bred man will not drink in a standing posture; he is obliged to be seated. When any one drinks in your presence, do not forget to say to him when he has done—"Health!" understood, "May Allah give you!" He will reply, "Allah save you!" It is not allowable to drink more than once, and that at the conclusion of a meal. Drink was not made to increase, to prolong, or to re-awaken appetite. When men are thirsty, they have eaten enough; they drink, and the repast is terminated. At table, they must not make use of a knife. They wash their hands before and after a meal; they carefully rinse their mouths; otherwise they are considered as extremely ill-bred. The Prophet advised never to breathe upon the food. It is very bad manners to watch others while eating. If the master of the tent forgets himself so far as to notice the slowness or the rapidity with which his guests are eating, he commits a breach of politeness which is sure to draw down upon him a series of repartees that will hit their mark. "To see how ferociously you tear and swallow that mutton, one would say that it had butted you hard when alive;" was the speech addressed to a poor wretch of noble birth, but fallen into poverty, by a powerful chief who enter-

tained him. "To see how slowly and tenderly you eat it, one would think that its mother served as your wet-nurse," replied the Arab; considering that, to reproach him with a meal, was equivalent to an insult. A person who receives company ought not to remain standing; he is required to set the example, and to be the first to seat himself. The guest whom you receive will never think of such a thing as to give orders to your servants. Great care is taken not to spit in clean places.

A man who is what we call neat in his person, who takes care to be well dressed and to observe the rules of good society—and, amongst the Arabs, good society is that which takes a pride in the religious observance of the minutest details—cuts his moustachios to the level of the upper lip, and only allows the corners to grow long. He is also careful not to soil his dress in eating. An Arab gentleman has his head shaved often; once a-week. He has his beard trimmed carefully, shaping it to a point. He never neglects to cut his nails.

An Arab who goes into company, salutes, speaks in his turn, and departs without speaking. He does not take leave, unless he is on the point of starting on a journey. The only Arabs who act contrary to this custom are those who have made acquaintance with the French. In consequence of their intercourse with Europeans, not a few natives have contracted the habit of making their adieux after a meeting or a visit; but those who neglect to do so are not to be considered unpolite. When an Arab has once started on a journey, never call him back, even if he has omitted things of the utmost importance. According to his ideas, it would be sure to cause him ill-luck. The emir Abd-el-Kader never went counter to the universal custom, which requires that when any one mounts on horseback to make a long excursion, his wife, his servant, or even his negress, should throw water on the croup and feet of his horse. This is at the same time a friendly wish and a lucky omen. Sometimes the coffee-bearer throws coffee on the horse's feet. To the same class of ideas belongs the superstition which causes a shower to be believed of good augury when a traveller departs. Water is always welcome in a country where it is often deficient. Hence the frequent wish, "May your spur be green," addressed to men in authority. Its meaning is, "Prosper, and be propitious; as water is propitious to the harvest and the flocks." Politeness, however, is carried further than mere words; the Arabs contrive to flatter by actions. In a horse-race, a kaïd and a powerful aga were rivals; the kaïd did his very best to be beaten, and succeeded. Whoever is aware how much the self-esteem of the Arab is mixed up with the reputation of his horse, will appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice. When the race was over, the aga said to the kaïd, "Your horse is excellent; you must

have held him in; it could not possibly be otherwise."—"Ah! my lord," replied the kaid, good-naturedly; "in my country, a kaid's horse never presumes to beat an aga's."

During the reception of guests, and the exercise of hospitality, all expression of private feeling must be repressed in the sternest manner. An inhabitant of Medeah named Bou Bekeur, recognised, in an encampment of nomad Arabs who had installed themselves close to the town for several days, the son of one of his friends, by whom he had been hospitably received on a previous occasion. "Welcome, O my children!" he said to the Saharians. "Our country is yours; here you shall neither hunger nor thirst. No one shall insult you; no one shall rob you. I will take upon myself to supply all your wants." Bou Bekeur's word was as good as his deed. From that moment every individual belonging to the little troop was his guest. He sent to them his slaves laden with bread, dates, and roasted meats; in the evening he again supplied them with kouskousou, milk and vegetables; he joined the travellers at their meals, and kept them company. The same treatment was continued during the whole of their stay. When the day of their departure arrived, Bou Bekeur wished to regale the travellers with a final entertainment, and he assembled them under his own roof to sup, and to pass the night there. The party were very merry; the host's son, a little boy seven or eight years old, especially amused them by his grace and vivacity. His father was distractedly fond of him, and Bou Bekeur's friend had completely dressed him in a new suit, consisting of a handsome burr-nous embroidered with silk, a red chachia, and yellow slippers. At night, nevertheless, he did not appear at supper; and, when they asked his father to have him brought, he replied, "He is fast asleep." They did not press any further.

The repast was plentiful, and the conversation very animated; they talked much about Christians, and the war with France. They said that the French armies were as innumerable as the flocks of starlings in autumn; that the soldiers were chained together, and ranged in rows like the beads on a necklace, and shod with iron like horses. That each of them carried a lance at the end of his gun, and a pack-saddle on his back to hold his provisions; and that all together they only fired a single gun-discharge. They praised the French justice, and fulfilment of their promises: the chiefs committed no exactions, and before their kadis the poor man was treated the same as the rich. But they reproached them with their want of dignity, their habit of laughing even when they said *Bonjour*; and of entering their own mosques without pulling off their shoes. They reproached them with not being a religious people; with allowing their wives too much liberty; with

drinking wine, with eating hog's flesh; and with kissing dogs.

After the prayer of break of day, when the company were about to take leave of Bou Bekeur, "My friends," he said, "with the help of Allah, I think I have fulfilled all the duties which a host owes to his guests: and now, I have to beg of you a token of your affection. When I told you last night that my son was fast asleep, he had just been killed by falling from the top of the terrace where he was playing with his mother. It is the will of Allah; may he grant him rest! To avoid disturbing your festive joy, I mastered my own grief, and I compelled my wife to bear hers in silence by threatening her with divorce if she did not. Her lamentations have not reached your ears. But oblige me with your presence at my son's funeral, and join your prayers for him with mine."

The news, together with the display of self-control, shocked and overwhelmed the travellers with grief. They manifested their sympathy in the only way they could, by religiously assisting at the poor child's burial.

THE WORKMEN OF EUROPE.

M. LE PLAY, "ingénieur en chef des mines," and political economist to the French nation generally, has lately published, as the result of twenty years' researches, an immense folio, on the condition of the European workmen:—*Monographie*, he calls it, being a savant who loves classical roots. And in this monographie M. le Play sets down—much as he would classify shells or stones—the mode of life and mode of thought, the domestic habits, moral culture, receipts, expenses, wardrobes, and furniture—and what these last are worth, item by item, to a fraction—the kind of food, way of cooking it, and the amount consumed, of every class of workmen in Europe; taking one family of each class as the type and exemplar of the whole.

The Bachkirs,* demi-nomads of Eastern Russia, stand at the head of M. le Play's atlas, or tabular summary of the European workman. He takes them as the type of the most primitive organisation of labour, and of the most primitive perfection of morals. The Bachkirs fulfil many of the learned engineer's conditions of happiness, and are great in some of his favourite virtues. They are Mohammedans in religion, shepherds by profession, patriarchal and polygamist in their domestic arrangements, illiterate, sleepy, and lazy. But because the women are kept at home; because the power of the chief of the tribe, or head of the house, is absolute; because the filial sentiment takes disproportionate dimensions, and the offices of religion absorb many hours of the working-day, M. le Play overlooks the ignorance and matrimonial multiplication which might have staggered

* M. le Play's spelling is preserved throughout.

sympathies less conservative, and puts forth the Bachkirs as types worthy of emulation: indeed as types to which he would gladly see our own artisan population assimilate itself. The Bachkirs gain only about twenty-five pounds a-year, including the relative value of the game, fish, wild fruits, and mushrooms found in the forests and rivers. They pay nearly sixteen francs, in various contributions, to their priests, under whose control and guidance they live with implicit confidence. They buy as many wives as they can afford, and drink fermented mare's milk, or *khoumouis*; spending their lives in the soft, lazy, pleasant dreams and perpetual sleepiness which this *khoumouis* produces.

The wheelwrights of the Oremburg Steppes, and the agricultural peasants of the same district, live, for the most part, under the *abrok*. The *abrok* is a kind of tax or redemption-money, by which the peasant buys his time from the seigneur, and is thus enabled to work for himself. Russian serfs owe two-thirds of their time to their master; by paying a certain yearly sum, called *abrok*, they redeem this time, and many of them become exceedingly rich. Sometimes a whole community buys itself off, and then portions out certain lots of the common lands—or rather in community—which they work on without any intervention of the seigneurs. This group is of the Russo-Greek religion, and under the patriarchal system. Parental authority is here likewise absolute, seniority also absolute, and no younger man, would presume to even detail a fact, or give an opinion, before an elder one,—“Inquire of him, he knows better than I, for he is my senior,” he would say, even if asked the direction of a village, or the depth of a well. The peasants and the *dvarovie*, or servants and workmen of all kinds, do not marry with each other. The *dvarovie* are idle and dissolute, and do not make good fathers of families. Men marry when quite boys; they and their wife remaining as usual under the father's roof according to the traditions and usages of the patriarchal system. They have days called *pomotch*—with the Bachkirs *heummim*—which, like the *grandes journées* of Béarn, and the *déves-bras* of Lower Brittany, unite the whole community in labour for the chief. Every available arm in these days of *pomotch* is pressed into the service of some householder or chief, who gets his mowing or reaping or building or clearing or felling of timber done with inconceivable rapidity. There is always a grand supper after the day's work is over, to which the women come, bringing milk, &c., and the *pomotch* count among the principal pleasures of the population of the Oremburg Steppes. The *artèles* are curious institutions. These are associations of emigrant workmen, more especially of the boatmen and porters of St. Petersburg, who come from the valley of the Oka. The *artèles* are associations under

the following conditions:—From April to November a number of men, say from sixty to seventy, agree to form an *artèle* together. They place themselves under the management of an *artelchick*, whose business it is to find work for the members of the association, and regulate its price. The *cloutchnik*, or treasurer, keeps the cash and accounts, and two *starchi* (men of weight and experience) control the *artelchick* and the *cloutchnik*. These men load and unload boats, saw and deliver firewood, shape and drive in the stakes for the foundations of buildings, dig and form gardens in the city of St. Petersburg and the suburbs. But such employments are accepted only when nothing better can be had, as they are but poorly paid. All kinds of iron work yielding at the rate of two francs a-day wages, are the most eagerly sought after. The particular *artèle* of which M. le Play writes was lodged gratuitously by an iron merchant from the banks of the river Neva, who employed them in his trade. Their food was taken in brigades of from thirty to thirty-five; the expenses were borne by the common fund, and cost about fourteen francs each a month. The cooking is sometimes done by a woman paid by the *artèle*; and, in this case, the *cloutchnik* buys the provisions. But, in general, they treat with a purveyor who supplies them with all they want at so much a head. Their clothes and private luxuries, such as tea, brandy, &c., are individual expenses. Sixteen days are given to each workman during the campaign for extra tasks, which are paid extra; and an equal division of the funded property is made at the end of the campaign. The strong men work by the piece, the weak ones by the day; the *starchi* watching over the interests of all, and regulate the laws apportioning the labour. The sum gained for the month of twenty-three days is thirty-six francs eighty centimes, or one franc sixty centimes a-day. Fifteen generally start from the same village together, first borrowing two hundred and forty francs, from a peasant in good circumstances, who indemnifies himself for not taking interest by selling them a horse at one hundred and fifteen francs, which is worth about ninety francs. Each takes a certain quantity of bread and coarse meal, and they go from about twenty-five or twenty-eight miles a-day. The horse is kept at their common expense for a week after their arrival at St. Petersburg, and then sold for thirty-five francs. During this time, the wife remains with the husband's father, or his elder brother, if the father be dead. Often when these Oremburg labourers have saved any money, they bury it in the woods, and not unfrequently, lose it altogether; but safe investments are rather difficult to people living in the bleak Oremburg Steppes, and under the parental government of absolute seigneurs.

The workmen in the iron manufactories of

the Ural Mountains exist under another phase of the *abrok* system. An iron-worker, paying first a certain sum to the seigneur for this liberty, employs a substitute in the manufactories, and devotes himself to agriculture; of which of course he makes a good thing, even with the heavy taxation upon him. Many peasants under this system become rich, though at any time, the seigneur can claim their savings. M. le Play says they never do so; but the fact that they have the power, is painful and demoralising. Besides, one knows that it belongs to human nature, not only to use power to the utmost, but even to exceed it. They drink large quantities of *quass*, a beer made of barley-meal, iced in summer (every peasant has an icehouse and a bath), of *braga*, a stronger beer, made also of barley-meal, and of *souslo*, made of hops, barley, and must.

Passing eastward, M. le Play discourses of the iron-manufacturers of Samakowa, in Bulgaria. They are of the Greek religion, and are a smoking, illiterate, unawakened set of boors. They belong to their masters, by reason of the money which these first lend their workmen to establish themselves and begin life with. Though no money is allowed to be lent out at interest in any part of Turkey, yet the master of course makes an interest he cannot avow, and the operative works out his debt as he best can; sometimes, indeed, saving large sums, such as a thousand or even twelve thousand francs. Large common-lands supply him with firewood and pasture. The land in Turkey is said to belong to God, but the cultivators pay a tax to the seigneur notwithstanding. The *terres mortes* are small patches of land cultivated by the spade, by a peasant living in a house in the midst of his gardens. He must leave his house and cease to cultivate his grounds three years before they lapse to the state. After this time, he loses all right in them. The *terres vivantes* are those lands which are under plough cultivation. The proprietors of the *terres mortes* often place them under a functionary called a *mosque*; who, for a few pence, inscribes them in the parish books under his own name or that of some institution, at the same time guaranteeing them to their actual possessor. These lands are hereditary, if the possessor remains stationary, which the seigneur takes good care he shall do. M. le Play says, that even when they have worked themselves free of their debt, they remain in the same conditions and at the same place as before. Moreover, that no one feels his debt a hardship, and no one wishes to be free—another of M. le Play's sweeping assertions. The women wear chains of coins strung together, which are long in proportion to the wealth of the family.

Many other classes of workmen in eastern Europe work *à la corvée*, or with labour in

payment; among others, the *Jobajjy*, or agricultural peasants of the plains of Theiss, in Hungary, the true source of the Hungarian people. They owe their *corvée* in proportion to the amount of land possessed by them. A whole *sessio* is about twenty-five acres, in round numbers. The *corvée* for this is one hundred and six days' labour from one man, or half that time from a man and two oxen. Besides this, there are taxes and tithes. Sometimes the peasant has only a quarter of a *sessio*: he is called then a quarter-peasant; and for this he gives twenty-six days' labour, or thirteen days with two oxen. They can hold land of their lords in one of three ways: First, either by giving half the produce; secondly, by mowing as much hay for the proprietor as lies on double the extent of their own land; and thirdly, by paying a sum of money for rent. The lands are seldom divided below a quarter of a *sessio*, and generally pass to the second son; the eldest being taken off to the army: the rest of the family learn different trades.

The cabinet-makers' guild in Vienna is composed of apprentices (*lehr-jungen*), companions (*gesellen*), and masters. The apprentices, who are generally the sons of masters, are admitted when eleven years of age; but their number is limited. After a certain number of years, and when arrived at a certain point of cabinet-making capability, the apprentice rises into a companion, and then sets out on his travels. He goes through all Germany sometimes, helped in each town by the office of his guild, and getting such work as he may. He seldom saves anything from his travels, and goes back as poor as when he left, in all save experience. If he wishes to be a master, he must execute a *meister-stück*, or *chef-d'œuvre*, which is first submitted to a committee of masters; and, if found sufficiently creditable, is allowed to be his credential for a mastership, on the payment of from six hundred to two thousand five hundred francs, the sum varying according to the gains of the last-made master and the wealth and importance of the city. No companion may work directly for a customer. If he does and is discovered, he is taken by the police before a council of the guild, his tools are confiscated, and he is fined thirty-three francs for the first offence, and sixty-seven for the second. If incorrigible, he is banned, and none of the workshops of the guild receive him. In this case he must take to some other means of living; for cabinet-making is lost to him. A man may not marry unless he can show a certificate from his society proving that he earns so much—the minimum—which is rarely able to be done in early life. The consequence is, the birth of a large number of children with whose parents the church has had nothing to do. But the police hunt out illicit unions with savage severity. If they find two un-

lucky creatures living together without the curé's permission, they are either obliged to marry, if they can make up the sum required, or they are separated and sent home, or placed under a species of arrest. Yet illegitimate children abound in Vienna. The marriage fees mount up to sixteen francs eighty centimes; of which the church absorbs a third part, the rest goes to the police. The cabinet-making guild disposes of a certain number of beds in the Viennese hospital; and, when any of its poorer members are sick, they are either sent there, or visited at home by the doctor of the quarter, who gives his time, as the chemist delivers his drugs, gratis, on the receipt of orders signed respectively for the doctor by the corporation; for the chemist by the curé and the doctor.

The workers in the quicksilver mines of Carniole in Austria are also not allowed to marry until they have reached a certain grade, which they cannot attain before they are thirty-two years old. The same consequence follows here as in Vienna. But here no harm comes of it. The children are taken by the woman's family; and in process of time the father marries her, and lives with them in her father's house; no one thinking them any the worse for a half-dozen pre-sacramentals which enliven the household. The right of being a member of the commune is religiously guarded; and this is one reason of the matrimonial restriction to a certain age and grade, as only a certain number are allowed in the commune.

But to come out of eastern and central Europe into France, more especially that Lower Brittany which George Sand loves so well. The Pen-ty is a day-labourer living in a house of his own in Lower Brittany. He is ignorant, faithful, industrious, frugal; he sings and he dances when his work is done; his children play at *toupie* and *bouchon*, but do not go to school; for the pen-ty fears the corruption of knowledge. He begins life as a farm-servant, continues it as a pen-ty, and often ends it as a proprietor with eight or more thousand francs, saved out of his wages and profits. Very often the law respecting the division of property is set aside in Lower Brittany, and the eldest child, whether male or female, takes the land, paying a certain sum in compensation to each of the other members of the family. Or, another way of evading this law is, by delaying the marriage of the daughters until they have reached their majority, then making, by their forced consent, their marriage portion a portion of their inheritance. This is done in Auvergne and Morvan, as well as in Bretagne.

There are the *Saunier Lettriers* of Saintonge. A *saunier* is a salt-manufacturer, and the lettered or patented salt-makers of Saintonge are men who have an hereditary right, dating from time immemorial, to make salt along a certain extent of marsh land; even if this be

divided and subdivided among a hundred proprietors. The lettered salt-maker may give away his patent during his lifetime, to one of his sons, or to his daughter as a marriage portion, or to whom he will; and even when the written document is lost, his right is considered established by "public cognisance." He receives a third part of the value of the salt sold by the patron, and enjoys, besides, all the advantages and productions of the marsh where his right lies. The simple salt-maker pays for his right of making salt; and even then can form an engagement only for a single year.

Of all the workmen mentioned by Le Play, the watchmakers of Geneva, the washermen of Paris, the *maratcher*, or market-gardener, and the cow-keepers (*nourisseurs*), also of the *banlieue* de Paris, are quoted as the highest in the moral scale. M. le Play's *maitre blanchisseur* is a miracle of industry and forethought, and generally ends by amassing an independence. From Wednesday to Wednesday—the clean-linen day of Paris—the *blanchisseur's* house is a scene of uninterrupted labour. The only pleasure is fine clothes, with—what certainly looks somewhat suspicious—an enormous quantity of exquisite linen. Le Play does not say, that many of the young ladies who dance at *Mabille* and the *Château des Fleurs* are the washerman's assistants; but certainly the general belief in Paris is, that the *grisette* section is largely recruited from this class. In Paris, certain trades are never undertaken by Parisians; being followed by emigrant workmen. Masons; these come during the spring and summer, and retire in winter. Water-carriers, porters, chimney-sweepers, small dealers in fuel, second-hand dealers, are all from the provinces. The chimney-sweepers are exclusively from *Domo d'Ossola*, on the *Lago Maggiore*; the porters and water-carriers from the mountains of *Ronergue* and *Auvergne*; the rest from *Savoy*, *La Marche*, *Limousin*, and even *Piedmont*. Many of the *chiffonniers* are strangers to Paris; and many of them are instructed and elevated people.

The stationary workmen are the reverse of the emigrant. They are, according to M. le Play—but we doubt him—idle, luxurious, profligate, and expensive. They rarely marry, and generally do worse: they spend their earnings at the cabarets and *guinguettes* outside the *barrières*, and keep Monday sacred for pleasure. They work about two hundred and eighty days in the year, and drink and play the rest. The tailors are the most republican, and are generally strong in the passing political history. Indeed, all the stationary and Parisian workmen are well educated, and even intellectual, but our *ingénieur en chef* denies their morality. Again we doubt. The *ouvrier* population of Paris bears such traces of refinement, good breeding, and propriety of conduct, as cannot

exist with the gross vice it pleases this author to ascribe to them.

M. le Play gives only three English monographies. The first is that of a London cutler; the second, a Derbyshire iron-founder; the third, a Sheffield cutler. The London cutler, to be near his master, lives in a small dark street between Fleet Street and the Thames, in Whitefriars. But where his master lives, M. le Play does not point out. The children of the London cutler go to play in the Temple Garden from six to eight in the evening. Else, they have no fresh air or exercise at all. The clergyman never goes near this cutler, who is totally destitute of religious knowledge, and who never enters a church. All that, we fear, may be but too true. He lives in a house, all to himself, for which he pays a weekly rent of nine shillings and six pence half-penny, "including water-rate." He lives, with his family, in the kitchen or cellar; the learned engineer's term for this part of the cutler's mansion being rather ambiguous; and he lets a room on the third storey to his brother, at the sum of one shilling and a half-penny a-week. The total area of each stage or storey is thirty-two square feet nine square inches and a bewildering decimal. His property—which may mean his tools—is worth seven pounds, thirteen shillings, and five pence farthing, and the fraction of a farthing which has no English representative. Our cutler has twenty-four towels; but less linen generally than would be found among the same class in Germany or France. His furniture is of mahogany, and worth twenty-four pounds thirteen shillings, and eight pence half-penny. We include two umbrellas, a white metal teapot, a boiler, worth two shillings and a halfpenny; and other things in the same proportion. The family is very sober, belongs to the Odd Fellows' Society, and earns ninety-nine pounds, seventeen shillings and eight pence, in the year. It goes to the parks on Sunday, and once a-year to the theatre; twice in the year to Greenwich—which two journeys cost it five shillings, four pence and a fraction of a farthing. Its whole expenditure for amusement, or recreation, including a goose and plum-pudding at Christmas, and toys for the children, amount in the year to ten shillings, ten pence, three farthings, and a fraction. After which feat of calculation, let us take breath, and wonder at M. le Play's mistakes of fact, and his portentous pretences of accuracy in figures.

This London cutler's wardrobe is a curiosity; his wife's more so. He has a new blue cloth frock coat every three years, for Sundays. It costs just one pound. He has a black cloth waistcoat and trousers to match, once every five years; the waistcoat costs nine and four pence halfpenny, the trousers cost one pound eight and four pence. Every new year he has a flannel waistcoat, two new

shirts, two pairs of cotton drawers, and three pairs of stockings, also renewed yearly. He has three pairs of boots in two years, the mending of which costs three shillings and a halfpenny, every year. The woman has a dark merino gown every two years; two cotton dresses every year; three aprons, three pairs of cotton stockings, and as many woollen ones, also every year; three pairs of boots and two pocket handkerchiefs in the year; a white straw bonnet every two years, and a black straw bonnet every year. Altogether, the cutler's wardrobe costs him two pounds, eleven pence, two farthings, and a fraction; the woman's comes to two pounds, seventeen shillings, and eleven pence, yearly. To give the prices of all the articles in this wonderful wardrobe, which some sharp wag has mystified the *ingénieur en chef* to set down, would be too tedious.

The Sheffield cutler has nothing peculiar about him, excepting his bird-cages. He has twenty bird-cages, and drinks pop and trickle-beer (sic), which M. le Play discovered to be the national drink of English operatives. The Sheffield cutler lives near the river Sheaf, in a nice little house of two storeys, with kitchen and parlour, garden, two court-yards, and a pig-stye, for which he pays three shillings and four pence per week. He has no religion, like his fellow-workman in London, but is sober and industrious, and belongs to a club called the Land Society. The iron-founder of Derbyshire has no religion also; his wife is sickly, can make nothing at home, and enriches the dress-maker by a certain sum yearly.

We cannot enter into the political tendency of the book. The writer's desire is to uphold all such of the working classes as live under the immediate government and in the power of their masters, and to decry those who are free and independent.

CHIP.

WANTED, SOME GENERAL INFORMATION.

I AM not about to speak of the ignorance of childhood, which is often bliss; but of the ignorance of middle age, which is nothing of the sort; and, when I say popular ignorance, I don't mean that of the masses, but that of the higher ranks. I would not trouble people with my want of knowledge upon several puzzling points, if I thought I was a fool, or even below the intellectual average; but I am sure that I am in the same boat—and that a bigger one than Mr. Scott Russell's Leviathan—with others. I am certain that I am but the mouth-piece of thousands of educated persons, when I say that nothing disgusts us more than hearing or reading the loose and familiar treatment of certain mysterious topics. For instance, there is a

man who is perpetually writing what he calls his meteorological observations to the Times newspaper; and, the contempt of that person for the wondrous and intangible, is something revolting. As if the mean temperature was not a sufficiently harassing subject, he has actually an adopted mean temperature of his own. The barometer—an instrument that is never quite disconnected in some minds from the thermometer; so far, at least, as to determine accurately which is which—is with him a barometer (reduced). He has tamed, then, through hunger most likely—this terrible master of the elements—and I dare say has the state of the weather under his thumb.

I don't like asking questions of scientific people, because they are so unwittingly insulting. If I desire to know the reason, from my friend Jack Savant, of the difference between neap and spring tides, for instance, Savant replies: "Why, we all know how the operation of the tides is influenced by the changes of the moon"—Now, that is just what we don't know—just what, as I sit here, I have no more notion of than I have of what the ecliptic is, or who painted the signs of the zodiac; but that "we all know" of the initiated, makes the "we haven't the least idea" of the rest of us. If a book in a sealed cover, and which could be forwarded to us secretly, should be published, containing explanations of all the unintelligible though familiar terms in the language, it would be bought up by me—by us—like wild-fire.

Vaccination and Inoculation, the Binomial Theorem and the Differential Calculus, and the Deccan and the Delta, never appear to me except in company, like the Siamese Twins, and I cannot say that I quite know one from the other. I should like to move for a return of the billions of people who use, or hear used, the words Chiar' Oscuro without knowing what they're talking about, or understanding what is said to them. I should like to be informed privately, whether the bas of bas-relief should be pronounced like the bleat of a sheep (in the French style), or in the same manner as we name a clef in music, or bitter beer; because I hear all three ways adopted. I should like to have a written definition of the word Consols from all the women of England, and nineteenth-twentieths of the country gentlemen. I would give a sovereign to know, even by sight, the Public Creditor. It would be a great boon to all of us, if Mr. Macaulay would explain, in a footnote of the next edition of his collected works, whom or what he means by the Carnatic; most of the gentlemen (with university educations) whom I have consulted upon this point, incline to the opinion, that it is some sort of pestilence or disease, but they are not certain, they say. It is all very well to make jokes on this matter, and take liberties with that; but

I very much doubt, whether the whole first class in any one year at Oxford could give me an accurate account of the origin and continuance of Leap Year; the whole list of Cambridge Wranglers, on the other hand, would be posed, I believe, if they were asked, upon their honours, if they knew who was the Stagirite? I am not in a position myself to swear positively as to its being a plant, a stone, or a man; but I believe it to be something that sticks to the side of sea-caves, and is eaten (by naturalists) with a pin.

I assert most solemnly, on the part of several thousands of my fellow-countrymen in easy circumstances, that I believed (until I saw it stated otherwise in the daily papers) that The O'Connor Don, was a peculiar species of Cossack: I conceived The Chisolm was an animal in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, that had been the rage at some bygone time; perhaps before the hippopotamus and the ant-eater. Are you greatly interested in the famous question of the Digamma? So am I, wrapped up in it, indeed, to the exclusion of all other subjects: and, seriously, I would give what I have, as the young waterman so touchingly replied to Dr. Johnson's question about the Argonauts, to know anything of that famous hero, of whom I have heard so much and understand so little.

Again, if there is one person who seems to me to link the past with the present more than another, and whose identity is especially Caviare to the multitude—and, is that final e to be pronounced or not; and what is Caviare itself, when that is settled?—that person is Malthus. Now his is certainly a fine old Roman name, and I seem to connect it dimly with the Horatii and Curiatii, the forum, fasces, the augurs, and so on: yet I cannot altogether dispossess myself of a fancy of once having heard or read of him as The Reverend Mr. Malthus. The wisest person, to my mind, who ever flourished—the man who had all knowledge at his fingers' ends, from Runic to the last flash expletive—was, without doubt, the late Mr. Maunder; but, then, like my friend, Savant, and other great men, he would never stoop quite low enough: he defines well, but I want another man to explain his definitions. He reminds me of an old acquaintance of mine at the Swindon station, a stoker, of whom I endeavoured once to get some private information; it was about the birth, parentage, and education of his steam-engine (of the five hundred people who entrusted themselves to which daily, I don't believe five could give a reason for the faith that was in them), and he began his elucidation, thus:—

"Why, fust, sir, we must, of coorse, create a vacuum."

"Well, thank you, my good friend," I said, "I think that will do for to-day;" and, of course, I never asked the fellow for anything more.

I hope it will not be imagined from these confessions, that I know nothing at all. I

know, in my own line (and I have three large manufactories devoted exclusively to the construction of pins' heads), quite as much as other people in theirs; I only want, what everybody else wants, a little general information, and (except when I thus write anonymously) the courage to ask for it. In every grade of life, and especially in the higher grades, there is a like, or worse ignorance upon all matters that do not quite concern itself. I will conclude with an illustration of this fact; it only bears out, I am sure, the experience of almost every one of us. The authoress of *Our Village*, used to relate, that during the success of her *Rienzi*, at the London theatres, one of the judges of the realm inquired of her, whether there really had been such a hero, and if her drama was founded on fact? Wishing further to know, how far the sympathy she had excited in him was authorised by the real events, he wanted to borrow the history.

"What do you mean," she said, "*Gibbon*?"

"Yes, I suppose, *Gibbon*," said he. And his lordship took away the first volume!

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

If thou have thrown a glorious thought
Upon life's common ways,
Should other men the gain have caught,
Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often shalt thou find,
While folly plunders fame,
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,
Nor knows thy very name.

What matter that, if thou uncoil
The soul that God has given;
Not in the world's mean eye to toil,
But in the sight of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks
For fame a human sigh,
To Nature go and see how works
That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets,
Is full of germs and seeds;
Nor glorifies herself, nor sets
Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between,
She loves untrodden roads;
Her richest treasures are not seen
By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for
Reward; from out thee chase
All selfish ends, and ask no more
Than to fulfil thy place.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VII.

MAGDALEN accused of forgery—standing in the felon's dock, and commented on as the criminal—felt proud and innocent. Magdalen re-established before the world: Magdalen, in the solitude and silence of her own chamber, feels guilty. She could not give her conscience

a name for its reproach; but she could not deny that she had cause for self-reproach. She could not say what she had done wrong; but she felt ashamed and afraid to pray. Horace, too, was changed to her. He never spoke to her when he could help it, and never would be alone with her for a moment.

He was quite right, she would argue. Why should she care about seeing him alone; was she not an affianced woman? What did it signify to her whether he liked her society or not; had she no more pride than to be sorry because any man in the world avoided her? Then she tried to look indifferent; and descended the stairs with the gait and manner of a Juno. At other times she tried to congratulate herself on having such a friend as Rutherford. He was her real practical friend in life, and she was sure he would always do all he could for her: and was not that enough? She, herself, felt nothing more for him but mere simple friendship. She pictured him married and happy. She thought how happy she would be to hear of it. She would go and see them both, and be very fond of his wife. She would be her sister—her darling sister. She fancied her standing in the door-way, like a lovely picture enframed, waiting to receive him when he came home. She saw her go down the steps, and place her arm in his; perhaps he put his round her waist; and then she saw them both go into their pretty cottage, and shut the door between their loving happiness and the cold world outside. They shut out her as well. O! how happy that wife would be. How justly proud of her noble lord, of her wifely name, and that golden badge of union on her hand! Then Magdalen would weep, though angry with herself as she felt the tears steal down her face; saying, sometimes aloud, in a tone of vexation, "What folly this is? What am I crying for? I shall soon be as bad as Paul."

The expression of Magdalen's face was changing. It had gone through two different phases already, as the circumstances of her life had changed. From the calm dreaming of her girlhood—when she looked as if she lived in beautiful visions, and as if the present, was only the passage-place to a glorious future; when Paul's mind had been her guide, and Paul's poetry her reality—from that phase of misty hopes and undeclared visions, it had changed to the cold concentrated grieved expression of one suffering under a sorrow that hardened and did not chasten. It had gained more strength of purpose during that time—but it was the strength of iron—the force of granite; it was not the strength of love. Now, a third expression had come; and the most beautiful of all. Her face had gained a power it never had had before—the power of intensest feeling. There was a strange depth and darkness in her eyes; a flash, not of pride as of old and of the

gladiator's spirit of combat and resistance; but of newly-aroused emotion, of life, of passion. There was a rosier hue on her cheek, as if the blood flowed more freely through her veins, and she blushed easily, as one whose heart beat fast. Her lips were moister and redder, and the hard lines round them melted into softer smiles; they were not so compressed as of old, nor were her eyes so steady. Her figure was more undulating; her actions more graceful. She had lost some of her former almost visible directness; and, though just as honest and straightforward, she was shyer. An influence was at work in her which had never been over her before; and everyone said how much she was changing, and many how much she was improving. But, in the midst of all these other changes, none was so great as that of her manners to Paul. She tried to be kind and gentle to him; but she could not succeed. It was evidently so forced, and so painful, that even feeble beautiful Paul pitied her. Not that his pity ever took the shape of breaking off the engagement, or of imagining that she did not love him. He only thought she was angry or irritable, and that he was in the wrong somehow—he could not understand how, exactly; but he still believed in her love. Poor Paul! weakly yet wildly, he sometimes kept away for whole days, with a petted, sulky, injured manner. Or, he would come to the house every day, and all day long, following Magdalen about wherever she went, pressing on her his love and caresses with a tender gentleness that was wonderfully irritating: till she loathed his very name and hated him to madness.

When Horace was present; which was often—for business brought him to Oakfield—Magdalen scarcely ever looked up without finding his eyes fixed on her. But this only disturbed her; for he never looked at her kindly. She thought she read in his face only displeasure and dislike. His manners were abrupt and indifferent; and, whenever she looked peculiarly beautiful, or was more gracious and more charming than usual, they used to be something more than indifferent. Magdalen, in her own mind—when sitting alone in her room, her face flushed and her eyes dark—used to call them insolent, and declare aloud that she would not endure them. He saw that she believed he disliked her, and encouraged the idea. Indeed, she almost said as much when she accused him of it one day, big drops of passion and pride swelling like thunder-rain in her eyes. And when he answered, turning away, "I will not flatter you, Miss Trevelyan; there is much in you that I cannot and do not approve of," they swelled till they overflowed the lids and fell heavily on her lap—two large heavy tears:—worlds full of passion.

She did not see him start as they fell, nor bite

his under lip. She did not see him shiver with emotion, nor notice the tender action of his hand, beckoning her involuntarily to his heart. She saw and knew nothing but that he despised her, and all her strength was spent in striving to conceal from him what it cost her to know this.

"I have offended you, Miss Trevelyan?" he said in a milder voice.

"I owe you too much to be offended at any thing you may choose to say," said Magdalen, speaking with difficulty.

"I did not mean to be rude," he then exclaimed, after a short pause; and he came and sat near her on the sofa.

"You often are rude to me," said Magdalen, looking into his face timidly.

"I am sorry for it, I mean only to be sincere."

"And do you think me so very bad?" said Magdalen, bending towards him.

For a moment he looked at her; a look that sent all the blood coursing through her veins, it was so earnest, tender, loving—all that seemed to her the very ideal of affection in a man—all that she longed for from him; and saw no disloyalty to Paul in accepting. For was it not only simple friendship? But it was a mere passing glance, and then the leaden veil dropped over Horace's face again, and there was only harshness and coldness—no more love for Magdalen that day!

"Not bad exactly," he said, rising, "but wayward, childish, fickle, weak; yes," he added, seeing Magdalen's haughty gesture, "yes, weak! Real strength, Miss Trevelyan, can accept and support all conditions of life. Yours is only a feverish excitement that bears you up under some conditions; but leaves you to flag under others." And then Horace, thinking he had been hero enough for one day, walked out of the room, and she heard him humming through the hall. But she did not see nor hear him when he threw off the mask, and was not afraid to be himself.

There was no need now to delay the marriage. It was nearly a year since Mr. Trevelyan died, and it would be better for Magdalen to have a protector. So the world said, and so her best friends advised. The matter was discussed between Horace and Paul—Horace with his back to the light, and both his elbows on the table, his forehead against his hands. And it was agreed between them that, Magdalen consenting, it should take place soon, and here, while Horace was with them; and that he should draw up the settlements.

"Very well," said Horace, ostentatiously yawning, "that will do very well indeed. Call Miss Trevelyan, my dear boy."

Magdalen was sent for; and, in a short time came in, looking paler to-day than usual. For she had been fretting in the night, and had slept ill. She knew what she was sent to do and to say,—something in her

heart told her when the message came to her. And, indeed, she had been wondering why Paul had kept so long quiet. He did not know how grateful she had been to him.

"It is about our marriage, dearest," said Paul, as she entered. He placed a chair for her by the table, close to himself, and facing Horace and the window.

Magdalen stood for a moment as if irresolute, deadly pale. Then, flushing up to her very temples, she drew her chair farther away from Paul and sat down.

"O!" she said, as if involuntarily, "I had forgotten that!"

A faint smile stole over Horace's lips. She spoke so naively, that he could not help smiling, though, indeed, he was in no humour for pleasure at this moment. Paul took it gently enough: only raising his eyes with his usual expression of injured humility, that made Magdalen almost frantic. If he had got up and beaten her, she would have respected him more: if he had spoken to her harshly, coldly, even rudely, so long as it was with manliness, she would have borne it: whatever he had done, she would have liked him better, than when he gave her the impression of lying at her feet to be trampled upon. When Horace turned to her, and said in a low tone, "Is that a speech you think it right to make to the husband of your own free choice, Miss Trevelyan?" and looked grave and displeased, Magdalen felt only respect and humility: if Paul were only like that!

"I am sorry I said it," she answered, and then she spoke to Paul, and meant to be kind; but was only fierce instead.

"Horace thinks," began Paul timidly, "that you had better be married soon, Magdalen."

"Horace!" said Magdalen, with a laugh that was meant to express gaiety; but which was the very heart-essence of bitterness. "And you, Paul? It seems to me more a question with you than with Horace!"

"I? Can you ask for more assurances of my earnest desire to be all to you that brother, friend, husband, guardian, can be? Can you doubt of the exquisite delight with which I shall call you my own, and feel that our glorious lives have really begun together? You must not mistake me, Magdalen. If I spoke of Horace it was only as the supporter of my own wishes—not as their originator."

Magdalen had shaded her face while Paul spoke. When she looked up, to meet the dark eyes opposite, fixed full upon her, she was paler than ever. She started and half rose, as if she waited for him to speak. But he turned away.

"I leave the matter to you both," she then said, impatiently, "I do not wish to have anything to do with it. Arrange it between you as you like. I do not care for settlements, Paul. You are both men of honour, and will do all that is right."

She rose to go. She was almost sobbing now; not tearfully; but as men sob.

"Generous, noble Magdalen!" Paul exclaimed. "Perhaps you are right, in wisely feeling, as well as justified in your trustfulness; perhaps it is better that there be no legal claims on either side, but that our fortunes, as our lives, be mingled irretrievably."

"We will talk about that. I think Mr. Slade ought to be consulted," said Horace, a little drily.

"You know what I mean, Horace?" said poor Paul, too happy at this moment to be wounded by a speech that in general would have stung his susceptibility to the quick.

"O yes; but now Magdalen—Miss Trevelyan—that you have agreed to the marriage taking place soon, you may leave the rest with us; Mr. Slade, and—if you will accept me—I will be your trustees."

Magdalen gazed at him reproachfully. She did not answer, but she held out her hand in passing. He could not choose but take it; yet, he took it so coldly that she would rather he had refused it. He held it without the faintest pressure; but his lips quivered and his heart throbbed. Again she looked at him with the same asking and reproachful glance; then dashing his hand away, she left them in a sudden passionate manner, which made Paul look after her amazed. Horace looked after her too, and furtively kissed the light mark left by her fingers on his. And then he began to talk calmly to Paul about his marriage, and to insist on the conditions.

He was to draw the settlements. After having arranged all with Paul—which arrangement was that Magdalen's fortune should be settled without reserve on herself—he departed to draw the deeds, and have them engrossed and "settled" with the family attorney.

Anyone who had seen Horace when engaged in his task, would hardly have thought that he was engaged in such a simple matter as framing the marriage settlements of a friend. Large drops stood on his forehead; his eyes were bloodshot; his face haggard and wild; and those manly, well-formed hands trembled like a girl's. He quivered in every limb; every now and then started; and once he threw down his pen and cried aloud, as if he had been tortured unawares, before he had time to collect his strength. But even with no one to witness his weakness, he controlled himself, and pressed back the thoughts that would rush through his brain. He thought of the sacrifice that Magdalen was about to make, yet of his inability to prevent it: of her evident love for him, and yet of the dishonour which would rest on his acceptance of it. He thought of Paul's intense devotion, of his yet entire unfitness; of her pledged word, and of her reluctance. It was a sad coil throughout. Every one was to be pitied, none to be blamed. It was want of fitness, not of

virtue, that had brought them into this sad strait, and there seemed to be no way out for any of them. The only hope was that, when once married, duty, pride, habit, and the sweetness of Paul's own nature, would make Magdalen forget his weakness, and reconcile her to her lot. She was good; she was brave; and, though under too little control at this moment, yet this was only a passing fever. She would grow calmer and stronger by-and-by. Thus Horace reasoned and tried to say peace! peace! where there was no peace, and to make words and shadows take the place of realities. He looked at the names of the contracting parties joined together in the rigid legal fashion, till something blinded his eyes, and he could see no more.

However, he finished his task, and took it down to Oakfield. Mr. Slade read over the settlements; but some alterations were required. Asking to be alone to make them, he retired to the library which overlooked the garden. He was so agitated that he walked feverishly about the room, leaning against the open window, looking into the garden; and there he saw Magdalen, in the garden alone. She too had hastened away to the filbert-walk where she thought no one could see her. There was such a bitter north-east wind blowing that the birds kept close in their nests and at the roots of the trees, and the animals in the fields crouched under the lee of the hedges. But Magdalen paced up and down the long walk; every movement and gesture betraying that a terrible strife was raging within. She was thinking how impossible it was to escape from the position into which she had ignorantly placed herself. Paul loved her with such devotion that she dared not break off their marriage. It would kill him. And then she would break her own heart for remorse, feeling herself a murderess. Passing this even, she thought how that it would be dishonourable, because Paul, having given up his profession as a means of living since her father's death—not that he had ever been able to live yet by his profession, but that was nothing to the purpose—had thus lost both connection and habit. No! This fatal engagement, so blindly entered into, must be faithfully kept. Honour and duty sealed the bond; and her heart—all the love that was in it—must lie for ever, like the genii under Solomon's seals. Large, dark, powerful genii, of immeasurable strength—kept down by a word and a ring. Besides, to what end give up this marriage? If, indeed, Mr. Rutherford had loved her—she might have found cause to make the effort, and be free. For she acknowledged—yes to herself, to God, to man, if need be—that she loved him—loved him with her whole soul. If he had loved her—and she threw herself on the garden-seat where her father and Paul had sat on that hot summer's day when her fate was

sealed—if he had cared for her only half so much as she loved him, she could have burst these bonds,—she could—she would! But he did not. He hated her instead—yes, hated her bitterly, fiercely! This was easy to be seen! He let all the world know it! His indifference, his coldness, his harshness: all were so many words of contempt and dislike, painful enough for her to bear, owing him so much as she did. If he had not been so kind to her in that dreadful trial, she would not have cared so much; but it was painful to owe him her liberty, her very life, and to know that he despised her! And Magdalen—the cold, calm, dreamy Magdalen—paced through the garden, wildly. The statue had started into life. Love had touched its lips; as in the days of old it vivified that statue on the wide Egyptian plains.

"I cannot bear this," said Horace, aloud. "Prudent I must be, and honourable to Paul; but at least I am a man, and owe her something as well."

His own heart had divined her secret, and he ran down-stairs, out into the garden, through the filbert-walk to where it ended in the large horsechestnut-tree looking down the glade, and where Magdalen was sitting in this bitter wind, trying to reason down her passion. Horace paused. She was thinking almost aloud;—"I will marry—yes, soon; and then, when habit and the knowledge that what I have done is inevitable, have reconciled me to my fate, I shall be more patient with Paul, and perhaps even love him, and be kind to him. He is very good, and I have behaved ill, very ill, to him; but I do not love him, I know that. What can I do? Patience! patience! Resignation, and that quiet strength which can support sorrow silently, and neither complain of it nor avenge it: this is all that life has for me!"

She turned to go to the house, when Horace met her. She started, and looked as if she would have escaped him if she could.

"I came to beseech you to come into the house," he said.

"I am going now," she answered, her eyes on the ground. "Why did you come?"

"I was afraid you would take cold sitting out here without shawl or bonnet." Horace was not speaking in his usual voice.

"You are very kind, but I did not know that you knew where I was;" and Magdalen's care-worn face was beginning to smile.

"I saw you from the window."

"Ah! and then came to me?" She looked up, blushing.

"Yes," said Horace.

Nothing more was said, and they returned to the house; Magdalen little dreaming of how she had been watched from that upper window, little thinking of the anguish that had held company with hers, nor seeing, in the indifferent manners of her friend, any evidence of the feeling which a few minutes

ago had made him open his arms and call her to come to them—call her by her name of Magdalen and beloved! All this was buried.

Waiting for the return of the deeds (which had to be re-engrossed in consequence of the alterations suggested by Mr. Slade) Horace added yet another disagreeable quality to the many that Magdalen wanted to persuade herself he possessed. During this visit to Oakfield, he began to extol Paul. He praised and even exaggerated his virtues, till Magdalen was tired of the very name of Paul's perfections. Once, when Horace was finding out more and more good points in Paul, Magdalen looked at him with such wonder, sorrow, and disdain, that the words died away on his lips, and he suddenly stopped; in the middle of a sentence.

"I am glad I made you stop!" said Magdalen haughtily, "You seem as if you could spend your life in praising Paul." And she walked away to her usual refuge above-stairs.

Another time, Paul—who had had an attack of woe, and had been playing at dignity, keeping away from the house, but, wearying at last, which hurt only himself, coming oftener than ever—came in the evening, and asked Magdalen to play at chess with him. She said yes, for she was glad of the opportunity of sitting silent, and of keeping him silent too. They sat down, and Horace stood near them. Magdalen was a much better player in general than Paul. Her game was more distinct, Paul's more scheming. But to-day she played ill: she would have disgraced a tyro by her mistakes. She overlooked the most striking advantages; for Paul, in his schemes after a pawn, often put his queen in peril; and, while concentrating his forces for an impossible checkmate, forgot to secure the pieces lying in his way. But Magdalen to-day let everything pass.

"You are not yourself this evening," said Paul, who suddenly woke to the perception that his queen had been standing for the last half a dozen moves in the jaws of Magdalen's knight.

"No; I am playing very badly," said Magdalen.

"Very!" echoed Horace.

"Mr. Rutherford at least will never spare nor conceal my failings," said Magdalen bitterly.

"I thought you wanted friends, not flatterers," observed Horace, in an indifferent tone of voice.

"It seems I have neither here!" retorted Magdalen.

"My Magdalen!" cried Paul, looking up with his wondering face, "what do I hear? No friends? And we would either of us die for you! What has come to you? Are you ill—or, why have you suddenly allowed such bitter thoughts to sadden you? Will you not tell me, Magdalen?" he added, very caressingly.

"Never mind what I think," said Magdalen impatiently. "Play—it is your move."

"You are somewhat imperious," Horace said, in his stern manner—that manner which awed Magdalen as if she were a child, and that she loved above all things to obey.

"I know I am," she said frankly, looking up into his face, "and I have been wrong to you also. But you will forgive me, will you not?"

When Magdalen looked penitent she looked beyond measure beautiful. No expression suited her so well as this, the most womanly that she had; and none threw Horace more off his guard. It was such intense triumph to see that woman so grand, cold, and stern to all others, relax in her pride to him, and become the mere gentle loving girl. This was almost the only temptation Horace could not resist; but this softened his heart too much.

"It is not for me to forgive you, wayward child," he said, with extreme kindness of voice and look. "You have not offended me, if you have not annoyed yourself."

Magdalen's face changed as much as if she had taken off a mask. An expression of calm and peace took the place of the feverish irritation; her eyes became dark and loving; her lips relaxed in that iron line they made when she was unhappy, and a smile stole over them. It was winter with all its harsh rigidity changed to the most loving, lovely, laughing spring. She was so happy that she even associated Paul in her pleasure, and spoke to him tenderly and gaily, as in olden times. Poor Paul, unaccustomed to such demonstrations in these latter days, looked up with a bewildered smile, and then, for very happiness and gratitude, tears came into his eyes.

Magdalen's joyous look faded away. Weariness and contempt came in its stead. She rose from the chess-table, and stood a little apart; something of the old Pythoness breathing again in her.

Horace came to her; but she left the room.

"Paul," said Horace, more strangely than he had ever spoken to him before, and more passionately, "you are a downright fool." With which inspiring speech he also walked away; leaving Paul to his excitement and nervous debility unchecked.

"And you do not think I am to be pitied?" said Magdalen, as she met Horace in the hall.

"Yes: you are very much to be pitied, Miss Trevelyan; so is Paul. He is more unhappy than you are, because he has less strength of resistance than you have. Paul is one of those natures which feel suffering more acutely than anything else; whose very strength of feeling lies in their power of misery."

"Ah! you judge like all the world!" said Magdalen. "Because Paul's tears come easily you think he feels more acutely than I feel. It is not always that those with the least self-command feel most; nor the reverse."

"I know that, Miss Trevelyan; but it is

simply because Paul's nature is weaker than yours that he requires more consideration. Miss Trevelyan," he said this very earnestly, "you cannot help yourself now. You are engaged to a man you do not love; whom you do not respect in some things, as you ought to love and respect your husband: but you will find your married life better than you expect. For, when Paul is happy and calm he will grow stronger. You will be rewarded for your sacrifice."

"I wish I could believe you, Mr. Rutherford," said Magdalen, sadly. "I wish I could believe that Paul would ever be as manly and as good as you are."

"Hush! don't say that again," said Horace, in a low voice. "You tempt me to become the very reverse of what you praise in me. God help us!—we all have need of help;" and he turned away, Magdalen looking after him, her heart throbbing violently.

The settlements came down. It was of no use waiting; they must be signed, and might as well be signed at once as later. "There was no hope of the marriage breaking itself off," as Magdalen said quaintly, and she had no grounds on which to break it herself. Her wedding clothes had come, and all was prepared. At last Magdalen determined on making the fatal effort, and putting an end to her present state of suffering. For it was unqualified misery for them all. They all assembled in the room together; the Slades and the lady who had been living with Magdalen since her father's death, but who, being blind in one eye, deaf, and infirm, had not been of any great prominence in the late affairs; Horace, Paul, and Magdalen. Paul was in one of his most painful fits of nervousness—trembling and faint; Magdalen cold, pale, statue-like, as she had been on the day of her trial, when she had to take her courage "by both hands" to maintain her strength and self-possession by force. The pen was put into her hand. Paul had signed. She could not refuse now. Horace was leaning against the chimney-piece, apparently biting his nails. Magdalen looked at him. He was looking on the ground, and would not raise his eyes. Only when her gaze grew painful, he waved his hand authoritatively, and said, "Sign, sign!" as if he had been her father.

Still the same long earnest asking look in her eyes, and the friends wondering; still the same conflict in his heart, and her mute appeal rejected. Once she said "Horace!" but he only answered "Silence," in so low a voice that no one heard him speak but herself. She turned her eyes from him to Paul. He, the strong noble man, mastering his passion with such dauntless courage, the master, the ruler over himself, even when torn on the rack, and tortured as few men have been tortured: and Paul, fainting, sinking, his head drooping plaintively on his bosom. She looked from each to each again; then with a wild sob,

she dashed the pen to the ground and cried, "The truth *shall* be told—I do not love him—I will not sign—I will not be his wife!"

Horace sprang forward, and held out his arms. She fell into them blind and giddy, but not faint. He pressed her to him, "Magdalen! Magdalen! my own!" he murmured. She looked up wildly, "Yes! to you and none other!" she said, "yours, or death's!"

Paul had started up. He came to them, "What are you saying?" he said tremulously, "that you love each other?"

Magdalen clung to Horace: "I have concealed it from you, and all the world, Paul," she said, "as long as I could, and would have concealed it now, but I was surprised."

"I have not dealt dishonourably by you," said Horace, offering him his hand. "If you knew all, you would acquit us both."

"And you love Horace, Magdalen?" Paul said, in a low voice.

She flushed the deepest crimson as he looked up. "Yes," she said, "I do love him."

The boy turned away; then, after a short pause, laying his hand on Magdalen's, he said, sobbing bitterly between each word. "Magdalen, it had been better if you had told me of this. It would have spared you much pain—me also some unnecessary pain—for I would not have been ungenerous. But let that pass. You do not love me. I have long felt this, and yet was too cowardly to acknowledge it even to myself. I thought it was, perhaps, a fit of general impatience that would pass. I would not believe it weariness of me. But, I will not weary you any more. Though I have been weak in the fearful conflict that has gone on so long, yet I can be strong for sacrifice and good."

He did not dare to look at her, but in his old way strained her tenderly to his breast.

Magdalen took his hand, her tears flowing fast over it. "Dear Paul!" she said, affectionately. "My life shall thank you!"

Paul kissed her; and then, boy-like, placed his hand affectionately upon Horace's shoulder; when, feeling his limbs failing him and his eyes growing dim, he fled from the house, and in a few hours was wandering through the streets of London: and the next day, he was abroad.

Years passed before they met again. When Magdalen's hair was grey, and her children were marrying *their* Horaces and Magdalens, Paul Lefevre came to stay with them at Oakfield. He was the same dreamy, tearful, unreal Paul then that he had been when he was young; with a perpetual sorrow, which had grown into a companion and a melancholy kind of pleasure. He never went beyond portrait-painting, but he was always going to begin that great historical picture which was to rival Michael Angelo; and the very day before he died he spoke of the

"mission to which he was baptised," and told how "the regeneration of art and the world was to come by him."

A RUSSIAN SINGING-MATCH.

THE little village of Kolotofka was formerly the property of a lady whose local surname was Stryganikha, or The Female Shaver, on account of hasty and positive temper. The village is situated on the eastern slope of an arid hill that is cleft from top to bottom by a frightful ravine. The ravine itself, yawning like the abyss, torn and swept to the very bottom by the fury of the spring and autumnal floods, meanders through the middle of the principal street, where, more effectually than a river could—(over a river, at least, a bridge might be thrown)—it divides the poor little hamlet into two portions, which stand face to face to each other without being always neighbours. Quite at the upper extremity of the ravine, a few paces from the spot where it commences as a narrow crevice, there rises a little square cottage, totally distinct and separate from the rest. It is covered with thatch, and overtopped exactly in the middle of the roof by its only chimney. It has no more than a single window behind. This one window, which resembles the eye of a Cyclops, overlooks the ravine; and, on winter evenings when lighted from the interior, it is seen to a very considerable distance through the thick mists and hoar-frosts, and fulfils the office of a guiding star to many a benighted peasant. Over the door is nailed a blue board; and as this cabin is the kabac, or public-house, it bears the inscription,—*Prytynni Kabatchok*. It is probable that in this euphoniously titled pothouse, corn-brandy is sold at exactly the same price as elsewhere; but it is more frequented than any other similar establishment in the whole district, because Nicolaï Ivanytch, the landlord, is possessed of the art of attracting and keeping his customers.

One July afternoon, when the heat was overwhelming, I was toiling up a path which runs along the brink of the ravine of Kolotofka, in the direction of the *Prytynni Kabatchok*. The sun reigned tyrannically over open space; he was terrible, inflexible, inevitable. The atmosphere was impregnated with suffocating dust. The rooks and carrion-crows, whose black plumage absorbed at once every colouring and luminous solar ray, stood with wide-open bills, gazing dimly at the passers-by with looks that begged the dole of a little extra pity and sympathy in the midst of the sufferings that were common to all. I was tortured by thirst; there being neither a spring nor a brook at hand. At Kolotofka, as in most of the steppian villages, the peasants, for want of springs and wells, have accustomed their stomachs to absorb the liquid mud of the first pond or pool they meet with. But it

is impossible to dignify so disgusting a beverage with the name of water. I determined to go and ask Nicolaï Ivanytch for a glass of beer or kvass. As I approached, suddenly there appeared on the threshold a man of tall stature, bare-headed, dressed in a car-rick of coarse shaggy cloth, and wearing above his hips a girdle of some kind of blue stuff. His thick grey hair bristled in disorder over his dry and wrinkled visage. He was calling to some one; and, for that purpose, aided his voice with telegraphic movements of his arms, which he threw about in all directions much further than he really meant to do. It was clear that this fellow was a little in liquor. He was known in the neighbourhood as Obaldout, or The Prater, a drunken, unmarried, vagabond domestic, whom his masters had long left to shift for himself as well as he could.

"Come! Come, then!" he stammered. "Come, Morgatch; you creep, instead of walking. They are waiting for you within doors."

"I am coming, as fast as I can," replied a weak, goat-like voice; and, from behind the cottage, there appeared a short stout cripple, who was known as Morgatch, or The Winker. How he came by the soubriquet, nobody knows; because, in truth, he did not wink more than other folks. "I am coming, my dear man," he continued, as he weathered the outside of the public-house. "But why do you call me in such a hurry? And who is waiting for me within?"

"You are called to come into the kabatchok, and you ask the reason why! You are a droll animal. Your friends, who are waiting there, are capital fellows. There is Turc-Jachka, and Diki Bérine, and The Speculator, you know, of Jizdra. Jachka has made a bet, a great measure of beer, that he is a better singer than The Speculator. You understand."

The dialogue excited my curiosity. It was not the first time that I had heard speak of Turc-Jachka; so called because his mother was a Turkish prisoner who was brought captive into Russia. He was renowned as the best singer for many versts round; and now, by good luck, a chance offered of hearing him contend for superiority with some rival in glory. The conjuncture struck me as eminently fortunate. I entered the house with a firm and rapid step, resolved, without disturbing any one, to witness all and listen to all.

A village-inn interior, in our provinces, ordinarily presents a small dark entrance-room and a large chamber named in Russian *béelaïa izba*, or the white chamber, divided into two by a partition, behind which there is no admittance except for members of the family. In this partition, just above a large oak table which serves as a counter, there is cut an opening of greater breadth than height. On the table are placed, sometimes in double or

triple row, at the sides, the different spirituous liquors on draught; at the back, sealed bottles, of various capacity, are ranged on steps directly behind the gaping aperture. In the front or public portion of the izba, the only furniture consists of a fixed bench running completely round the wall, two or three empty casks, and a table near the corner under the Holy Picture. Most village inns are dark enough; and you scarcely ever see there, on the naked, rough-hewn, wooden walls, those coarse brightly-coloured pictures, called *loubotchnya* (made of bark), which you meet with in almost every Russian hut.

A numerous company was already assembled. At his counter, and masking with his broad person the opening, and the pyramid of sealed bottles in the background, stood, in ample shirt of printed muslin, and with a sweet smile on his plump cheeks, Nikolai Ivanytch pouring out, with his white fat hand, a couple of glasses of brandy for his two friends, Morgatch and Obaldouf, who had just entered. Behind him, in a corner, near a window, you could catch a glimpse of his wife, who assisted her husband in attending to the customers. In the midst of the room stood a spare, but well-made man, some three-and-twenty years of age, dressed in a long blue cotton caftan. He had the look of a journeyman tradesman and a jolly fellow, although his complexion did not announce a robust state of health. His flabby cheeks, his large restless grey eyes, his straight nose and flexible nostrils, his white square forehead fringed with curls of yellow hair which he turned behind his ears, his rather thick but fresh and expressive lips; in short, all his features revealed a fiery and impassioned character. He was in great agitation: he opened and shut his eyes; he breathed interruptedly; his arms trembled as in a fever-fit; and, in fact, he was in a fever,—the neuralgic fever, with which all are acquainted who have to speak or sing before an audience that expect to witness wonders. This artist was Jachka, or James, surnamed the Turk. Near him was a man forty years of age, with broad shoulders, plump cheeks, and low forehead, narrow Tartar eyes, short flat nose, square chin, and black hair, as brilliant and hard as the bristles of a brush. On beholding this dark and leaden visage, with its pale lips, in the calm and meditative state which it now exhibited, you felt that it could easily assume a ferocious character, and that it had already worn that expression under other circumstances. Without making the least movement, this man looked slowly round him, as the ox looks from under the yoke. He was dressed in some sort of old surtout with flat brass buttons; a well-worn black silk cravat was tied round his thick, muscular neck. His acquaintance called him The Savage Gentleman, or Diki-Bérine. Opposite him, in the corner of the bench beneath the place of the Holy Pictures, was seated

the rival of Jachka, The Speculator, of the town of Jizdra. He was a man of middle stature, but well formed, some thirty years of age, with a freckled face, broad and one-sided nose, small bright eyes that did not match in colour, and a soft silky beard. He had a bold, restless look; he kept his hands tucked underneath his thighs, conversed indolently, and kept tapping the floor sometimes with one foot, sometimes with the other, which displayed his boots with narrow red tops, that were not wanting in a certain degree of elegance. In the opposite corner, to the right of the door, there was seated a stranger of the peasant class, in an old grey smock-frock, with a wide slit on the right-hand shoulder. My arrival, I easily remarked, at first somewhat disconcerted Nikolai Ivanytch's customers; but after they saw that the master of the house saluted me as an old acquaintance, they were more at their ease, and ceased to pay any regard to my presence. I called for some beer at the same table and in the same corner with the peasant in the torn smock-frock.

"Well; what are we waiting for?" cried Obaldouf, tossing off a glass of brandy at a single gulp, and accompanying his exclamation with violent jerks of his arms; without which he seemed unable to articulate a word. "It is time to begin, Eh! Jachka?"

"I am quite ready," said The Speculator, with a smile, and in a calm and confident voice.

"And so am I," murmured Turc-Jachka, with perceptible uneasiness; "but, brothers, let me clear my throat a little."

"Pooh, pooh! You shuffle the cards too long. Begin," said Diki-Bérine, resolved to listen instead of talking.

The Speculator thought a little, shook his head, and stepped a few paces forward. Jachka gazed at him with all his eyes. The singer, standing between the counter and the corner he had left, half shut his eyes, and warbled in a very high falsetto, a national air which is scarcely approachable except by voices of the greatest purity, and which can hit with certainty the highest notes. The man's voice was sweet and agreeable. He played with it as if it were a pretty toy glittering with rubies, which he made to turn and spin to exhibit its brilliancy. After each of his pauses, which scarcely allowed him breathing time, he repeated the subject with extraordinary boldness and splendour.

Any dilettante would have been charmed to hear what I heard; although a German would have groaned and murmured. He was a real Russian *tenore di grazia*. He would have been appreciated at Milan, Venice, and Naples, and as a *ténor léger*, at Paris. The air he sung was a joyous dance-tune, the words of which—as far as I could catch them through the interminable flourishes, the added consonants, the re-duplicated vowels that served to carry grace-notes, and the exclamations that

went off like rockets—were a development of the following leading idea ;

I labour'd, gay and simple maid,
To dig my plot of garden ground,
When handsome Kouzina seized my spade,
And twined his arm my waist around.
I labour'd hard to sow the seed
Of primrose, poppy, gilliflower.

All listened with great attention. He was manifestly conscious of being in the presence of experienced and competent judges ; and therefore, according to the popular expression, his skin would not hold him. In fact, in this part of Russia, acute connoisseurs of vocal music are to be reckoned by hundreds ; and the large market-town of Serghievskoé, situated on the high road to Orel, enjoys no unmerited reputation when it is regarded as the locality which takes precedence of the whole of Russia for charming and melodious vocal displays.

In spite of his feats of executive agility, The Speculator sang for a considerable time without producing any strong impression upon his auditors. He wanted a chorus to sustain him at each refrain, which forms the first line of the stanza, substituting the third person for the first : "She labour'd, gay and simple maid." At last, at the end of a difficult passage marvellously surmounted, which made Diki-Bérine himself smile with delight, Obaldoui could not contain himself, but shouted a furious cry of pleasure. All the rest were trembling with joy. Obaldoui and Morgatch began following the voice in muffled sounds, playing the part of chorus ; and, when the singer re-commenced his solo, they murmured, exclaiming in turn, "Superb !" "That's it, you villain !" "Yes ; flourish away, again, you serpent !" "Ah ! you dog, sing your soul out !" "Cut along, Herod !" and other compliments in a similar style.

"You have given us a treat, brother !" cried Obaldoui, without letting go the singer, whom he held clasped in his arms. "And such a treat ! You have won, brother ; I congratulate you at once. The measure of beer is yours."

"You sing well, brother ; yes, I say well !" said Nikolai Ivanytch, with the air of a man who knows the value of his words. "It is your turn now, Jachka. Take pains ; do yourself justice."

Jachka put his hand to his throat, and uttered a few unmeaning words, which betrayed great agitation and timidity.

"If you ought to be afraid of anything, it is of making believe that you are afraid. Let us have no more beating the bush. Sing, and sing as well as God will let you," said Diki-Bérine, assuming the posture of a man who expects his orders to be instantly obeyed.

Jachka breathed in silence, looked around him, and covered with his left hand the

whole upper part of his countenance. All present devoured him with their eyes, The Speculator especially. The latter could not utterly conceal, beneath the assurance which was natural to him, and which was increased by his recent triumph, the expression of a vague uneasiness, the motive of which I could not well unravel, when I beheld the slight amount of courage manifested by his competitor. He leaned his back against the wall, and again thrust his open hands beneath his thighs, and sat motionless. When Jachka at last uncovered his face, the poor young man was as pale as death ; his eyes scarcely glanced beyond his drooping eyelashes.

The singer sighed, took breath, and emitted a note. This first note did not promise much ; it was weak, uneven, and, I thought, did not come from the chest. The second note was firmer and more prolonged. It was still tremulous ; but a third note came, purer, fuller, and firmer. The singer then began to warm, and his song warmed with him. It had an eminently melancholy character ; it commenced thus :—

"Many a path leads down to the mead."

The grace and richness of his intonations, the finished shading of his performance, left nothing to wish for. I had rarely heard a voice of such exquisite freshness. There was something timid and even slightly intermittent in it,—a wailing accent which gave pain at first ; but you soon discovered, that it was inspired by deep sentiment, passion, in which youth, strength, and a charming recklessness, seemed to melt and amalgamate with some poignant sorrow. The melody swelled, rose to a flood, and overflowed its banks to a wide extent. It was evident that Jachka was now under the influence of an inspiration. He had no longer a trace of timidity.

Under the impression of his noble song, my memory evoked a whole scene of the past. I remembered that one evening, at the hour of ebb-tide, on the immense shore of a sea, which, as it retreated, growled and threatened at a distance, seeming to say, "To-morrow I shall return ; beware !" I saw an enormous white gull, which stood motionless on the wave-wrinkled beach. It turned its silky bosom to the purple light of the west, and from time to time spread its long wings, thus playing coquettishly with the periodical changes which deprived it of its two greatest friends, the distant sun and the deep sea. I thought of that lovely bird, and the deportment it displayed, as I listened to Jachka, whose body stood motionless before us in the midst of a country public-house ; but whose inspiration brought us face to face with fathomless depths and sublime perspectives. He sang on, and had completely forgotten his rival and every one else present ; although, like an agile swimmer, he was sustained on the surface of the waves which he defied, by the

power of the warm and enthusiastic interest with which we followed him through his melodious evolutions. Every note had a softening influence over us. I felt that tears were forming in my eyes, and presently was startled by the sound of subdued sobs from the innkeeper's wife; who was weeping, with her breast leaning on the sill of the opening in the partition. Jachka gave her a rapid glance, and his song became more sonorous, more warm and impassioned than ever. Jachka's rival held his fist energetically clenched against his forehead, and did not make the slightest movement.

Jachka suddenly concluded with a sharp note of extraordinary delicacy, boldness, and purity. No one stirred: they all seemed to wait vaguely for the return from the skies of the note which Jachka has sent up into them. But Jachka had opened his eyes again: he seemed surprised at our ecstatic silence. His looks inquired the cause of it. His rival rose, and went up to him. "You have won;" he said, with a degree of agitation that was painful to witness, and then hastily rushed out of the house.

Jachka was as pleased as a child with his victory; which I will allow others to call a vulgar one, but which is by no means such in my eyes. His countenance reflected a high degree of happiness. They seized him by the arms and round the waist, to lead him to the counter. I was pleased to see him call the innkeeper's son, and entreat him to fetch his competitor. But The Speculator was unfortunately nowhere to be found.

OUT AND HOME AGAIN.

I AM of an adventurous disposition—a restless one, my friends say. I love travel for its own sake, in any region, and by any form of locomotion. I have an impartial appetite for the backs of horse, mule, elephant, or camel; for railway, coach, steam-boat, sailing boat, rowing-boat, sleigh, diving-bell, and balloon. My pet hobby for the future is an aerial-ship with a working-rudder and the establishment of a "through route" from the Earth to Uranus, with branch-lines to the remaining planets; while my chief regret for the past is, that I came too late for that great voyage of Ulysses, when he left Ithaca

To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars.

After such an avowal, the reader will not be surprised to hear, that the phrase *Setting Out* is to me amongst the most musical in the vocabulary. I admit, however, that there is one phrase still more suggestive of delight, it is—*Going Home*.

This is no rash admission. I know well what it means, if, bound for a distant goal, to trudge stoutly to the City, on some bright July or August morning, for passport or visé.

Of course, you walk all the way, if only to bring down to the level of a calm and reasonable joy that wild tide of energy which rushes in at the mere thought of travel. At such a time, too, all the thoroughfares of London seem to be in league with you. They know your purpose, and are bent to further it. Window after window reveals the solicitude of its owner for your well-being. "Smith is going abroad," or "Smith is going to the sea-side. What will Smith want?" has clearly been a momentous question with many a citizen. "He will want a head-piece," soliloquises the benevolent hatter, "that dust, rain, and brine will not spoil, that shall be his shade on the steam-boat, and his night-cap in the railway—a head-piece that shall transcend the usual laws of matter, and rise triumphant over shock and concussion." And, as by magic, wide-awakes, tourists, and cavaliers, of pliant and invulnerable felt, throng his window—all for Smith. "It will never do for Smith to be hampered with a wilderness of trunks," says the maker of those articles. "Even if married, he won't take the children up Mont Blanc. But he may like a fortnight's run in Switzerland with Mrs. Smith. Let me see if I can't bring the necessities of both within the compass of the multiple portmanteau and a carpet-bag." "Smith may be drenched through by mountain rains," cries the foreman of vulcanised waterproof, "let him have a dreadnought!" "Smith may be washed overboard in the Channel," responds the employer, "let him have a life-belt!" "It will never do for him to shave with a French razor!" exclaims the cutler. "It will be convenient for him to change his money before he starts," muses the bullion-merchant. And accordingly I, who am Smith for the nonce, make my way through a city which has lavished such resources upon my comfort, that my longing to quit it seems, for the moment, heinous ingratitude. I am not reinstated in my own good opinion until I reach the Consulates of France, Belgium, or Prussia, and receive my passport. There, indeed, I read words that touch me to the quick, and prove that I have still moral sensibilities. What, I am to be suffered to pass freely through lands where by law I am an alien! I am to receive aid and protection in case of need—to be enfeoffed, so to speak, by foreign beneficence, of Champagne lands and mountains,—of grey fortress, and broad river, and southern skies! I may range through capitals where the sun makes every day a festival, and where, as the rosy evening dies into the intense blue, life's ever vocal tide, pours by brilliant shop, café, or theatre, as by winding banks of light!

I know what it is to get the start of the sun next morning, to rouse Mrs. Smith, whose rest is as sound as her conscience, to a participation in my ardour, to find the contagion of movement gradually spread along the

dusky house. First comes one note of inquiry, then another, from fresh young voices, or from early birds in the dawn. Nurse and under-nurse reply. There is rapping at chamber doors—a few low bass notes after the opening treble—then a sort of rapid allegretto movement up-stairs and down-stairs. Nurse telegraphs to housemaid, housemaid to cook. Heavy boxes roll along the floors with a muffled mysterious sound, that partakes both of kettle-drum and trombone; while the repeated clang of fire-irons below does proxy for cymbals. After a time the vocal department of the concert overwhelms even this powerful orchestra, and volleys of juvenile delight, that astound the early market-gardener, and discompose the grave policeman, welcome us to breakfast, and in one loud crash conclude the overture. A brief pause, and cab, railway whistle, and train, begin the opera in earnest, until finally the sea joins its million voices in a chorus that ends the first act, and brings the curtain down with acclamation on the Custom House at Calais or Dieppe.

Listen: the second act commences. You are threading streets so lofty, that you seem a mere pigmy at their base; streets narrow, curved, and grey; yet bathed in a sky so vivid, that they look like fissures cleft in a vast rock of sapphire. Here and there you discover how blue that sky is by the relief of scarlet or crimson streamers pendent from tall attics in sign either of trade or trophy. Here some mutilated statue of poet or hero presides over a fountain. The spring leaps bright and fresh as at first, though the statue is a ruin. Past yon dim archway runs a venerable wall, clad with half-effaced bas-reliefs of the meetings of kings, the processions of cardinals, and the tourneys of knights. You would walk in time rather than in space. Old Chronos, the consumer of things, has played strange pranks with the handiwork of the sculptor. The legate's face is gone. The white-stoled boy, who bore the torch before him, remains; but the flame so cunningly chiselled is extinct. The prostrate knight lies yet more perfect than the maimed and headless victor who rides over him. There is no respect of persons here; Time, who has been so ruthless with these tablets of art, has written on them, instead, his own fantastic but solemn moral. On again, through the winding street, till you emerge into the spacious square, and stand awed before that vast cathedral, the height of whose very porch strains the gaze when near, while far aloft glows mullion window beneath the mighty arch of the nave—that arch itself but a rest-point, from which the dizzy eye sees those massive towers run sheer into the solitudes of ether. You pass noiselessly through the side-door, and a burst of organ music, potent as if it were substance, arrests you between the Titan shafts. See how they mount, tapering till they fade almost into

aërial beauty in the vaulted roof. The organ ceases; a funeral procession enters, and moves slowly on to the high altar. The obsequies are those of a nun. Slender tapers are lighted, and shed a weird gleam over the spangled pall. A dirge-like chaunt, through which the deep tones of a trombone are heard, rises like the wail of mortality over its transient estate. We are of few days, it says, and full of trouble. As the flower that is cut down and the shadow that fleeteth, so we abide not, and our days are withered like grass. The strain expires; soon from some unseen loft breaks an angelic response. With soft clear melody it floats downward, and fills the dim pile with consolation. The early toil, the late vigil of time, it tells us, are over. The bread of sorrows shall be eaten no more, for so He giveth His beloved sleep. The memory of the just is blessed. They rest from their labours and their works do follow them. And then, with a heart chastened but hopeful, you follow the retiring mourners. Nor does the bright day outside seem strange or harsh: the thoughts that point to the goal of rest cheer while they dignify the road. Those gay flower-stalls, crowded with their glowing and odorous burden, have for you a new pathos and meaning. Though brief, they are ministers to you of beauty and love. They are the food of sympathies—influences that pass into the soul; and so the breath of a rose that fades in a maiden's hand may blend with her being—share her immortality.

Fix that bud, therefore, tenderly in our button-hole, good dame. Fold up those seeds of china-aster, sweet pea, and double carnation with a fond reverence. You are selling us thoughts and feelings in those tiny packets which you so gladly exchange for a few sous each. Heaven be with you! May the same airs, beams, and dews that foster your flowers light kindly upon you! May gentle spring ever be to you an ethereal mildness. An aspiration this which, though absurd in England, may be reasonable enough in Normandy. But we must hasten, or we shall lose the diligence.

No, there it stands. The horses are emerging from the courtyard of that quaint auberge, whose pointed towers and long corridors proclaim that it began life, ages ago, as a castle. That cold *salle-à-manger* shut out from the sun, where the temperature of your coffee so rapidly abates, was part of the old baronial hall. Yon high carved mantel-piece around whose fire of wood, country farmer and town burgher group in the clear winter days, has been circled by seneschal and henchmen, and the old gallery outside, where Fanchette—the light just glinting on her tall cap and ear-rings—leans forward and coquets with M. Antoine, the bloused *voiturier*—has trembled beneath the tread of the man-at-arms. But the conductor summons us; the horses are put to; the rope harness is

adjusted. Good townfolk, who have basked like lizards in the sun, on the green bench of the hotel opposite, think it time that we should mount; so, into the coupé, or, if there be only room there for Mrs. Smith and my daughter, I and the eldest boy will do well enough on the banquette. *En route!* cries the conductor, scaling the top storey of his locomotive house, whereupon, amidst a volley of strange nasal sounds, imprecatory and invocatory from Cocher, such discharges from his whip, as make you think the air filled with exploding crackers, and the jingling of horse-bells, you rock, sway, bound, and thunder over the stones, flash round projecting corners, dive through narrow streets—you may shake hands with Brown *en passant*, as he looks out from the entresol—and rattle finally over a drawbridge to the open road.

And what a road it is—how undulatory, varied, and full of sweet surprises! For miles on either side, as you mount the hill, wide fields of corn or flax ripple in the breeze; gain the summit, and in the valley brimmed with day as a cup with wine, a village glitters, indistinct from its very brightness. It is nothing to say, that the sun shines through that screen of poplars; his beams fall among them in flakes of light. Those are ingots of gold that flash between their stems. Can you not lift them, and be a Cræsus? Those red swelling pears that run along the white cottage wall would fetch their price at Covent Garden. Yet here the passing child might pluck them from the lower boughs, and further on they grow carelessly amid the hedges. As we are stopping, I enter the gleaming estaminet, and return to the coupé with a plate laden with peaches. Wherever we may dine this autumn, Mrs. Smith will find none like them in London. There are four, and the price is six sous. We are moving again; there is the church, with the white crosses that guard the graves and tell you it is sweet to rest there. We are once more on rising ground. Whither hurries that grove that skirts the ravine on our left? At its foot you catch glimpses of a blue deep as the sky's. A moment of doubt, and an instinct of the truth thrills through you. It is the sea! Yes; for, as you diverge farther inland, regard that long plain of golden sand, the bed of an estuary, from which is gently receding a tide so smooth that it should break only upon gardens. Miles away, at the verge of the estuary, and robed in a haze from the sea, a fair tower-crowned hamlet slopes gradually to the main. There it muses, peaceful and pensive, remote, yet not all estranged from the highways of life—a young soul with the echoes of the world still in her ear, whom some early sorrow has turned towards the Infinite. Our business, however, lies with that same stirring world, and accordingly we lose sight of the recluse. The next turning brings us in sight of a pension, with its long range of jealousies and a mossy

garden wall, over which the laden pear-trees bend and stretch arms towards their own shadows in the river. Anon, the invariable drawbridge, the roll of drums denoting the garrisoned town; the narrow curved streets, this time with the indented gables that record the whilom invasion of the Spaniard; the wide market-place, where petticoats and white caps are surging like a sea of red, with foam crests; a sharp turning to the left through a modern street, and the *Chemin-de-fer!*

We take our tickets, for what destination I need not state. The ingenious reader may, therefore, at his choice, fancy us discussing our water-ices on the Boulevards, while the epitomised life of civilisation passes in review; or follow us into the Middle Ages in the Jews' Quartier, at Frankfort; or find us in the theatre of this same city of Göthe, enjoying that great continental novelty, a drama that is liked for its own sake, and actors that can be endured without the bribe of a pageant. He may detect us listening to the band of the Kursaal at that delightful wicked Baden-Baden, as my wife calls it; or at the hotel of the Three Kings at Basle, share our window, that looks out on the great river street of the Rhine. We would only require of him, when tired of speculation, to suppose us again by the sea, and *vis-à-vis* to Sussex.

"Well, we've had a happy six weeks of it," says Mrs. Smith, as she settles her bonnet for the last evening walk before the great mirror over the mantel-piece, where the gilt china clock is assiduously ticking to a miscellaneous and crowded company of gilt-china knights, gilt-china shepherds, shepherdesses, and fishermen. "A very happy six weeks," resumes the lady, about half-an-hour after, as we quit the bazaar-like avenues which connect the bathing establishment with the town. "We've seen many things to admire—some to touch us, and make us thoughtful," she continues; "but, O George! there's one delight, our greatest, yet to come."

By this time we have reached the pier, whence the twinkling town-lamps to the left, contrast with the moonlight, while the distant headland glides softly into the sea. "Our greatest delight!" Dear soul! she need not strain her eyes in gazing northwards from the pier-end to tell me her meaning. Don't I know the trembling eagerness with which at every poste restante on our route she has broken open Aunt Betsy's bulletins touching the minds, bodies, and general estates of Freddy, Caroline, and Harriet-Jane? And, spite of those re-assuring documents, haven't I marked many a lapse into anxious reverie, which nothing but the desire to see me cheerful could so soon have dispelled. "It will be a great comfort when they are a little older, and we can have them all with us," she observes, watching fondly the lithe forms of our two eldest girls and their brothers, as

they flit through the thick bar of shadow that the lighthouse casts upon the pier.

"True," I reply, "but then we shall miss the happiness of returning to them." And how great this happiness is—almost worth, indeed, the cost of separation—we know well next morning, when, after no end of bells, breathless arrivals from the trains, gangways twice withdrawn and twice replaced for more last-comers, a thrill vibrates through the crowded vessel, the steam ceases its impatient hiss, the massive engine-beam slowly rises, descends; the paddles turn, the pier floats by with its kindly voices; around us is the sea; before us—England!

You go out with the tide, and the sea itself is bound for England! Could you bear to see it glide thither with a smooth, tame, apathy, instead of those generous bounds with which it rushes to the land of freemen and fires? The hours fly like the waves. What! the white cliffs already! Yes, the mist rises, furls off from those gates of pearl—for so they seem, as the light pours upon them through the dewy air. And how lovely looks Albion as she greets you thus! With what modesty, what sweet reserve, does she lift her veil, and disclose, one after one, the features that charm you—the shining town, just fresh from its bath, the silver vapours stealing under the hollow cliffs, the sheep that range their summits, and dot at times some sloping crevice of green!

We are not going to be ungrateful to those bright clear skies which we have just left, and which take good care that no fibre of a leaf, no nicest pediment of gate or temple, shall be lost upon you, and having set off the region to the best advantage, naturally expect you to admire it. But there is a pleasure in finding out your wealth, in a sun that, like a discreet cicerone, can sometimes retire, and which, in place of dazzling you with a ceaseless blaze of commentary, is often content with a mere hint of light on upland or in valley. So we think, as the Express dashes through green lands that have not paid the penalty of a cloudless sky; by woods just tinged with autumn, now solemn and thoughtful, and anon brightening with a thousand chequered gleams, by hills on whose slopes the shadows sport, while, above, the mill whirls merrily in a white effulgence, and shrieks with joy to the riotous brook. This is our England, the land of homes! Blessings on her! May she forgive us, if ever in unfilial mood we have swelled the foreigner's reproach on her climate, if we have ever been bitter on her springs and split our coals with impatient expletives in the heart of her Junes. May she forgive us if we have ever thought the bloused peasant of France better informed and more courteous than honest Giles, who leans there on his pitchfork by the gate, and of whose hearty welcome to his bacon we are thoroughly

assured. May she especially pardon us if we have ever considered the *Barrière de l'Étoile*, on the whole, a finer approach than the suburb of Peckham; or, if we have ever compared Trafalgar Square with the *Place de la Concorde*, to the disadvantage of the former. What! try our England by the laws of beauty, or any such abstraction? No such thing: we will try her by our love. Her features are beautiful to us, for they are hers.

Besides, whatever inferiority cold critics may assign to us, out of doors, we challenge the world to match our interiors. We can bear to think that we have no vine-clad steepes when we remember our firesides. We feel this more than ever when, arrived at last, we bask again in the glow of our own. The urn enters in a state of agitated enthusiasm, and greets us with a hiss of welcome. Dear, kind, Aunt Betsy has surrendered to us her charge, Mamma sits radiant between Harriet, Jane, and Carry, while the chubby fingers of shy, silent Freddy dive into mine. Now comes happy social tea, towards the end of which, telegraphic glances pass between the children, well aware of the one trunk left purposely in the hall, but resolved as a point of imperative etiquette to ignore its existence. Attacked at last, the cords fall off forlornly, the groaning lock gives way, to vigorous assaults, the stronghold of mystery is forced. O, treasures of Lyons' silk for the delight of Aunt Betsy! O, inlaid work-box with shining implements, and silk, crimson lining, for Carry! O, veritable, full-sized, *poupée*, literally overwhelming Harriet-Jane with the sudden burden of maternity! O, drum and bugle, that roll and blare through Gallic streets, and now, in miniature, alarm a garrison of nurses and house-maids to the rapture of military Freddy! "Arthur, lay aside that *Molière* for your uncle, till he leaves chambers!" And now let us to the fire, and pray that all home-comings—whether to mighty London, with its glare and din, or to woody suburbs thereof, or to country-towns with quaint old inns, or to bright, many-windowed halls, or to hilly farm-steads, glimmering for miles above the dusky wealds, may be happy as our own.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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CHARTER-HOUSE CHARITY.

WE have no wish to write of charity in an uncharitable vein, and now that we again find ourselves forced to dwell upon the public scandal of the Charterhouse, we shall endeavour to put the most liberal construction possible upon the conduct of its chief promoter. The genius of one of our best authors has touched lovingly of late upon Carthusian discipline—so lovingly and tenderly, indeed, that readers of future generations who shall hang with generous emotion over the deathbed of Colonel Newcome, will be apt to see in the gown of a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse a badge of honoured poverty, that must, at any rate in Mr. Thackeray's days, have been most fit clothing for a ruined gentleman in whom the spirit of honour remained fresh and young. We would not have a line unwritten of that chapter which in the room of a Poor Brother of Charterhouse closes, in a spirit of generosity and human tenderness, a novel that the nation will not fail to take to heart and cherish. Let it be felt rather that, in the Newcomes, Mr. Thackeray shows what a Poor Brother of Charterhouse should be in theory, and is in fiction; and let the master and the governors betake themselves with all speed to the task of wiping out the sad discrepancy that now exists between the fiction and the fact.

Three years and a half ago (in number one hundred and sixteen of this journal), we described from substantial evidence and personal inspection the real nature of a Poor Brother's position. Since that time it has not changed for the better, whatever efforts may have been made to produce amendment. The Poor Brothers themselves have drawn up a case, in which they temperately express their sense of their position to the governors. The master of Charterhouse, Archdeacon Hale, has replied to the case in a pamphlet. Somebody has put forward in another pamphlet the story of a Poor Brother's expulsion, and somebody else in yet another pamphlet has advised the complete destruction and reform of the degenerated charity. In the meantime, there has also been a charity commission before which the Charterhouse successfully resisted any attempt to make critical investigation of its management.

Now, we by no means desire to back every grievance that we find urged in the pamphlets we have mentioned, or to refuse credit for their good intentions and good deeds to the governors and master. The foundation was established for the free education of forty poor boys and for the sustenance of eighty ancient gentlemen, captains, and others, brought to distress by shipwrecks, wounds, or other reverse of fortune. It was liberally endowed, and the founder desired that its bounty might be more extended as its means increased. Its means have increased, and although purely of lay origin it has fallen more and more under ecclesiastical control. At first the master was a layman; but after the appointment of the third master it was ordered that the office should thenceforth be held by a minister of the church, who, however, "shall neither have nor accept of any place of preferment or benefit in church or commonwealth, whereby he may be drawn from his residence, care, or charge." That order has remained in force to this day when the master—whose salary was fixed in the time of his predecessor at eight hundred pounds a-year, with various pecuniary extras; who is provided with a residence containing more than thirty rooms, with daily dinner and wine—is the Rev. W. H. Hale, whose attention is distracted by the cure of many thousand souls as vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the vicarage of which parish he is supposed also to reside; who is resident canon of St. Paul's; and enjoys other pluralities to the extent of a sum that, in all, amounts to something like four thousand pounds a-year. By this gentleman, subject to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, Charterhouse is virtually managed, for the other governors are busy statesmen who can rarely interfere in affairs which belong only indirectly to their necessary business. To the business of the great churchmen Charterhouse affairs belong very directly, inasmuch as the institution has become, in fact, a notable church seminary. The school has been cherished. To the forty poor boys of the foundation have been added several times forty others, who pay liberally to the masters for their board, while the foundation boys, clothed, fed, and charged only one item of five pounds a-year for washing, have consisted

of such young gentlemen as the sons of the grand masters (past and present), sons or relations of the past and present registrars and others, with names as significant as George James Blomfield, Alfred Plantagenet Frederick Charles Somerset, the Hon. W. Byron, Dawson Damer—certainly not legitimate objects of any other charity than that which may be required to forgive their presence there. Upon exhibitions at the universities of one hundred pounds a-year for four or five years, and donations towards the placing out of scholars, about two thousand pounds a-year are spent. The school, in short, has become the Charterhouse; to support the school as one of the great church seminaries for the feeding of the clerical profession, is the leading purpose of its clerical conductors, and the attendant necessity of providing harbour for the eighty poor gentlemen is an incumbrance to them; the Poor Brothers are, in short, a bore. Not long ago they were brought into harmony with the new form of the institution by the declaration that none should be admitted who did not bring proof that they were members of the Church of England; and a nominee of the Queen's was rejected because he was a poor scholar—pious certainly, but tainted with dissent.

Perhaps there is something not very unnatural in this course of affairs. Riches are akin to change, and the diversion of the Charterhouse funds into the lap of the church was to be expected, when the distribution of them was left merely to the control of churchmen. Nor do we care to quarrel actively with that result. Such money as this may very possibly be better spent in giving a sound education to the sons of gentlemen, and in making them worthy clergymen and scholars, than in the mere diffusion of a knowledge of the A. B. C., the catechism, and the pence table among the poor. This, only, we would hint to pious fathers of the church. That as Sutton left his money in charity, and not having been very pious in obtaining it during his life-time, was particularly anxious that it should be put to pious use when he was dead, the church might be equally well served if the blessings of a gratuitous education, and support at the university, were offered to the sons of a class of gentlemen which surely does exist within the bosom of the church itself. We have reason to suspect that there exist a dozen or two in the country of hard-working clergymen, who give the food out of their mouths, and the clothes from their backs, to find for their sons that education which the Charterhouse politely offers as a dole of mercy to Plantagenets and moneyed men, to noble youths and holy offspring of some race that claims alliance with a bishop. The governors of Charterhouse must know that there are gentlemen in ample need of every indirect support that can be obtained for them, by the care of the church they serve with toil incessant. For,

to be sure, the Charterhouse has in its gift eleven livings, and the fattest of these is a rectory which yields one thousand one hundred and four pounds per annum, for the cure of souls somewhat exceeding one thousand in number; while another yields six hundred for the cure of four hundred—one pound ten per soul; another, two hundred and forty-four pounds for the cure of fifty—nearly a five pound note per soul; while it has also the bestowal upon some industrious gentleman, of ninety-seven pounds a-year for the spiritual cure of two thousand one hundred and eighty-three parishioners—for each soul ten pence half-penny. We trust that we do not outstrip the proper bounds of charity in saying, that the benefit of Founder Sutton's money would be felt as a more real blessing by the Parson Adames of England, than it can ever be by any members of the hierarchy or aristocracy of Britain; and that if Master Adams and his cousins had what is enjoyed by Master Somerset and Master Blomfield, Master Hale, and the Honourable Master Byron, there would be no desire whatever on the part of the public to complain of churchmen on account of their wish to appropriate the Charterhouse school to the use and comfort of their order. The school itself is well conducted—Master of Charterhouse does not mean Master of the school—we utter no complaint against the management of that. We only point out how in its development it has cast out, as uncongenial, the element of charity, and how it might be what it is, even in the hands of ecclesiastics, and still be of a kind to make the memory of Sutton dear to many: a benefaction that might be enjoyed by the poor gentleman with no more of a blush than is now brought by it to the face of wealthier recipients.

From the school we turn to the department of the Poor Brothers, whereof nothing can be made. A presentation to a place on the foundation in the school, which to a boy entering at ten, and able to go with an exhibition to one of the universities, may be valued, under the present system, at something not far from a thousand pounds, is worth giving to one's nephew, or bestowing as a mark of kindness on the nominee of any noble friend. But a presentation to a Poor Brother's cell and badge of poverty. . . . Faugh! What sort of patronage is that! The dignitaries of the church are sorry, of course, for poor people; but, then, these brothers claim to be considered poor gentlemen; and who can grasp the idea of a poor old man standing upon points of gentility. Preposterous! The Master of Charterhouse in his pamphlet is sarcastic upon this; mentions gentility in italics; and endeavours to show that the Poor Brothers have no rightful claim to such a thing. (We particularly entreat Mr. Thackeray's attention to this.) In fact, the whole Poor Brother business is a bore. It is now and then, openly so declared, and the

Poor Brethren feel and know that it is considered a bore.

And so it indeed is, the moment we dismiss the spirit of the charity that offers decayed gentlemen in Charterhouse a place of rest and solace, tenanted not at the caprice of any neighbour, but by the goodwill towards them, and all men like them, of a money-maker whose bones long since crumbled into dust. Let it be granted that a churchman taking twenty shillings of the dead man's money for attending to the comfort of the brother who gets only one, can look on the shilling brother as an inferior being, because he has the inferior dole; and at once you may write for Poor Brother, Poor Bore. As to lodging, the deceased Sutton, is drawn upon by the Master for thirty-three luxurious apartments; by the Poor Brother for only one room, with, in some cases, a bed closet, one bed without sheets, one deal table, and a chair. How paltry a recipient of charity must the Poor Brother be in his great Master's eyes! And in what way the Poor Brother is made to feel that he owes his pittance, not to the dead Sutton, but to the pleasure of his living Master, let the following little story tell.

Probably the most impracticable Bore who ever puzzled Charterhouse officials, was its hero, Simon Slow. The name is fiction, but the story is made public in a pamphlet wholly thereunto devoted, as a piece of fact. The author of the pamphlet does not see that Simon was a bore; we do. Mr. Slow had been for half a century a city merchant, a shipowner, and manufacturer, well known as a man not only wealthy, but beneficent. He suffered sudden shipwreck of his fortunes, and became a pauper, with unsullied character for honour and integrity; he became even as Colonel Newcome, and upon the nomination of a noble lord, this old man, in March, eighteen hundred and fifty, entered Charterhouse as a Poor Brother. Now, this Newcome certainly did grumble a little when he found that he was lodged in a room without curtains, or even shutters to the window; with a bare floor; and with the gaol allowance of one elm-chair, one plain deal table, and less bedding than is to be had in gaols; the whole, moreover, as it soon appeared, a nest of vermin. Of the vermin the old gentleman complained to a servant of the place, who told him in a familiar merry way, —for your Poor Brother is nobody in the eyes of any underling at Charterhouse,—that “he would find plenty of companions of that sort.” The new Brother found that he was put down much more emphatically when he carried complaints against dirt to the man-ciple, and his dignity was hurt at finding that he was become a man for the porter at the gate to patronise, with a clap on the shoulder and a familiar, “How are you, old fellow?” A multitude of small daily reminders of his poverty taking such form as these, wounded

an old gentleman tenacious of the respect due to his age and former standing in the world, which no misdeed had forfeited. But he suffered all quietly. His character of Bore grew out of a distinct department of his mind. Mr. Slow was, unfortunately for himself and his superiors strictly a religious man.

There is service in the chapel every day at Charterhouse, a morning and an evening service, at one of which, on pain of three-pence or a shilling, according to the holiness of the day, every Poor Brother is commanded to be present. There is no exemption from this law, except for the sick; one Poor Brother, deaf for twenty years, is nevertheless required to do his share of coughing in the chapel. Now, on the days that are least holy, when worship may be dispensed with for the charge of three-pence,—on the ordinary week-days,—prayers in the chapel seem to have been got through by common consent with all convenient expedition. Every one knows how such prayers of form are disposed of in cathedrals and other establishments before the presence of a dozen wheezy worshippers, and (consciously) before no other Presence, let us hope. Something of this kind was the case at Charterhouse; where it turned out that this old merchant was so strict a formalist as to be resolved on having time to think of what he said when he repeated his prayers. The Master, although himself bound to attend in chapel daily, was but seldom present to observe how service was performed. Probably he was too rich a man to be fined three-pence; or, if fined, was able to afford the money for a dispensation. The old merchant was not,—he, moreover, did not wish to stay away from chapel. His fault was, that he was obstinately bent on being reverent when there, and would persist in giving the responses audibly and slowly, with a full deliberation of their import. His fellow-brethren naturally looked upon this lengthening of daily penance with no friendly eyes, and the old bore was abundantly tormented by them. But he persevered. After all, may we not believe his to have been a weakness pardonable enough in an old man? The defect in his judgment was only, that he did not understand his place. He expressed his feeling to the preacher, who replied, that he had “no right to any opinion on the subject. Circumstanced as you are, instead of making complaints, you ought to be grateful for the asylum the Hospital affords you.” The ungrateful man said, that he should attend another place of worship, if his sense of decency were further outraged. The reverend gentleman replied, “I dare you to do so, at your peril.”

On the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, the old gentleman's impatience of what he considered an irreverent mockery of sacred duties, became manifested

openly. He closed his prayer-book suddenly, and walked out of the chapel. The manciple came to know what was his reason for so doing. He replied, The irreverent manner in which service is conducted. On the following day, after chapel service (from which the Master himself was, as usual absent), the old man was summoned by a verbal message through a servant into the presence of the Vicar of Cripplegate. He was preparing to obey the summons, when the manciple burst in, crying, "If you don't attend the Master instantly, you'll be discommoded!" The old gentleman did what every young gentleman would have done—altered his mind and remained where he was; disposed in hot blood, to return the great autocrat for his polite message, an answer couched in the same style. No more was said; no charge was notified to the Bore; no witness was examined, until the date of the following order, which contains the Master's revenge upon his sinful Brother; we italicise one or two words:

CHARTERHOUSE.—At an assembly of the governors, held on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-one:—Upon hearing the *Master's report*, that complaint having been made to him of the conduct of Simon Slow, one of the Poor Brothers in the chapel, he had summoned him to attend and answer such complaints, and that the said Simon Slow had peremptorily, and in *very disrespectful* language, refused to attend. And upon hearing the said Simon Slow, we order that he leave the hospital on or before Thursday next, the third day of April, and be deprived of all benefit of his place for three calendar months; and we warn the said Simon Slow, that if, on his return to the hospital, such misconduct be repeated, he will be expelled.

And so the old gentleman who had been too obstinately reverent to his Great Master, and too impatiently irreverent towards his little master, was sent adrift to learn behaviour to his betters. During his absence, the order for his suspension was, in the usual manner, posted in the public hall.

When he came back, the knowledge that he had been posted in this way was the first wound to Slow's feelings. He appealed to the Master about that, and the great man poured in balm by curtly telling him, that the matter had been disposed of. But the old subject of contention still existed: the old man, with his stiff conscience, was as much a Bore as ever. Next year there appeared, accordingly, another order, setting forth that upon the Master's statement relative to Simon Slow's usual conduct in chapel, it is ordered that he be deprived of all benefit of his place for three calendar months. With this order the reverend Master conveyed private intimation, that on the old man's writing an apology, it might be cancelled. But old Simon felt, of course, in his obstinacy, that he was a person wronged, not a wrong-doer, and so he went adrift into the world again. Upon his return he made an attempt, in which he had before been checked

by an imperious Must from the head of the establishment, to assure peace by absenting himself from the chapel in which his sense of religious duty was offended, and betaking himself quietly to an adjacent church instead. He did this at his peril, but for several months did it unmolested. At last came the peremptory order of the Master that he should go to worship where there was for him—though not necessarily for others—only irreverence and discord; and, on the twenty-second of March last year thus the final order ran:

The Master having stated that one of the Poor Brothers had again offended against the regulations of the hospital, by removing from the place assigned to him among the Poor Brothers in the chapel; that although twice admonished, he had not returned to his place, but had absented himself from divine service in the chapel for a fortnight and upwards, the said Simon Slow was called in, and what he had to say in answer having been heard, it was ordered that he be not permitted to reside in the hospital after the thirty-first day of March instant, and that he leave the hospital accordingly; but that he be allowed the sum of fifty pounds per annum, payable quarterly, during the pleasure of the governors, in lieu of his pension, and all other benefits of his place as a Poor Brother.

The fifty pounds per annum Mr. Slow, with the spirit of a gentleman still in him, refuses to receive, and there the matter ends. We do not wholly agree with the tone of the pamphlet in which a friend of Mr. Slow's has laid his case before Prince Albert, as one of the governors of Charterhouse. We see evidence in Mr. Slow of the existence of a temper difficult to deal with in a worldly way; the temper of an old gentleman extremely obstinate upon his sense of right, and perhaps more or less crochety. But, in another way—in the way of Christian charity, which is supposed to be the main-spring of the Charterhouse foundation—how easily may all such cases be met! The preceding narrative shows how the formalism of the Poor Brother met the formalism of Charterhouse, and how one crushed the other. There is no hint that Mr. Slow was any other than a most orthodox churchman and a pious man. Would charity have been outraged if, now a kindly preacher, now a considerate Master, had dropped in at the old gentleman's room, sat with him, listened to him with respect, and, with the help of a spirit of kindness, and the obvious Christianity imparted by their bearing to the whole tone of the place, had dissipated his objections, set at rest his scruples, put him at ease in his new position? If, after all, he did not like the chapel service, why must he needs be denied liberty to go where he could worship more at ease? Throughout the case, we see an old man fretted by imperious dictation.

Here and in other cases, insolence to the Master seems to be the crime into which the Poor Brother most easily falls, and for which he is most frequently punished by suspension.

from his privileges. The Poor Brethren resent the lordship of the pluralist. The Vicar of St. Giles's Cripplegate, and Archdeacon of London, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, comes among them manifestly playing turtle to their sprat: well benefited as he is, he draws large funds out of the institution which, though meant for them, barely supplies their wants, and therefore they readily resent all his authoritative dealings with them.

By this light let us observe what are the main points of their case as stated in a document of their own framing, and we shall see at once how even the best intentions of the Master (and that he has meant and has done well in many respects we cheerfully admit) are defeated by the false position in which, as a pluralist, he necessarily must stand. With the case, let us take also the Master's answer to each point on which it dwells.

After reciting the origin of the charity, the Poor Brothers venture to remind the Governors and the Master, that three years subsequently to the founder's death, the hospital was opened by his executors, who had been solemnly enjoined by the old man, "as they will answer at the Day of Judgment, to endeavour to see my last will performed, according to my true meaning and charitable intent." Accordingly, it is urged, there entered into the hospital when it was opened by the executors—who knew what the true meaning of the founder was—captains and gentlemen (meaning the Poor Brothers), scholars, and officers.

Hereupon replies the Master, in his pamphlet, that the emphatic warning as to the performance of his true meaning and charitable intent "had not more direct reference to the interest which the hospital might have in his will, than to his other numerous charitable bequests and legacies." As to the supposed intention of the founder to constitute the society of the poor men in his hospital a society of gentlemen, it will be proved, writes the Master, that this idea is erroneous, and refuted by evidence the most conclusive—viz., the founder's own acts. Having boldly stated this, the Master has supplied his proof and refutation, and assumes the question to be settled. The only most conclusive refutation of the right of the Poor Brothers to be selected from the rank of decayed gentlemen, and treated as such with proportionate consideration, is that which occurs three or four pages later, in this passage: "The founder, during the six weeks which elapsed between the completion of the foundation by the conveyance of the estates and his death, never exercised the power of making orders; but if the palace which had been purchased for the hospital had been ready to receive its inmates, it is probable that the poor, aged, maimed, needy and impotent people placed in it would have been persons such as the founder had designated

for his hospital at Hallingbury—viz., poor men, who would have been maintained in diet, clothes and fuel, at the cost of ten pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence a-year." (No small sum, a quarter of a thousand years ago.) Upon the strong assertion, evidence like this comes as a strange anticlimax; but the Master of the Charterhouse appears to be an autocrat complete at every point. His method is: I say the case stands positively thus. Come to me afterwards with no rebellious arguments; because, if I have said a thing—as was observed to Slow—the matter has been disposed of.

But, the Poor Brothers in their case show further evidence of the position it was meant, from the beginning, that they were to hold, and which it is now commonly supposed they do hold, notwithstanding any sneers of the Master, who repeatedly scorns in italics, as applied to Poor Brothers, the words gentility and gentlemen,—to which we again most earnestly call the attention of Colonel Newcome's patron. He even produces a table put into a peculiar form for the purpose of still further discrediting the notion of the Poor Brothers' gentility. The present Brothers are grouped by the Grand Master according to their former stations:—

Clergymen	1
Legal and Medical Men	5
Military and Naval Men	15
Merchants	8
Schoolmasters and Literary Men	7
Land Stewards	2
Tradesmen, Clerks, Servants	41
	79
One Vacancy.	1
Total.	80

Behold how the great pluralist makes out his case by winding up with a riff-raff of forty-one tradesmen, clerks, servants! Is the tradesman, in this land of shopkeepers, in no case to be reckoned among gentlemen? May he not be as wealthy with his honest gains, as any lofty churchman who pockets gains honest men condemn. Possibly, in a well-adjusted table of respectability, the pluralist might rank with people meaner than the servants.

But there is no doubt that many wear the gown of the Poor Brother, for whom it never was intended. That is one part of the abuse. The patronage of the school blesses the nobleman's young friend; the patronage of the Poor Brother's stall trumpery as it is, may allow your lordship to be charitable to your superannuated lackey. And so the worn-out lackey is sent as a companion, to the ruined gentleman, and the magnificent archdeacon as a haughty Master.

Furthermore, urge the petitioners: After the nature of the foundation had been settled and defined, it was declared in the letters

patent of King James (after whom the place is called King James's Hospital), that in the event of any increase of revenue, all and every such increase shall be employed to the maintenance of more and other poor people to be placed in the said hospital; or to the further augmentation of the allowances of those persons that for the time being shall be in the said hospital, according to the true intent and meaning of those presents, and shall not be converted or employed to any private use; and that such construction shall be made upon this foundation and incorporation as shall be most beneficial and available for the maintenance of the poor, and for the repressing and avoiding of all acts and devices to be invented or put in use, contrary to the true meaning of these presents. It is then pointed out, that the salaries of officials have increased more rapidly than the revenue, and that the Master's salary, as now received by him, is increased sixteen-fold since the first establishment of the hospital, while the Poor Brother's income is only augmented to four times the original stipend. It was natural enough in the petitioners to add to this fact the prophecy of Lord Bacon, when attorney-general, that in a short time the Charterhouse would degenerate, to be made a preferment of some great person to be Master, and he to take all the sweet, and the poor to be stinted and take but the crumbs, and would be but a wealthy benefice in respect of the Mastership; but the poor, which is the proper quid, little relieved.

And to all this, what does the humble priest consider a sufficient answer? The answer to this complaint, writes the Arch-deacon-cum-Canon-cum-Almoner-cum-Vicar-cum-Chaplain-cum-Master, is, that the division of the revenues of the hospital amongst its members, according to a fixed scale or perpetual rule of proportion, is a principle not recognised in any of the instruments to which the governors are bound to look for direction; nor is there any recognition of such a principle in their orders or proceedings. The fixed scale of justice, the perpetual rule of charity, the principle of right, are not written in the bond. The pound of flesh is mine, and I will have it.

In all this, what can be more evident than that one half the cause of discontent in Charterhouse would be removed, if any other than a grossly overpaid man occupied the Master's chair? The dole of the Poor Brothers is enough, and some little increase of liberality, in a moral as well as material sense, taking the direction of a care for their comfort and consolation, would suffice to make them happy, if there were no spectacle of injustice constantly held close before their eyes. In truth, though by an accident, the dole of the brethren has increased exactly in proportion to the increase of the funds by which they are supported. For, it will amaze

all men of business to hear, that the nominal value of the wide estates and possessions of the Charterhouse has increased only fourfold in two hundred and fifty years. The average yield of the extensive estates attached to the foundation, actually now falls short of ten shillings an acre. A revenue which ought to be forty or fifty thousand pounds a-year is only half as much. We note this by the way. The Master's share of such revenue has in the meantime increased, as the arch-deacon tells us, upon no scale of proportion; and the Poor Brothers are scandalised because the money is paid to a gentleman who snubs them, and of whom they cannot help observing, that he is engaged in laying up for himself treasure upon earth in many places. What the Poor Brothers think about the Master we have fully shown, and we have now only to add what the Master, in a moralising humour, thinks of them. "It is no uncharitable supposition, that such persons are often soured as well as disappointed; for it is a sad truth, that affliction rarely improves any who are not really religious men. It does not soften the temper of the irritable, nor humble the heart of the proud; it does not make men more distrustful of their own opinion, or to think less of their own merits." Does the writer of such a sentence say, with a loud voice, when he prays, I thank thee, O Lord, that I am not afflicted as these publicans! (?)

PRINCESS ILSE.

At the Deluge, says my story, all the streams of the earth ran together, ascended the mountains, and let their wild waves roll over the highest peaks. When, at last, the land appeared once more, no stream or river would have found the way to its own bed again, if hosts of good spirits had not come to be their guides.

Order was almost restored among the streams when one spirit sat resting on an alpine peak. He saw the German rivers gliding onwards in the distance; the main streams far to the front, the smaller following; while a mob of brooks and rivulets danced in the rear.

Steadily the waters flowed on; and the glad spirit watched them as he rested until his attention was caught by the voice of a small weeping streamlet almost at his feet. He found her behind the piece of rock on which he had been sitting. She was but a very little streamlet, and she lay wrapt in a white veil, weeping bitterly. He bent over her compassionately, raised her, drew aside her veil, and recognised the little Ilse, for whom there was a green bed made ready, far away among the valleys of the Hartz.

"Poor child," said the good angel, "have you been obliged to remain here alone on the bleak mountain top? Have all the others left,

without a thought of taking you with them?"

The little Ilse, however, drew up her head and said pertly,—

"I have not been forgotten; the old Weser waited long enough for me, beckoned and called me to come with her, and the Ecker and the Ocker wanted to take my hand; but I would not go with them, certainly not. Was it for me to demean myself in the plains, carrying drink to sheep and oxen, and washing their muddy feet? I am the Princess Ilse! The sunbeam is my father, and the pure air is my mother; my brother is the diamond, and the dew in the rose-bud is my infant sister. I am a princess of the first water, and really cannot come down from the height on which I have been placed."

The good spirit looked very earnestly at the pale face of little Ilse; and, as he gazed down into the liquid blue of her bright eyes, he saw dark points under the sparkle of their pride, which told him that a wicked spirit lurked within. The little demon of Vanity had entered Ilse's head, and driven all good thoughts away. This ugly spirit has already turned the head of many a foolish child.

"Dear Ilse," the good spirit said, "since you remain here of your own free-will, you should be very happy. I cannot in the least understand why you are weeping and lamenting."

"Alas!" answered the child Ilse, "after the other waters were all gone, dear angel, the Stormwind came to the mountain, and when he found me here he was quite furious. He raged at me, and tried to throw me down from yonder rock that overhangs a dark abyss, into which no glimmer of daylight will ever come. I trembled, and wept, and clung to the peak of the rock, and at last escaping from his hold, hid myself in this cleft."

"But you will not escape every time," said the spirit, "because the Stormwind is always searching; and, if it catches any one in a cleft like yours, it is a wind that bites most terribly. Come, let me lead you to the good old Weser and your young companions. You shall travel through the night air in the woolly blanket of a cloud, and slide down to them merrily upon a sheet of rain."

"No! no!" cried the little Ilse, "I don't want to go down; I shall stay here: I am a princess!"

So the good spirit left her, and the princess, obstinate, crept once more into her rocky niche, rejoicing that she had shown so much character, and had given sturdy answers to the monitor who spoke to her, not then only, but many times, in vain.

The Princess Ilse, being at last quite alone, upon the mountain-summit, wished to enjoy her dignity as much as possible. She came out of the rocky cleft, seated herself upon a projecting peak, spread her airy robes out in broad folds around her, and then waited for the mountains to bow down before her, and

the clouds to come and kiss her. Nothing of this kind, however, came to pass; and, at last, her highness became tired of sitting still so long, and said to herself with a sigh, "A little ennui I should not have minded—it is only the consequence of my exalted position; but so much of it is more than even a princess of the first water can bear."

When it was quite evening, and the sun had set, and the raging of the approaching Stormwind was again heard in the distance, the poor little rivulet wept fresh tears of anxiety. It became darker. Coarse blinding vapours rose from the abyss, and there was thunder in the air. There came a ray of light at last, but it affrighted the child Ilse, for it came with a dark man, wrapped in a long red mantle, who bowed low and spoke to her. But he addressed her as "Most high and serene princess." Such greeting was sweet music to the little Ilse's ear. She controlled her fear that she might listen eagerly for more of such words.

The stranger came, in fact, to beg that she would add her lustre to his court; said that he longed to escort her to his airy palace upon one of the loftiest and noblest of the German mountains; where she should reign far above all earthly rivulets and rivers.

The stranger opened his mantle and produced a wide-lipped shell, exquisitely carved and studded round its base with sparkling gems. He knelt to the charming princess and besought that she would seat herself therein, in order that she might be carried away to his beautiful Brockenberg, where servants unnumbered were already preparing to receive her joyously. Her serene highness's hesitation was at an end, and she sprang into the car with both feet at once. One ringlet of her flowing tresses touched the stranger's arm, and instantly it shrivelled up. Sharp pain throbbled through all the limbs of the rash little Ilse.

The poor child, affrighted, grasped the edge of the shell as if she would have thrown herself out over it again; but they were already shooting through the air swift as a comet; and, as the pain was soon over, the streamlet soon became reassured; for she little suspected that she had given herself to the great spirit of evil, who was by when the demon of Vanity had prompted her to turn her own good angel away. It is in this manner that the sweet Princess Ilse was brought to a place so unhallowed as the Brocken.

Wild music and shouts of mirth, greeted her when she arrived; but the lord of the Brocken commanded silence, placed the car which contained her carefully upon a large flat stone, as if upon a throne, and ordered the strange beings flitting around to form a circle and do homage to the Water Princess.

That was a glorious moment for her ladyship. Gracefully she rose up in the shell and bowed her head to right and left, shaking her curls, like a half bashful coquette. She

jumped and laughed with delight when the good old moon—who is not very thoughtful—must needs send down for her, vain as she already was, a crown of silver spangles.

Her pleasure, however, was a little marred by the taunts of a jealous young witch, who vowed that Princess Ilse could be no better than a puddle, until she was crowned Queen Boiling. Why should they be hot for her till she was hot for them. Ilse thought of reporting this rude speech to the Lord of the Brocken, who stepped up to her soon afterwards; but, before she could open her mouth, he dipped his thumb into the shell and made her shake with pain. Then the bad spirit laughed, and said, "The night is chilly, gracious princess, you are cold already, and will soon be altogether frozen in this open shell. I am ordering to be prepared for you a warm bed, yonder, by the fire. Already your nurse is filling it with toys that you may pass your time agreeably." But you must know that this warm bed was the witches' cauldron, which an ugly ghost was filling with toads, snakes, and all venomous things.

Great terror of the wicked company into which she had fallen overcame the little Ilse. In mortal agony she shrank her tender limbs together, caught hold of her veil and pressed it against her face to stifle the cry which arose. "Ah!" she grieved to herself, "would that I had followed the good spirit! He meant well with me." As she looked round about her in despair, she saw that she was solitary upon her side of the mountain, all the witches and bad spirits having then joined hands to dance about the fire. Suddenly the thought of escape possessed her. "Away! away!" she murmured, "no matter whither." Quick as thought she stepped upon the edge of the car, allowed the whiteness of her feet and her transparent robes to slip out over it, and held fast with both hands while she looked anxiously back to see that there was no one watching. Only the good old moon who stood overhead saw her escaping; but she looked up to the old moon with tearful eyes that there was no resisting, and the moon assuredly would have endured eclipse for twenty years before she would have told dear little Ilse's secret.

When Ilse saw that she was unobserved she dropped from the shell, and tried to do it gently, but the car was high and the block of granite upon which it stood still higher; so that, although the little one was very cautious, yet there was a slight splashing as she fell upon the earth, and, in sudden fear lest this might have betrayed her, she slipped underneath some stones. She had taken off her crown of stars and left it in the shell. This was no time for her to be a princess, and she must glide quietly and secretly away.

The little stream clung to the rocks, beseeching them to shelter her. The old stones, who had never before felt the touch of so

young and bright a creature upon their hard bosom were strangely moved. They hung fondly over the Princess Ilse, and no eye—not even that of the moon—could see her as she ran. Then they directed her way to a sly hole in the earth, and into that she squeezed herself. It was a long gallery that had been excavated by a wood-mouse once upon a time. She felt her way through it in the dark, and perceived that the channel led her gradually down the mountain. After she had groped along quietly for some time, the passage became wider and rougher, it seemed to lead over loose rubble, and stones detached by her footsteps rolled before into the depths. A puff of wind penetrating downwards through the stones now and then chilled her; and, when the path, after making a steep and sudden bend, seemed all at once to come to an end, the stones ceased to hang over her, and she could see the midnight heaven out of which a few stars dropped their lights into the wild chasm she had reached. At the same time, the wind brought to her intelligence of the scraping and piping of the dancing witches on the Brockenberg; and little Ilse, who had hesitated for a moment, not knowing whither her path led, urged on by her fears, bounded forwards, springing and leaping down from stone to stone. Although she dashed continually against hard masses of rock, and tore her white robes to shreds, she never heeded that. "Away! away!" she cried, "far away, to where the Brocken prince and his wild crew cannot come nigh me!"

The dawning light of the morning troubled her. "The night," she thought, "is silent, and would not betray me, but the gossiping day will soon tell which way I am flying." So she bent forwards, and slipped underneath the stones, only coming out now and then timidly, to drink a mouthful of sweet air. Between lofty, thickly-wooded mountain ridges lies a deep dark green ravine, sloping towards a valley. Into this the little Ilse ran. Numberless pebbles had rolled down from the mountain one over another, into the depths of this ravine; and there they lay entangled among pine-roots, overgrown with moss, stern venerable fellows, not too much inclined to make way for the little girl of a stream, who came trotting over them in so much haste.

But soon the forest spread out his great arms, and took the little Ilse to his bosom. The bosom of the forest is a holy place of refuge. None of the wicked spirits can come near it; least of all the demon Vanity—for how should it dare to stand before the solemn Pine-tree, who prides not himself on strength and majesty, but with his sublime head raised ever towards heaven, stands firm and unchanged in the place assigned to him by a wise Providence? The child of the rocks, Ilse, did not at first understand the children of the forest. She fancied that the pine-roots made wry mouths at her, and she glided past

them shily; the skirt of the great wood was indeed all that she at first dared touch. The demon Vanity had long since swam away in the tears of repentance which she shed while flying from the Brocken; and of his departure she knew no more than she had known of his coming. But she was conscious of a new kind of freedom when she fairly got under the forest shades. The farther she ran from the Brocken the freer she felt. She became a happy docile child, and the great forest took pleasure in the little wanderer, to whom it had given its protection. For the large and small stones, indeed, who lay dreaming on the earth, wrapped in their soft mossy cloaks, all quiet contemplation was quite over since the little Ilse had come dancing over them; nevertheless they were good friends with her. When one of the largest and most unwieldy, clumsily stuck himself in her way, and would not let her pass, she would stroke the old fellow's rough cheeks with her soft little hands, and murmur sweet petitions. If all was of no avail, she would grow angry, stamp at him impatiently, and push against him; then, if the clumsy thing began to waver, and if only he moved so as to leave the smallest cranny through which she might pass if she could, the little Ilse dashed into it with all her might, forced the rude gentleman aside, and rushed away from him at swiftest speed. Where the ravine was steep and rugged, it was a charming thing for the trees and shrubs, to see the little princess jump from rock to rock. She did it coyly, too, putting on always for the occasion, a cap daintily crimped, and a soft white robe of foam that covered all her limbs.

The very youngest rivulets, who had scarcely yet learned how to run, were not so contemplative as the little pines; who did nothing but look at Ilse. When they heard her singing as she went, and splashing water playfully into the eyes of the grave little trees who crowded round her, they came oozing out of the fissures in the rock, and glided silently along under the moss, ever nearer and nearer to their merry cousin. She distinctly heard their gentle purling, saw them and beckoned them to come to her. When they—who were very weak-minded little streams—saw how the princess sprang over the stones far beneath, and timidly stood still, not daring to jump down to her, and yet unable to reach her without jumping,—Ilse would sing them a brave song, to give them courage, and place for them footstools of stone, thickly padded with the softest moss, by which they might get down without a bruise. When she received them, as they jumped awkwardly enough into her lap, she took them by the hand, and said, "Come now, my baby cousins, you shall run with me; you have only to do as I do, spring when I spring,—I will take care to hold you so that you shall not be hurt." The streamlets did as

they were told, and hopped over the great stones, holding the hand of little Ilse.

The spirit of the Brockenberg was angry at the flight of Ilse. He knew well that such pure streamlets were properly no prey for him, and that the demon of Vanity had left her; how then was he to entrap the child again? Remembering her fear of the storm, he called the Northwind to him, and ordered it to rage through the valley straight in the face of little Ilse. "That," he thought, "if anything, will drive her back." The Northwind did what he could. He roared and howled, shook the trees, hurled broken boughs down upon Ilse, flung a young pine across her path, and laid hold of her fluttering veil, as if he hoped to carry her away with him. But the princess tore herself loose, not caring how much of her veil remained in the grasp of the Northwind. She was no longer a little maiden thinking only of herself, and she feared nothing for herself: she took to heart only the sufferings of her dear friends, the trees, and would willingly have helped them to fight out the storm, had she been able. She went down weeping to the fallen pine, threw herself over him, flooded him with her tears, and compassionately washed his wounds. The small green branches of the oak and beech which the Northwind had rained upon her, she held tenderly in her soft arms, kissing the drooping leaves, and bearing them along until she saw where she could gently lay them down beside her in a mossy bed.

The wicked spirit standing on the Brocken gnashed his teeth when he saw how vain were all the efforts of the Northwind.

"Revenge!" he muttered; "I will send the Winter out; he shall arrest her, and lay her up in chains. Ho, below there! Thou Northwind, bestir thyself, and lay down the dead leaves upon the path of Winter."

The Northwind obeyed; the tops of the oaks became red with cold; and at last there was no tree left green except the ancient pine. The young stream at his feet was puzzled by all these proceedings. "Stupid trees," she said, "what are you thinking of? Why are you throwing all the dead leaves in my face? Do you no longer love the little Ilse, that you try to scratch out her eyes with brown acorns and hard beechmast?" She sprang away in anger, shaking the dry leaves out of her ringlets.

Winter, meanwhile, had arrived at the Brocken. At first, he was not an unwelcome visitor; he came with kingly presents in his hands. He put jackets upon the naked trees and brambles, glittering with diamonds, and the snow-flakes that he scattered broadcast, were at first sweet sugar-plums for little Ilse, who thought that the clouds themselves were about to visit her in her own valley, and renew the acquaintanceship that was begun upon the Alpine peak. But Winter soon began to look less liberal and gracious; his rule became severe. Ilse's

courage failed her. She was very sorrowful already, on account of her plants, whom she could no longer see; and, as she was working busily, freeing the tender little mosses, and washing away the snow from all the stones that she could reach, she discovered with horror that sharp icy points were sticking into her own tender limbs, and saw the Winter forging chains about her. Upon all the stones and roots over which she glided there were sharp links and spikes, ever becoming heavier and longer; and, with these, her beautiful free limbs were at last firmly fettered. Then, Winter laid his clutch upon the tender breast of the poor child; a cold shudder ran through her, and she embraced, trembling, the knotty roots of the Pine-tree, looking up imploringly to the wise patriarch of the forest.

She saw that he, like the dead figures around him, was dressed in a white shroud; but, from beneath the snow, all his boughs smiled with a strong smile upon her. A mild breath, as of spring, warmed and comforted her bosom, as she cried, "O Pine-tree, how do you contrive to defy the Winter, and remain green and living in his icy arms? Cannot I learn also to defy him?"

"I send my roots into firm soil," the Pine-tree said, "and look straight up to heaven. Therefore strength is given me to remain green through every season. You, too, my little Ilse, stand upon rock, and receive undefiled the light of heaven. You will overcome the Winter. Do not fear."

With a strong effort she broke loose from Winter's chains of ice, dashed away from the rough hands that held her robe between the stones, and rushed in wild course down the valley, breaking with a crash all bars that had been set up to stop her progress.

As the little princess was still springing merrily onward in the joy of victory, the mosses on her path called to her, "Ilse! dear Ilse! come and help us! The snow presses so heavily upon our tender heads, we can no longer stand upright on our weak stalks. Help us, dear Ilse!"

Princess Ilse willingly stooped down to them, and lifting up a tiny piece of the heavy snow-cloth carefully, put her sweet little face underneath it, and whispered to the mosses what the Pine-tree taught her. "Fear not, little mosses, you grow on the rock. Be strong; there is a divine life in you." Immediately the mosses began to bestir themselves till the work made them warm; and after a little while, they cried joyfully, "Ilse! Ilse! we stand upright again and grow! The snow shrinks when we push it from us with our little hands." Thus Ilse taught the mosses and the grasses how to use their strength, and all the time she fed them with her own provisions.

For many centuries they lived thus in the stately forest. Winter came again, indeed, every year, playing the same tricks with the

trees and plants, and laying his bright snares for the glad Ilse. But she was seldom fairly caught, and never kept in them. Swift as a lizard, she could slip away from any hold. The trees, too, were green every year, and were never greener than in Spring, as if the sturdy battle with the Winter only strengthened them, and gave them a fresh life. Ilse, too, was most beautiful and brilliant when the snow had melted on the mountains, and she rattled away through the forest gloriously gay. Snow is the sweet white milk provided for all tiny mountain streams; the more they drink of it the more they thrive—the more they dance and sing.

Ilse by this time had forgotten that she was a princess: therefore every one else remembered it. Trees, flowers, stones, grasses and mosses did her homage in their quiet way. When she ran through the valley, herbs and flowers lined her royal path; some kissed the hem of her robe and her fluttering veil; and others—the tall slender stalks of grass especially—waved vivas with their graceful feathery plumes. The contemplative bells—fairest children of the forest—took pains to be near her always. They even stepped upon the wet slippery stones to be the closer to her, and get many of her kisses. The ferns also ventured to climb high on the damp rocks. However small a place there was for them they stationed themselves there, and cooled the wandering princess with the waving of their beautiful green fans. Down crowded the sunbeams too, to play with her beneath the trees, whenever they were not kept in by the grey clouds upon the mountains, who are their strict guardians. The churlish behaviour of the dull old clouds, who could sometimes be content to sit on the mountain-tops and do nothing but smoke by the week together, would often make the merry sunbeams terribly impatient. When that was the case, the grey old tutors generally found that the young fry made such hot work behind their backs, and worried them till the place became too warm to hold them any more, that at length, since they could no longer bear to remain where they had settled down, they rose and stole away as quietly as possible. Then down to the forest came the sunbeams, every one riding on a drop of rain, and played at hide and seek among the grass the livelong day with little Ilse. There was the good moon, too, Ilse's old friend, who didn't mind the weary journey over the mountain, and came often to visit her.

There had long been men dwelling in the valley of the Ilse, before the princess paid any attention to them. At first she was by far too pert to them, and the Pine-tree had a great deal to say before he could bring the child to regard them with goodwill. The first who came into the valley were two charcoal-burners; who built themselves a hut, felled trees, and lit their kiln. The flames which burst out of the kiln, and the

vapours which arose from it, reminded Ilse of her night of horror upon the Brocken, and at first frightened her sadly. But the Pine-tree talked a good deal of philosophy. Again, after a considerable time, men brought into the valley axes and spades, sheep and goats. A short distance below the Ilsestein, they felled trees by the side of Ilse, cut them into beams and rafters, dug a large hall for her, with walls of stone and turf, and a great wooden gate. They built also houses with the beams and rafters, for themselves, their wives and children, and, when all was ready, came to the princess, praying her to take possession of her hall, and be a blessing to them. The little Ilse thanked them, and would gladly have sprung away, but her own chosen way was stopped with stones and earth, and the way into her new hall being opened suddenly, while she was in full course, she could not stop herself, but tumbled through it. The men called her hall a mill-pond, and when Ilse, after boiling with wrath at the trick played upon her, had at last stood still a little while, and patiently collected all her waters and her thoughts, she looked up doubtfully enough at the Pine-tree, who stood at the gable-end of the new house.

The Pine-tree smiled and said,—

"Civilisation, little Ilse, wants our help and countenance."

"Civilisation!" said the princess with a sigh. "Ah! this is assuredly the work of the evil spirit. Whoever fells so many of God's trees, tears off their bark, and chops them in pieces, can have no good in his thoughts." But she was under a good preacher, and the Pine-tree expounded to her everything so well that she left off murmuring.

Peeping through a chink in the great wooden gates, she saw a monstrous wheel, and the miller's curly-headed boy, who stood on the bank, cried to her:

"Ay, ay, look you down, Princess Ilse, the gates will be opened in a minute, and then the dance may begin, for round you go!"

"Shall I be broken on the wheel?" thought Ilse, looking down upon the machine with a beating heart.

But at that moment the boards of the wheel began to crack and to snap, and they whispered:

"Do you not know us, Little Ilse, we are your darling trees; cannot you recollect us? Fear nothing; we shall never hurt you!"

So, when the miller came out, raised the sluice gates, and cried cheerily,—"Come down now, little Ilse, you have rested long enough; come down, and help us poor men to live by our work,"—the good little princess saw that she could comfort men as well as mosses; and, no longer timid, ran over the wheel, gathering up her robe around her as she went, and placing her white feet tenderly and carefully, first upon one spoke, and then upon another. Then, when the wheel began to move under her lightsome tread, she sprang

bravely from step to step, let her veil flutter in the breeze, wrapped herself in her foam-dress, and having given her kind help, capered away down the millstream, while the wheel went round with a mighty sweep, and the whole mill beat time to it.

Little Ilse soon offered her services to other men, gave her own pure water for the nourishment of all, worked with men in the mills, and in the iron-works, got into convenient carriages made for her service by the people of the valley, and so visited the mothers and the daughters in their dwellings, and helped them all the day long in their household work. She saw to the growth of vegetables in the garden, bathed the children, scrubbed floors, washed clothes, and cooked dinners. But—while the serene princess was thus to be seen busy at work, early and late, never weary nor impatient of hard labour—whoever met her in the valley, pure and bright as when she stepped out of the forest, saw at once that she was no stream of low origin, but in good truth a princess; daughter of the sunbeam, and that her baby sister was none other than the dewdrop in the rose.

A dusty road came and desired to be her travelling companion.

"No, indeed," she said. "The venerable woodland path was quite a different companion. He used to come decked in his best, peep round the point of the rock, and beckon to me from beneath the green shade of the oaks."

"Ilse, Ilse!" cried the Pine-tree from the precipice by the roadside. "Fie! what foolish talk is this?"

The Pine-tree is the friend of man; but, in spite of all it could say, Ilse would have as little to do as possible with the highway, though she would not hinder it from passing down the valley. Through byeways, through the deepest shades of the forest, she sought, by serpentine courses, to keep it out of her sight. Often indeed when she sprang away over the rocks in mad speed, and thought to have escaped entirely from her dusty, prosy neighbour, she would run all at once against him. Once, when this happened, the highway even dared to put an arm over her neck, or, as men phrased it, threw a bridge over her, and the wise Ilse gliding along, kept her displeasure to herself, in order to escape as soon and as quietly as possible.

Little Ilse's anger is now always brief. Lower down in the valley she is to be seen journeying tranquilly beside the highway. She is to be seen; for she lives to this day, and still goes daily into the mills and iron foundries of the valley, following her modest avocations. When, on a Sunday, the mills are at rest, and the industrious inhabitants in holiday garments, pray in the ancient little church, the silvery tones of little Ilse's voice are to be heard chiming harmoniously with the voices of the bells and of the pealing

organ, which float far and wide over the valley.

And Ilse, as she glides along, learns to forget her fear of the witches on the Brocken. She will even venture to play Princess Boiling in the kettles of the pleasure-seekers who go to drink coffee on the greensward of the valley, and the only tribute she demands is, that all who enjoy the privilege of making tea or coffee in the fresh air from her waters leave one or two morsels of sweet-biscuit as a fee due to the wood-mouse.

This story does not wish to follow little Ilse into the flat country, where she meets the Ocker and the Ecker, and afterwards the Aller, and is borne by them onwards to the Old Weser, who carries Ocker and Ecker and Aller and all into the open Sea, which is of all waters the first in rank, and lowest in position.

LITERAL CLAIMS.

HAD Homer lived at the present day, he would have suppressed one of his famous epithets—an epithet as admirable as his *poluphoisboio*, were it only half as true. Homer speaks of mankind, in the genitive case as *meropoon anthroopoon*. The printer need not trouble to put these words into Greek characters, because all that the word *meropoon* means to say is, that men are a distinctly or a dividedly-speaking race. Learned commentators on the above phrase explain its force by remarking that brutes are capable of uttering vowels only—consonants being an elocutionary achievement which they are incapable of executing. Of course, birds that have been taught to imitate human speech do not upset the general theory. The cow says “o-o-o;” the sheep says “a-a-a;” the cat says “eou;” and the dog barks “ou-ou.” The labial consonants prefixed by the popular version of *mo, ba, meou, bow-wow*, are merely the accidental parting of the lips when the respective beasts open their mouths to address the public. When once the lips are opened, and their proprietors have begun to say their say, they continue their allocution in vowels; and, to vowels alone they are restricted.

Homer would hardly allow the modern English to be *meropoon*, nationally speaking. Certainly not, if he were a good English scholar himself. Although he would be too reasonable to expect Britons (with the exception of the Highlanders, who have Gaelic for their mother-tongue,) to give the guttural utterance of the Greek *χ, chi*, or to be quite clear how the digamma was sounded, it would have made his flesh crawl on his bones to hear his great poem spoken of as *Omer's Hiliad*, or to listen to the specimen of a fashionable rhapsodist who should undertake to read the *Odyssey* in the Tyburnian style of, “The coarse wough towwent wushes woaning by.” Distinctness will not be

utterly banished from the land so long as the Queen and Fanny Kemble are left to us; but the million stand greatly in need of the Demosthenic discipline of sea-side oratorical practice with a mouthful of pebbles to act as dumb-bells for the development of their lingual powers.

There is a grammatical rule touching the gender of nouns, which is allowed to be infringed with impunity, by attributing the qualities of sex to objects which, in strict truth, can have none. Thus, virtue, the moon, and a ship, are made feminine; “she is her own reward,” “she fills her horns,” and “she is a good sailer.” Imagination is even allowed to go further than that; inanimate things, implements made for our use, are permitted to remonstrate in their own person, when we treat them unjustly and pervert them from their legitimate employments. Thus, sundry letters have lately raised the voice of complaint, each one considering himself the most ill-used member of the alphabet. The clever author of P's and Q's (well worth national perusal), has thrown his soul into the suffering carcase of poor letter H, and made it utter most tragical mirth; while letter R conceives he has no right to do the work of letter W, in cases such as when “poor fellers swallow poison, which they had better have thrown out of the winder.”

Letter H, in addressing his Dear Little Vowels,—a, e, i, o, and u,—reminds them that he has long held a very useful and honourable place in the family of letters; that his special office has been to put himself at the head of the said vowels, to the end that people might know how to call them; that, though sometimes he has most honourable aspirations to be first and foremost, at other times he is so humble that he only wants to let his next little brother speak, and does not wish any one to take the least notice of *him*; that he has heard both himself and his little friends talked about so much and called such curious names, that he could bear it no longer; that a little prattling child told his mamma that he had ‘urt his ‘and, and to his (H's) great surprise, his mother did not ask him what he meant; that a person who was very well dressed, and looked like a lady, asked a gentleman, who was sitting by her, if he knew whether Lord Mumble had left any Heir behind him; that the gentleman blushed and stopped a little, to think whether the lady meant a son or a hare; that his nerves received a fearful shock from hearing an old gentleman read aloud from his newspaper something about the Russians and the Hottoman Hempire; that an attendant in a music-shop, when a lady had forgotten the name of a song she wanted, suggested that she should ‘um the hair; that a democratic statesman told his brother politicians to hagitate, hagitate, hagitate, till they had gained their hobject; that a person while dining, actually told his servant

to take down a dish of meat, and to 'eat it and bring it up again, when it was a little 'otter—that these atrocities are unbearable; that poor letter H cannot stand it any longer; that he, therefore, calls on his little comrades the vowels, to hold a meeting, and see if they and he cannot do something in concert together to stop the mockeries they receive in common, and also to prevent the thousands who mock them from being laughed at themselves, and thought nothing of. Fancy the Queen calling for the 'Igh Steward of her 'ousehold; or the Prince Albert 'oping that Hadmiral Dundas would not hannihilate the Russian fleet, which he kindly 'asn't! H's idea is good and laudable; but the restitution and reparation of injuries is easier in theory than it proves in practice.

It has been remarked that it would be an excellent lesson to see ourselves as others see us; and, this mode of instruction would be considerably extended, if we could hear ourselves as others hear us. "My dear girls," said a managing matron, who always thought everybody wrong but herself; "what an 'abit you 'ave got of dropping your aitches!" She, good soul, had no idea of being referred to *Æsop's* fables, to study the anecdote of the mother-crab and her daughter. She would have been astonished if Mr. Punch, with his politest bow, had presented her with an enormous capital H, on a sheet of card, with the observation, "I beg your pardon, madam, but I fear that you have yourself dropped this!" The worst of dropping letters habitually for too long a period is, that it is not easy to pick them up again. Certain vocal organs, for want of training and exercise, at last become utterly paralysed. Even in the case of life and death, we know that not every Ephraimite could pronounce the Shibboleth. I have heard cockneys gasping to get out an H, and unable to do it.

"Tis a lovely morning, Tom," said my cousin Westendish (a native Londoner for three generations past); "I'll drive you to 'Ighgate in my 'orse and chaise."

"You shall," I replied, "when you can say Highgate and horse; but I am not going to sit in public by the side of a fellow who can't pronounce his alphabet."

"Nonsense, Tom; I can say 'orse. There; wawse! And there (coughing), o-o-orse and 'Ighgate. What would you 'ave, I should like to know?"

The want of a defensive aspirate exposeth a man to many hard hits.

"My 'orse is very 'ot," observed a fashionable confectioner, at the conclusion of a hunt wherein he had risked his tongue as well as his neck.

"Very 'ot, is he?" said a bystander; "then you'd better hicc him."

"Pray, sir," asked a cross-eyed youth, who ran down by the train to look at the sea; "pray, sir, is it 'igh water 'ere?"

"Yes, young gentleman, it *is* eye-water,"

growled Mr. Respirator, "and I advise you to use some of it to cure your squint."

In the weekly rotation of our bill of fare at Mr. Mashup's boarding-school, Friday was the day dedicated to pies and hashes. Though the pie and the hash smelt and tasted exactly the same, still pie was the almost universal favourite. To be sure, you got a slice of crust (a good thick one) to boot; but that was not the reason of the preference. The secret motive lay in the chance you had of recovering the pie bones which you had marked with your knife during the previous week. There was the excitement of a lottery in asking for pie. The attention of the boys on your right and left was riveted on your plate to see whether you had drawn a prize or a blank. Still there were a few cold-blooded and backward boys for whom betting on the resurrection of bones had but feeble charms as a means of sport. One Friday, Mrs. Mashup was carving away. "Which do you choose, Tucketin,—pie or hash?"

"Ash, mem, please," said Tucketin, unwittingly.

"Ash!—ash! What do you mean by ash? There is no such thing as ash in Mr. Mashup's establishment. You deserve a good ash-stick on your back; and I shall report the shocking expression immediately after dinner, master Tucketin."

Now, Mr. Mashup, before turning school-master—all schoolmasters have turned from something else, which they couldn't get on with elsewhere—had been a country actor, in which glorified state he had smitten Mrs. M.'s heart. Tradition reported him to have appeared on the stage in the shape of a walking gentleman; calumny insinuated that he was only a stick—an upright bit of wood with a round knob at the top. Never mind that: he had been an actor; he read well himself, and he made us read and speak distinctly and accurately. Mrs. M.'s pun told, and so did her denunciation. We had no more 'ash from that day forward; though we had plenty of hashes, and pies, and bones, which bore the tokens of auld lang syne.

John Kemble astonished Covent Garden pit, by insisting on completing the metre of a Shaksperian line by pronouncing the word aches—pains, as if it had been h's. The amount of ear-ache caused by the letter h, both by its absence and its uncalled-for intrusion, between that time and this, is incalculable. But, as the toad, ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in her head, so have I known the misde-meanours of a letter, productive of beneficial and sanitary effects. A lady in a depressed and exhausted state of health, after the doctors had shaken their heads, was recommended as a remedy by her good old nurse, to walk out in the garden "to take the morning hair, and then to come in and heat a hegg for breakfast." Nurse's vowels were no more irreproachable than her consonants;

and in her broad pronunciation the hegg was converted into a hag. Nevertheless, she insisted on her prescription being followed; and the patient recovered, partly from its material influence, but mainly from the moral stimulus imparted by the fun of first swallowing a wig (taking the hair), and then boiling a witch (or heating a hag).

A respectable tradesman, from London, had transplanted himself, and had taken root in a populous provincial town, where he largely manufactured, advertised, puffed, and sold, matchless anti-eructative sausages. The sausages were good, and were anti-eruc—. Mr. Greentree's friends guessed that he put a little chalk and magnesia into them, himself talked grandly of an antibilious receipt, which he had purchased of a court physician at a ruinous outlay. His morning toil of compounding mincemeat was solaced every evening by the sweet converse of the porter-room hard by, where Mr. G. was rather looked up to than otherwise. During the day, the sausage-chopping machine did its work, as right as the mail; and as punctually as the cathedral clock struck seven, entered Mr. Greentree, to unbend his bow and wet his whistle. One summer evening, at half-past seven, no G.; at a quarter to eight, still no G. At five minutes to eight, in rushed G's ghost, pale, trembling, perspiring, and faint. He called for a pot of porter, to save his life.

"What is the matter?" sung the company, in unison.

"O!" panted Greentree, redivivus a little; "I vent hout to take a walk; and before I could get 'ome again, I was tossed into an A-field, over an olly edge, by an 'orrid cow."

Not all the virtues of his sausages could earn for poor Greentree a grain of condolence.

Be not deceived, therefore, ye who suicidally murder your mother-tongue; your crime acts as a neutraliser to all your respectability, and throws a wet blanket over your every talent and your every virtue. In vain will you drive your carriage-and-pair, if you talk loudly about your pheayton, which you bought from seeing a hadvertisement in the Times; your temperance will be unavailing to edify your neighbours, if you make tea either with a kittle or a hurn; your philanthropy will be only mocked at, if you profess that you are not crule-earted; your fortune will be scorned, when you realize it; you will travel in vain, if your hobject is to visit the Vatican, and hadmire the Hantinous. Your darling boys and girls, though ever so smartly dressed, will fruitlessly invite their playfellows to spend the evening, if they state that they must go 'ome to the 'ouse, to 'ave dessert with their parr and their marr.

Surely, when we have only six-and-twenty letters to manage, the task is not so herculean to set each its proper work to do, and

to keep them all in their proper places. If we had five-and-thirty, like the Russians, we might claim a little excuse for occasional misdirections. People who will not mould their throat and tongue to give the sounds of h and r, should be condemned to short commons till they can pronounce the Selavonic letter III_h, or chitcha; or they might like to take to the study of Chinese, a language whose words show no indication of number, gender, case, declension, or conjugation, but which is not a bit the easier for that. One European dialect (the Venetian) would exactly suit the vocal organs of our indolent talkers: it cuts out all the consonants, and leaves only the vowels. A discussion between a couple of gondoliers is a flood of a, e, i, o, u, in inconceivable permutations and combinations. Goldoni, who wrote comedies in this well-battered tongue, uses "*siora mare*," for "*signora madre*," and "*fia mia*" for "*figlia mia*." It appears that an experiment in Venetian English is to be tried in a forthcoming Adelphi farce, in which Mr. and Mrs. Malaprop and all the little Malaprops are to give a lesson in polished delivery and correct forms of address, which is sure to be received with screams of approbation.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

It is true that the waters of the Canal St. Martin, which runs through the Old Marais, at Paris, are neither of the skyeyest blue, nor of the most pellucid emerald; that no gondola glides over them; and that no gay gondolier wakes the heart with his merry song;—it is true, moreover, that the Canal St. Martin is used, as we use the Thames, for an open-air drain; that it is made the receptacle of the waste waters of dyers, gas-makers, chemical manufacturers, soap-boilers, and tanners; that barges of every degree and fashion, pass and repass along it continually; that a population of a nondescript character—neither landmen nor watermen; neither citizens nor boors—dwell on its surface or swarm upon its banks, clad in heavy dirty habiliments, hustling one another about, and shouting furiously; and that sometimes a wall of fog barricades the houses on one side of the quay, from the view of the houses on the other.

I came to Paris very young, passed my apprenticeship here, and am now foreman in one of the manufactories which convert my favourite canal into a Styx. Number twenty-seven Rue Mémilmontant is a corner house, facing, on one side, the street of that name; on the other is the quay. For eight years I have lived in an apartment commanding both views.

Opposite number twenty-seven is number twenty-six, for the streets in Paris are wisely distinguished by the odd numbers on one side and the even numbers on the other; and in the troisième étage of that house, and

in every way corresponding with my apartment in number twenty-seven, is the abode of M. Jules Gigot, a retired butcher. His family, when I first knew him, consisted of his wife, two daughters and a black and white plethoric spaniel, called Eda. M. Gigot possessed qualities surprisingly agreeable and sterling. He had taken a prominent part in the political movements of 'forty-eight, both as an orator and a fusileer; and, on the occasion of the first grand national election, was within an ace of being returned a representative of the people. His souvenirs of these events formed a perpetual topic of conversation with him. He was, in every sense of the word, a good fellow. He had a large head, large hands, large heart, large stomach, and a deep double chin. Madame Gigot was of the same noble proportions as her husband; but a habit, early contracted, of counting up centimes behind the counter had somewhat sharpened her naturally benevolent disposition, and had angularised her chin and cheek-bones. Julie, the eldest daughter, was a modest, (I am speaking of four or five years ago), sensible brunette, short in stature. Georgette, on the contrary, was what is called a fine girl—tall, fair, and infinitely animated; with features rendered radiant by a couple of large light laughing eyes. They both played prettily on the piano, and sang as prettily little French sentimental songs and duets.

In less than three months, I was installed a legitimate friend of the family. I went in when I liked, dined there when I liked, accompanied them to the theatre, visited the Bois de Vincennes, Charenton, Joinville, St. Maur, whenever there was a jour de fête to be passed in that direction. In the evening I played at piquet with the old man, or dominoes with madame. There was no one of their acquaintance who could approach me in my relations with this excellent family, unless it were Antoine, a fellow-workman: who had, indeed, introduced me to the Gigots. He was a little my senior, and had drawn a good number at the conscription of 'forty-seven. But if he enjoyed similar privileges with myself, he made use of them less; and rarely entered into very familiar conversation with either the father, the mother, Julie, or Georgette. His favourite at first seemed to be Eda. This was attributed to a habit of reserve.

Julie, when I first saw her, was scarcely seventeen. But seventeen in Paris does not mean the same as seventeen in London. The peaches of Provence ripen earlier than the peaches of Chaumur; and though Julie would be young for our cold climate, in reality she had acquired all the habit and the finish of a young lady of twenty. She was gay, though reserved; calm, yet capable of great excitement. Occasionally her dark eyes shot from beneath their long lashes glances of fire; whilst at other times, her raven hair,

clustering tranquilly in ringlets over her shoulders, and a soft smile playing upon her bright lips, gave her the appearance of a gentle being, whom it was scarcely possible to rouse into deeper feeling than belongs to a child of ten.

I have often stood at my windows in number twenty-seven, to see if Julie would appear at hers in number twenty-six, or in any way make herself visible. Even the factory-bell, which might be heard a mile beyond where I lived, hardly aroused me from my vigils. Night and day I had Julie's image in my head, and night and day I asked myself, in the name of common-sense, how it had got there? I would and I would not get rid of it. My admiration humbled me. I argued with myself perpetually, I had no right to aspire to her hand. It is true that her parents were not above me in their social position. They had retired from business, and were living on the fruits of their honest labours. I was beginning as they had begun, and might I not leave off as they had left off?

Two years elapsed before I could gain sufficient courage to regard the matter in a sensible point of view, and believe that M. and Madame Gigot were not on the look-out, either for a coronet or a plum for their eldest daughter. Having, therefore, laid aside this enemy, I took unto myself another—the demon Jealousy. I became a self-tormentor. This arose, too, from the playful, satirical conduct of the girl herself. I could not understand her; felt annoyed, and, therefore, charitably placed the worst construction I could upon her manner. She appeared warm in her welcome one night, cold the next, so that I could not help naming her the vilest of coquettes. Any slight failing that I exhibited was made the most of to create a moment's mirth, or display a little wit. Antoine was not so frequent a visitor to the family as myself, but when he came, although he was always reserved and shy, I fancied the father and mother lavished upon him more attention than they did on me, and that Julie made it a special occasion for redoubling her pleasantries against me. If there were a dance, I perceived that he engaged so many times Julie as a partner, and also Georgette so many times. This I conceived to be simply a ruse to disarm suspicion. Yet he and I were always on friendly terms at the factory.

I burnt with a desire to bring matters to a close, but was blinded by a foolish diffidence from perceiving her real sentiments towards me, till the summer of 'fifty-one. Then it was that matters were hurried to a crisis, yet in a way by no means devoutly to be wished for. The fourth of August was the anniversary of Julie's fête: I was determined to make such a demonstration on the occasion as should reveal the strength and nature of my feelings towards her, and if possible obtain some clue to hers

towards me. Why had I not done so before? I feared the result. To have popped the question and have met with a refusal, would have crushed my hopes for ever. No appeal could have been made from such a decision. The barrier to happiness would have been shut irrevocably. As long as I was silent, the course was still open, and this bare chance seemed to me at times a state of paradise. I could endure it better than risk the future at a single throw. Like the gambler who holds the die for an indefinite time in his trembling hand, knowing that when it descends his fortune will be decided for ever, I stood and hesitated. However, the morning for action came, and the occasion seemed a legitimate one. I purchased a trifle—a gold cross—and procured an elegant bouquet, the usual present. I had determined that the manner in which Julie should receive my bijou should be the test how far I might hope, or how far I ought to fear.

Early the next morning, I was hastening across the street. It was not eight o'clock. On mounting the staircase, I met Antoine descending, and whistling incautiously the Marseillaise.

"Bon jour, mon ami," he said gaily, as we passed each other.

I scarcely replied to his salute. My head was too much pre-occupied with the task I had set myself; and besides, I fear, a feeling of jealousy arose that even flashed across me at the moment, for I remember that I trembled, and my heart sank suddenly within me. However, on I rushed. I entered the room. Julie was alone. Quel bonheur! I went up to her to offer my tribute of—what? Would that I could have called it friendship. She held in her hand a bouquet of white roses. Yes, every one was white as the untrodden snow. Not a stain, not a speck, not a defect of any kind marred their perfect beauty. She was eyeing them with evident pleasure, and when she looked up at me as I advanced into the room, the brilliant glance she gave me turned my blood as it were into a stream of burning lava. My cheeks glowed with fire.

"Look!" she said, it seemed with an air of triumph, "what Antoine has brought!"

"Sdeath!" I cried, dashing my nosegay on the floor, and trampling on it. "Be it so; take his gifts, if they be then so preferable!" and with these words rushed out of the room, descended the staircase, and left the house.

I wandered along the banks of the canal. I ought to have been at work, but thoughts of work had entirely abandoned me. Mid-day found me in a state of misery. By this time reason had taken the place of passion. I began to reflect that I had acted, under any circumstances, in a most unjustifiable, a most Quixotic manner; that I had exhibited myself to Julie in a character that, whatever might have been my former hopes, must now extinguish them for ever. If she regarded my

conduct as an expression of attachment, what could she think of a person who put such small restraint upon himself as to imitate rather the tricks and antics of a monkey than the reasonable behaviour of a human being! I felt, too, that I had perhaps allowed my feelings to carry me beyond what the actual circumstances of the case merited. It might be, after all, that the bouquet of Antoine was only the expression of a friendly sentiment, and, that being the case, how absurd, how worse than absurd, must I appear henceforth to the whole Gigot family. I had been my own undoer. It was late in the afternoon ere my senses really assumed their proper place. Then I tried to convince myself that Julie would not think my conduct so absurd as I did myself,—in fact, that I had made an exaggeration of it in a moment of perverted feeling; and that an explanation and an apology would set all to rights. I remembered, too, the touchstone I carried in my pocket. In the morning it was to have been the test of her regard for me; could I not now make it a talisman to regain my peace with her in the evening; the thought came across me like a flash of sunshine. My hopes sprung up fresh again I resolved, therefore, to return and spend the rest of the day at M. Gigot's as though nothing had happened. Circumstances served to conspire in my favour. No one was in the room at the time of my trampling the flowers under foot, and I felt assured that if Julie loved, she would conceal the heroic exploit from her parents. There was to be a soirée, too, given in honour of Julie's birthday; I could, therefore, more easily obtain an opportunity of apologising and explaining. I followed, therefore, the impulse of the moment, and regained the Rue Ménémontant, just as the moon was breaking through the clouds to the east of Belleville.

As I mounted the stairs to my apartment, the concierge called me back to put a letter into my hand. I glanced at it. It was from the père Gigot. In a moment all my bright anticipations of peace fled, and my worst fears came back upon me like a flood. I stood trembling and hesitating before venturing to ascend to my room or open the letter. At length I did both. It was as I expected. The note referred to my conduct that morning. The style was cold, the writing irregular and hurried, as if penned by a hand shaken by passion or excitement. It forbade me the house, until a satisfactory explanation had been entered into. There would perhaps have been no great difficulty in this, had I been calm. An explanation was what I had intended to give, backed by a sincere apology. But no one is always in his right senses, and mine had been wofully put to flight that day. The character too of Julie did not derive any new lustre in my eyes from what I could not help regarding as the treachery she had been guilty of. I took this letter to be an unequi-

vocal proof that she had played the part of an informer against me, and therefore could have neither affection nor respect for me.

I threw myself down upon the divan, buried my face in my hands, and gave full vent to my crushed feelings. And then, cruel mockery! I went to the window, where I had so often watched, to catch a glimpse of Julie. I know not what strange fascination, what powerful spell dragged me to it. I drew aside the curtain. The windows on the opposite side were brightly lighted. Shadows passed and repassed upon the blinds like figures in a puppet-show, and I fancied I could hear the music and the laughter. Occasionally a person whom I instantly recognised came to the door below, rang the bell, and ascended. Then, by the movement of the shadows, I could tell that there was a bustle and a stir as he entered. But where was I—I, who for several years had never failed on such an occasion?

The last of the visitors I saw enter was M. Griffe, a pettifogging lawyer with whom I had some not very agreeable relations, he in fact holding against me a bond which I had obligingly signed to accommodate a friend, and which in due course of time neither of us had the ability to discharge. M. Griffe's leniency towards me was the result of my friendship with the Gigot family; but I never liked—never trusted him. Whether it was the relation in which we stood to one another, or that I could see more deeply into him than my friends, I know not. As I saw him now enter, with his wife and son, the house of M. Gigot, I felt this antagonistic feeling in fuller force than ever, and I turned away from the window in very loathing for the man.

I paced up and down the room; I stole towards the window; I sat down on a chair; I buried my face in my hands. Nothing would do; one long deep heavy aching seemed gnawing at my heart.

After upwards of an hour and a half, I heard a step approach my door; a knock was given, and, without waiting an answer to the signal, a person entered. I recognised by the moonlight—for I had not arranged my lamp—that it was M. Griffe. My first idea was that he had come, a messenger of reconciliation, to hear my explanation and act as mediator. He quickly undeceived me. I was about to light a candle.

"You may spare yourself that trouble and expense," he began, in a dry caustic tone; "the object of my visit is short and simple. Should the money which is due to me from you on the bond be not paid by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, the arrest I hold against you will be put in execution; and"—he said this as he stood before the door and the landing-place—"you shall not come out of prison till you have paid the last centime."

Had this friendly admonition been given at an earlier period—say, the day before—it

would have produced a different effect. But when we are busy about a very large calamity, we have no time to think of minor misfortunes. The thunderbolt M. Griffe had launched fell harmlessly upon me. Rather it was a diversion, a relief. It set my brain—my busy toiling foolish brain at work; and before an hour was over, I had matured another plan which might bear the palm away from any I had that day executed, for stupidity and want of common sense.

I had not eaten since the morning, nor did the desire of eating oppress me. I felt faint, but not from the want of food; so once more I threw myself upon the divan, determined to wait patiently till morning came, that I might carry my resolve into execution. Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the morrow, I arrived at the office of M. Griffe. That complacent gentleman was at his desk.

"Ah! ah! you are come, then—you want the bill, I suppose?" he said, in half-alarmed, half-disappointed tone.

"No;" I replied, shortly. "I have not a sou in the world."

"But your friend, M. Gigot?"

As he uttered this, his whole being changed. He thrust his long lanky fingers into his waistcoat pocket, leant back upon the chimney-piece, and gave a malicious chuckle with his throat. There was irony in his whole manner and voice. I felt he intended to insult me; and for an instant meditated a violent assault upon his person. Probably he had himself some suspicion that he had roused the demon within me, for he escaped into a side bureau, and whilst apparently rummaging for papers, sent his clerk into the room where I was.

"I am come to deliver myself up," I remarked, on his reappearance—for I had allowed my thoughts of sweet revenge to cool down. "I have no intention, and no wish to pay a single centime, and you may proceed with me, on these grounds, before the juge de paix."

"That goes well," he replied. "There will be no serious delay. Will you have a cab, or shall we walk?" All this was said with the affected amiability of one friend obliging another.

The Rue de Clichy is a long street leading up from the neighbourhood of the Boulevards to the heights of Montmartre; but is, moreover, celebrated as containing a prison for debtors. To this locality I was in due time conducted, although not so speedily as I desired, for there were many little obstacles in the way—obstacles which had been raised in favour of debtors who were not so willing as myself to obtain a lodging at the public expense; and these could not be set aside without admitting frightful precedents; and many an error, by the same example, might rush into the state. However, before evening, I had undergone a full-length examination, by our lean-faced warden, and

was recognised as a member of his august family.

It is not my intention to give the order of the day at the Prison de Clichy. It is enough for me to say that a week—a long, dreary, seven-day week, in which every hour seemed to move with a drag on each foot—passed away. Nor will I weary my readers with details of what reflections I made during these leisure moments on the absurdity of my conduct, of the strange obstinacy with which I resolved to remain absurd. Suffice it to say, that in my more wicked moments I thought my sudden disappearance would create consternation and alarm in the breast of M. Gigot and family; and that this strange revenge savoured of consolation.

The eighth day arrived, and nearly every one except myself was waiting impatiently for the clock to strike the signal of admission to a crowd of mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, and friends and relations, who were outside, anxious to come in, and cheer, or at least lighten, the life of those incarcerated. There were some, however, who had waited till the heart grew sick with expectation, till its very strings had ceased to vibrate to the impulses of the outer world, and who had sunk down into an apathetic state in which neither hopings nor longings found a place. I was talking to such an one, who had been an inhabitant of the prison for years, and who never troubled his repose with the idea of release, when I was startled by a lusty voice behind me.

"The scoundrel Griffe!" it exclaimed, and at the same moment a hard palpable substance weighed heavily on my shoulders. It was the hand of the père Gigot.

"Why did you not send to us? What is this all about? That villainous Griffe (this was said with a clenched fist)—let me know the truth—I will have nothing more to do with him." And a flood of questions followed, which it was impossible to reply to for the flood of exclamations that overtook them.

When M. Gigot had sufficiently exhausted himself to be for an instant calm, he explained to me, that it was only late the evening before that they (for Antoine was with him) had learnt where I was; that he and the whole family had been in the greatest distress about me; that he loved me better than a son; that there was nothing that he would not do for me; that he only wished to know if I really did owe that rascally Griffe the money, to release me at once from my confinement.

A man must be in a most dismal state of mind who could feel unmoved by, or would dare to resist, such a torrent of generosity. I felt foolish, to say the least of it, and would willingly have found a corner wherein to hide my diminished head, could I have found it. Shame and confusion of face overwhelmed me; and it was with difficulty that I could respond to these fine sentiments of M. Gigot, and confess the right of M. Griffe to five hun-

dred of my francs. No sooner, however, had I done so, than my worthy friend was off at a tangent. I should not remain there an hour, he exclaimed, and vanished through the doorway.

Meanwhile Antoine remained, and gave a history of the week. He spoke it out plainly. "It appears," he said, "that you had offended the Gigots; but how, I don't know. They say so; and that is, I understand, the reason you were not at the dance on Julie's birthday. When it was found that you had been absent that day from the atelier, and the next, and the next, and that you were not at your own rooms, but that everything was found there in its proper order and disposition, it was noised abroad, that you had made away with yourself. The père Gigot knew not how to restrain himself. He declared that it was all his fault. The mère Gigot tried to console him the best way she could. Julie was always in tears, and Georgette, I fear—but no matter. Persons were sent to watch at the Morgue, and information given to the police; and it was not till late last night that we knew where you were, and that you were detained by means of Griffe. The père Gigot has been in a restless state ever since. It was impossible to get at you last night, and this morning we had to wait three-quarters of an hour—"

"And a mighty deal can be done in three-quarters of an hour, when one is determined," quoth the same sturdy benevolent voice that had once before startled me that morning. "It is not three-quarters of an hour since I left, and in the meantime I have paid that scamp Griffe, given him his congé, and liberated a friend," continued M. Gigot, giving me a grasp of the hand that at any other time would have made me wince from such amiable demonstrations. "Not a moment must be lost," said this worthy father, dragging me off almost unconsciously; for, it must be confessed, I was still stupefied with shame. "Madame Gigot is waiting breakfast for us, and she does not love to have her hours interfered with."

In less than half an hour, we were at the Rue Ménémountant. It did not take long to explain and apologise. It appeared that M. Gigot, in the first heat of his indignation against me, had made a confidant of M. Griffe, and related the whole affair of that morning, which especial performance I found had been witnessed by Madame Gigot through a small open room that escaped my notice. Griffe had seen through the action, had got me out of the way, and a day or two afterwards had come to make a formal proposal of the hand of Julie for his son. Gigot would not hear of it, though Madame Gigot thought it would not be so bad a match. Julie was astounded; and before any of them had time to appreciate M. Griffe's proposition, news came of my disappearance. A re-action took place in my favour. The rest is known.

The path I found sufficiently smooth for a rapid advance. That afternoon I brought matters to a crisis. Spare me, my gentle readers, the description of an event upon which hang often the destinies of our life, and which but too often takes place in the most awkward, not to say ridiculous, manner. I will only say, that I presented Julie with the cross that was to have had such wonderful powers eight or ten days before,—not, however, as a plummet to sound her sentiments towards me, but as a first offering of affection after we were engaged.

That very night, too, Antoine came to my apartment to ask my opinion of Georgette. I gave it to him frankly.

"If she had not a sister, I would have married her myself."

"That is just what I want to do," said he, interrupting me. "But what do you think old Gigot would say if I proposed?"

"Why what he has always said, that you are an honest hardworking fellow, have good stout principles, will do well in the world if you persevere steadily, and"—

"And will you come over with me this evening; you can help me." I understood him.

"It is dangerous for a third person to interfere," I said; "but what does Georgette say?"

"She is content."

"Bah! then the old governor is not one to thwart his daughter's wishes. I give you joy of your enterprise. Put on your hat and let us go across."

We did so; and that same night it was arranged that Antoine and Georgette should be married on the same day as Julie and I. We chose the fourteenth of February; and if the day on which one is married can influence the future destinies of a man, I advise all who aspire to be happy husbands to select that day.

POPE'S SIR JOHN CUTLER.

IN the Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster—that church immediately adjoining the north side of Westminster Abbey, wherein Fast-day sermons are still preached to the collective wisdom of the House of Commons—lies Sir John Cutler, Knight and Baronet citizen and grocer of London; whom, in his eighty-fifth year, Heaven was pleased to remove from a further pursuit of money-making, on the fifteenth day of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-three. The stone which covers his grave is uninscribed, and the precise place which holds his body is unknown to either sexton or pew-opener.

In the hall of the Company of Grocers of the city of London—a fine hall still dedicated to good dinners—is a full-length portrait of the aforesaid Sir John Cutler, Knight and Baronet, together with his statue,—drawn, cut, erected, and placed, at the expense of the

Grocers' Company, in the life-time of the said Sir John; and repaired and renewed by the court of assistants of the company, some of whom are still alive to do full justice to the dinners of the aforesaid company.

In what was once the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, was to be seen, while Cutler was still alive, a portrait-statue of the city grocer, with this inscription:—

Omnis Cutleri cedat Labor Amphitheatro.

Both statue and inscription were erected and cut at the expense of the fellows of the college, and the building itself was known by the nick-name of Cutler's College. Cutler promised more than he gave, and the too grateful fellows resented their ill-usage by obliterating the inscription, though they suffered the statue to remain; and it is still to be seen in what remains of the old College of Physicians. Gratitude in advance is not very common, and, in the case of the college and Cutler, it met (if we trust the physicians) with no reward.

We first hear of the City knight and baronet in the year of the Restoration:—

In days of ease, when now the weary sword

Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored.

Mr. Cutler was then in his fifty-second year, and his contributions to the needy exchequer of King Charles the Second were such that he was made a knight and baronet by the king in the first year of his return. He was at that time possessed of the advowson of the living of Deptford, and the "good" Mr. Evelyn spoke to him about presenting a fit pastor to his parish church.

Our next information relating to the citizen and grocer is derived from Mr. Pepys. The Clerk of the Acts met Sir John at a coffee-house, where his discourse was well worth hearing, "and where he did fully make out that the trade of England is as great as ever it was—only in more hands; and that, of all trades, there is a greater number than ever there was, by reason of men's taking more 'prentices." Here we see the sensible merchant: his remaining entries reveal the observing and the worldly-wise man. A year later Pepys met him again at a coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say, "that of his own experience, in time of thunder, so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them will not be soured, and the others will." Mr. Pepys's next entry stands thus:—"To Sir R. Ford's, where Sir Richard Browne, and here, by discourse, I find they greatly cry out against the choice of Sir John Cutler to be treasurer of Paul's, upon condition that he gives fifteen hundred pounds towards it; and it seems he did give it upon condition that he might be treasurer for the work, which they say will be worth three times as much money, and talk as if his being chosen to the office will make people backward to give; but I think him as likely a man as either of them, and better." The

work to which Sir John was to be chosen treasurer, thus conditionally, was the restoration of the Cathedral Church of London, which was interrupted by the revolution.

Through what particular channel of trade Sir John amassed his money no one has told us. After the accumulation of wealth, his next ambition seems to have been a West-end connection, with a view, no doubt, to mortgages and loans, on sound security. In his time the offices of sheriff of London and lord mayor were highly-coveted posts,—held by the Barings and Jones Loyds, of London. Yet Cutler had no liking for such honours; they were expensive, and the sage Sir John was fined for not becoming either sheriff or alderman.

Among the courtiers of Whitehall, to whom his wealth and habits of business introduced him, was the second and last Duke of Buckingham of the Villiers family, whose character is drawn by the master-hand of Dryden, and whose death-bed is so forcibly depicted by Pope. The duke was needy and lavish, the knight and baronet was rich, covetous, and miserly. The duke's end is said to have been foretold by Cutler:—

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John;
That I can do when all I have is gone."

A happy reply from a prodigal to a miser.
But which shall we prefer?

Resolve me, Renson, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise and tell me was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What, e'en denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name?"

This celebrated description is, it is said, a libel. Sir John was, it is now alleged, anything but mean. Nay, that he was liberal in building matters. The great parlour and entertaining-room of the Grocers' Company in the Poultry, was built, we are told, at his expense, after the Fire of London. Part of the College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, was erected (so liveried grocers allege) at his cost. The north gallery of the church in which he is buried was rebuilt, for the benefit of the poor, at his expense. The poor of Westminster are still relieved by his legacy to the parish. His will contains legacies to his servants and their children, with directions to his executor to distribute two thousand pounds among such

of his friends or relations as his executor shall imagine that he had neglected or forgotten in his will. Instead of an only daughter, he had two daughters; one married to Sir William Portman, Baronet, to whom he gave a portion of thirty thousand pounds; the other, to Charles Bodville Robertes, Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor, to whom, on her marriage, he is said to have given the house and estate of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, equal, at least, to thirty thousand pounds.

Such are the facts recently adduced by Mr. Heath the pains-taking historian of the Grocers' Company, who calls upon us to disbelieve the poet, and trust the historian. But Cutler's character for avarice does not solely rest on Pope's picture of his life and death. Dr. Arbuthnot has preserved a striking instance of his parsimony. Sir John Cutler, he tells us, had a pair of black worsted silk stockings which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings! Wycherley, who was his contemporary, and might have been his creditor, has addressed a copy of verses to him, called *The Praise of Avarice*, in which he sarcastically alludes to the scurrilous jests that accompany every mention of his name:—

Live on then, Cutler, in despite of fame,
That gives each quality a bastard name.
Fools only can thy frugal life despise,
Thy heirs will call thy conduct just and wise.

Other proofs of his avarice might be afforded. The most remarkable has escaped Mr. Heath's researches. The witty Earl of Chesterfield amused his old age by composing characters and dialogues. One of the best is a dialogue in the other world, between Cutler and the Duke of Buckingham. "How," asks Cutler, "did your grace enjoy the worst bed in the worst inn in Yorkshire, when you died? At least I died in my own house." To which the Duke replies: "I do not doubt it; for nothing could live in your house."—"If I denied myself anything, it was to make my only daughter a great fortune," observes the sage; to which, more pertinently, the Duke rejoins: "A true miser, like a true poet, must be born such; no accident can make either." Other queries and replies are equally to the point:

The Duke. I was myself an idle squanderer; now do you own yourself a complete miser?

Cutler. Will not economist satisfy your grace?

The Duke. By no means; were your darned stockings, patched coat, and the rags and pins which you painfully picked up in the streets, merely the effects of economy? Fie, Sir John, be franker; we are upon honour now.

Cutler. Well, I will own, I carried my economy too far. I had no one pleasure in life but thinking of my money, counting my money, watching my money, and increasing my money.

We are told of a miser's will that was set aside, because he had ordered twenty penny

loaves to be given to the poor. A will with such a bequest could not be genuine.

Cutler, whose avarice Pope has made immortal, was twice married. Strange mistakes have, however, been committed and repeated about his wives. His first wife (we have looked into his story with more care, perhaps, than the subject deserves) was Elicia, daughter of Sir Thomas Tipping, of Wheatfield, in the county of Oxford, Knight; so says the Baronetages and the records of the College of Arms. To which we have to add, that he was married to her in Stepney Church, in Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh of July, sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, and that he was then in his sixty-first year. His second wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Foot, citizen and grocer of London, Knight and Baronet, Lord Mayor of London in sixteen hundred and fifty, and one of Cromwell's peers. This Sir Thomas had four daughters, all married to knights, or baronets, or both; and his likeness (he is in his robes as Lord Mayor) is still to be seen in marble, in a standing statue, in the church of West Ham, in Essex. He was a native of Royston, in Cambridgeshire, near to Wimpole, in the same county.

Cutler died a widower, leaving only one daughter—old Tipping's grand-daughter. She was married to the earl in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, died (childless) on the thirteenth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-six—seven; and was buried at Lanhydrock, near Bodmin, in Cornwall. Both Lady Portman (old Foot's grand-daughter) and her husband, Sir William Portman, died before Sir John Cutler. Lady Portman is buried in the Church of St. Bennet, Grasschurch. If there is truth in Pope's picture, the "only daughter" of the Moral Essays was the Countess of Radnor. Was Pope likely to be well informed of Cutler's story or is his picture only in parts true?

Of Pope's means of information there can be no doubt. His near neighbour at Twickenham was that very Earl of Radnor, who was married to the only daughter of the miser, Sir John Cutler.

Last requests and dying wishes, what are ye but a name? Cutler, who desired, by will, that he should be buried without any sort of pomp, as near as it may be to his last wife, if he died within ten miles of London, was buried at a cost of above seven thousand six hundred and sixty pounds. It was with Cutler as with Hopkins—

When Hopkins died, a thousand lights attend
The wretch—who living saved, a candle's end.

My Lord Cromarty, after four-score, went to his country-house in Scotland, with a resolution to stay six years there, and live thriftily, in order to save up money that he might spend in London. Cutler, "sacred to ridicule his whole life long," scraped and

saved to please the Grocers, disappoint the Physicians, and to descend, through the pages of Pope, immortal for his avarice.

MISS DAVIES.

In the fishing village of Penlanrhyndol-dovey, in North Wales, I spent the very longest day of all my life; the place had several more syllables than I have written down, but I think I have given enough for practical purposes. The Tremadoc coach had dropped me there on Saturday evening, because it had begun to drizzle; but I made up my mind that the Tremadoc coach should pick me up again on Monday morning, though it should rain cats and dogs and Welsh rabbits. I made it up at breakfast-time, and kept on making it tighter all day long; for I had nothing else to do—it was a wet day, and it was a Sunday. The Leek was, I doubt not, situated in the most picturesque portion of the principality; but at this particular time it was located between two living walls of perpendicular rain. That Penallyn frowned down on it from a gigantic altitude, I took on trust from the guide-book; that the falls of Leekwymn at Pontiniog could be easily reached by a short mule-track, I credited with readiness, and only trusted that the short mule-track might not have been taken advantage of by the torrent to reach us. The village, they said, lay close behind us, and the sound of a little bell came up from it through the pauses of the storm, as the still small voice of conscience makes itself heard amidst human passions. That image suggested itself to me after seeing my landlady going to church for the second time—taking the steeple upon her head with her, I thought,—upon a couple of as comfortable legs, as far as I could see (and I saw a good way) as any Jumper in the district, leaving me alone in the house with Aprhys, her husband, and two Jenny Joneses, who could not speak one word of English. There was, at the Leek, in the way of literature, a Bradshaw, a work (selling sixty thousand daily, it said) of one of those Americanesses who have struggled in at the gate of the heaven of popularity before it could be shut after Mrs. Beecher Stowe; and a medical book upon the ear, left by a deaf tourist, the summer before last. There was, too, a single half-sheet of note-paper and a pen, the feather of which had been used in varnishing; but, after a few attempts at composition, which resulted, as they often do, in my masticating the latter instrument, I folded up the paper, and moodily devoured that also. There was one more thing to be done; but I had done it these three or four hours consecutively already; and that was to stare at the picture of Penlanrhyndoldovey, suspended over the mantelpiece. Like most views found in such places, it comprehended

little of the beauty of the surrounding country; but the public buildings of the town (if it might be called so), and the harbour, and the little pier, were executed with apparent fidelity and exactness. The church itself, though small, was a very pretty one, with the massive grey tower, which becomes so well a mountainous district. The market-house for fish might rival that of St. Peter's, at Guernsey; and there were also two other well-built edifices, whose use I could not at all discover. When Mrs. Aprhys returned, with her rather less comfortable legs, I interrogated her on this matter. The rows of cottages, with porches and gardens, were almshouses, she said, for the widows and families of men who had been lost at sea (an accident which happened often on that dangerous coast); as pretty and pleasant places to end one's days in as one would wish to have; and, thinking that to be more in my line, perhaps, she added: "There's a bittock of Latin over the outer gateway: In memoriam, R. O., ob. eighteen hundred and twenty-five. Miss Davies built it; and the little house at the pier-head, she built that also; and night and day there were fires kept in it, and brandy, and blankets, and what not, to recover, if it might be, any of those that were found drowned."

"Dear me!" said I, coolly; for I was out of temper with Penlanrhyndoldovey, and didn't think the people much worth saving, "she must be a worthy person."

"You may say that, sir, indeed; and we should never have had church or market if it had not been for her."

"Bless me, my dear Mrs. Aprhys," for I was a raw bachelor at that period, and quite prepared to run the risk of matrimony for an adequate consideration, "why, this Miss Davies must be very rich?"

"No, sir, not very; for when folks spend no money on themselves, and only live for other people's good, it is surprising what may be done in thirty years."

"Thirty years," said I, little interested again. "O dear me, she must be oldish, then?"

"Well, sir, you may see her soon, and judge for yourself. I wonder she has not been here before; but she's sure to call this evening, upon her way home. She lives, with a servant or two, all alone in the cottage on the hill there."

Now I perceived that, for some reason or other, my dear landlady was in a quarter of a second or so of a good cry; so, by way of changing the conversation, I said, "And what a beautiful view she must have from it, both of land and sea."

"Ah, yes indeed," she sobbed, and the tears stole over her plump cheeks, and into the dimples about her little mouth, in a flood that only Mr. Aprhys could (with propriety) have dried up or impeded in quite the correct way. "And sad and sore sights she has seen

from it, as ever woman's eyes have borne to look upon."

"Good gracious! What a charming—I mean, what a dreadful—mystery! Pray tell it, Mrs. Ap!"—But just as the tender-hearted little woman was making herself ready for a start as improvisatore, there came a knock at the door.

"Hush! it's her!" she said; and she trotted off on her comfortable legs like—metaphor fails me—like anything.

Now I am not naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind; but, as a late philosopher observed to his friend, "we must stop somewhere;" and I stopped at the parlour-door and looked through the crack. I felt conscience-smitten and rightly punished the next instant: they spoke in Welsh, and the lady was sixty, if she was a day. Yet her face had not only the remains of beauty, but a present charm and loveliness of its own. Her hair was snow-white; and her blue eyes, though far from bright, were full of tenderness and expression; her voice was as soft and musical as a girl's; and I fancied that I could discern in it that she was accustomed to speak with the sick and sorrowful; for her part, it was clear by the deep, though quiet, mourning that she wore, that she had had woes irreparable of her own; woes not recent, for a settled resignation seemed to possess her features, as if where the harrow of trouble had once passed, the seeds of patience and benevolence had sprung up, and effaced its cruel traces.

I backed cautiously to the fireplace, and waited for the interview to be over with some eagerness; for I was getting interested, in spite of myself, in Penlanrhyndoldovey and the house upon the hill. I beat up the cushions of the arm-chair, and placed a footstool for the accommodation of Mrs. Aprhys. I even put a chair for the landlord in the middle, in case "her" should be of a jealous temperament, and desire to be present. I was meditating as to what would be the correct drink for me to offer so obliging a hostess, when she appeared suddenly herself with my tea.

"Another cup, if you will be so good," said I.

So over that cosy meal she told me the story.

"It so happens," she began, "that this very day is the properest of any to tell you this sad tale. I forgot the date, which no poor soul in this village is likely to have done, but remembered it so soon as ever I saw Miss Ellen's face. She has been with the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, since early dawn, and now she is gone back to her lonely home. Though the storm has been driving down this ten hours, she has brought calm and sunlight to many a dwelling; and amongst the huts by the sea-beach, where there live men that would seem to you mere brutes, she has carried such help and comfort, that

they would risk life and limb for the sake of her. Them that the waves and winds make mock of she cares the most for, because she mourns night and day for one beneath the seas; and especially them that are lovers, the fisher lads and lassies, for whom she speaks to their parents, and makes a little golden road for true love to run smooth on—perhaps, because she once was loved herself, and loved again, and she knows what it is for two fond hearts to be sundered.”

“My dear Mrs. Aprhys,” I said, “I perceive this is going to be something of a love story. If you will permit me to run up-stairs for my slippers, I shall be back directly, and will not interrupt you again on any account; but, in the first place, it seems likely the tale may be a little protracted, and secondly, I have always found it impossible to appreciate sentiment in boots.”

This arrangement having been completed, I nodded to my companion, who had apparently remained in deep thought during the interval, and she continued her recital in a low and feeling voice, as if soliloquising, rather than addressing another person:

“I can just remember what she was about five-and-thirty years back; but my old man could tell you of her much earlier. She lived up on the hill there with her blind father, and was as bonnie a maiden as any Snowdon top could see. Many and many a time I’ve seen her lead him through the town to the market (there was no market-house then), and there the old carle would chaffer and wrangle about a penny; for he was awful miserly, and the folk always let him have his way in the end, for the young lady, they well knew, would suffer nobody to lose, but made it right at last, herself. I cannot say I ever liked the look of him; but Miss Ellen would gaze upon his white head and sightless eyes as though she were a-worshipping. I suppose there is a love which child bears to parent, and parent to child, such as I, who never knew either, can scarcely understand. Anyways, she doted upon him, and, indeed, he on her; but there are, you know, two kinds of affection—one which only cares for the happiness of its object, and the other, which looks after its own as well.” (I objected to Mrs. Aprhys’ putting the remark in this personal form, but gravely nodded my assent.) “She would have died to save his life, and he would have died for grief perhaps—afterwards.

“They used to sit together in the summer-time under their cottage porch, which was then, as now, a mass of round red roses, for he loved their beautiful perfume, although of course their colour was nothing to him; the lilies in the tarn close by, too, and all the wild flowers on the hillside, were lost to him; but he liked to hear the wind coming through the treetops of the copse, and bending the feathery tops of the brook-rushes. He knew all the fairness of nature that way, he

said; and perhaps she does whisper more things to the blind than she does to us;—not but that Miss Ellen was always by, to guide his finger right from east to west. She told him of the wood-crowned hill Penallyn, which the sun makes golden in the morning, and over whose shoulders rises old Snowdon’s hoary head from far away; of the harbour and the pier, and the great black nets on the shingle; of the red-sailed vessels putting out to sea. They could hear, if it was a calm day, the shouts of the sailors as they heaved their anchors, the roll of their oars in the rullocks, the dip of the oar-blades, and all the pleasant stir of the little town. She read aloud to him, as from an open book, all things that passed, and through her music, I warrant, they lost but little. From quite in the early morning to sunset, when the damsels would be crossing the stepping-stones that lead from the pasture meadows, each with her uplifted arm and her full pitcher, and when the mountains to westward were reddening and burning, the teacher and the taught would sit there—the girl and her blind father. Now, I don’t mean to say but that poor Miss Ellen had a delight of her own in this, besides that of pleasing him. There was, indeed, one fishing-boat in Penlanrhindoldovey, which carried in her eyes a richer freight than all the rest beside; and she knew when it was on board by a little white flag. I think, too, Richard Owen, whose vessel it was, had generally a glimpse of a white handkerchief waved from the cottage on the hill when he set his red sails or furled them; and it took him, in the latter case, but a short half-hour to come from the pier to the porch of roses. It must have been a great convenience, after all, that the old gentleman who made the third of that little company was blind; and I think Aprhys would have preferred it, at one time, himself, under the like circumstances. Mr. Davies soon saw, or heard enough, at all events, to tell him those two were lovers, and he hardened his heart against them from that time. I believe that he was jealous of Richard Owen because he could see, because he was young, and because he was generous; and that he hated him because he had divided, or stolen a portion of his daughter’s heart, which he wanted wholly for himself. The old man’s ear was keener than that of love itself to catch young Richard’s footfall, as he came over the hill; and then, upon his sightless face a shadow would fall, which Ellen could not but see. He would never speak out about it, but would mutter, ‘They are waiting for my death—they wish me dead!’ And she heard him, and wept bitterly. This went on for a long time, and the poor thing hoped and hoped; but never, I think, had any intention of leaving her old father. Richard was no tardy or backward wooer, and had not much patience to be so sorely tried; and one day he spoke to her boldly in

the old man's presence, telling her how she was sacrificing herself when there was no cause. 'For he can live with us,' he said, 'and be tended by you, even as now; but it is twelve long months that I have waited for you, Ellen dear, and you are no nearer to me now than at first. I shall come up to-night for your final answer, and I pray that your father's heart may be turned towards us; but else I leave the town to-morrow for good and all; and it may be, you will be sorry never to see the bonnie white flag again.'

"The old man said not a word all that time, and never let go nor ceased stroking his daughter's hand; but, when Richard was gone, he so worked upon her feelings with his piteous selfish talk, that she told him to have no further trouble for her sake. 'I will never leave thee alone and blind, my father,' she said, 'although my own Richard loves me so well.' And what a bitter struggle that must have been for her, we now know.

"When her lover came up, then, for that last time, she gave him a steadfast answer, although it nigh broke her heart, and it stirred his man's pride within him so, that he strode away through the windy night without so much as a good-bye.

"I well remember that same evening; for he came into the Leck to bid adieu to his old friends, whom he was about to leave; and my uncle, who then kept the inn, but had been a sailor in his youth, besought him not to think to put to sea in such tempestuous weather; for the October gales had set in, and the waves swept right over the pier-head, and made the very harbour unsafe. What a fine brave young fellow I thought him, when he replied that he would sail the morrow morning, although there was no hand to be got to help him work his ship. And he did sail as soon as the day dawned; and, for all it was so early, the whole town was as near the beach as they durst go, to see him and his little crew off; and there was one, we may be sure, in the house on the hill, whose tearful sleepless eyes were fastened upon the bonnie boat more than all. She watched it for hours, as it now lay upon its side in the heaving bay, and now sank out of sight except for the white pennant (which he had nailed to the mast) that shone out against the black water, and now rose high, as if upon a mountain. She saw it grow dimmer and dimmer, in spite of the gale, and the points rounded one after the other, and nearly into the open sea; so far had the good ship got at last, though it scarcely seemed to move; but while it was beating up opposite Hell's Mouth, and near to Bardsey Island, she lost all sight of it for that time. She saw it again the same evening, alas! for the wind and the tide brought it back to harbour, keel uppermost. She was not more than twenty or so, poor girl; but her hair turned from that hour as white as it looks now. She grew thin and pale

but never let a word of complaint escape her, nor her father know how her heart had lost its hope, or her form its beauty; only once, when he attempted to condole with her, and thank her for what she had done for him, and suffered for his sake, she stopped him with a word or two in such a tone as he never dared to draw forth from her again. She tended him hour by hour, while his feet were treading the downward way, for years, and the flowers upon his grave are kept alive till now by her loving hands; but her heart is not buried, I think, with him at all, but somewhere under the deep sea with her drowned lover's.

"The old man left her very wealthy (for these parts), which I dare say he thought would make up to her for all the rest. Our town is quite another place in consequence; and, as I told you at first, the poor folk whose trade is on the great waters, she seems to consider as if they were her own children; them that are laden with the like trouble as herself especially, who have lost husband or kinsman at sea, and for whom her almshouses were built, she visits and cares for continually; and on this day, above all—this day, thirty years ago, upon which poor Richard Owen perished, she comes to them in the morning as sure as the sun itself, and keeps his memory green amongst them by good deeds.

"And," observed, Mrs. Aprhys, in conclusion, as she wiped her eyes and rose from her seat, "'tis the best way of keeping a death-day that I know, sir."

"It is, indeed, my dear madam," I said, "and I thank you very much for your affecting story. And do you think the dear old lady, poor Miss Ellen, is happy now?"

"Not like she might have been with her lover, perhaps. I have no right to say that much, with so good a man as Aprhys yonder for my husband; but happy she ought to be; for I think God must love her, and I am sure her fellow-creatures do."

I put on my slippers, which had entirely dropped off during this feeling recital, and retired to my bed. I had all kinds of pleasant dreams and angelic visions; but none came up to the reality of that dear old lady in black, Miss Davies.

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THE OLD AND NEW SQUATTER.

THE OLD SQUATTER.

IN the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five wonderful rumours spread themselves over the pleasant little island of Tasmania of new regions on the other side of Bass's Straits. At little more than a hundred and fifty miles distance, it was said, there spread beautiful pastures, green and fertile and beautiful woodlands, where the forest trees were so lightly and airily scattered, that the turf grew strong, and fresh, and sweet beneath them, as on the openest plains, or the fairest downs. These park-like expanses, stretching themselves for hundreds of miles in all directions, were here washed by the ocean, and here stretched at the feet of far-off blue-glancing mountains. Rivers and lively brooks wound invitingly through them, and occasional lakes gave their refreshing charm to plains of most luxurious fertility.

Certain adventurous men who had assumed the profession of whalers, it was said, had for some time haunted these elysian shores; now skirting their lofty and more thickly-forested portions, and now anchoring in secluded creeks and bays, where they varied their ocean-life by hunting the kangaroo and the emu through the lovely pastures and the pleasant ever-green woods. So charming had they found this life, that they had resolved to enjoy it continually, and had therefore built huts on the shores of a fine bay, and had stealthily carried over in their whale-boats flocks and cattle, and all that was necessary for a jocund and plentiful Robinson Crusoe life.

But such fairylands, wherever they lie, are too alluring to remain long *terre incognitæ*. King Arthur is supposed to have lain hidden some thousand years or more in the Isle of Avalon, waiting for the day when it shall be necessary to turn out and save his country, and as said country appears yet very able to save itself, he may, with our consent and that of posterity, probably stay there another thousand. But that is the only instance in which a man can keep such a desirable country to himself. Little Tasmania having been only inhabited by the white man about thirty years, was already become glutted with his flocks and herds. Fertile as were the valleys of Van Diemen's Land, a

great portion of the island was occupied by wild, rugged mountains, and still more by dense and often barren forests. In these thirty years of European possession the population had reached the sum of forty thousand, of whom no less than seventeen thousand were England's expatriated criminals. The little more than twenty thousand free men already found themselves masters of eight hundred thousand sheep, which were palpably becoming too many for the capabilities of the pasturage, especially in summer, when the grass was scorched, and, as it were, dead.

The news of the new regions of fertility and boundlessness, on the other side, as the phrase became and remains, were, therefore, listened to with avidity. Not only did individuals hasten to get over, but companies were formed, to purchase vessels, and large tracts of country from the natives, when they had reached the promised land. First and foremost amongst these adventurers were John Pascoe Fawcner and his associates, who, procuring a ship from Sydney, steered across with their cattle and people from the heads of the Tamar in Van Diemen's Land to the present bay and site of Port Phillip.

But the spirit of enterprise was awake, thousands were on fire to expand themselves over limitless regions of fertility; the cry of the whole island was, to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new; and others had contrived to outstrip the Fawcner party. As their vessel bearing, as they supposed, the nucleus of a new colony, made its way up the spacious bay of Port Phillip, a man descended from an eminence, now called Indented Head, and warned away those who had hoped to be the first patriarchs of the soil. This was one John Batman, who, with a company of fifteen others, including a Mr. Gellibrand—an eminent lawyer of Van Diemen's Land, destined to perish by the tomahawks of the natives, and give his name to several hills in the new country—had not only outstripped Fawcner, but had purchased a tract of six hundred thousand acres of the natives.

Thus he came down on the people of the little ship *Enterprise*, not only as a prior arrival, but as a proprietor of the ground. But John Fawcner, who was destined to cut

a much greater figure in the new country than Batman of the Indented Head, sailed coolly up the bay, and planted his standard on a rising ground at its head, and near the mouth of a pleasant river. Here, disregarding the aboriginal claims of Batman, he built the first hut, opened the first inn, ploughed up the first ground, issued the first newspaper—a manuscript one—and became the founder, if not of the colony, as he yet styles himself, the undoubted founder of Melbourne. The Messrs. Henty, a year or more before, had established themselves as the first settlers at Portland Bay, Batman had established himself at Indented Head, but neither of these were to become the capital of the new El Dorado; Melbourne was to be its Rome, and John Fawcner its Romulus.

Of the strifes and rivalries of the new pastoral invaders,—how John Batman came indignantly and sate himself down face to face with the equally indignant but imperturbable Fawcner, on that pleasant round hill still called Batman's Hill; how the British government, claiming to have a much better title to the land than the natives, the all-prevailing one of

He shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can,

disallowed Batman's purchase from the wild tribes; how Batman dwindled and Fawcner grew, till he became, and remains to this day, a conspicuous member of the legislative council, and has seen his settlement expand in twenty years from a knot of six individuals to a city of ninety thousand inhabitants;—all these wonders are to be found written at length in the chronicles of Victoria.

Amongst the tribes of adventurers who followed in the wake of Fawcner and Batman as circumstances permitted, we shall select one group, and follow it as descriptive of the fortunes of the many. The group consisted of three men; a tall, active young fellow of not more than thirty years of age, accompanied by two sturdy, rough-looking louts of considerably maturer years. Tom Scott, the leader of the party, had the air of a clever young farmer. He was full six feet in height, of a fair, fresh-coloured complexion, with brown hair, and a brown somewhat thin beard, kept short but unshaven. His face was inclined to the oval, his nose good and straight, his eye clear and intelligent, his frame muscular, but remarkably light and active. He was quick in his movements, decisive in his manner, and seemed to possess the most absolute influence over the two heavy but resolute-looking fellows who accompanied him. Tom Scott was mounted on a leanish, wiry black mare, and wore one of those stout cabbage-tree hats resembling straw, which were already exported from Sydney, a shooting-coat of coarse grey cloth, and stout leather gaiters, all

somewhat dashed by exposure to weather and the woods. Before him, rolled up tight, he carried a blanket to wrap himself at night, and his two companions bore on their backs a similar roll, with sundry tins, axes, and knives hanging from their belts. Every man carried his gun, that of Tom Scott being slung on his back, while a brace of large pistols showed themselves at his side.

These men drove before them what would there be called a little flock of six hundred sheep. They had made the whole cargo of one ship, some eight or ten of which vessels were bringing over from thirty to forty thousand a year. Our friend Tom Scott had therefore no expectation of finding a free pasture near the coast. He had, indeed, made an exploratory trip beforehand; and following the great stream of pastoral immigration which flowed westward, had found a rich, fine country, but already occupied by numbers of people, who were wrangling and even fighting about encroachments on each other's claims and boundaries. Tom Scott, therefore, resolved to steer northward, in which direction boundless wilds seemed to invite him. But, in truth, his sheep were in no hurry; probably they had not found much store of provender on ship-board, for both they and Tom's mare began voraciously to devour the grass of the green slopes where now run the busy streets of Bourke, Swanston, and Collins, displaying their gay shops, townhall, banks, newspaper-offices, and churches, raised on ground as costly as if it were of solid gold.

But all then was open forest, fresh and pleasant. It was the vernal month of September. The ground was scattered with flowers, the grass was luxuriant as in the meads of England. The dusky gum-trees were but sparsely scattered over hill and dale, giving to English eyes the aspect of a park; and along the clear river side grew masses of acacias, heavy with a weight of vegetable gold, which spread their fragrance over the whole scene. Our Arcadian trio, seeing their flocks were well employed in the green glades of the forest, threw themselves down under a venerable red-gum tree, drew forth provisions from their awags, and one of the bushy-bearded comrades being dispatched to Fawcner's public, a little bark hut on the opposite hill, and the other down to the river for supplies of brandy and water, they were soon lolling in great comfort on the sward, taking a leisurely survey of the scenes around them, and considerably approving of this first specimen of the new country. This scene consisted of the cheerful open forest slopes, trending downwards towards the river, with wooded plains and low hills beyond; and amongst the trees around them the white gleam of scattered tents. Here and there were open spaces where the trees had been felled, and huts of bark or alab, thatched with reed, or long coarse grass from the river-banks, were

erected, with some little enclosure for a garden, fenced in by heaps of the gum-tree boughs with all their dried leaves upon them. A few fowls, goats, and a stray cow or two—these were the sum total of the Melbourne of that day.

So soon as the party found that the flock was willing to trudge forward a little, they slowly ascended the slopes, and as evening drew on, took up their station for the night on the crown of the hill, which displayed to them beyond a wide stretch of unknown country, looking one unbroken mass of forest, with different mountain ranges showing themselves over it. As near as we can guess, they camped their flock for the night on the very spot where another shepherd now watches his—namely, the Bishop of Melbourne, whose palace of solid native trap-stone marks unintentionally the first pastoral resting-place of Tom Scott and his sheep.

Here they saw sights which their successor, the chief shepherd of the Melbourne of to-day, is too late for. Numbers of the natives were scattered about over the hill and on the plains below, where the river wound along between its deep banks, and overhung with lofty trees. Each family was squatted down under a few gum-tree boughs, which reached their highest idea of domestic architecture, all except the unmarried young men, who were located in groups at bougheries of their own. Fires were burning in the centre of these sable family groups, at which they were roasting pieces of the flesh of the kangaroo or the opossum, and of fish from the river; and they seemed to have a particular penchant for meat done rare. Miserable groups they looked, some with worn and tattered mantles of opossum-skin, some clothed only in the bare skins provided by nature. Lots of little tun-bellied children, innocent of all wrappings, tumbled about amongst a tribe of hungry, fire-singed dogs, and women whom the graces never deigned to recognise, cowered behind their lords, and caught, ever and anon, some half raw and inferior morsel flung to them over their spouses' shoulders.

As the night approached, throngs of the natives, men, women, children, and dogs, were all seen moving to one spot, now the quarters of a different race—the mounted police. No sooner fell the darkness, than out blazed a number of huge fires round this space, made of the boughs and trunks of trees. Round one of these, a number of women took their places, squatting on the ground. Then came numbers of naked men, their swarthy bodies hideously painted with red, and striped in various barbarian figures and lines of white with pipe-clay. Everyone carried in each hand a small branch of the flowering wattle, and anon they ranged themselves in a wide circle, all with elevated, outstretched arms, crossing between man and man their wattle-twigs. At once the women

burst forth with a wild kind of song, beating time simultaneously with the right arm, and away went the dance of the men in obedience to the chant and to the directing motions of a native band-master, who stood on the trunk of a huge fallen tree at hand. Wildly whirled the demon-looking crew—now in circles, now in crescents, now in squares, and strangely intersecting lines. Still wilder grew the cries and songs of the women—quicker, quicker, quicker; shriller, louder rang their notes—faster, furiously, frantically waved their arms, and rapidly, rapidly, wildly, weirdly, madly danced and shrieked the men. Top!—all was still. Then slow and low and plaintive awoke once more the song of the women, and slow and mournfully moved the now long lines of dancers. There was something spectral, haunting and unearthly in the scene. The movements were as silent and flowing as those of spirits; and the fluttering of the fire flames, and the wind in the trees, were the only sounds which mingled with the faint and mournful dirge of the women. But once more the scene changed. The songs of the women became gradually louder and more agitated; the grim dancers accelerated their motions and threw fresh force into their bounds. Again the dance grew fast and furious, and the shrieks of men and women, the barking of dogs, the flashing of fires on blood-red bodies, wild glaring eyes, and grinning teeth, the whirl and change of the madly-leaping and bacchanal route, produced a scene of appalling wonder that can only be expressed in the words, savage life.

A day earlier, and our adventurers would have been arrested in their progress by having to witness a native battle, where boomerangs and spears flew in marvellous confusion, and heavy waddies thumped on bark shields; and where each contending army might have reported, in the true Gortschakoff style—the enemy did us no harm whatever. This was the feast of reconciliation.

These did not seem very auspicious circumstances under which to make a progress up a wild country; but they were, in truth, the very best. The natives were drawn to this one spot from many a score of miles of wild woodland, and all the securer the little party drove on their little flock. But in the absence of natives, there were still many dangers and difficulties in the way. The wilds were untracked. They made their way by noting every day, the quarter in which the sun arose and set, and where it cast the shortest shadow at noon. Sometimes they found themselves obstructed by miles of bogs, and had to wander round them. Occasionally, at this early season of the spring, they were overtaken by several days of heavy, incessant rain, and, destitute of a hut to flee to, as in their abandoned home in Tasmania, they were drenched through and through. Fire

they found it impossible to kindle, or keep in; everything, like themselves, being soaked with wet. Occasionally, they could find a hollow tree into which they could crowd, and where all day they stood steaming and shivering; but at night they were compelled to be on the alert, for troops of wild dogs came down upon their flock, and at the first furious bark of their own dogs, giving the alarm, they must out, though it poured torrents, and chase away the sneaking, wolfish beasts, or their flock would speedily be dispersed through the bush, and scores of them killed.

In the course of a fortnight, they had made considerable progress; but they had almost perished with cold and wet during the rainy weather; and inured as they had been to years of forest life and labours in Van Diemen's Land, they were now attacked with rheumatic pains, and were hoarse with colds, from living day and night in their wet clothes. What flour and tea they had they carried with them; there were here no shops, or road-side inns to resort to; and though Tom Scott had turned his mare into a pack-horse, and carried along with them their stores in panniers covered with a bullock's hide, they were compelled to be extremely sparing of their resources, for they did not know when they should get more. Their only chance of supply was from stations, and stations yet were few and far between, and only newly settled. The inhabitants, therefore, were themselves mostly at their wits' end, and when they had the necessary commodities were not willing to part with them. Their only chance of maintaining subsistence was to arrive at a suitable location for sheep, that was still unappropriated, and then to build their hut, and send down to Melbourne for fresh stores.

Meantime, they spared their flour as much as possible, by killing game, but ammunition too was precious, and they rarely expended it except on the amply remunerating mass of a kangaroo. Parrots and bronze-winged pigeons flew in flocks around them, but they could not afford to waste powder upon them, and the opossum, dragged from his hole in the hollow tree, furnished them and their dogs with meat, when better failed.

Thus they wandered on, looking daily for the desired spot, where they should build their hut, and call the place their home. And many such they saw. Here pleasant undulating lands, thinly scattered with trees, and clothed with richest turf, offered amplest pasture for their flock. Here valleys stretching between forest hills, and watered by clearest streams, presented all the elements of a pastoral home. Here richest meadows, lying at the feet of the mountains, suggested dreams of roaming herds, and the uplands on the spurs of the hills for their flocks. Vast plains, capable of grazing boundless flocks, and green conical

hills, which gave immense prospect over them, invited them to stay. But it was nature alone which invited them; man bade them sternly move on. Other adventurers were already tracking these wilds; other flocks and herds were already seen streaming up through the woods, as it were in inexhaustible trains. Men, eager, in hot haste, keenly fired by the spirit of acquisitiveness, as in the most crowded city, were running and riding onwards to seize and to possess the world that had so marvellously opened upon them, with its rich pastures and green-swarded woods. Meum and Tuum were abroad with all their furious, jostling, hostile-hearted tribe, and sleepless eyes were restlessly, fiercely glancing before, and behind, and sideways, to descry a goodly heritage, and strong, clutching, armed hands were quivering to clutch, and pounce upon, and hold. To clutch, and hold, and defend. Wherever our travellers stopped to camp for noon, or for night, some strange wild object came riding from the forest, and cried, "This is mine! move on!"

When they thought themselves all alone in the woods; far, and immensely far from any human being, the first blaze of their evening fire was the signal for some one to start forth, from what appeared the desolate and manless woods, and cry, "What are you doing here?"

How far these men of the woods, these self-constituted lords of the wilderness, extended their claims; how many scores of square miles they grasped in their giant embrace; what boundaries of seas, rivers, lakes, or mountains they had set themselves, our travellers did not know, and it was vain to ask, for whether they turned right or left, these large-souled men still cried, "This is ours!" They could not see the extent of their assumed domains, but they could see the men themselves, and that was enough. They were of a countenance and a kind not only to take but to defend *vi et armis*. They rode well foreseen with rifle and pistols, as well for the resistance of their countrymen as of the blacks. They were from the Tasmanian Isle many of them, where they had been accustomed to shoot down, indiscriminately, kangaroo, wolf, native, and marauding felon. Years of conflict and danger, of onslaughts from banded convicts, and onslaughts on natives, when a Michael Howe led the one, and a Musquito the other. Days of rough riding and nights of watching, years of climbing rugged mountains and threading dense forests, far unlike these which they now inhabited, in search of new fields or of old enemies, with their homes suddenly burning about their ears, at midnight, and their families rushing forth from the flames, and anon carrying the conflagration of vengeance into the retreats of their assailants—these were the men that they often found themselves front to front with; these were the men that

they must fight with for the land if they had it.

Of the seventeen thousand criminals, burglars, highwaymen, assassins, et hoc genus omne, who flourished on the island they had left, many had found this a brave opportunity to escape, and try a new life of adventure in these boundless forests. And of others, who came with the name of freemen, who could trace all the secrets of their origin and career?

Enough, the Tasmanian knew his fellow; he was familiar with the marks and signs of the various descriptions of his brother islanders; Cain's mark is broad and indestructible; the various shades of character are shades, the various lines of life are lines, and the practised eye reads them off as readily, as rapidly, as infallibly as you could read the title of a book in boldest type. Tom Scott and his faithful followers, Ben Brock and Joe Kitson, still moved on.

Once or twice they thought their opponents' pretensions so unreasonable that they were inclined to dispute them, and, looking at the comparative apparent strength of the two parties, they thought they could make good their ground. Scott was a bold fellow, a first-rate rider, a dead-shot, active, vigorous, undaunted, and indefatigable. He wanted no amount of spirit when he saw cause to exert it, and his stalwart associates were the strong and unflinching instruments of his will. Strong as oxen, slow, but ponderously powerful, they were like the very trees around them in solid resistance, and where their blows fell men fell under them. But in these cases where they stood somewhat inclined for battle, a few days brought up allies on the other side. Once settled on the soil, there appeared to spring up in the squatters a principle of mutual defence, and men ready for the fight seemed to start by magic out of the ground and come forward to the rescue. There were no justices of the peace, no crown land commissioners here to settle disputed claims, and, as Scott and Co. had come out to seek a fresh chance of life and not of death, they prudently went on.

They went on through scenes of strange contrast. Over those plains, under the interminable trees, amid those monotonous wastes, where one score of miles of unbroken country looked exactly like that before, and that behind it, in those deep valleys at the foot of far-stretching and wooded mountains, by those deep and solemnly journeying rivers, by those lesser streams enveloped in the dense shade of the tea-tree and the acacia, amid the barren, grey, and desolate region of granite, or on the green and airy down where only the graceful tresses of the shiock sighed in the wind, Nature seemed to have established the peace and the brooding solitude of ages. But that reign of profound calm, varied, but not disturbed, by the many voices of birds, the whirr of the cicada, and the audible

breathings of the wind, was now over, and men, greedy, grasping, insatiate, and pugnacious, were encountered in loud and angry altercation. Fierce defiance, resolute intrusion, calls for division, denunciations of unreasonableness, and taunts, and scoffs, and jeers, and blows, and vows of vengeance, these were the scenes and sounds that stunned the ancient heart of the wilderness. The fairest place excited the foulest contention. Men had not to seek out and sit down upon their claims: they had to fight out their possession of them, and maintain it by right of conquest.

At length Tom Scott and his companions reached a spot where Nature smiled on them, and no man was present to frown. It was a region of low hills, where the trees grew pleasantly apart. The turf was fresh and clear of underwood, or in the colonial phraseology, scrub. Two or three little runnels followed the course of the valleys, and promised water. Here they set to work, and built a small hut of stringy bark, and made a pen of boughs for their flocks. They had not lost more than a hundred sheep in their advance up the country, in the intricacies of the scrubby forest, by the wild dogs, and by the natives or low squatters who had managed to drive stragglers to their own folds. That was no great matter: they had five hundred sheep to begin the world with in a clean, open country, and they were full of hope. Their hut was of the humblest description. The earth was its floor, and its only furniture were their beds raised on a framework of boughs on three sides of it, and consisting of a mass of leafy twigs on which they lay wrapped in their blankets. The luxury of changing their clothes they never knew. Their great refreshment was washing in the little stream below, and there also washing their extra shirt. Their fire was made in front of this rude abode against the bole of a huge tree that had long lost its head in some tempest. Their cooking was of the simplest. They had long ceased to possess flour or sugar; their daily food consisted of the flesh of opossums broiled on the embers, without bread, and thankful they were still to retain a little salt and a little tea. Their ammunition, with all their economy, was exhausted, except a few charges which they kept in case of attack.

But the heart of the adventurer is not made to sink at small difficulties; hope in a brilliant future still bears him on; and Tom Scott was adventurously sanguine. In every struggle he was patient, in every annoyance he was buoyant, and cheered on his fellows, in the worst provocations he remained calm, though the colour often flushed into his face, and his hands longed to inflict chastisement on vulgar insolence and selfishness. But he looked onward, and resolved to achieve a position of his own without contention. And here he seemed to have it. Neighbours, as

yet, he could find none. Dreary and sandy plains on one hand seemed to extend for many leagues, low and swampy grounds on the other, which some day might become a rich summer run for cattle.

But now famine impelled, and he and Kitson must away to the embryo Melbourne for stores. Ben Brock must be left in charge of the flock, and strong and resolute as he was, it was an anxious matter. While they were absent, he alone must bear the brunt of all visits from natives, wild dogs, or unprincipled adventurers. There was, however, no alternative, and the only thing was to make as expeditious a journey as possible. So black Peg, the mare, was mounted, and ridden alternately by the travellers, and they made all speed through the woods. They had nothing to carry; their provision for the way was a few handfuls of tea and their tin cans; an opossum, dragged from its hole during the day's journey, and broiled on their evening fire. Before this fire, wrapped in their blankets, they slept; and one day was like another, till they reached the town. Tom Scott purchased as much flour, tea, and sugar as Peg could well carry, and they made their way back again with all speed. But it was now late in November; the heat was become intense, and the country already bore traces of its withering effect. The grass was brown and crisp, the streams and pools had wonderfully shrunk, and it required a good long rest at noon to enable both men and horse to continue their journey. But by degrees they neared their station, and saw with increasing anxiety the change that a fortnight only had made. The plains over which they passed were scorched to a pale brown; the water had wonderfully vanished. Where there had been pools, there were dry hollows; where there had been streams, there were grey ravines. With difficulty they gained their own location, and stood riveted in consternation. The whole was one black waste; fire had passed over it, and mowed the grass cleaner than any human scythe. The fallen boughs were reduced to white ashes; the shrubs and young trees were burnt black, or singed into the ruddy hues of autumn.

After a moment's paralysis of terror, Tom Scott sprung forward, leaving his companion to follow with the horse. He was soon on the hill where their hut had stood. There it lay, a heap of ashes; the ashes of the sheepfold fence marked a melancholy circle on the ground; and all around was a burnt waste. Where Ben and the flock had escaped to, if they had escaped at all, was the question. Scott snatched the panniers from the mare as Kitson came up confounded with wonder; leapt upon her back, and commenced galloping in a wide circle. In this circle he came upon the singed carcass of a sheep, on another, and another. There was his clue; and still following it, he soon found himself in the swampy hollows—swampy which had

been, but which now were baked as hard as a stone floor, and covered only with thin withered grass and shrubs. It was not, however, till towards night that he caught sight of Brock, with the miserable remains of the flock, in a deep hollow where there was yet some grass, and one small pool of muddy water.

Ben's tale was soon told. The heat had speedily dried up the little streams, burnt up the pastures, and compelled him to seek food for his flock in the swamps. These rapidly dried up; and to add to his anxiety, not being able to quit the neighbourhood till their return, every night he had been visited by troops of wild dogs, which, spite of his dogs and his own exertions, overleaped the fence of the pen, and committed havoc amongst the sheep. A week's watching had quite worn him out, when he found himself also attacked with ague, from lying with his sheep by day in the vapours of the drying swamps; and while prostrated by this despot of a complaint, he suddenly saw the hills on fire, amid the screeches and halloos of a number of natives. The fire, kindled with practical regard to the wind, swept the whole district with a flying roar, and the blacks then came down upon him with showers of spears and horrible cries. Ben gave himself up for lost, and determined to sell his life dear. There were six of the natives, and sheltering himself behind a tree, he coolly watched his opportunity, and shot down two of them. Before he could charge a third time, they rushed in upon him, flinging showers of stones as they advanced, and in another moment he fell senseless, struck on the head by a waddie.

How he still remained alive, he knew not; but on recovering consciousness, he found his gun still lying beside him, the natives gone, and the remains of his flock scattered in the woods. With infinite pains, still weighed down by the intermittent fever, consumed with thirst, his head dizzy and inflamed with the effects of the blow, he had hunted up the fragment of the flock—now only a hundred and eighty—the dogs and the natives having destroyed or driven the rest beyond recovery. Ben himself presented a woful spectacle; his head bound in an old handkerchief, his flesh wasted, his lips parched and cracked, and the whole man reduced to a something betwixt a spectre and a scarecrow.

This was a miserable result of the expedition to Australia Felix. And here we may say that Tom Scott, born to no heritage but his hands, a brave heart, and a clear head, had raised his little flock by years of care, constant watching, and self-sacrifice. Every individual sheep was to him as a child, and he sate down at this blow, and resting his head on his knees, gave himself up for a few minutes to despair. But in Van Diemen's Land he had left a fair and strong-hearted wife and two infant children, and at the

thought of them he sprung up, wiped his hand across his eyes, as though he would whisk away his troubles, and cried: "This is of no use, my lads. Let us on, and try again."

And here, too, we may as well let the reader into another secret. The two followers of Scott were originally two convicts, two ticket-of-leave men. He had given them employment, found good in them, persuaded them to make a fresh effort for a good name and honest fortune, and had found them ready to follow him to the world's end. If he succeeded, they were to reap the benefit of it.

The three sad, but not utterly daunted men, went on once more. This time they selected a place where there was more show of permanent water, and all seemed to go on well. Once more they built their hut, and employed themselves in attending to the autumnal increase of their flock; for in that country the flocks often produce lambs in autumn, and another portion in spring. But winter came, and with its rains they found their station laid almost wholly under water. Again they were compelled to go on in search, and at length came upon a tolerably fair stream, now called the Loddon. Here were wood and rich valley and upland, a change and a resource for all seasons. Here Tom Scott built himself a log hut; found himself in as fine a country—beautiful with its wooded hills, its broad expanse of rich meadow lands, its grassy uplands, and unfailing river—as the colony could show. Here, if ever, he must prosper. But his flock was terrifically reduced, his means of purchasing more were small, and nothing but a life of incessant care, activity, economy, and perseverance could enable him to avail himself of the splendid lands on which he had sate down. For ten years our squatter maintained himself there, and we may now in a few sentences relate the upshot of his fortunes.

Miserable were the first few years of our settlers. The lands on which they had settled were splendid, and therefore they were soon beset by rivals, endeavouring to get each a good large slice of the run. One sate down here and another there, and Tom Scott saw himself likely very soon to have to pasture his little flock on something less than nothing. He set about therefore lustily to drive off the invaders, who drove his sheep as constantly back again. Then came hard words, blows, threats, and animosities. Luckily, this state of things all over the colony compelled the establishment of Crown Land Commissioners and a mounted police, to protect the squatter both from black and white neighbours; and Tom found himself legally the master of an ample run. But his flock was miserably small, and he and his fellows must live. And they did live, but such a life as none but men in the utmost extremities, and with nerves

and resolutions of iron, could endure. All their hope was in the increase of their flock; money they had none to purchase more; and sheep then were excessively dear, for the demand to supply a whole new country was immense. To spare the flock, they lived chiefly on tea and damper, a heavy unleavened cake, and never indulged themselves in the taste of meat except when the wild dogs had destroyed and left some of their sheep on the ground.

These wild dogs were a terrible and incessant nuisance. For ages unmolested by the natives, they had increased into myriads, and nightly came down on the folds in crowds. As yet the grand blessing of the squatters, strychnine, which has now reduced the destructive troops of these animals to an insignificant number, was unknown; and daily and nightly it was a constant stretch of watching and anxiety to preserve his little remnant of a flock from their jaws. Sun and rain, the cold—intensely cold—nights of that otherwise fine climate, had to be constantly endured by Scott and his companions, and told in woful cramps and rheumatisms on their frames.

Still the flocks grew and multiplied wonderfully, almost doubling themselves every year; and in four years the flock had actually augmented itself into the number of two thousand. Tom had fetched over his wife and children, having previously built them a hut, and, encouraged by his wife's cheerful spirit and unfailing sympathy, Tom looked forward to some day when sheep should be worth something, and repay all his cares. But sheep multiplied, and the population did not multiply in proportion. Wool was low, and there was no demand for mutton. Tom had to pay his hard money, that is, so much per head for his sheep and cattle, to pay for stores from Melbourne, to purchase a dray and a bullock-team, and wool-bags. Yet his flocks still wonderfully increased. People began, in 'thirty-nine and 'forty, to flock over to the colony, and a bright future seemed to dawn. It was a delusive one. Lord John Russell's order that no colonial land should be sold at less than one pound per acre arrived; immigration stopped short at once, as at the command of an evil genius; and the squatters gazed in consternation on their wonderfully multiplying flocks, which were thus absolutely reduced to no value at all. In eighteen hundred and forty-two came the crash of ruin on the land, and sheep were valued at a shilling a head.

Meantime Tom Scott had had to pay heavily for labour in splitting slabs and shingles for his wool-shed, for the fences of his paddocks, for plough, harrow, hurdles, and watch-boxes; for stores, stockyard-fences, milking-bail, calf-pen, garden-fencing and planting, and heaven knows what besides; for all which a huge balance had run up against him at his merchant's, in Melbourne, spite of

his wool sent down, which seemed, indeed, swallowed up as nothing; while sixteen per cent. interest, which was charged on all the balance, and had been growing like a foul monster from year to year, stood there against him, in the books of Davy Macleod, as a most formidable something.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three, you would have said, had you looked on Tom Scott's station, that he was a flourishing and happy man. He had come thither with something less than two hundred sheep, and now they numbered eight thousand! Four shepherds regularly watched as many flocks, at four different huts, on the noble run, which included hills and woods, emerald meadows and beautiful uplands—an estate befitting a prince. But if you looked on Tom himself, the delusion vanished. That clean-built, clever-looking fellow, with that fair and good-souled countenance, had shrunk into an old man. Not seven, but seventy years, seemed to have settled on him. His face was withered, his head was bald, his body stooped; his bony and knotted fingers clasped a stout staff, which enabled him to drag along a pair of legs that stooped feebly at the knees, and feet that seemed too large for the man, and were shrouded in shoes slit and slashed, to give ease to their rheumatic deformity. That was the work of outward exposure, and the inward drag of a monstrous oppression. Care, and the fear that kills, had done their work, as well, or rather worse, than the elements. Tom Scott was actually perishing of past adversity and present abundance. His flocks had flourished and grown till they had positively annihilated their own value.

That year, douce Davy Macleod sent him word that the balance against him, on his books was seven hundred pounds. That his eight thousand sheep, at one shilling each, reached to the value of four hundred pounds; that the colony was ruined for ever, and that, therefore, his hut and few other traps must be thrown in, the station made over to the said unfortunate Davy; and he must endeavour to content himself with a bad bargain.

Behold poor Tom Scott suddenly reduced, after all his years of enormous exertions and incredible sufferings, from a squatter to a mere overseer! In the midst of a flock of eight thousand sheep, and on an estate of a beauty and extent worthy of the best prince that ever lived, a pauper and a cripple. Old in comparative youth; destitute in the midst of abundance; a ruined man in fortune, frame, and mind. Poor Ben Brock, one of his faithful companions, had long ago wandered away in that strange kind of insanity which attacks the lonely shepherd of the lonely Australian woods. The waddie of the native had destroyed the equilibrium of his brain. Kitson still lived, hale, faithful, and gloomy.

For three years poor Scott continued to manage the station of the soi-disant unfortunate

David Macleod, who absorbed, in raking together, from the wrecks of his neighbours' fortunes, in the great commercial tempest that had passed over the colony, good pennyworths, had never come up to look at his bargain on the Loddon. Besides, David had not ventured to journey so far up into the wilderness. He possessed all the prudence of his nation; and there had been awful rumours of the doings of the natives.

At first, as in all new countries, these natives had been friendly, and inclined to rejoice in the presence of the white fellow, in his mutton, his brandy, and his blankets; but deep and shameful outrages on the part of numbers of low and sensual wretches, who, in one character or other, spread themselves over the country, produced their invariable effects; and then came vengeance and retaliation. The flocks were attacked and massacred; the homes of the squatters were fired, and their families destroyed. The native knew nothing of the principle of property. To him, the white man's kangaroo (the sheep) was as much the free growth of the woods as his own. The white man preyed on his kangaroo, and he preyed on the white man's. The white man injured him, and he speared the white man. But the squatters soon mustered their steeds, collected in bands, and pursued the natives with the deadly onslaught of fire-arms. The natives repaid the murderers' visits in stealth, and perpetrated deeds of horror on unprotected women and children, in the absence of the men. Thus, returning from one of these commandoes, Tom Scott, who could still mount black Peggy, and forget his pains in his indignation at the cruelties of the blacks, found one day his hut burnt to the ground, and the bodies of his wife and children buried in the ashes.

Like Logan, the American chief, no drop of his blood now flowed in the veins of any living thing, and giving a dreadful curse to the spot of such year-long disappointments, and of such a tragedy, he plunged into the woods followed by the faithful Kitson, and disappeared. That was the fortune of the old squatter: the original pioneer of the wilderness, one of the forerunners of the present great Australian race of pastoral magnates, one of the founders of the present magnificent trade in wool. But Tom Scott was no solitary victim: he was only one of a thousand. The same causes swept off the majority of the same class of men. Some yielded sooner, and some later, to the irresistible momentum of adverse circumstances; but small was the remnant which escaped altogether. Theirs was the fate of the first heralds of human progress, and the whole victim race of discoverers, inventors, and projectors, the advanced guard and the forlorn hope of the army of the world's destiny. They laboured, and others have entered into their labours, lay claim to their honours, and put forward marvellous

demands on the strength of their misfortunes. Thy poverty, poor Tom Scot, has evoked the affluence of the sleek and prudent Davy Macleod. The racking of thy sinews, and the aching of thy bones, have smoothed his pillow; thy pains are his pleasures; thy battles have produced his peace; thy watchings his sleep; thy drenchings in the midnight forests his dryness of lodging. On every pang and grief and care of thine he has built his present heaven; and the last blast of desolation that laid prostrate in the burning ashes all that the world held dear to thee, is the grand godsend to him, on which he boldly asks that the rewards of his country shall be added to his already unwieldy affluence.

We will look a little nearer at this wondrous son of fortune, this great lord of the antipodes, this man of many merits—the New Squatter.

THE RAILWAY COMPANION.

I KNOW nothing more charming than the discovery, that one has got an agreeable companion at the commencement of a long and fatiguing journey; if he has ear-flaps to his cap and a neat portmanteau made to go under the seat, so much the better, for they mark the traveller who is almost always more worth knowing than the stay-at-home. Before the train has cleared the platform he has made a pleasant observation in a cheery friendly way, and going on to break a lance with us in wit, or to make a pet quotation of our own, he exhibits generally little nuggets on the surface which may promise any amount of gold-field underneath.

On the other hand, if he grumbles at the light, or gives us a surly answer, or sits on one newspaper while he engages himself with another, how the milk of human kindness curdles within us! We say in our haste, all men are bears alike. The greatest one I ever travelled with was on a short trip from London to Brighton, when I was a wicked young cadet at Sandhurst, and in company with two others of the same college. We three had been; of course, late for the train; and, while it was on the move, bundled into the first carriage we laid hold of, and it turned out to be the den of a white bear. He had a white hat and a white great-coat, and growled in a polar manner at our sudden incursion. I was but fifteen, and felt inclined to beg his pardon, but Darall and Goit were older and stiffer-necked.

"Sir," said the former, after a minute or two, "have you any objection to our smoking in this carriage?"

"I'd like to see you at it!" was the grim response.

"Your wish, sir," answered my friend, "is our law." And his cigar was alight in a twinkling.

"Have a weed yourself, sir?" said Goit,

generously; but he did not dare look the infuriated animal in the face.

For my part, I had enough to do in the judicious management of my Havanna; for, although I smoked regularly at that time because it was forbidden, the amusement nearly always made me ill. So I said nothing.

Presently Darall produced a pack of cards, and appealed to our companion's sense of duty to induce him to take a hand at whist, "For otherwise," he pathetically concluded, "we shall be positively reduced to play dummy."

"Never mind, young gentlemen—never mind," was the answer; "we shall see when we get to Reigate who has got the laugh on their side."

On approaching that station we prudently threw away our cigars. And not too soon; for the instant we reached the platform, the white bear rushed between us, and, putting his head out of the window, called lustily for the guard. "I give!" said he, with immense excitement; "I give these boys in charge, for smoking in my carriage!"

"Gentlemen! what have you to say to this?" said the official.

"Simply," replied Darall, while I shuddered at his presence of mind; "simply, that it was not we who were smoking at all—it was the white gentleman himself—smell him. Is it not so?"

We assented to this monstrous statement with eagerness.

"And, moreover," continued our leader, "he wanted us to play at cards with him for money!"

At this the old gentleman absolutely foamed at the mouth. This gave a colour to our next proceeding, which was to tap our foreheads with our forefingers, and to whisper in chorus, "He is mad, we think!" The foe, being overpowered by weight of evidence, and in the state we had described him to be, got straightway into another carriage.

I told Aunt Dorothy these circumstances, and she said we ought all three to have been well whipped—perhaps, indeed, it was for my sins on that occasion that I have been so unfortunate in my railway companions since. I have been twice in my life shut up with a stark staring madman; one of them particularly stark, inasmuch as he had not a single article of clothing on, except his boots and an enormous cavalry cloak, which he took an early opportunity of dispensing with. There were several other people present, however, and he was secured without much resistance. But the other business was a far more serious one. I was seated in a first-class carriage of an express train about to start from Paddington, when, to me, as the plays say, entered a tall gentleman, with his coat buttoned tightly over his chest in the military style, and apparently padded in front. Directly we began to move he asked

in a quick, decisive, and rather impertinent, style—

"Where are you going to, sir,—where are you going?"

"To Bristol," I replied, quietly.

"Bristol," said he, "was burnt to the ground last night,—the whole of it burnt to ashes!"

"What, sir,—nonsense—it is impossible; I have a considerable property there!"

"I am glad of it," answered the stranger, hissing between his clenched teeth;—"it's all burnt."

Then, of course, I knew that he was a madman. He kept watching me eagerly, like an animal in act to spring, but I tried not to look afraid, and made conversation as carelessly as I could, but I dare say it was not very brilliant. In passing Hanwell, for instance, I remarked (forgetting altogether the purpose to which it is devoted) "How well Hanwell looks from the railroad, sir?"

At this he placed his hands upon his knees, stared at me straight in the face, and replied, very deliberately:

"Ah, you should see how the railway looks from Hanwell!"

A cold perspiration broke out all over me, as I replied, "Ah, indeed!" and made an abortive attempt to yawn. I confess I never felt less sleepy, nor more interested in any conversation in my life. He kept quite quiet for a mile or two, only regarding me with a wistful and curious countenance, which gradually changed to an expression of disgust and annoyance.

"Sir," said he, at last, emphatically, like a man who has made up his mind upon the subject, "I don't like your nose! But I have got something here (tapping his breast) the eighth wonder of the world, and we'll cut your nose off and substitute that."

I said, in order to gain time, that I should like to see this wonder before the operation took place.

"I would not show it to everybody, mind you, but I will to you," he said; and, unbuttoning his coat, he took from an inner pocket a small white pig, quite dead, which had been born with five legs. He held it by one of the legs between his finger and thumb, and regarded it with much complacency. "You see it's just the same colour as your nose, and ever so much better looking; besides which, the singularity of the thing will be so remarkable; why, sir, you will be followed about the streets by hundreds, and perhaps attract the notice of royalty itself." He stopped a little, as if in admiration of the picture he had thus conjured up; then, with an expression of diabolical malice, he returned the precious treasure to his casket; and, with a tone of biting sarcasm, concluded his remarks with, "And now, you shall not have it, after all!"

We had just rushed past Reading like a

cannon-ball, but to me the train seemed moving like a snail; there was no stopping, no chance of a rescue, until we reached Didcot; and I could scarcely hope the madman would abstain from violence for another twenty minutes. In hopes to preclude further talk, I got out a book and pretended to be deeply engaged with it; but, as it turned out, this was a most unfortunate experiment.

"Sir," observed my terrible companion, "I perceive that you are addicted to study; it is one of the worst vices I am acquainted with—bad in itself and ensnaring to others;" then, with ferocity, he added, "how dare you read in my presence, sir?"

I apologised, and put the volume by, as he continued, "When the Genius in the Arabian Nights, whom the fisherman rescued from the vessel sealed with Solomon's seal, was first shut up in it, he promised riches to whosoever should release him; but afterwards he promised death. So, sir, was I used to benefit him whom I found ignorant, but now I tear him limb from limb;—beware, then, how you answer my questions. Are you acquainted with Shakespeare?"

"Yes, sir," said I, confidently—"I am."

"Do you know Milton, thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir,—I think I do."

"But are you well up in Boswell's Corsica, sir? tell me *that*! I don't believe you if you say you are; and if you say you are not, I will break you to fragments!"

Now, thanks to a disposition that had led me into out-of-the-way paths of literature, I did happen to have perused that dreary work, and so I had the great pleasure to tell my tormentor. In order to try me, however, he harassed me with questions about the book as pertinaciously as any senate-house examiner; and, unless my memory had happened to be of the best, I do not doubt that he would have more or less executed his threat. At last the whistle sounded shrilly on my approach to Didcot, and it seemed to me the sweetest music I had ever heard.

"We go to Bath together, I believe?" said my companion, breaking off his queries and speaking in the most silvery tones.

"We do, sir, I am delighted to say," I answered.

But in five minutes from that time I was narrating my adventure to some people in another carriage, and my poor friend was in the custody of the Great Western Railway police.

When I told this to Aunt Dorothy she remarked, that nothing should induce her to travel on the railway alone, as long as she lived. Not, however, she added, that she was alarmed in the slightest degree; but that she did not think it becoming of a lady of her rank to do so—Aunt Dorothy's strong point being exclusiveness and devotion to the aristocracy; in consequence, I believe, of her grandfather having been knighted because he was a mayor. I was, therefore, much

astonished to hear that she was coming up to London last week without an escort; and, of course, went to Paddington to see the dear old lady—from whom I have expectations—and her luggage, safe out of the train. There was no mistaking that bonnet of hers with the bird of Paradise perched upon the crown of it, or else I do believe I should not have recognised her, she looked so pale. A red-faced and rather slang-looking old gentleman, who bowed to her as he stepped out of the same carriage, whispered to me, that he feared his travelling companion was far from well.

She was got into a cab quite speechless, saw her silk umbrella and her last band-box safely about her, and then, in the act of feeling for her smelling-bottle, fainted away. It was a dreadful position for me to be in while we drove to Southampton Street, Holborn; and her coming-to was even more alarming than her going off. At last, when she was settled in the house and got more calm, she unbosomed herself as follows:

"Your cousin John is a wicked and designing fellow, James; but he shall never see a penny of my money—he has not killed me yet, I can tell him, and he'll never get another chance!"

I was pleased to hear all this of John, who is her only other nephew; but I confined myself to saying, that I had always expected it of John.

"He saw me off at Bath, James, and I don't think he could have harboured the dreadful thought before we got on the platform. He was dutiful enough—officious, I now think—in seeing after my things, and at last he led me to the carriage in which you found me, because, he said, there was a person in it whom I should like to be with—that very same man you just saw get out at Paddington. Not till the train was moving on, and I locked in the place alone with him, did John put his face in at the window, and whisper to me, with a look of dreadful malice, 'Aunt, dear, you've got a maniac in the carriage with you!' I fell back half fainting into the seat as we left the walls of the station behind us. The madman had just cast one of those swift, sly glances—such as they are all used to give—towards my corner, but he now seemed to be buried in his newspaper. It was my belief, James, and is now, that he was waiting until we got into the tunnel; my heart beat as hard and fast as the engine itself puffed and panted—but I made my preparations for defence. Directly we got into the dark, I brought my umbrella forward so as to put it up at the shortest notice, and made myself ready to scream; moreover, having read of the power of the human eye upon these persons, I stared at him hard and continuously, and to this, in a great measure, I attribute my safety; for I observed throughout the journey he would cast down his eyes, as if cowed, whenever he perceived mine

fixed upon him. Presently he observed, that the day was likely to turn out fine after all, which was itself as mad a speech as could be made, considering that it was raining at that minute harder than ever; but I said, 'I think so, too, sir;' for it is always best to agree with this sort of people, I had been told, under every circumstance. After a good deal of conversation, conducted with some skill on my part, I think, he asked all of a sudden if I was going to London; to which I answered that I certainly was; although, of course, I intended to get out at the very next place we stopped at sooner than travel another mile with him. He then said, he was very glad to hear it, and hoped that no damp and disagreeable strangers might get into our carriage on the road. At Swindon I thought to have escaped, under pretence of getting refreshment; but, he insisted with great politeness—which, however, was just of that kind which might have changed to the wildest ferocity had I objected—on bringing the provisions to the carriage door. I was not really in the least hungry, yet he made me take oxtail soup, and buns, and a glass of cherry brandy there and then, and afterwards a couple of oranges, and I don't know how many pears, which he produced from his pockets. He drank such a deal himself, too, out of a case-bottle, that I was afraid it must have developed his most frightful symptoms; once, indeed, after a long draught at it, he softly though distinctly exclaimed 'hooray!' but, finding my eye as usual upon him, he apologised. He offered me his newspaper, which was that very unladylike one called *Bell's Life*, and I dared not refuse to accept it for the world—ay, and even to read it, too—for he asked me whether something or other on greyhound puppies was not a capital article, and I had to give a most favourable and detailed opinion on it. At the few stations we stopped at he made me look out with him at the window, to give the idea that the carriage was fully occupied, so that I myself helped to put aid out of the question. I really kept him in the most capital humour—but, O James, at what a trial to my poor nerves!—and only once ventured to cross him, when he offered me a drop out of his bottle, because I looked pale, he said. He was not angry at my refusal, but finished it himself instead, wishing me happy returns of the day, and many of them—though it was not my birthday, nor anything of the sort. Soon after that, the dreadful man fell asleep, nor did he wake again until he arrived at Paddington, and I saw you."

"Bless me, my dear aunt, what a terrible adventure! But are you sure the man was mad after all?"

"Why, I suppose, nephew James, I know mad people from sane people, and though I am getting old, I think I've got my hearing. Didn't I tell you at first what John said when he put me into that place to be murdered?"

'Aunt, dear (the hypocrite!), you've got a maniac in the carriage with you!'

Now the fact is, Aunt Dorothy is as deaf as a post, and invariably takes one word for another, although I said nothing more then, because, in her own words, "It is always best to agree with this sort of people under any circumstance." Only, next day, a letter arrived from John, hoping she had had a safe journey up to town—"I remembered your aristocratic predilections, you see," he wrote, "and I hope you found the old baronet an agreeable travelling companion."

DEW.

"O! dearest mother, tell me, pray,
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To twinkle on the flowery spray,
Or on the fields till noon?"

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,
Are swept away by angel-wings,
Before contamination clings
To their pure loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given;
There are thy dew-drops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of Heaven.

"No earthly stain can reach them there,
Woven with sunbeams, there they shine,
A transient vision of the air,
But yet a symbol, pure and fair,
Of love and peace divine."

The boy look'd upward into space
With eager and inquiring eyes,
And, o'er his sweet and thoughtful face,
Came a faint glory, and a grace
Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May,
That child beneath the flowers was laid;
Like dew, his spirit pass'd away,
To mingle in eternal day,
With angels perfect made.

THE METAMORPHOSED PAGODA.

VEDI Napoli e poi mori! (See Naples and then die!) is the vain-glorious saying of the Neapolitans. The proverb has been considerably modified in our time. We say: See Naples—that God's own land of beauty and boundless fertility—that golden treasury of God-taught art; and, also seeing the filthy lazzaroni, the swarming sbirri, the Ergastolo, the scowling priests, the blood of St. Gennaro, and the million and one rascals who infest this fairest of cities, then see Naples, and die for shame and indignation.

See Capri, too. There is a page of Roman history that needs no Niebuhr to dispute, no Lewis to examine. Its annals are late enough,

accredited enough for us to see, in no shadowy guise, but palpably in the records of the past; the shrinking, trembling, gloomy, frivolous, yet ferocious tyrant, Tiberius, flying from the world to Capri—striving to shut out the demons his own bad passions had invoked from the choicest fruits and flowers of life, yet forgetting that he had at least a cavity where he had once a heart, and finding, too late, that vacuum-abhorring Nature had filled that cavity with devils. See Capri. The vestiges of the tyrant's palace are there still. There are the same stones that walled in sin and luxury, and that re-echoed to the carousing shouts of decadent Romans and to the cries of tortured slaves.

Not that I ever saw Capri, or Naples either. My Italian travels have been made, hitherto, with my feet on the fender, and my eyes on a book.

But I know of another place which I choose to call Capri. Half a hundred miles from London, on the south-eastern coast of this kingdom, the booth-proprietors of Vanity Fair set up, some half a hundred years ago, a camp that has culminated into the gayest and pleasantest watering-place in the world. I myself have known it intimately full twenty years, and I caught myself, the other day, moralising upon the great palace of Chinese gingerbread that smirks upon—well, I won't be personal—the S. Upon how many thousand work-boxes, toy dioramas, sheets of note paper, Tunbridge-ware tables, pin-cushions, have we seen the counterfeit presentment of this pompous platitude? Where were common sense, taste, fitness, decency, when the thing was done? If George the magnificent had said to Mr. Nash, prince of architects,—“Mr. Nash, will you oblige me by painting your face in parti-coloured streaks, and then walk on your hands into the middle of the S., where one of the lords of my royal bed-chamber will provide you with four and twenty yards of scarlet ribbon, which you will be good enough to swallow;”—would Mr. Nash have done this thing, I wonder? Perhaps not. Yet the prince of architects has been guilty of buffooneries quite as gross, in building this pot-bellied palace—this minareted mushroom—this absurdity—this gilded dirt-pie—this congeries of bulbous excrescences, as gaudy and as expensive as Dutch tulips, and as useless.

We are accustomed to see and hear of kings doing extravagant things in the building line. It is their vocation. Cheops had his pyramid, Cleopatra her needle, Nero his golden house, James the First Nonsuch, and Kubla Khan. Is it not written:—

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
From which a sounding river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

William Rufus designed to build a palace so huge, that Westminster Hall, the first instalment thereof, was to be but one of the bed-rooms. Luckily, the state of the civil list, and Sir Walter Tyrell's pointed behaviour to the king in the New Forest, nipped the grand design in the bud. Louis Quatorze had Versailles, the Abencerrages their Alhambra, the gloomy Philip his palatial grid-iron, the Escorial; but we can forgive the first for the Grandes Eaux, the second for the Court of Lions, the third for the pictures of Titian and Velasquez. Frederic had his Sans-Souci, Leo his Loggie and Stanze, Napoleon his dream of a completed Louvre, never realised; even our third William took pleasure in enlarging Kensington, and making it square and Dutch, and formal like himself. But there was, it must be owned, something regal, and noble, and dignified in most of these architectural madresses. When a king raves it should be in his robe and diadem, with gold for straw, and his sceptre for a bauble. But did ever a petty German princelet in his hunting-lodge—did ever a petty Indian nawaub in his zenana—did ever a Dutch burgher in his linsey-woolsey frenzy for a lusthaus—did ever an impoverished Italian marchese, in the palazzo he began to build through pride, and left unfinished through bankruptcy—did ever a retired English hatter, going mad, as it is the traditional wont of hatters to do, and running up a brick folly, in three storeys, with a balcony and a belvedere—did ever any maniac in bricks and mortar perpetrate one tithe of the folly and extravagance that are manifested in every inch of this egregious potato-blight of a building on the S.?

I mind the time (a child) I used to gaze on the place with reverent curiosity. A king lived there then—a placid, white-headed sovereign, in a blue body-coat with brass buttons, and who had formerly been in the naval service. He played quiet rubbers at whist at night, while his royal partner and the ladies of the household worked in Berlin wool. It was rumoured that he could himself play on the flute prettily. He had a quiet decorous court. He used to drive out peaceably, without any unnecessary fuss, and was not unfrequently to be found on the beach, bargaining with little boys for models of ships, or with mariners for conchological specimens of appalling and weird appearance. He was popular, but suspected by the genteel classes of a tendency to radicalism and economy, which caused him to be slightly depreciated in the higher circles. His name was William. But the great king who dwelt at Capri (and had made it), and who had been dead some years before I came to wot of the palace, was not William. A loftier sounding name had he. He was Georgius Optimus—George the great, the magnificent, the good—who had raised Capri from its mean state as a fishing-village to

the exalted rank of the queen of watering-places.

So I moralised at Capri. George had gone the way even that royal venison must go; William, he is dead too; and we have another sovereign who loves not the wicked gimerack. She would have pulled the bauble down had not the bold burghers of Capri stepped in alarmed and bought it for fifty thousand pieces of gold. They have turned the place now to all manners of wonderful and incongruous uses. They have concerts there, balls where ladies can dance without having first been presented at court, and lords in blue ribbons are never to be seen. They have exhibitions of pictures and photographs. They have a circus there; yes, a circus where spotted horses dance, and M. Desarais' dogs and monkeys bark and chatter, and Mr. Merryman, with his painted face, tumbles in the sawdust! Pale men in spectacles come from Clapham to Capri to lecture on the Od. Force. I have seen there, myself, exhibiting two wretched black deformities of children—the Caribbean twins, or some such monstrosities—hawked round the room by a garrulous showman. I do not despair of seeing, some day, at the gate of the Pagoda a Beefeater inviting the bystanders to walk in and see the Podasokus, or Oozly Bird, which digs a hole in the sand with his beak, and whistles through the nape of his neck. The parochial authorities have offices in the Pagoda, where they give out quartern loaves and orders of relief, and pass destitute hop-pickers to Ireland. The sentry-boxes, in front of which brocaded hussars used to pace, keeping watch and ward over the sovereign within, are boarded up. Irreverent boys have chalked denunciations of the Pope, and libels on the police authorities, on the boards. They have quartered militiamen in the riding-school, that stately expanse where all the king's satin-skinned horses used to be exercised by the king's scarlet-coated grooms. They have substituted a railing for the wall that used to veil the mysteries of Capri from the vulgar, and now every flyman on the S. can see the palace in its entirety. They have thrown open the gardens, and the rustic seats are now the resting-places of nursery-maids and valetudinarians, while the wheels of patent perambulators and the heels of the shoes of plebeian children, craunch the gravel which once resounded with the tread of kings and princes, duchesses and ministers of state. Placards relative to the concerts and balls, the dogs and monkeys, and the twins, the Courier of St. Petersburg, and the next rate of twopence in the pound, flank the portals where yeomen of the guard have stood. They have dismantled the great entrance-gate, and it is as free of ingress to the pauper as all doors are to death. I remember when I used to regard that gate with awe and wonder, and watch the royal carriage, with its brilliant

outriders, disappear through it, with bated breath, thinking of the ineffable splendours, the untold gorgeousness, the unimaginable luxuries that must have their being behind those charmed doors. Now I pass through the gate, whistling. I smoke a cigar in the royal gardens. I pay sixpence to see a show in the place where the great king dwelt: where beauty has languished, and voluptuousness has revelled, and pride has said to itself, 'I can never die.' I pay sixpence, and sit in my high-lows, in the rooms where investitures have been held, knighthood conferred, treaties concocted, peace and war proclaimed, death-warrants signed. Twenty years ago, how many a millionaire's wife would have given her ears to be invited to the Pagoda? Now I invite myself, and my wife thinks the room but shabby.

I see breakers a-head that betoken the squall of a sermon. The subject is too enticing. Only this I must say: If any divine wishes to preach a sermon upon vanity and emptiness, and the mutability of earthly things, let him make haste and come here, and take the Pagoda of Capri for a text.

Out on the S., facing the Pagoda, the idol-worshippers erected some years ago a statue of their idol. It was, I believe, originally cast in bronze; but either neglect or the saline quality of the atmosphere, or some yet more mysterious agent, have converted it into the mournfullest, rustiest, verdigrised old marine-store you ever saw. This is Georgius—but ah! how changed from him! The ambrosial wig seems out of curl. The fine features are battered and worn away—the royal nose has especially suffered. The classic drapery hangs in dingy folds, like the garments of a lean and slipped pantaloon. Fruit, fruit, fruit is written everywhere. On dark winter's nights, when the sea moans fitfullest, and the wind howls among the Moorish chimney-pots of the Pagoda, and the rain whips the pedestal, I can imagine this statue animated by a ghost, and the ghost wringing its bronze hands and crying, "Walla! Walla! Dogs and monkeys, twins and clowns, in the house where I have waltzed with Jersey and gambled with Hartford; where I have entertained Polignac, and made Platoff tipsy; where I have suffered princesses to kiss my hand, and said to sheriffs, Arise, Sir John; where I compounded my inestimable recipe for Champagne-punch; mixed my world-famous Regent's-snuff, and out out my immortal white kid pantaloons!" Alas, poor ghost!

I meet occasionally in the Pagoda Gardens, seldom early or late, or in doubtful weather, but in the warmest, cheerfulest, most genial portion of the day, sundry elderly bucks, antediluvian dandies, senile old boys, whom I cannot help fancying to have been habitués of the Pagoda in the heyday of its glory. I meet them, too, on the cliff, and other places of resort; but the seedy purlicious

of this palace out of elbows, they especially haunt. Seldom do they walk together, or converse in groups. The Sphinx is solitary. Marius had no companion when he sat among the ruins of Carthage. Trotting, or toddling, or creeping, or hobbling, or slinking along, shall you see these damaged fops, these battered and bygone beaux. The fur collar, the hat with raised brim, and body curved slightly inward, the double eye-glass, the tightly-strapped trousers, and peaked high-heeled boots, talling of padded calves and bunions; the occasionally braided, always tightly buttoned surtout, the never-failing umbrella, the high satin stock, the curly wig, or purple-dyed whiskers, the thousand crowsfeet on the face, the tired, parboiled eye, weeping because its owner is too vain to allow it the aid of spectacles; the mouth, full of evidence of what a capital profession dental surgery must be in Capri; the buckskin gloves, the handkerchief peeping from the breast-pocket, the oft-produced snuffbox, the cough, the scintillating suspicions of stays, and sciatica, and rheumatism, and paralysis—these are the most noteworthy exterior characteristics of the old beau types I meet in the Gardens. They creep about in the sunshine, tottering over their old shadows, that seem like guides, showing them the way to the grave. Now I meet them elbowed by the noisy, healthful, pleasure-seeking throngs by the sea; now they crouch in the corners of Mr. Thruppell's subscription reading-rooms; blinking over the newspapers—during which operation you may hear as many as forty distinct wheezes and coughs in the course of one forenoon. When it is cold, they come abroad in cloaks and comforters, but are loth to lose an hour's sunshine. Nobody seems to invite them to dinner, you do not meet them in society, or at theatres or concerts. Even in church-time on Sunday they crawl about the shiny streets. They never ride; they never venture on the beach, or bathe. When they are too old and feeble to walk, they subside into Bath-chairs, and are dragged about the Esplanade to pass the time till Mr. Tressell's men have finished harnessing the black horses to the carriage, and Doctor Bolus is satisfied that he will get no more fees. Who are they—these poor old boys? Alas! may they not have been the strong men who lived before Agamemnon came even to babyhood? These fur-collared spectres lingering about the scenes of their former triumphs, like a dog about the grave of his master who is dead: these, O vain and forward youth, were once the gallant and the gay in that prouder alcove than Clieveden—they were the mimic statesmen who circled the merry king that built Capri. They are old and broken now; but the days have been when they have seen the Regent bow, and Fitzherbert smile, and d'Artois dance,—when they have heard Sheridan laugh, and Brummell jest. They have seen the tawdry rooms of the

Pagoda all blazing with light, and splendour and beauty,—upon the orders of the men, and the jewels of the women. They have seen Sardanapalus, Tiberius, Heliogabalus, Augustus—which you will—disporting himself at Capri. They know of the humours of the wild prince and Poyns. They have heard Captain Morris sing. They have known George Hanger. Are any such extant? you ask. I seem to think so when I meet these ancient dandified men—these crippled invalids from the campaign of vanity, where the only powder was hair-powder, and the only bullets fancy balls.

But Capri is no longer royal. The old dandies, the metamorphosed Pagoda, and the marine-store statue are the only relics left to point out that Capri was once the sojourn of royalty. Stay; there is a chapel royal, with the lion and the unicorn on red velvet within, but it is elbowd by a printing-office, and stared out of countenance by a boot-shop. I for one (and I am one, I hope, of many thousands) do not regret the withdrawal of the patronage. I have an intense dislike to towns royal or semi-royal. Don't you know how people in Dublin bore you about "the Kaystle." In Windsor, however loyal a man may be, he is apt to be driven mad by the interminable recurrence of portraits, not only of the royal family—Heaven bless them!—but of their dependents, hangers-on, and Teutonic relatives. The cobbler who ramps your boots, the chandlery shopkeeper who sells you a ha'porth of twine is sure to be "purveyor to her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent," and you can scarcely take a chop in a coffee-room without a suspicion that the man in the next box, with the aristocratic whiskers and heavy gold-chain, may be one of the royal footmen in disguise. Versailles is one of the dreariest, dullest, dearest, most stuck-up places I know; though it has but the very shadow of a shade of royalty to dwell upon; Hampton Court is poor, purse-proud, and conceited; Potsdam, I believe, is slow and solemn; and Pimlico, I have heard, is proud. The disfranchisement of Capri, as a royal borough, was the making of the place. Dire thoughts of ruin, bankruptcy, grass growing in the streets, or emigration to Dieppe filled the inhabitants at first. But they were soon undeceived. The aristocracy continued their presence and patronage. They liked Capri, now royalty was gone, as a breathing-place. Perhaps, too, they liked a little being royalty themselves. The easy middle-classes came down, brought their wives and families with them, and took houses. By and bye a trunk-railway with numerous branches was started, and that wonderful personage Mr. Vox Populi came down, bag and baggage,—Briareus, Argus, Hydra, welded into one. He brought his wife and children with him. Finally, schools multiplied, and doctors disseminated themselves and differed.

Schools! Capri swarms with them. The moral tenets, inculcated there in the bygone, were not precisely of a nature to render their introduction into copybooks, as texts, advisable; but time has purified the naughty place, and the town is now all over targets, at which the young idea is taught to shoot from the quiver of geography, and the use of the globes,—dancing, deportment, and moral culture. There are ladies' schools of the grimmest and most adult status; schools where the elder pupils are considerably bigger than the schoolmistress; which locate in tremendous stucco mansions in the vast squares at the east-end of the town, and which are attended by music-masters with the fiercest of moustaches, and language-masters with long red beards and revolutionary-hats, and dancing-masters who come in broughams, and masters of gymnastics, deportment, and calisthenics, who have been colonels, even generals, in the armies of foreign potentates. To see these schools parade upon the cliff is a grand sight, driving solemn London dandies and dashing Lancer officers to desperation, and moving your humble servant to the commission of perhaps the only folly of which he has not as yet been guilty:—the composition of amatory verses in the terza rima. They are too pretty, they are too old to be at school; they ought to be Mrs. Somebodies, and living in a villa at Brompton. Strict discipline is observed in these grown-up schools; and I have heard that though Signor Papadaggi, the singing-master, and Mr. Hargays, the lecturer on astronomy, must know, necessarily, every pupil in the school they attend, by sight, the young ladies are instructed whenever they meet their male instructors in public, by no means to acknowledge their salutations, but to turn their heads—seaward—immediately. This they do simultaneously, as soldiers turn their eyes right, to the great comfort and moral delectation of the schoolmistress, whose axiom it is, that men-folk are of all living things the most to be avoided:—which is sometimes also my opinion, Eugenius.

There are long-tailed ladies' schools, whose pupils average from sixteen to six, blocking up every pathway. You cannot pass down a by-street without hearing pianos industriously thrummed, to the detriment of Messrs. Meyerbeer, Thalberg, and Chopin, but to the ultimate benefit of the music-sellers and the piano-forte manufacturers. Brass plates abound; and that terrible epidemic, the collegiate system of female education, has declared itself virulently. Saline Parade College for Ladies, Prince Regency Square Ladies' Collegiate Institute, Hemp Town Academical Gymnasium for Young Ladies, conducted on Collegiate Principles,—what sham next? I marvel what they are like—these ladies' colleges? Have they any affinity to the old young ladies' school?—the Misses

Gimp, stiff and starched, the subdued English teacher, the snuffy French governess, the stocks, the backboard, the pinafores, the bread and butter, and the French mark? Or do the young ladies wear trencher caps and black gowns. Do they go to chapel in surplices, and fudge impositions, and have wine parties, and slang bargees, and cap proctors, and sport their oak? Are they rusticated if they are naughty? Are they ever plucked for their little-go? I should like to see a young lady plucked for her little-go.

As for the boys' schools, their name begins with an L and ends with an N. Plenty of colleges of course; Reverend Doctors, M.A.'s, Graduates of the university willing to take charge of, &c., Gentlemen who have devoted some years to the instruction of, &c., Clergymen most anxious to recommend an, &c., Capri is one huge trap hung with toasted cheese, and the poor little boy-mice are caught in it incessantly. It is good to see the little lads disporting themselves on the beach, or at cricket in the fields, or filing along the cliff, two and two, in every variety of cap and jacket, looking lovingly in at the pastrycooks. I should like to have boys at school at Capri, that I might come down on Saturday, and tip them, and give them tarts at Button's. Yet there are some boys I see in these scholastic processions, who make me melancholy. Fatherless boys; boys with dark eyes whose parents are far away in burning India, and who have found but a hard step-school-father in Doctor Spanker. They have an ugly habit too, of sending sick boys to school at Capri—poor wizen, pale-faced children who limp wearily on crutches after the healthful crew, or are drawn along in the wake of the young band in invalid-chairs, all muffled up in shawls and bandages, and gaze, ah! so wistfully, at the gambolling children and caracoling horses, and come here to be doctored and taught—to learn their lessons—and die.

The College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Company of Apothecaries, the Faculty of Homœopathists; the confraternity of Hydropathists, the Hygeian heretics, or College of Health-Arians, the great Professorial guild of Pill and Ointment vendors; nay, even the irregular Cossacks of medical science—the Bardolphs, Nyms, and Pistols of Field-Marshal Sangrado's army—rubbers, scrapers, counter-irritators, pitch-plaisterers, brandy-and-salt dosers, and similar free lances of physics—known sometimes, I believe, by the generic name of quacks—all these flourish at Capri, a very forest of green bay-trees, and wax exceeding rich. For there are so many really sick people who come to this Capri in search of health, that the convalescent natives, perhaps in deference to their visitors, perhaps by that contagious fancy which leads people to throw themselves off the Monument, and write five-act tragedies, and start High Tory newspapers,

straightway either imagine that they have something the matter with them, and call in the doctor forthwith, or feel that the mantle of Esculapius has descended upon their shoulders; and, purchasing a second-hand mortar and half-a-dozen globular bottles, set up as doctors on their own account. To be a doctor, or to be doctored, are the two conditions of existence at Capri. When a man hasn't a bad leg of his own, he bethinks him of his next-door neighbour, who has one of fifteen years' standing, and insists upon curing it. Come to Capri, and you shall at length know who are the purchasers of Professor Swalloway, and Professor Methusalem, and Doctor Druggem and Widow Wobble's pills; who are the persons who invest capital in old Doctor Isaac Laquedem's Tonic of Timbuctoo, and Messrs. Mullygrubbs' medicated ginger-beer, and Madame de Pompador's farinaceous food; and how the patentees of those inestimable medicines acquire colossal fortunes. In the stream of equipages in the streets, the doctors' sly brougham spots the gay procession like pips on an ivory domino. Call on your rich aunt; you are almost sure to meet the dentist coming in, or the chiropodist coming out, or Mr. Wollop the great gymnastic doctor's carriage (he makes five thousand a-year by kneading people's joints, and cannot spell) at the door. In the remote slums of Capri (for even Capri has slums), in tarry little by-lanes and fishy hovels, where barricades of seines and nets hung out to dry impede the passage, and the little children toddle about in bucket-boots and sou'-wester hats, you may discover, grizzling over saucepans or pumping on patchwork counterpanes, preposterous old women in pea-jackets and Welsh-wigs, always infirm, often bed-ridden—maggot, obstinate, superstitious, ignorant crones—who yet possess wonderful reputations as doctresses, and are the holders of dire medicaments; grim recipes, "as was took by his blessed majesty for the innards," and warranted to work marvellous cures. They cannot read or write, these ancient ladies; they moan in their own sick-beds, and dun the parish surgeon for doctor's stuff; yet they cure all bodily complaints of others. Solemn housekeepers come to Cod's Head Alley or Hard Roe Lane, sent by the Marchioness of Capri, to consult these old women. If they cannot cure, at least they have the consolation of knowing that they thwart the regular physician, and counteract the effect of his medicines, and render his guinea-visit null and void. Do I call people simpletons for running after quacks here at Capri, or throughout the mortal world? No—not I. How do we know—what do we know? Goody Fishbone's salted roe of a herring, beaten up in a glass of rhubarb and gin, and swallowed fasting, may do us good. A man believes in quacks, as a man believes in ghosts; and how many of the wisest of us

have spectres at our bed's-foot every midnight in the year?

Lest quackdom, however, left to itself, should quite cure—or kill—Capri out of hand, it is but justice to remember that it is the dwelling-place of very many learned and accomplished physicians and surgeons—men whose long lives have been spent not only in the ardent pursuit of knowledge and science, but also in doing good to their fellow-creatures—in healing not only wounds but hearts; and who glorify by their charity the profession which by their talents they adorn.

Ought I to say anything of the reverend profession in Capri? Shall I be impertinent in lightly touching on themes ecclesiastical? Would not, moreover, a paraphrase of that which I have said of the doctors do also for the clergy? For there are doctors and doctors, and there are parsons and parsons. Orthodox ecclesiastics—good, pious, charitable, unostentatious men, doing acts of mercy by stealth; Christian priests of every denomination, labouring heartily in their vocation, and earning their reward. And there are also the irregular Cossack corps, the sellers of pious pills, and holy ointments, and polemical plaisters—braying Boanerges, cushion-thumpers—men who jump, and howl, and rave, and throw their arms about, and pipe all hands to repentance as violently and hoarsely as boatswains. When I hear the Reverend Mr. Tinklesimble, who is wonderfully eloquent, but a comb for whose hair and soap for whose face are decidedly (under correction) desiderata—when I hear Mr. Tinklesimble lecture upon the Beast in the Pit, and the Seventh Vial, and the Crystal Sea, proving by word and gesture, plainly though involuntarily, that the study of the Apocalypse hath found him mad or left him so; when in twenty other streets and chapels I hear reverend lunatics gnashing in their padded rooms—I mean pulpits—I am content to pass them by: what would animadversion upon them have to do with Capri, though they dwell there! Are not they common to every nation and every creed, and to all humanity?

Ecclesiastic architecture is of much account in Capri. Tall steeples point upwards like the tall chimneys of Preston, telling of extensive factories of grace. Gothic and Corinthian, Saxon and Byzantine—of every style are these fanes. Yet do I seem to miss a church on a hill I loved twenty years syne: it was the parish church of Capri, when Capri was yet but in the hundred of Herringbone, a poor fishing hamlet. The old church, the natives affectionately called it;—that ancient, grey, shingled, moss-grown edifice, with its carved porch and lazy sun-dial. How many, many times when a boy I have played among the green graves, or sat and gazed in childish contemplation at the town beneath, and the blue sea rising straight up at the sky as though to engulf it; or spelt over the in-

scription on the tomb of the brave sea-captain who took the fugitive Charles the Second over to France after the battle of Worcester, and of that famous old woman who fought in male attire at Blenheim and Ramilies and Malplaquet, all through the wars of Queen Anne, and who died when she was more than a hundred years of age, pensioned by the king of Capri.

But the clergy, the doctors, the schools, the aristocracy, all of the proudest features of Capri, culminate on her boulevards, the Cliff.

The stones of the Paris boulevards and my feet are brothers; I know the gardens of the palace at Lachen; I have walked Unter den Einden, and toiled up the Grande Rue of Pera. I have yet to lounge on the Toledo and the Quay Santa Lucia; to smoke a cigarette at the Puerta del Sol; to humectate the evening breeze on the Pincian Hill; to buy sweetmeats on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, or bargain for a yard of Venice gold-chain on the Rialto. Regent Street is familiar to me, likewise Ratcliffe Highway; yet I question if any public promenade the wide world through be as pleasant, gay, and picturesque as the Cliff at Capri. The footpath is so narrow, to begin with; the throng is so thick, the people so well dressed; they look so happy; there is so much youth. There are so many smiles. The very commerce is light-hearted and picturesque; jewellery, shells, fancy walking-canoe, toys, curiosities, French kid-gloves, bonnets and feathers, hot-house fruits and flowers, gay lithographs, gift-books, albums and church-services bound in velvet and gold. None but the amenities of trade find stalls in this gay mart. The bagatelle is triumphant. Vive la bagatelle!

If you are unmarried, unhappy, poor and have no friends, but are withal of a cheerful temperament, and unenvious of the prosperity of others, it is balm to your wounded spirit to walk here on a breezy morning or sunny autumn evening, gliding silently but observantly among the motley, careless crowd. Hundreds of little histories you may weave for yourself, and not one tragic one among them. Here are sweethearts, young couples on their wedding tour, bluff papas of stock-broking tendencies, who have come express from Cappel Court to take their young families out walking; stout mammas in gorgeous silks and bonnets, like a page out of Mr. Audubon's natural history book. Here are delicious young ladies blushing to find from the admiring eyes of passers-by how pretty they are; here are wonderful foreigners, whose mustachios, braiding, and mosaic jewellery, would do honour to Verrey's or the Café Cardinal, and who, disgusted at the turpitude of the Austrian government, the tyranny of the French Emperor, and the tergiversation of the King of Prussia, have come to Capri as to another Patmos; and are not too proud to teach German verbs, and "Do, Re, mi, fa, sol," for a livelihood. If you have a becoming

British reverence for the Peerage of your country, and for its governing classes, who have done you so much good, you will feel a thrill of pride and gratification when your garments are positively brushed on the cliff by the sweeping *moiré* antiques of peeresses in their own right, and the coat-lappets of hereditary legislators.

You meet everybody on the cliff at Capri. The Peers and the Sweet Peeresses, and the Aldermandesses, and the Board of Works. Her Majesty's ministers in plaid shooting-jackets, bishops' wives in green uglies, gouty old generals in wide-awake hats, archdeacons in waterproof coats, Israelitish millionnaires (very strong is the wealthy Caucasian element at Capri: it dwelleth at Hemp Town in five-storied mansions; it goeth to town in the morning and returneth to dinner by express; grand dinner parties giveth it to the tribe of Benjamin, and of Moses, and of Levy; handsome daughters with ringed fingers hath it, and, curiously, it seems to be continually buying fruit in the market), little city gents, honest florid tradesmen and their families, young dandies, used-up men, fast men, slow men, fellows of their colleges, from Cambridge, in spectacles; blooming busy lawyers, with great shirt-frills and watch-chains; leaders of circuit, in very shabby trousers, with wig-powder yet on their coat-collars, and moving the sea for a rule to show cause why they should not force a transient flush of health into their pallid, tired countenances.

Have I forgotten—no, but I have as yet omitted to mention—two of the strongest classes, and the most constant in their attendance on the cliff. I allude to the lapdogs, and the round hats. Every variety of lapdog may you see, O philosopher, in this Caprean paradise of puppies. The fat, plethoric, wheezy, long-eared, lolling-tongued, door-mat of a dog, with a pink ribbon round his apoplectic neck, and legs so short that their existence is almost imperceptible. This animal as surely belongs to the Dowager Lady Booterstown in the peerage of Ireland, as yonder yelping rat-like terrier—or, perhaps, more like a rat that has stolen and caparisoned himself in a porcupine's panoply—belongs to the austere old gentleman with the nonconformist countenance, who clutches his umbrella as though he were going to beat some body with it; to this dog enters your silky Blenheim spaniel, a lazy little cub, but victorious often in his passive obstinacy, turning over on his back, sticking out his short legs, and, with his head on one side, humorously defying all the efforts of strenuous footpage, and despairing young lady, although armed with the poke-inflicting parasol, to make him move on. Then comes mincing along daintily, as though he had patent leather boots on, Monsieur Caniche—your French poodle, curled, shaven, trimmed, pink-nosed, and redolent of Naples soap. And after him, ambling, but shivering piteously in his plaid paletot, Signor Lungo-

shanko, the Italian greyhound. And, sometimes,—the sight is not often seen by human eyes, but is manifest occasionally—comes there sweeping along the cliff some dowager of ancient days, bearing in her arms the Lost Book of Livy, the ultimus Romanorum, the vinegar bible, the Samothracian Onagra, the blue diamond, the black swan, the pearl beyond price of dog-wood—the Dutch pug; you see his coffee-coloured coat, his moist, short, black nose, his snarling little molars for a moment, and tremble. He departs like a vision, and you ask the wailing ocean, where you may see such another dog alive.

I should like to linger a great while longer on the cliff and at Capri, but my time is come, and to other penal servitude I must betake myself. You have heard nothing as yet of the famous pier at Capri, of the pretty horsewomen, of the bold riding-masters, of the stalwart bathing women, of the doughty Capri tradesmen. All these things you shall hear some day, if you are inclined, and time will serve; likewise of the first mayor of Capri, and how all the town-councillors wanted to be aldermen, and how all the aldermen wanted to be mayor, and failing, each and every of them in the attainment of that high office, moved votes of censure upon everybody, and played the very Deuce with the town of the Metamorphosed Pagoda.

CHIP.

THE COMMUNITY OF GAULT.

This community was composed of seven families, all springing from the same source, and bearing the same name. Lands, flocks, and houses belonged to all alike, and the labour of each went into the common fund. The daughters who married out of the community, were paid a marriage-portion of about fifty-five pounds, but they could come back again in case of widowhood or desertion. Those women who married into the community did not lose their dower in the common funds, and they could always stake it if they were left widows, and wished to return to their own friends. The father left no private heritage to his children, only the rights belonging to all the members of the community. The authority of the chief was absolute. He and the aide who was to succeed him, managed the whole affairs of the association; apportioned the work, regulated the internal arrangements of a jarring household, bought and sold, and in all things exercised unlimited and unquestioned authority. He eat at a table apart, with his aide; the rest of the family together in the hall. Each section of these seven families lived in a separate part of the house, and the principal part of their furniture was provided out of the common funds. Linen, clothes, and smaller matters came out of the wife's dot, or any private work they might have done. The chief used to distribute flax and linen,

&c., produced by the community, to each mother of a family, and she used to spin and make the clothes of her own separate household. Gault was irreproachable in its morals. Prudent, sober, honest, virtuous, it set an example to the whole district, and was regarded as the moral mirror of Saint Bénin des Bois. But things changed. In eighteen hundred and sixteen, Stephen, or Étienne, son of François, then master of the community, withdrew; giving the first example during five hundred years, of any one voluntarily renouncing the advantages of the community of Gault. He received the same sum as a woman's marriage-portion—fifty-five pounds,—and went off with it. In eighteen hundred and forty-three, François, son of this Étienne, a youth who had been born and brought up out of the community, sued the members of the association before the Court of Nevers for his share. Judgment was given in his favour, not as the representative of his father, whose affairs had been duly settled, but as the heir by representation of his grandfather François, and of his grandmother, both of whom had died in the community after the retirement of Étienne. The Court of Bourges, where the case was carried, in appeal from the decision of that of Nevers, quashed this verdict, and upheld the community. But the internal dissension to which the case had given rise, broke up the unity and good feeling of the whole, and in eighteen hundred and forty-six, the community of Gault had ceased to exist. An old and intelligent member gave the following version of the affair.

"The oldest master whose name I know was Father Nicé. I never saw him, but I often heard my grand (father) speak of him. He was all at once invested with the authority of master at thirty-four years of age, in consequence of an epidemic which ravaged the community, and left him the oldest of all the surviving members. His government was wise and respected. He had the entire disposition of the common property, which he divided justly amongst all, according to the needs of each. The members on their side performed with a good grace the labours he assigned to them, sure that the master who had seen them all grow up around him, and who had always treated them as his own children, knew better than they what was right to do. In a word he ruled well, and all were submissive to him.

"During his lifetime Father Nicé chose Étienne le Gault, called le Petit-Tienne, brother of my grand (father?), whom he took about everywhere with him, and who succeeded him. Under the administration of Master Petit-Tienne all remained as in the past; things went only by the orders of the master.

"But under François, my grand (sic), who died towards eighteen hundred and thirty, aged eighty-four years, the spirit of insub-

ordination crept into the community; the young men became proud, and would no longer listen to their elders, whom they wished to guide; seeing which Father François often said, 'A hundred devils, my children, you will see that you will no longer prosper.'

"From this time, and under Master Claude, who closed the list of the masters of the community, things went from bad to worse; religious duties were forgotten; the young men began to swear; they would only work according to their own fancy for the community, diverting all that they could, either in work or of other common property, to the advantage of their own private possessions, though the laws forbade the direct cultivation of these. They also arrogated to themselves the right of requiring the accounts, and of watching over the partition of the harvests and produce. From thence distrust, and often quarrels. And from this time the days of calm and of happiness which the community had known disappeared without return."

THE CROWN OF IONIA.

SWIFT speeds our little boat over the flaunting billow as we bear down from one of the Greek Islands, and fly like a seagull into the breezy bay of Smyrna. A man must be a nautical sort of genius, however, to like this kind of thing, pleasant and dashing as it reads. We are crammed, six or seven of us, in one of those rakish little Greek boats that do the coasting trade in these parts, and a very brisk trade it is. We crowd on such a press of canvas that most of us cling devoutly to one side of the boat, the other being scarcely an inch removed from the angry water. We bend, and dip, and swerve, and then shoot on like an arrow over the waves. I mentally resolve that the sun shall never again shine upon the day which sees me clinging on for dear life to the slippery sides of a little Greek boat in the coasting trade; wondering with each gust of wind whether the lithe, bending mast will break at last, or whether the swelling sail will not prove too much for us, and turn our crazy little bark fairly upside down. I am in no wise reassured by the cold, sneering, philosophical expression of the boatman, who sits perched on the prow as easily as a groom at Tattersall's would sit a plunging horse. I know that his countrymen are as rash in running into danger as they are entirely wanting in presence of mind at a crisis; besides, I should not be surprised if the rogue is a fatalist, and so would not even try to avert any unfavourable event; in a word, that he would expect us all to go down like a cargo of stones with the placid conviction, that our hour was come and could not be postponed!

In consequence of these reflections, my spirits revive considerably when we come to an anchor opposite the British Consulate;

and the broad sail collapses at last, so that we can sit straight again.

The Bay presents a bustling appearance enough. Besides a whole navy of coasters, there are the great steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, and the French *messagéries*, Cunard's fine Liverpool boats, and the dismal old vessels of the Turkish Opposition Company. There is quite a fleet of transports, all labelled and docketed like so many floating despatches. Long, stout, seaworthy *caïques*, very different to the graceful, but flimsy craft of Constantinople, go skimming about with spread sails, bearing parties of passengers to and fro; and barges laden with coal, or provisions, or luggage, toil painfully after them.

Nothing can be more cheerful than the first view of the town. It has not that grand poetical appearance which belongs to Stamboul, and one or two other Eastern cities; but there is an unmistakeable air of solidity and prosperous business about it, which does quite as well. You feel sure, before you have landed, that there is likely to be a good deal of dining among the inhabitants.

You land at a pretty *café*, fitted up in the French style, and crowded with saunterers all day long. Here may be seen with much delight the adventurous British midshipman struggling with a pipe considerably taller than himself, and trying hard to look as if he liked it. Here the unsuccessful French speculator, who has come out with some "*bifteke à domicile*" scheme, consoles himself for the failure of his hopes with the soothing refreshment of a cigar and coffee. Here the brisk young merchant plays at odd and even with his father's gold pieces, and smug elders drive hard bargains together in corners, over a glass of cold brandy and water. Here Miss Emily Pentonville, a young lady travelling on artistic principles (and very odd principles they are), may be discerned by the most near-sighted observer, arrayed in a straw hat of curious dimensions, looking excessively interesting from among her gay flaunting ribbons, and elaborate dress. She is engaged in the novel and promising pursuit of sketching a Turkish water-carrier. She states plainly to her admiring attendant, a shining Levantine exquisite, that if she had only been born a man, her paintings would be considered among those which the world would not willingly see die. A little farther on, again, is a cheerful little gathering. They are engaged in the invigorating occupation of discussing ices and small talk. Their flow of spirits is wonderful, their humour delightful, their wit apt and sparkling, yet it is deserving of note, that not one of them would like to be seen in Europe, an insignificant quarter of the world, which they have, so to speak, exhausted. Their lively proceedings have procured them such an extensive acquaintance in the West, that to avoid the inconvenience of frequent and disagreeable recognition, they have come here, and set up with bran new characters. What

a pity it is that a bran new character is so much like a cleaned glove—which does not look well half so long as it did before.

Let us leave these revellers and take a walk about the town. At the north end of the town is the stone bridge over the Meles, a bridge without parapets, which spans the shallow stream of the unnavigable river; it is a stream that partly gurgles over scattered rocks and pebbles, partly soaks its way through clumps of reeds, which shut out the adjacent sea from view. On the bank of this river, over against Smyrna, the road from the Plain of Hajjilar and the Bath of Diana, is seen, leading straight towards the bridge, and flanked by cemeteries. On the town side are posted one or two detached coffee-houses, and a hut for the custom-house officer who examines firmans and other papers which give free passage to travellers and traders. A certain toll is also paid here by the caravans; and because, in the summer, thousands of camels pass over this bridge in a single day, it forms a favourite lounge for the Smyrniotes, who never fail to conduct strangers to the spot. Beyond this bridge, the road on the left leads to Bour'nabad, and the two roads on the right lead to Boujahand Kooklujah, all villages in which the Frank merchants have country houses. For the journey to these places by Frank ladies I found donkeys to be the steeds in most request. The stranger who is a good pedestrian should make at this bridge his first halt before passing on to the right to see the two famous aqueducts over the Meles, near which there are some fine petrifications; or before visiting, also on the right, the ruins of the old castle. In either of these excursions it is better for him to have a companion than to stroll about alone. The environs of Smyrna, are not at all times as safe as the environs of London. Before we made our way to the caravan bridge—where three robbers had recently been hung—I was taken by my friend to a barren space of ground, above Windmill Point, which is washed by the waters of a broad inlet, running up to Bour'nabad. There I was to see the tents of "the Compromised." For I should say that my first visit to Smyrna, about eighteen years ago, was made during one of the most terrible of all the years of plague.

Straggling cases of plague occurred during the first two months of eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, during which period the inhabitants suffered dreadfully from influenza. Strong winds, with heavy rain, occasional cold and snow, seemed to retard the progress of the plague itself; but, early in March, the weather became calm and hot, and the sky cloudless. On the seventh of March there were six deaths among the Franks, whereupon many houses established quarantine, by causing a wooden gate to be fixed at the entrance, and kept close against all comers. On the thirteenth of March, three cases were reported as having occurred

in the house of Mr. Paizer, the Russian consul, and this circumstance hurried the Frank families out of the city and into the neighbouring villages. Opposite Mr. Paizer's house, in a Greek café, a case also happened, which was thus accounted for. A few days before, a woman had died of the plague at Cooklujah, a place near Smyrna, among the hills; a man who had once had the disease acted as body-washer; and, being a Greek, ever on the look out for his "honest penny," he cut off the dead woman's hair and brought it into town for sale. He reached the coffee-shop in question at a late hour in the evening, and obtained leave to sleep there for the night. One of the children of the house handled the bundle which contained the hair, and shortly afterwards there appeared in the poor child plague symptoms. Inquiry was made, and the boy remembered having meddled with the stranger's bundle; the Greek then acknowledged that it had contained the hair of a woman dead of plague. The consequence of all this was that the speculation in hair "compromised" about five hundred people who had visited the café during the few days' interval between the stranger's arrival and the appearance of disease upon the boy. For this event happened during the last few days of the Greek Carnival, when all the taverns were crowded and the town was full of masquerade and mummery.

Standing one day at the back-door of the Swiss boarding-house I saw a crowd gathering about a little dwelling. A man was pointed out to me as one who was to pronounce whether the plague was or was not in the family by which it was occupied. He strode through the mass of people which shrank from his touch, for he was a plague-doctor; a man, who, because he had once himself passed through an attack and escaped, was exempt from farther risk, and therefore added to his trade of shoe-making the profession of plague watcher. Upon his nod now hung the decision of the question, whether the sick household should remain under its own roof or be consigned to the much dreaded hospitals. He declared the house to be infected. There was no appeal. His myrmidons immediately began to clear the premises; even live poultry was thrown out of the windows into a subjacent ditch, where the poor fowls struggled painfully against their fate, unaided by any one, because they were "susceptible." A bearded Greek priest then arrived and headed the procession, formed by guards, who cut off the afflicted family from contact with the people. The mother, struck with plague, was taken off to one hospital, and the children, still apparently in health, were led off in a contrary direction to St. Roque. Their wild screams almost overwhelmed the sound of the priest's voice as he prayed his way through the bareheaded crowd.

But for the compromised in the case of the coffee-shop just mentioned, there was no public asylum. "To your tents!" was the cry. And so they became outcasts on the common above Windmill Point — men, women, and children huddled under whatever cloth or canvas they had hurriedly procured, crouching misery under shreds and patches, and awaiting so the stroke of the destroyer. Few were the visits paid to this wretched community; and when their friends brought out provisions to them they were laid down at a distance, for no nearer communication was permitted. For a week or two each suspected person suffered this probation, whereof not the least torture was the ceaseless croaking of large frogs, which are the rightful owners of the common. Men in such a position might well envy the Turk, who has no fear at all, and who will even buy and wear the clothes of the plague-stricken, glad to have them at a bargain-price.

Smyrna has been much visited by our yachtsmen; and it is worth while for travellers by yacht to remember that there is one point in Smyrna Bay particularly perilous — namely, off the Flag Castle, just two leagues from the town to seaward. There the Eurotas, French steamer, and the Yankee Mississippi have, among others, taken the ground. From this point to the city of Smyrna, the bay spreads into a tranquil lake, of seven miles in length by about three in breadth; but off the Flag Castle the passage in and out is narrow and beset with spits of sand. The thousand sailing-vessels annually visiting the port seldom fail to escape the danger by not endeavouring to pass this point at night. The steamers, however, run in at all times, especially those making a forty hours' passage from Constantinople.

We shall find that it has not received its name of the Paris of the Levant without as fair a title as to that which the old poets gave it, of the Crown of Ionia. There are smart little French arcades and French shops everywhere. The Europeans you meet in the street are of course much more French than Frenchmen. There is a fine club in the Frank street: it is not much frequented. The Smyrna folks are too fond of visiting, to spend their time at a club. Mr. McCraith, the pleasant English surgeon over the way, has no end of their society. They may be found in friendly little clusters and coteries at his surgery all day long; and very busy they are indeed with respect to the affairs of the nation and the affairs of their neighbours, — of which latter business there is even more than desirable. It is a marvellous matter how scandalous and garrulous all Europeans grow who are settled in hot countries. The natives are by no means talkative or spiteful; but we — mercy on us! — how we do chatter, and how censorious we become. There is more slander spoken among

the virtuous Christians of Smyrna, in one lazy lounging morning, than among all the Turkish population of the town in twenty years.

The British Consulate (passports always on sale at reduced prices, efficacious against the law of the land, and warranted) is opposite Mr. McCraith's. It looks a cool, somnolent, agreeable kind of official residence. Armed men lounge about the doorways, and travelling gentlemen twirl their moustaches under the doorway, mildly wondering why they called there, or what may be the sleepy secrets of the mysterious temple within. An uproarious sea-captain loudly complains that he has paid twice over a consular fee, which should never have been levied at all; and an Ionian subject, much flustered and discomfited, is going away with a Turk from Magnesia, still more puzzled and hopeless than he. It is evident, that whatever may have been the nature of their business at the British Consulate, its termination has not been so satisfactory as might have been desired. Indeed, one of the dragomen seems to have silently taken note of this; for presently he bustles out and enters (quite by accident, of course) into conversation with them. It is a curious matter of observation for the candid inquirer how magically the puzzled faces of the two persons who have last issued from the British Consulate appear to clear up at the voice of the dragoman. Then they all walk briskly off together to the nearest café, and presently the dragoman returns alone, and smiling as if something of a nature by no means displeasing to him had unexpectedly turned up.

All down the pleasant Frank street, you could hardly go into a single European merchant's house without being asked to lunch with him at twelve o'clock, the great feeding-time. It would be wise in you to accept, for though a lingering fear of cholera would prevent you witnessing any great display of vegetables, the Smyrna cooks are by no means to be despised.

Meantime, if you look out, you may have an opportunity of witnessing an open air auction. Property to the amount of a million piastres (ten thousand pounds) may be about to change hands. When the lot is put up a small taper is lighted. While it burns the bidding goes on, so do the auctioneer's praises. When it is burnt out the lot is sold.

Suppose it is not twelve o'clock yet, and you made a visit, the chances are that you would be requested at once to invest your leisure on cold brandy and water and cigars. The odd part of the story, however, is, that in spite of the blazing heat, you may drink almost any quantity of that beverage with impunity. Indeed the practice is at Smyrna steadily to keep on refreshing yourself with it all day. Perhaps the climate is so relaxing that Britons really require a larger amount of stimulant here than elsewhere. When the

hot wind blows, the heat is stifling. The same when the periodical sea-breeze fails. Fearful fevers stalk about the narrow, ill-drained, ill-ventilated streets, and the poisonous bazaars; and here the plague and the cholera have often fixed their stronghold long after they have retired from other places. Smyrna is so unhealthy, so pestilential a spot, that no men stay there during a great part of the year, save during the short hours of business, if they can possibly afford to live away. Smyrna has, however, hitherto been happy in possessing the invaluable services of Mr. Wood, by far the ablest medical man in the Levant.

From one to three, there is almost a perfect lull at Smyrna. Everybody is taking a noontide nap. You will meet none but natives in the streets, and even they are sleeping in the shade; some of the shops even are closed, and the deep sleep which seems to brood over the city lasts till three or four o'clock. Then the shops re-open, and the streets and balconies are crowded with beautiful girls and swains in their best array. Now the Levantine gent may be seen worrying his wretched horse into spasmodic curvets, with his heels pressed down in the stirrups, and his toes a yard and a half from the horse's flanks. His hat fiercely cocked on one side, and his wonderful moustaches twisted wildly into excruciating points. There he may be seen, loud, theatrical, vulgar, laughable; the very soul and spirit of a snob made perfect. He is going to the coffee-houses beyond the town, so to misconduct himself as to become a weary visitation to all men.

A little later, with cavasses to clear the way, ride the great merchants—the Whittalls and Hansons. They are going in gay little parties to their country houses at Bournabat, or the other villages, where they will entertain all the strangers in Smyrna with hospitality quite royal. They have fast trotting horses to try along the road, laughing parties of ladies who will canter out to meet them half way. Kind homely English words will pour among them, such as are music to the traveller who has so long had his ears excoriated by the shrill frantic yells of the Greeks and Levantines. Then there is the last news to be told. The last wonderful vagary of the Padishah Bashi at Pera; the last cold news from the camp. So now, hurrah for a canter as we draw near the pleasant woods and fountains of beautiful Bournabat! The iron gates of the pretty villas are all thrown wide open as, one after the other, the great hospitable commercial magnates ride in, each with his little band of guests and followers. And laughing children come shrieking out with glistening eyes to meet papa, and hang back timidly when they see a stranger, but make friends also with him by-and-by.

An hour later, riding or walking parties of friends, countrymen, and lovers, daintily dressed, roam out on pleasure parties. New

horses are to be tried, a boaster unveiled, a sorry cavalier to be discomfited, or amusing nothings to be whispered gaily in the pauses of the thundering German band in the shady hollow.

Yet a little later, and they will all come curvetting homeward—may be, through one of those grand solemn eastern moonlights. So, slowly from balconies looking in upon pleasant festivals, the sobered lamps flash out. Hence, and thence, comes the sound of a piano, the tinkling of a lute, or rich trembling voices singing. And dainty dames come out in beavies, like moving parterres of living flowers, and pass the gay half hour before dinner, seated at the portal, or wandering in the gardens, after the fashion of the East.

A capital unceremonious dinner is followed by music and dancing, a ramble in the garden, visiting, or cigars in the open air. There is an extensive assortment of amusements always on hand. Only take care you do not meet any robbers, for now and then they pay these wealthy villages a visit, and do such things that the high road to Smyrna is not safe at noonday—far less by night.

In no city of the East is there a more motley assemblage of people than in Smyrna. Porters are seen carrying live sheep on their knots; Zeibecs strutting by in fanciful attire; and men of other tribes whose costumes have, perhaps, scarcely suffered alteration since the time of Xerxes; there is the howling Dervish, for whose cutting and slashing practices Dr. Clarke considers him to be a traditional descendant from the Priests of Baal; there are Turkish ladies with black masks, like the masks of harlequins; Persians in pointed sheepskin-caps, for which see Marbles of Persepolis; monks with their shaven crowns, and Jews with kerchiefs about their brows; there are Italians in every variety of dangling head-gear, and ugliest of all, Englishmen in beaver hats. Then there are also the cocked-hats of naval officers contrasting with the squat cap of the Greek priest and the sugar-loaf gaulaff of the Dervish. Policemen are sublime in turbans, besides carrying the terror of six or seven loaded pistols and a yataghan each in his girdle. They are the crowning glory of the town.

OUR SHAKESPEARE.

OUR Shakespeare is a small club of gentlemen, chiefly of the long robe, who meet upon certain nights, for dramatic readings of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquhar. It was originally founded, as its name implies, for the exposition of the Bard of Avon; but we have of late degenerated, and read that author only too rarely. Plantagenet Smythe Vincent has effected this, upon the plea that we have already got through Shakespeare; and he

makes a rule, he says, never to read any writer more than once, and very seldom that.

There were at first but two members, the true founders of the society, who, like the early Greek dramatists, were obliged to admit a third party, because they quarrelled over the disputed passages, and had no referee. These three great ones are all dead, and many generations after them have followed their example; but their memory is held in veneration by use to this day. Brown has the reputation of having introduced coffee into the club; Jones—the Raleigh of his day—of suggesting tobacco; and Robinson, of concluding our feast of reason with supper. Our great reformer is of course unknown, and unacknowledged. We speak of him only as the sublime someone, who caused a quart of bitter beer to be placed at each man's right hand, and drained in five legitimate acts.

On every Wednesday night, at seven o'clock, our eight assemble, each with his book under his arm, and his heart attuned to any fate. He may be a beggar the next hour, or a myrmidon, or the captain of the guard, or the third messenger, or an emperor of the Indies, or a fool, besides many things worse, and hardly to be named; it all depends upon the drawing of a slip of paper—

The simplest accident on earth,

And one may be High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

Our cast is carefully made, so as to keep the characters as separately as possible—that a lady may not make love to herself, nor a monarch insist upon his own decapitation; but beyond that, fortune settles all. This arrangement prevents ill feeling being generated by any favouritism; and Lady Mortimer assumes her somewhat condensed part as good-naturedly as loquacious Falstaff his. What changes can be effected voluntarily are permitted, but they are not frequent. Our excellent De Courcy insists upon his right to play the jester, and even, perhaps, considers it a character peculiarly his own; while our pleasant, lively Pottle, sticks by his kingship or archbishopric with all the pertinacity of office. It is a grand thing, however, to hear these two when they have drawn parts that really suit them. The former, so calm, so stately, so respectable, and speaking the royal speeches so naturally, is called after the famous regal actor, Blandissimus. Let but a pin drop,—that is to say, cough, laugh, or flip a pellet of paper across the table—while he is rolling forth his magnificent periods, and he will stop instantly, regard the offender with an eye in which justice is not tempered with mercy, and begin his address from the throne again, from the very first tremendous line. Pottle, on the contrary, is always looking out for extraneous excitements; and when anything in his part can be by any means applied personally to a member of the club, it is not lost for want of pointed delivery. "Light, sir, light as a cork," says his majesty of the jester, in confidence; and I think "solemn

idiot" is the term which Pottle privately applies to the king. Yet they are very fond of one another, as indeed I think we almost all are. Our prime favourite, perhaps, is Rollar, who, from being passionately addicted to aquatics, and having, in consequence a general disability to sit with comfort, is known amongst us familiarly as the merman. If it can be possibly managed, we contrive that he shall be a sea-captain, or second mariner, because he doesn't like those parts, and blushes, and reads them in a strange falsetto voice, very like a mermaid's. He is likewise termed the stroke; he being, indeed, the stroke oar of the Leander boats; and, sometimes, on account of his stoutness, the apoplectic stroke. But we all like him immensely. We have an Irishman and a Welchman in the company, with great brogues and their national characteristics in their fullest bloom. They sit next to each other, and read from the same book, but they never fail to quarrel every night. "You pe tam'd," in a low but perfectly distinct tone, too often interrupts the harmony of our periods, and the president's hammer elicits from these two foreigners a good deal more recrimination than apology. I think the tenderness of our love-passages is increased by O'Brien's Irish pathos, but for Cadwallader ap Morgan I cannot say so much. The most amusing speech I ever heard in my life, perhaps, was Hamlet's famous soliloquy as delivered by this voice from the Principalities; while his passion, when we screamed at him, was Owen Glendower's to the very life.

Our best lady-reader is Mervyn Haverse, the curate. The snowy-banded, delicate-handed, but not dilettanti priest, to whom these Wednesday evenings of ours are perhaps more pleasant than they are to any of us. They make for him little resting-places in weeks of up-hill labour, in a great London parish, and afford meetings with his old college friends which otherwise could hardly be; and, indeed, apart from the intellectual pleasantries of our Shakespeare, it is something to have discovered a nest in this populous city, from which our companions, however full-fledged, are not likely to depart. "When half of you are judges and myself a bishop," says Haverse, "I hope we shall go on Old Boy-ing one another all the same."

I declare I can't bear Dowdler to sit next to me (although in other respects he is perfectly satisfactory), on account of the habit he has acquired of whispering to himself. I thought at first he was following the other readers in their parts, as if they were accomplishing the Psalms, and that was distressing enough; but now I know he is rehearsing his own speech before it comes to his turn. I hear sometimes half-a-dozen leaves or more turned over very softly (he wets his finger to do it, on the sly), and then a low monotonous talk begins, like voices in the chamber of

death, until his passage comes upon him unawares, and "Dowdler," from the president, makes him turn red all over, if I may judge, at least, from the roots of his hair, and his ears, and the back of his neck. Also, old Dowdler is remarkable whenever a portion of French happens to occur in a speech of his; for, from inability to pronounce that language, he will leap the whole passage like a fence, and start from the other side, or else leave the room with his handkerchief to his face as though his nose were bleeding, which it is not.

Last comes the eighth man of our Shakespeare—Vincent; or, as I should rather say, and as he would much rather I should say, the Honourable Marmaduke Plantagenet Smythe Vincent. He is a very tall young man indeed. How tall, I cannot accurately say, but I took an opportunity while he was standing with his back to me (a relative position toward people in general which pleases him) of measuring from his coat collar to the skirts of his raiment, and found that to be five feet eight inches; the heels of his boots to be three inches, and the height of his all-rounder to be three inches and a quarter; we thus have his total altitude, with the exception of a small piece of leg below the calf, and of his honourable head. I think he would read better, upon the whole, if he did not lisp; and particularly as his range of characters is more extended than that of any other member of the society. I doubt whether the sudden death of any member would disturb him (I am sure mine would not) so much as the appropriation of his speech for that evening would please him. The prologues have become his perquisites, and he goes quietly through the choicest epilogues amidst the clash of knives and pop of corks, as though supper was nothing in comparison to his confounded lisp. Despite drawbacks, we all read well enough to enjoy our adored author among ourselves. Being an ancient institution as such institutions go, we do not tolerate innovations or new readings; and I should be very sorry to see Mr. Payne Collier, or Mr. Halliwell drop in accidentally when we are on this topic; especially after the toasted-cheese period of the evening.

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HOSPITALS.

ALREADY, before Christmas, hearts are kindling with the Christmas spirit, and the season set apart especially by Englishmen to deeds of hospitality, is declaring itself to most of us with a rich lovingkindness, redundantly kind. What more seasonable topic can there be, therefore, just now, than hospitals, their name and purpose being, in the truest sense, a part of hospitality?

Better still for the Christmas application of the word, they are essentially a part of hospitality as it has been interpreted by Christians. We have the word from ancient Rome. The hospes or guest, either of a private person, or of a temple, or of the whole state had a sacred character; Jupiter Hospitalis was his patron, and avenged his wrongs. The hospitale was the name of the guest-chamber in a Roman's house; that was the first idea of a hospital. The stranger introduced to his host by the recommendation of a third person, was safe within the gates of his protector, who was not necessarily his entertainer; for, after one dinner with the family, the stranger generally dined in the hospitale, and paid for his food. Among the early Greeks these customs of hospitality were kept alive by the religious notion that any unknown person might prove to be a god come in disguise. The guest of the Greeks, too, had Zeus for his peculiar friend. Besides social and political uses, there was mutual advantage to be had by Greeks and Romans out of their own customs of hospitality. The nursing of the sick poor, formed no part of them with either people.

The crowd of sick people lying in the open air round about the temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus, formed the first rough sketch of a hospital for the sick in ancient times. Antoninus Pius caused a building to be furnished for the patients. Before that time, children were born there, and diseased people perished on the ground under the open sky—as temple-keepers told Pausanias with sorrow. The buildings attached to the temple of Æsculapius at Rome, on the island in the Tiber, formed also a receptacle for the sick. That the place had some resemblance to a modern hospital is evident from the decree of the Emperor Claudius, that slaves who had been

sent thither for healing by their masters, should receive their freedom on recovering. The bridges Fabricius and Cestius connected the island of Æsculapius with the town. There are no other traces of a public care taken by Romans for the sick. But these foundations differ altogether in spirit from the hospitals for the sick which exist now by thousands throughout Christendom. The temple of the God of Healing was a place of resort for persons suffering under disease, who journeyed thither as men now journey to Bath or Leamington; but, in a more serious mood, for they went not only to spend money but to pray. Buildings erected for their use bore, therefore, quite as much analogy to a pump-room and lodgings at a spa as to a set of modern hospital wards. This is nearly the case, too, with the only trace of a sick hospital found among the ancient Jews, the House of Mercy at Jerusalem, built beside the healing spring of Bethesda, probably by Herod the Great, that patients might await in it the movement of the water. The ancient world, in fact, was out of sympathy with the fundamental notion of a hospital, and would probably, if questioned on the subject, have given the answer of Shah Abbas of Persia; who, being asked why he had no hospitals in his dominions, replied that they would be a shame to him, for where the government was good there could be no poor, no sick.

In truer sympathy with the realities by which they were surrounded, the Christian apostles began the new system of hospitality by urging constantly that contributions be collected for poor brethren. To memorable words of the Great Founder of our Faith, the modern hospitals owe their beginning, and the earliest of the bishops were most zealous to get money for the poor, the sick, the way-farer, the orphan. Economy first dictated the collection of these objects of care in large buildings appropriated to their use; in such association many might be served by few attendants, and the means of help might be enlarged when cost was saved in food and lodging as well as in attendance. Already in the year three hundred and twenty-five, the Council of Nice had, among other business, to define the qualities and duties of hospital-master. Thirty-five years later Gregory of

Nazianzen is found urging Julian the Apostate to imitate, by the building of hospitals and travellers' rests, the Christians whom he ridiculed. And, at nearly the same time, Basil the Great speaks of the early Christians as having developed the hospital-system into completeness, and regards it as an institution quite peculiar to themselves.

This Basil, Metropolitan of Cappadocia, himself founded, about the year three hundred and eighty, a general hospital, called the *Basiliad*; which was, among the hospitals of its day and all time before it, what *Saltaire* is in our time to the English factories. Its situation was before the gates of its founder's episcopal seat, *Cæsarea*. The *Basiliad* was richly endowed by the Emperor Valens; and others arose on its pattern in the *Morea*, and in other districts of the Eastern Church. Twenty years after the completion of the *Basiliad*, John Chrysostom erected a great general hospital in Constantinople, spending upon it and the other smaller hospitals a part of his own substance, as well as the superfluous riches of the Church. It is at about the same time—in the year four hundred and one—that we first read of lunatic asylums, which were then founded by monks, in the wildernesses of Bithynia.

Many of the earliest hospitals were intended principally for the exercise of hospitality towards poor travellers—after the meaning of our *St. Cross*, or *Sutton's Charity*, at *Rochester*. Some were for rich travellers, who also needed solace on the road. Towards the close of the sixth century, Bishop *Bertichramnus* built a hospital for poor nobles, and another for both rich and poor when on their travels. Another bishop, *Aldricus*, built a hospital for travelling bishops, counts, and abbots, and another for the poor, sick, blind, and lame. In the eighth century we find laymen at work. In *Luca* alone there were then three hospitals founded by burghers, and the German residents there were establishing, for their own countrymen, a fourth.

The earliest known founding hospital was established in the year seven hundred and eighty-seven, at *Milan*. The first approach to a hospital for crippled soldiers was that made in one of the most famous early hospitals, the great orphan asylum of the Greek Emperor *Alexius Comnenus*, founded in the year one thousand and ninety. Of this his learned daughter, *Anna Porphyrogenita*, testifies that it equalled a small town in size, and that the enormous host of poor cherished therein did not consist wholly of orphans; the place being also a refuge open to others who required support, especially the blind, the dumb, the lame. It was also, in express terms, open to decrepit soldiers—noble foreboding of our *Invalides* and *Chelseas*!

These bishops were at first the managers of hospital affairs; but, as the sphere of epis-

copal duties and ambitions widened, they devolved this care upon deacons, who became hospital-masters; so that at last, says *Thomas-sinus* writing on Church discipline, diaconate and hospital became almost synonymous. The early popes distinguished themselves by founding many such charitable diaconates. In the time of *Anastasius Bibliothecarius* (the ninth century), there were twenty-four of them in *Rome*. The cardinals afterwards got these, and fattened on their funds. During a long period, fourteen cardinal-deacons, named from chapels on the site of the abolished hospitals, *Santa Maria in Via Lata*, *Santo Giorgio in Velabro*, etcetera, have had the opportunity of pocketing the money of the poor.

Isolated divines first held office as hospital-masters in the provinces; but as the monastic system grew, it, by degrees, absorbed the hospitals into itself. The vows of poverty, the religious functions, the knowledge, the abundance of leisure, and the numbers of monks gathered under one roof, made it appear both wise and natural to entrust them with the nursing of the sick and the attendance upon poor afflicted people in the hospitals. There even arose orders of monks and nuns—hospital brothers and sisters—vowed especially to hospital attendance.

The Crusaders brought into Europe the leprosy of the East, and gave rise to the building of leper—afterwards pest—houses. By the beginning of the seventeenth century they had fallen into disuse, but the number of ordinary hospitals had increased largely. According to their nature they had learned names, dating generally from the time of *Justinian*, and from the names we know how various in nature they had always been. The almshouses were *ptochotrophia*; if asylums for the old, *gerontocomia*; for children or orphans, *orphantrophia*; for foundlings, *brephotrophia*. If they entertained and lodged strangers or pilgrims they were *xenodochia*; if for the lodgment of the sick, *nosocomia*. Plague-houses had the military name of *Lazarettos* from the hospitals of *St. Lazarus*, in which the outcast lepers, called *Lazari*, were received and tended by brothers of the order of *St. Lazarus of Jerusalem*. There were even medical and surgical, and lying-in and lunatic hospitals; long since there existed also hospitals for curables or incurables, and for special complaints, as diseases of the chest or small-pox.

We have cared only to speak of the birth of the Hospital System. Its modern growth may be traced in the familiar histories of such foundations as the *Hôtel Dieu* at *Paris*, or of *Saint Bartholomew's* and *Thomas's* in *London*. *Saint Bartholomew's* dates from about the close of the period to which we have been now referring. In the year one thousand one hundred and two, it was founded as a sick hospital in connection with

the priory of the Dominicans of Saint Bartholomew. Saint Thomas's was, in the first instance, a hospital for converts and poor children, founded as the Almonry by Richard, a Norman prior of Bermondsey. Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, soon afterwards converted it into a priory, and endowed it handsomely. In the time of Henry the Eighth (who had enlarged and aided Saint Bartholomew's) it fell to the crown, and Edward the Sixth, with the help of the citizens, founded it as it now stands, and dedicated it to Saint Thomas the Apostle vice Saint Thomas à Becket. Such was the transition of sick hospitals in this country from monastic into purely medical control. The story of the Hôtel Dieu in Paris is the story of the development of the Hospital System in countries that have remained under the discipline of the Roman Church. Founded in very remote times—as early as the year six hundred and sixty—by Landry, Bishop of Paris, endowed and enriched by successive generations of kings and citizens, it now owns whole streets of Paris, and is probably the wealthiest foundation of the kind in Europe. It is also, as everybody knows, one of the very best sick hospitals existing. Of such history we say no more. It has been enough for us to show how intimately the birth of the Hospital System is connected with the great event we celebrate at Christmas. They exist, indeed, literally and perfectly as a part of Christmas hospitality.

We have none heartier. No institutions in this country, maintained by public funds, are managed with a stricter reference to the end proposed in their foundation, than the hospitals for the sick in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief provincial towns. Not very many of them are endowed. Most of them, overwhelmed by applications from unhappy creatures who beg for relief when in the sorest need, strain to the utmost their powers of usefulness, and even spend by anticipation the increased help which the public will be asked to give. The English public very rarely fails to meet such bills drawn, not dishonestly, on its benevolence. Let us be just enough, before we pass further, to say that the mainstay of the European hospital system as it now exists—no longer in charge of the monks—is the right-minded liberality of the medical profession. Hospitals for the sick are practically entrusted altogether to the control of this body of men; which might have mismanaged its trust, but has not done so. It has foregone every mean advantage and seized only a noble one. Using the masses of disease brought together in these great establishments, as means of study, for the sake of experience that can be acquired in them by skilled men, and of the practical knowledge that can be imparted in them to the student, the profession undertakes, gratuitously, to supply them with the best attendance that its ranks can furnish, to

watch over them jealously, and to protect them with all its might against the black spirit of jobbing. There are many little-nesses manifested in the medical profession; but this is a greatness. The relation in which it stands to the hospital system throughout Europe, forms indeed one of the best features of modern civilised society.

There are also many phrases cherished by the nation and inscribed by it on flags of triumph, which are not so really glorious as the inscription commonly seen running across the walls of a great hospital—Supported by Voluntary Contributions. How large a mass of quiet charity, exerted year by year, keeps every such establishment in action! Reliance on it strengthens. Only eight years ago a hospital for diseases of the chest was founded in the city of London for the aid of poor persons suffering from those national maladies. It began quietly with a modest house in Finsbury; but soon seeing its way to support while it felt how urgent was the cry of suppliants about its door, built for itself (in great part with money borrowed from its treasurer) a hospital, exactly fitted for its uses, in Victoria Park. This has been open since the spring of the year to as many patients as the income of the institution will maintain. It is fitted carefully with apparatus for maintaining that equable supply of warmth which is at all times so essential in a chest disease, carefully ventilated, (probably the best specimen of artificial ventilation to be met with in the hospitals of London,) replete with ingenious contrivances, and, indeed, wanting in no essential thing. Nobody doubts all the while—it is taken for granted—that, as such a hospital was really wanted in that quarter of London, the voluntary contributions will suffice for its support.

The King's College or Central London Hospital, in Portugal Street, is even now furnishing another example of this quiet reliance on the public; although, as an institution having larger duties to perform and cares to bear, it has felt its way more slowly. For a long time it was content to burn a steady light under an ugly bushel; having an old workhouse patched into a hospital for the reception of its patients. Manfully enduring this for many years while gathering a building fund, and at last building, we believe, only as far as and as fast as the fund allows, it is now erecting, and already in part possession of, a hospital that will be probably the most perfect in London. One wing is completed and occupied. Of its spacious wards we can give some idea in this way. The hospital in Victoria Park just mentioned is admirably built, and its managers are justly pleased to be able to say that the space allotted to each patient varies between eight hundred and twelve hundred cubic feet. In the new King's College Hospital the allowance of air to each patient is one thousand eight hundred, and, in the large medical wards, will be two

thousand five hundred, cubic feet. By a cunning arrangement of the entire plan it is provided that, without any other ventilating apparatus than the great staircase and the doors and windows, a current of fresh air can sweep in a minute over any given space within the building, and the entire hospital can have its air changed in an exceedingly short time. There is no hot-water apparatus. The wards, large as they are, having thick walls and windows of plate glass to exclude external cold, are warmed and ventilated by no other means than open fires. This system was in use last winter during the long and severe frost, and it was found to answer perfectly. There is nothing preferable to an open fire. To the objection that it carries half the heat up the chimney, the reply is, so much the better, since it carries foul air with it. Of course in a hospital devoted exclusively to chest complaints an artificial regulation of the air is necessary, but what is good for a consumptive man is bad to a man panting for abundance of fresh air when prostrated with fever. Chest complaints form about a sixth part of the general mass of disease treated in hospitals, and for at least four of the other five-sixths of the sick, as for all healthy people, the pure air of heaven is most wholesome when it has been to the least possible degree doctored. Furthermore there are in the new buildings theatres, laboratories, photographer's rooms; there is a pretty little chapel, where, with the utmost simplicity, the architect has known how to achieve elegance of detail that has cost nothing but the wit spent in inventing it; yet the endowment of this hospital—which will be more perfect of its kind than even the richly-endowed Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, founded upwards of seven centuries ago, and aided with the wealth of kings—is only one hundred and twenty-six pounds a year. It exists by the voluntary contributions of the public. As it is with one, so is it with all—every opportunity of enlargement and improvement is promptly seized—the latest knowledge is applied to the carrying out of the intentions of the public, and the public maintains its own work.

Because we happen to have some figures before us that relate to one hospital, and find them generally illustrative of the position of most institutions of the kind, we quote them; but we do not, by any means, wish it to be inferred that we are making out a case for any single institution. Similar figures might be shown for all; if we did not believe that, we should not quote them. It is noticeable, then, of the hospital which we have just shown to be capable of vigorous activity, that while it has only a nominal endowment fund, its annual subscriptions only amount to fifteen hundred a year, and that for the rest of its expenses (three or four thousand a year) it depends—and depends safely—on free

gifts, connected with which there is no understanding that they are to be repeated. There are some still more noticeable points connected with statistics of attendance. This hospital provides help to the poor in the central districts of London, and the vast extent of the usefulness of such institutions is made very apparent by a summary like the following taken from the hospital books. The number of cases from the parish of St. Clement Danes treated in eighteen hundred and fifty-four amounted to two-fifths of its whole population; from St. Mary-le-Strand, the same proportion; from St. Dunstan and the Temple, one-fifth of the population; from St. Giles one-sixth; from the liberty of the Rolls one-tenth; from St. Paul's, Covent Garden, one-tenth; and from other parishes respectively tenths, twelfths, fourteenths, &c., to fiftieths, according to their distance.

We trust that the proportion is not great of those greedy people—generally, we grieve to say, ladies—who falsify such lists with assumed names and parishes, and, having left their rings and watches at their homes, or at a neighbouring shop, wait with the poor in the out-patients' room for gratuitous prescriptions. Such people afflict to a certain extent all our hospital physicians, and, when they are detected have the benefit of a few words of wholesome truth about themselves. It is as little pardonable to drink the medicine, as to eat the bread of the poor, for the hospital door is never wide enough to let in all for whom it has been really opened. It would be a wholesome corrective of this sort of fraud, if the names of the detected were published.

It would be well to be contented for a season with the London hospitals now kept on foot by public contributions. Steadily as they all are backed, there is not one of which the development has yet been carried to its utmost point. All are conveniently placed in various districts, are beset with unsatisfied requirements; almost every one of them wants for its completion more beds, or a new ward; here and there one wants even as much as a new wing. To fill up the scheme as it is now sketched will supply ample scope for beneficence during at least another forty years.

The means, for example, of at once putting an important light into the whole picture are set while we write before the public. It is understood that Miss Nightingale is not only willing, but anxious, to devote herself as nobly to the sick poor in the hospitals of London as she has devoted herself heretofore to the sick soldier in the hospitals of the Crimea. It so happens, that to grasp the priceless treasure that she offers—her future service—is the best way we have of giving testimony to our admiration of the services she has already rendered. Her desire is to superintend the nursing in some

London hospital—to train hospital nurses; and the desire of her friends is, that the public may supply her with the means of serving it in its own institutions with the utmost possible efficiency. The nursing, as it now exists in London hospitals, is, notoriously, one of the weak parts of the system. Hospital funds afford but scanty pay; and the direct training of ill-paid nurses by the hospital officials, or even of well-paid nurses, would be scarcely practicable. They must pick up their knowledge as they can. They are good, careful women, often; oftener, blundering, careless, and incompetent to learn. The hospital nurse is, nevertheless, the best nurse to be had in private families, and rich and poor thus suffer alike from the neglect of this branch of attendance on the sick.

One thing, we may suggest, seems to us very certain: that until the hospital nurse is better paid, she cannot easily be made more efficient. Economy is forced upon the hospitals themselves; and there is no reason why they should unlearn the lesson. To the public voluntary contributions made in money, it would not be difficult to add a voluntary contribution of material in the shape of nurses trained under the care of Miss Nightingale, and already half-paid out of an ample fund entrusted to that lady's management. In aid of its own little town of hospitals, the public might create a training school for nurses, supplementary not to one only, but to all. How to do that would not be a hard problem for solution, if once the wherewithal to do it were a problem solved. To attempt less would indeed be to fulfil the letter of a modest wish, but would be scarcely—

“quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.”

DAISY HOPE.

FAR away down in the north, where the Forth, after flowing proudly past the castle of Stirling, loses itself in the rich alluvial plain through which it winds in so many golden links to the sea, there was a small collection of cottages not large enough to aspire even to the dignity of a village, but which rejoiced in the collective name of Bank Row. The largest house in the number, which bore evidence, in size and architecture, of having seen better days, was Daisy Hope, a long irregular building, of which the wings had gradually tumbled down, and the main part of the house fallen into disrepair; while roof and chimney in many places threatened immediate dissolution, and only the lower floor and a small portion of the one above could be occupied with safety.

The lands, of which Daisy Hope had at one time been the manorial residence, had been worthy of the style and pretension of the house. Far and wide their boundaries had

extended; rich Carse and Haugh had spread themselves along the river side; cattle were fed upon the Ochils and fish caught in the lower links of Forth—all on the property of the Millers of Daisy Hope. But the Millers of Daisy Hope had been careless and extravagant for many generations. When the Rebellion broke out in seventeen hundred and fifteen, there was a foolish Miller of Daisy Hope who left his comfortable quarters and led his tenants to join the Pretender. The English government took him prisoner, and sent in a bill for his maintenance in Newgate, which cost him half his remaining land. In thirty years afterwards the son and heir of this intelligent gentleman followed his father's example, and paid more dearly for the honour of commanding a regiment at the battle of Falkirk; for he was executed on Tower Hill, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But when many years were come and gone, there came to Daisy Hope an old man who was recognised by some of the neighbours as a son of the last of the Millers, and occupied a portion of the lands as tenant; a small portion; for though he gave it to be understood he had tried to improve his fortunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as poor as any of the peasantry round him. His family was brought up in accordance with their altered circumstances; and some ten or twelve years ago it was only the students of genealogy and inquirers after family arms who knew that the poor old man—the grandson of the last of the lairds—who added to his scanty profits, as cultivator of a few acres of land, by acting as carrier between Stirling and Bank Row, was the lineal descendant of the Millers of Daisy Hope.

Least of all to entertain such useless knowledge was honest Andrew Miller himself, a tall, upright figure, with his long white locks escaping from under his broad lowland bonnet, as he walked sedately by the side of his strong and sinewy, but not over-fed horse “The Bruce;” no thought of grandeur or wealth ever entered his head. If he could manage, by all his toil, to leave his wee mitherless bairn provided for, that was all he ever desired. And for this purpose he worked with all his heart. And Bessy was well worth working for. The prettiest blue-eyed, light-hearted lassie that ever was seen, it was the most charming sight in the world to see her springing along on the Stirling road to meet her father on his return; then to see her lifted into the cart and, seizing the reins, drive the Bruce with a tiny willow wand in her hand, and encouraging the too ambitiously-named quadruped to more rapid exertion with promises of warm oatmeal for his supper, and clean straw for his bed. This was when she was eight or nine; but when two more years were past, there came into her eyes a more sedate and thoughtful expression such as poverty often imprints on even more youthful countenances than Bessy's; but the

change gave only a deeper charm to her beauty, and even the father seemed to grow conscious that there was something about his little "lassie" that made her different from "ither folk." There was a grace in her walk which he saw no where else; and when she sat in the silent kitchen, and took his hand in hers after his work, and sang some old Scotch ballad with a voice so sweet and clear; old Andrew was very much astonished to find somehow that his eyes had become filled with tears, though he had never been so happy in his life. But there were soon to be other people to share in the old man's admiration. The upper floor was still fit for occupation, and after a little bargain-making a grand English lady of the name of Mrs. Donnington was installed in the apartments, into which some scanty furniture was put which Andrew brought in his cart from Stirling.

When fairly distributed over the drawing-room, and the little parlour, and the two bed-rooms, it made the mansion appear in the eyes of all the village the most sumptuous dwelling-place that ever was inhabited by a king. All the population flocked up to see the rooms before the grand lady came. There was a table of rosewood, covered with a velvet cloth of the most rich and gorgeous manufacture; embroidered on the centre of it, in gold thread, was a coat-of-arms representing griffins with expanded wings, and other unknown animals. Then there were six chairs, also of carved rosewood, and also covered with velvet cushions, with the same embroidered ornaments. On the mantel-piece was a beautiful clock, in which Time, carved in marble, blew a trumpet to awaken Industry, which unfortunately had fallen asleep on the pedestal; and over the middle of the room was spread a carpet, so soft, so thick, so beautiful in colour and design, that it was thought a shame to apply so magnificent a work to so degrading a use as to be trod upon; but rather, it was unanimously agreed, that it should be hung upon the walls, carefully covered from dust with a linen cloth, and only opened out on extraordinary occasions. On the hearth-stone was spread another article which excited still more admiration. It was a rug composed of the finest possible furs, all sewed and joined together so as to make a beautifully variegated pattern; and of so much value from its size and quality, that there could be no doubt that Laddy Donnington, as she was called, was closely connected with the royal family, or was even a cousin of the Governor of the Bank. And a stately lady she was when at last she made her appearance. With high, thin features, a remarkably erect figure, and a dignity of manner which at first overawed and surprised the beholder, she seemed in the eyes of Andrew Miller the exact complement and appropriate conclusion to the furniture by which she was surrounded. The

Queen of Sheba on her throne of gold was not more fittingly established than Laddy Donnington, with her feet on the fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet cover of the table. As for Bessy, she opened her eyes, and also her mouth, but said nothing. She was presented to the great lady as her maid-of-all-work; her tire-woman; her chambermaid; her dame de compagnie; and stood before her in that four-fold capacity, holding tight by her father's hand, who had ascended with her to the drawing-room, and so blushed and so flustered, and so stuttered and trembled at the awful apparition, that she derived no consolation even from the kind tone of voice in which the old lady spoke,—nor recovered her self-possession, till by little and little the unaccustomed fear departed, and she went nearer and nearer, and looked into the eyes of her majestic mistress, and saw something in them which seemed to soften when their looks met; and on parting the first night, it was scarcely with surprise—it certainly was with pleasure—that she felt the grand dame's hand laid upon her head, and her lips applied to her cheek.

"Oh, faither, faither!" said Bessy, rushing into the kitchen, "she kens what it is to hae an orphan bairn, for she has a faithierless laddie hersel."

"Puir woman!" said Andrew. "He'll hae dee'd most likely o' the gout, for they say English great folk are terrible on the turtle and wine."

"And only think, faither!" continued Bessy, "when I cam' awa' she kissed me!"

Andrew looked at her as she said this, as if for a moment he feared her vanity had led her to boast untruly; but when he saw how real her gratification was, he said nothing, but only looked at her with more pride and affection than ever. He could not have looked at her with more respect if she had been that moment presented with the order of the Garter, with permission to wear the insignia on her arm.

The country side was alive with reports and conjectures about the past and present history of the Lady at Daisy Hope. Some thought she was perhaps a former Mistress of the Robes of her Majesty the Queen, and had been condemned to her magnificent exile for interfering too much in political affairs. People who were lucky enough to see her in a dress of solemn velvet, with a veil of richest lace extending its thick covering over her features, were the more confirmed in the belief in her previous dignity in the court, as they took it for granted that the perquisites of the office included the royal dresses; and nothing less than a crowned head could have worn such articles of apparel. Others of a still more suspicious disposition believed she was one of the deposed potentates who at that time were perambulating Europe; but whether she was a Spanish princess, or one of the elder Bourbons, they

could not exactly decide. It is strange that nobody was lucky enough to guess anything near the truth.

Bessy, to be sure, soon began to feel less awe; for the grand lady was by no means grand in her manner to her. She even amused herself by teaching her to read and write, and in a short time derived full payment for her labour in the possession of the cleverest little reader and amanuensis that any body could wish. How pleasant it was in the long winter evenings to see the little girl seated on a footstool at the lodger's feet, reading in a clear, child-like, but very intelligent voice, long pages of Orme's *History of Hindostan*, and *Lives of Warren Hastings*, and the sufferings of the English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta! But sometimes the night's entertainments consisted of lighter and more interesting volumes than these. There were poets, and novelists, and historians, all opening their stores to the quick apprehension of Bessy Miller. And there was solid talk, too; for Mrs. Donnington had seen the world, though the greater part of her life had been spent in India; and, glad of an attentive listener, though in the person of one so young, she sat with her hand on the lassie's head, and told her the adventures of her life, the manners of the far East, the storms at sea she had encountered, the grand oriental cities she had visited, the gorgeous buildings of Delhi, and the sacred waters of Benares.

Then sometimes the new secretary tried her powers in writing letters to her patroness's son; a lad at this time of sixteen or seventeen, and just finishing his course at one of the great English schools, preparatory to his embarking in a profession. What the profession was to be the anxious mother could not decide. Meanwhile the time for his entrance upon life drew near, and his letters in reply were full of ardent hope and strong anticipations of success. Once he came—but his visit was short, and his interviews with his mother so long, that Bessy was little heeded. So again she betook herself entirely to the company of her father, and illuminated him, at second-hand, with the wondrous knowledge she had picked up in the last half year. It was only when he was on the eve of his departure that Walter Donnington took any notice of his mother's friend. He thanked her for her kindness, patted her on the head with the familiar condescension of a very old gentleman to a very young child, and remarked for the first time the extraordinary beauty of cheek and eye as a blush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of gratification, seemed to suffuse them both. But boys of seventeen have an unbounded contempt for girls of eleven and a half; and Walter took a sorrowful leave of his mother, after a week's stay, and departed from Daisy Hope almost without wishing Bessy Miller good-bye.

Again the confidences between the old lady and her protégée began. A commission in the army had been offered to the son, and she had at last given her consent to him to accept it. He was to spend some months at a military academy, and then join the regiment, which was stationed in India. So all the interval was spent in expectation of the visit he was to pay to Daisy Hope before he left England. Indian story was more carefully studied than ever; the history of the wars of all times and nations were carefully read; and Bessy's education was more fitted for a cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich, than for the daughter of a poor Scotch carrier in a broken-down farm-house on the banks of the Forth.

The expected visit was to take place in September, and people passing the ruined gateway of the Hope were surprised to see an approach to a little garden gradually making its appearance in front of the drawing-room windows. Sometimes even they were startled by the apparition of a tall lady dressed in black silk, and sustaining her stately form on a long gold-headed cane, superintending the labours of Bessy Miller, in watering the flowers and tying up the roses. In these labours old Andrew Miller joyfully assisted, and a painter no doubt could have made a very picturesque group of the lofty lady, and the blue-bonneted, grey-coated peasant, watching the graceful motions of the little girl with almost equal affection. It formed a bond between the elders which made up for the differences of their condition; and Andrew could stand for hours on the lawn discoursing on Predestination and Effectual Calling, as also on the prices of oatmeal, and the prospects of the Barley Harvest, with the greatest ease and fluency. Sometimes he was interrupted in the middle of a disquisition on turnips, or free-will, (for Andrew was a great controversialist on all subjects, and settled points of divinity and routines of crops, with the same facility), by the lady's saying to him—"But, Mr. Miller, I have just been thinking again—what will become of Bessy if we both die?"

"Troth, my leddy, I dinna ken; for except it be the Bruce—who has seen his best days; mair by token, he'll be fifteen year auld next grass; and wadna fetch above ten pound at Hallow fair; I'm thinking she'll hae nae great share o' world's gear—but she's a gude lassie, and a bonnie; and friends will aye be raised up for her; for isna there a promise that she'll never be forsaken, nor reduced to beg for bread? The cart also wadna fetch muckle, by reason one of the wheels is rather frail, and the left tram needs constant mending; but what o' that? Had Queen Esther's father a horse half sae gude as the Bruce! or any sort o' cart ava? and yet she clamb up on a golden seat, and fitted a new rope round Haman's thrapple—a proper end for a' unbelieving Jews."

Mrs. Donnington did not seem particularly encouraged by the example of Queen Esther and Andrew's animosity to the Hebrews, but resolved to do her best for the future fortunes of her favourite herself. But not much was in her power. For some days she was busy assorting her drawers, and tying up various parcels. Then she wrote several letters with her own hand, directing them to various practitioners of the law in Bedford Row, and other precincts of Themis; but when the answers came, they seemed to convey no pleasant intelligence. She increased, however, in her kindness to Bessy, as if to make up for some involuntary wrong; and, whether from disappointment at not being able to carry out some scheme in Bessy's favour, or from some other cause, the lady became gradually unwell, her walks in the garden grew less frequent, her weakness increased, and when September came, and Walter arrived to say farewell, she was confined to her chair. His stay was to be limited to a fortnight. The excitement of his arrival, and the expectation of his departure, combined to increase her illness, so that, as Adam Miller expressed it, "the end was unco' near." The young people were, as usual, blind to the symptoms of decay; and how great was their surprise, it is needless to say, when they were summoned, one evening, to the sufferer's bedroom, and ushered by Andrew into what he called "the chamber o' the great King." The great King was indeed there in all his majesty—and with a blessing on Walter, and with her hand locked in Bessy Miller's, the grand old lady died.

Oh! there was such surmising, and guessing, and wondering, within the next few days, as never had been heard of in Bank Row. Nay, they extended beyond Bank Row. There were curious persons in Alloa and Stirling itself, who marvelled at the incidents as they gradually evolved themselves after the death. Lawyers from England arrived and took inventories of the furniture. Many people thought they were Commissioners under the Great Seal, who were going to dispose of the famous carpet, and the rug, and the embroidered chairs, and the rich-hung beds, to some foreign potentate, and so to diminish the national debt. Even in Edinburgh, the gentlemen of the robe, in the absence of any business of their own, discussed the character of the deceased, and the legal effect of certain covenants which it was alleged she had entered into to pay off her late husband's debts, and for that purpose had conveyed to certain trustees her pension from the East India Company as general's widow, and reduced her establishment to the dimensions we have seen it at Daisy Hope. Discussions took place as to whether her personalty was included in the conveyance; such as rings, necklaces, and even her wearing apparel. Bets, also, to a small amount, were plentifully laid on the question of what Court would have jurisdiction

in this important case. But the law seemed to settle itself without the intervention of a single wig; for the gentlemen from London carried off all the furniture, and after paying Andrew Miller all that was due for board and lodging, took themselves off, as if in a hurry to escape from so tumble-down a mansion, and so solitary a place. But Walter had seen the parcels which his mother had so carefully tied up. They were addressed to Bessy; and on going away, after the funeral, wretched and broken-hearted, he took his mother's ring from his pocket—a beautiful amethyst surrounded by small pearls, and put it on Bessy's finger—a mile too large for her tiny hand, and kissed her cheek with the tenderness of a brother, and disappeared at a great pace on the Stirling road.

And what became of Bessy Miller? She opened the parcels when her grief allowed, and saw they were gowns of silk and satin, and shawls of beautiful colours; and she determined never to part with them unless under the pressure of extreme want; and cherished them as memorials of her kindest friend, often taking them out, and gazing at them with tears in her eyes, and looking back on the two last years as the happiest and saddest of her life. Ah! Bessy! prepare yourself for more grief still—don't you see how weak your father grows? how deeply he pants for breath? how disinclined he is for exertion? And the house is falling to ruin faster than ever. The rains of October have forced their way through the roof. In the room where the grand old lady died there is a pool of water on the floor, the door has nearly dropped from its hinges, parts of the ceiling have fallen down in the drawing-room, the garden is covered with weeds. Surely, there is a cloud of some great misfortune overhanging Daisy Hope. How she waited on her father! How she read to him in the Bible, and repeated the metrical Psalms, and smoothed his pillow, and comforted him, and attended to everything; and how she watched him one terrible January night, when the river came roaring down, and the cold wind was howling among the rocking chimneys, and the fire was burning fitfully upon the hearth, and old Andrew was dying in the recess-bed in the kitchen, and how she listened for his breath amid the pauses of the storm, and saw the heaving of the bed-clothes in the uncertain light, and then, how the sudden great silence fell upon her heart, when, after a few words of prayer for his little daughter, the good man ceased to breathe, and nothing was heard more but the plash of rain upon the window, and the occasional lap of the peat flame, as it flickered up the chimney. And Bessy closed her father's eyes, and knelt down by the side of the bed. And she is only twelve years old, and very desolate. Poor Bessy Miller!

But the prophecy of old Andrew soon came true, and friends were raised up for the orphan in very unexpected quarters.

The poor are always kind to each other, and the villagers came in with sympathy and help. The good old minister was down among the first, and Bessy was taken up to the manse, for the dreariness of the ruined farm was too much for the solitary child; and before a month was past, a prospect was opened of a more permanent place than could be found for her at the parsonage-house.

There was a great handsome mansion at Balham Hill, near London, with garden-houses, and coach-house, and stables, and enormous iron gates, and rows of great trees, vainly trying to persuade itself by means of these rural appearances, that it stood in a great park in the county of Warwick; and this large domicile, with all its grounds, and shrubberies, and graperies, and gardens, was the residence of an overwhelmingly rich citizen, who daily performed the journey from these agricultural splendours into a little dingy-looking lane in the City, and busied himself all day long about what seemed to the eyes of the uninitiated, the paltriest concerns. He toiled from morn to night among bales of merchandise and invoices of cargos, and sold shiploads of sugar, or bought warehousefuls of cotton; for nothing came amiss to him; and everything flourished on which he laid his hand. After many hours of these labours, he stepped into his immensely-decorated carriage at the door of the dirty counting-house, and was driven rapidly through streets and avenues till he reached the suburban elysium at Balham, and was received at the entrance hall by his daughter and his wife. This lasted so long, that it was unanimously believed by the three personages just named, that it would last for ever; it was therefore with a feeling compounded nearly as much of surprise as of grief that the lady and her child perceived that the ordinary course of affairs had suddenly changed: that the carriage came no more to the door at nine o'clock, and returned from London at half-past five: that the dinner was no longer on the table punctually at six; for a certain tremendous cavalcade had departed one morning from the front door, with the principal vehicle profusely ornamented with black feathers, and a noble piece of sculpture, emblematic of Hope and Resignation, rose gradually over the humbler graves in the Highgate cemetery. How touching is the grief of a widow left sole mistress of a place like Balham Belvidere, with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the four per cents! It overflows in square hatchments over the middle window, and black velvet over the seat in church, and yards of crape in all directions, and widows' weeds of preternatural size. So the glories of the Belvidere were eclipsed for many months under a cloud of mourning. The bereaved proprietor devoted herself to the

cultivation of her husband's memory and the spoiling of her daughter's disposition. In every room of the house, the image of a red-faced, broad-shouldered, flat-featured man was suspended, who might have been taken for the fancy figure of a blacksmith retired from trade, but was glorified in the eyes of the widow as the likeness of one of the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking of men. The daughter, aged eleven, was treated with the respect befitting the representative of such a sire, and the heiress of so much wealth. She was far from beautiful; indeed if it had not been for her expectations, she would have been thought positively ugly—for her hair was of the reddest; her eyes, though blue in colour, were not unanimous in their choice of the objects they fixed on; and her figure was bad, and her temper not of the best. But her mother thought by dint of constantly talking of her beauty, that she could induce it at last to come—so she spoke of her golden locks and her interesting eyes, and thought her Delia (such was the young lady's name) the perfection of the human race.

* * * * *

"I've been thinking," said the minister of Daisyside, to his wife, "of a nice situation for poor Bessy Miller. There's that rich English lady up at the Wallace Arms, that drinks so much mineral water and is so generous to the poor, she wants a Scotch maid, and doesn't care how young. Now Bessy's just a wee past twelve, but she has sense and discretion enough for twenty-five, and I'll awa' up this very day, and see what can be done."

"Will she be kind to the wee bairn?" inquired the wife, "for we could manage to find work for her here, and she's no expensive, and reads so well, and is so mindful, she wad be a perfect treasure, and we hae nane o' our ain, ye ken."

"She'll be very kind," replied the gentleman. "Any body would be kind to Bessy Miller; and besides, I'm told she has just lost a lass o' her own, about the same age,—a most wonderful creature by all accounts, both for cleverness and beauty, for she speaks o' little else to all the company at the Wells,—and she'll, may be, tak' a kindness to Bessy for the dead bairnie's sake."

The minister started on his benevolent mission and succeeded as he deserved. The lady agreed to instal his parishioner as dressing-maid and reader, and on the following morning the introduction took place. When Bessy timidly entered the room where her future mistress sat, she had many sad thoughts of the time when she first presented herself to the grand old lady in the drawing-room at Daisy Hope. She clung to the good minister's hand as if loth to lose the last link of connection between herself and home, and cast shy looks at the occupant of the apartment; a large stout figure, rendered

more striking from the exaggerated appearance of woe with which it was encumbered; a face of vulgar good-nature, but with an assumption at the same time of vast superiority and almost disdain; how different was the first impression from that left by the appearance of the stately Mrs. Donnington, with her gold-headed cane, and her form reclining on the high-backed rich-covered chair, with her feet on the splendid fur rug, and her elbow on the velvet table cover! Scarcely did the lady at the Wells withdraw herself sufficiently from the absorption of her grief to listen to the minister's words; scarcely did she take her handkerchief long enough from her countenance to look on the trembling little applicant for her favour; but when she did so, when at last she mastered her emotions sufficiently to look at the shrinking figure, something—a stray expression of face—a faint resemblance in the colour of the hair—an indefinable sentiment that struck upon some chord of recollection—made her suddenly rise from her chair, and advance a step or two towards the pair—"the likeness," she said—"I never saw such a resemblance—she is my darling Delia over again;" and then losing the expression of dignity and rank altogether, she flung her arms round the astonished Bessy's neck, and kissed her a thousand times.

"The woman is a Christian woman," said the minister to his wife on his return, "in spite of her disregard of the proper position of the letter h, which seems a sore stumbling-block to the English nation, and she'll be a perfect mother to Bessy Miller, for a' her ignorance of grammar and cockney ways of going on. Riches is a snare to the slenderly educated, and she puts a little too much trust in corruptible treasure, but Bessy will be very comfortable, and has promised to write and tell us how she is treated."

Daisy Hope fell into ruins faster and faster. It ceased to be occupied by any one. The proprietor did not like the expense of taking it down, and very wisely thought a few years would save him the trouble. The little road leading up to the front door was overgrown with nettles; the stable roof began to fall in; the windows were broken by playful boys, or blown in by tempestuous weather; and year after year the grand catastrophe of a total tumble into heaps of stone and lime, drew nearer and nearer, and the possibility of repair became more and more problematical. But when things are at the worst they will mend. When eight or nine years had done their utmost to destroy all resemblance in the old mansion to a habitable dwelling; when people began to forget all about its having been lived in; when the minister had long been dead, and the Wallace Arms had risen into high reputation, symptoms of reparation were visible. Men with mysterious implements began measuring the ground, and trying the strength of the old walls; and

it was currently reported that a great English nobleman had bought the original estate and was going to build a mansion, at least the size of Windsor Castle. But the building as it proceeded gave no token of being designed on so gigantic a scale. The intention seemed to be to renew the old manor-house as closely as possible, and not a bow window was omitted, nor a jutting wall, nor pepperpot towers at every corner; so it began to look like a dwelling of the sixteenth century suddenly transplanted into the present time, but combining in its interior arrangements the conveniences of modern life, with the strength and solidity of the past. And the view from the upper rooms was unequalled in all the land! The winding Forth, the castellated rock, the glowing hills to the north, the rich valley to the eastward, and the hills all round, which assumed every day a more cultivated and civilised look. There was not in all Scotland a finer domain or a more comfortable dwelling than Daisy Hope.

One day in January last year, there was a crowd in the inner dock at Southampton, to see the invalids from the Crimea brought to shore. Some were carried out looking so pale and worn, that the spectators drew involuntarily back as if in reverence of approaching death; some of the more slightly wounded were received with a suppressed cheer. The Alma and Inkerman were still fresh in people's hearts; and indignation at official neglect boiled over into acts of kindness to the sufferers. The ship had been long expected; the passengers' names had been sent on by telegraph, and parents and sisters and brothers, had assembled from all quarters to welcome their friends home.

A sad and touching, yet an elevating sight, to see the heroic reception afforded by English mothers to their wounded sons! If sorrow was there, it was chastened and ennobled by pride in the achievement that had brought the wound. Carriages were in waiting to convey the sufferers to their lodgings or hotels. Embraces were given and received without a word being said; and holding by the brother's feverish hand, and walking close beside the litter on which he was carried, walked sisters many a one, who were afraid to ask the extent of the calamity, but were busy laying plans for their brother's solace if he should turn out to be lame for life. All had nearly gone. Carriages and litters had moved out of the dock, and yet an old lady kept steadily at the end of the landing-board, attended by a younger, who was dressed in the plain apparel commonly adopted by the ladies who devoted themselves at that time to the duties of the hospital; and both kept their eyes intent on the cabin stairs from which the passengers emerged on the deck. At last there came up slowly and with pain a young man in undress uniform, who supported him-

self on a crutch, and had his left arm in a sling. The young lady touched the arm of the senior, and drew her veil over her face. The officer looked round, but no preparation had been made for his conveyance. No mother was in waiting with easy-hung coach. "Get a cab there for Major Donnington!" cried a rough voice from the paddle-box: but the old lady stepped forward, and said to the almost fainting soldier, "'Deed Major Donnington, ye'll hae nae cab, and gang to nae hotel. Ye'll just come to our branch o' the Crimean Hospital, and ye'll no want for nurses or ony care that a mother could gie ye."

The wounded man considered that this was a piece of careful sympathy from an active and paternal administration, and submitted to his fate with resignation. Accordingly he was installed in a carriage standing near the gate, and driven off—and off, through streets, and out among trees, till he entered a moderate sized avenue and pulled up at the door of a pretty looking villa about two miles from the town upon the shore of Southampton Water. There he was soon shown into his apartment by the ladies, who had followed in another conveyance; and as medical assistance was kept in waiting, the extent of his wounds was ascertained and a speedy recovery promised. A bayonet stab in the left shoulder, and a bullet in the knee, were the memorials he carried away of the "Soldier's Victory." But a grateful country was ready to pour balm in his wounds. Wasn't he in a charming hospital, with a beautiful view from the window, the nicest, cleanest curtains for his bed, the best doctor in the county of Hants to attend to his recovery, and nurses so kind, so obliging, so sweet-toned and tender-handed, that it was a positive gratification to be ill? His servant arrived a short time after him with his luggage; his things were put away in convenient drawers, book-shelves in the neighbouring chamber, to which he was to be removed when well enough to sit up, were filled with pleasant volumes; and in a room beyond, he occasionally in the absence of the younger nurse, heard a clear beautiful voice accompanied by a piano. But in spite of all this care of a watchful government the young man felt depreed at the thought that he was causing so much trouble to two amiable ladies upon whom individually he had no claim. He was anxious to make all manner of inquiries, and was profuse in his acknowledgment for all their care. And at first, notwithstanding the doctor's prognostic, their care seemed of no avail. A fever supervened, during which fancy played its usual tricks, and arrayed itself in the lost robes of memory; and in his wanderings there was a curious mixing up of Indian recollections and the scenes he had had in Scotland with his mother. When he recovered sufficiently to be read to, the younger attendant sat at the

side of his bed, and it seemed something like a continuance of his feverish aberration when her gentle words fell upon his ear, for the volumes she chose were Orme's History of Hindostan, and the Life of Warren Hastings, and the story of the Blackhole.

"Mrs. M'Vicar," said the soldier, after one of these readings, "will you answer me a question or two? And first, do you think I am perfectly recovered from delirium?"

"Ye'll maybe be the best judge o' that, yersel," was the cautious answer of the elder nurse.

The young man paused and seemed engaged in a minute inspection of the state of his own brain. "Who is the young lady who hovers over my bed, and reads in such musical accents that I sometimes even now doubt whether she isn't altogether an angel?"

"Her name is Miss Preedy—an English sister of charity, and I'm a mither o' the same."

"And does she always wear a veil over the upper part of her face?"

"Oh, no."

"She doesn't squint, does she?" inquired the Major, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind that this might be the reason of the concealment of brow and eyes.

"I daursay, ye'll see and judge for yersel in that too," replied Mrs. M'Vicar; "but I suppose you'll soon be thinking of leaving the hospital. You must be anxious to get home."

The officer sighed sadly. "The fact is," he said, "I have no home—I lost my mother nine or ten years ago, and have been in India ever since, till we were sent out to the Crimea. I have no home." It seemed so melancholy a confession that they were both silent for a time,—"But I hope to get well again soon," he added, "and go out to join my regiment. What does the doctor say now?"

The doctor's report was hopeful. In a week he sat up, in a fortnight he entered the little apartment next his bed-room, and in three weeks he was invited to the drawing-room. It was gratitude, probably, that made him think Miss Preedy so wonderfully beautiful. Light hair and dark blue eyes, a clear complexion, and the finest carved features with the sweetest smiling mouth, were enough to justify his admiration; but when he united to this amount of loveliness all her kindness, the care she had bestowed on his comforts, the hours she had devoted in the half-darkened room, to his amusement, there is no wonder that his feelings of gratitude took a far warmer shape, and, in short, that he was in love; madly, desperately. Yes, desperately, for how would it look in the announcement, that a wounded officer had married the hospital attendant? and would a real sister of charity descend from the poetic dignity of her great and generous work to bestow her hand upon a patient? Besides, there are

always plenty of other reasons in the mind of a man with nothing but his commission; for how could he expose so delicate, so refined, so lady-like a being to the discomforts of his narrow means? How wisely people resolve when the object of their admiration is at a little distance, say a mile or two, or in the neighbouring parish, or in another street,—or even, as in this case, in a different room! For when he saw Miss Preedy, when he heard her speak, there was no farther use of argument. He determined to plead his cause with the utmost ardour, and with that view addressed Mrs. M'Vicar when he had an opportunity.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have something very important to say to you. Was Miss Preedy ever in Bengal?"

"No."

"Then I can't imagine where I can have seen her, or some person so amazingly like her that I am quite confused when I look at her, and listen to her voice. Of course she was never at Balaclava?"

"No."

"Has she father and mother alive?"

"I don't think she has a living relation in all the world."

"I'm glad to hear it. Nor I. We are quite unnumbered in that respect. Ah! Mrs. M'Vicar, I wish I were as rich as Croesus, whoever that fortunate gentleman may have been; but the truth is I am one of the most ostentatious persons in the Queen's dominions, and wear all the gold I possess upon my shoulders in the shape of epaulettes; but if a true heart—if a devoted love—if years off—She's VERY poor, I hope," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, afraid that his intentions might be misunderstood.

"Her father was the last partner of the great house in London of Blogg and Preedy. You've may be heard of it, in the sugar line, and she was heiress to a' the wealth o' the firm."

Major Donnington looked and felt as if another bayonet was entering his shoulder, another bullet lodging in his knee. He did not answer for a long time. At last he said, "One only favour, my excellent friend; keep this a secret. It was a delusion,—it shall not last. Take my thanks for all you have done; tell her how deeply grateful I am: I will leave this hospital to-day."

"This is Miss Preedy's villa, and a bonny little mansion it is; but it's nae hospital, unless for yoursel that has no home to go to."

The young man was overwhelmed more and more.

"Ye'll say fareweel to her ere ye gang?" inquired Mrs. M'Vicar.

The interview took place; and some curious things occurred preparatory to it which puzzled Major Donnington almost as much as the discovery of Miss Preedy's wealth. In the first place, as his knee continued a little stiff, he found a cane placed beside his chair to

assist his walk to the drawing-room. He looked at the stick. It was a long gold-headed staff, of a very peculiar wood, and on the top was an inscription. It was a name: "Elizabeth Donnington." He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes as he looked at the words, and continued his course. When he entered the drawing-room Miss Preedy was sitting in an arm-chair with the back to him. She wore a shawl—a rich-patterned, gorgeous-coloured, tasteful-bordered Indian shawl. She wore a black silk gown, with a particular stripe in the watering, which riveted his eyes. He advanced slowly towards the sitting figure, and saw her hand negligently spread on the arm of the chair. He looked at her hand—small, white, beautiful—and on her finger discovered a ring; it was an amethyst, surrounded with small pearls. There could be no mistake; the young man knelt and took her hand; it wasn't drawn away. He kissed the ring. Had he not a right to do so? It had been his mother's, and was once his own!

And all that blessed month of April the spring sun had been shining on the steep roofs and proud turrets of Daisy Hope. Paxton had sent down a man to lay out a grand old Scottish garden, with broad grass walks, and a stone sun-dial in the middle,—and the place was now almost perfect,—and when furniture began to arrive the lubrications of the inhabitants of Bank Row took higher flights than ever. Then came waggon-loads from Stirling. There was a rosewood table for the drawing-room, with a noble velvet cover to it on which was embroidered in gold thread, an impossible griffin; there was a fur rug for the hearth; and some chairs with the same heraldic blazonry as the table-cloth; and speculations were rife as to when the new proprietors would come down to take possession.

One day in July the landlady of the Wallace Arms ushered into the bar, where I was sitting at lunch, and said "Oh, Mr. Jocktileg, it's a' come out! They're up stairs in the best saloon—the three o' them! And wha'd ye think they are? There's Bessy Miller, who took the name of Preedy after the half-dementit haveril that adopted her, because she was so like her dochter; and there's Mrs. M'Vicar, the widow o' the gude auld minister that recommended her to the place; she's had her for governante and companion ever since Mrs. Preedy died; and the gentleman is Walter Donnington, the son o' the grand auld leddy that was Andrew Miller's lodger: and he's married to Bessy Miller—and, oh! man, what a bonny cretur she is! and they're a' going to live at Daisy Hope—Mrs. M'Vicar tauld me so hersel—she could keep the secret no longer; and the estate's a' bought back; and look, there they go! what a handsome couple!—a wee cripple, maybe, the man, but tall and strong!—and wheesht! that's Bessy Miller—they're just

walking down to the Hope to see if the furniture's all right, and they'll tak' possession at the end of the week."

THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"The clouds are fleeting by, father,
Look in the shining west,
The great white clouds sail onward
Upon the sky's blue breast.
Look at a snowy eagle,
His wings are tinged with red,
And a giant dolphin follows him,
With a crown upon his head!"

The father spake no word, but watch'd
The drifting clouds roll by;
He traced a misty vision too
Upon the shining sky:
A shadowy form, with well-known grace
Of weary love and care,
Above the smiling child she held,
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,
Mountains rise high and higher!
And see where red and purple ships
Sail in a sea of fire!"

The father press'd the little hand
More closely in his own,
And watch'd a cloud-dream in the sky
That he could see alone.
Bright angels carrying far away
A white form, cold and dead,
Two held the feet, and two bore up
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

"See, father, see! a glory floods
The sky, and all is bright,
And clouds of every hue and shade
Burn in the golden light.
And now, above an azure lake
Rise battlements and towers,
Where knights and ladies climb the heights,
All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd, and, with a pang
Of love and strange alarm,
Drew close the little eager child
Within his sheltering arm;
From out the clouds the mother looks
With wistful glance below,
She seems to seek the treasure left
On earth so long ago;
She holds her arms out to her child,
His cradle-song she sings:
The last rays of the sunset gleam
Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer sky,
The shining clouds are gone;
In vain the merry laughing child
Still gaily prattles on;
In vain the bright stars, one by one,
On the blue silence start,
A dreary shadow rests to-night
Upon the father's heart.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THERE is a golden mean, doubtless—a right medium between two extremes—a middle course from which divergence is peril—in fact, a *Juste Milieu*. From the days of Phædon to our own, *medio tutissimus ibis* has been sound advice; whether as to physical or moral

progression. The man who can be generous without prodigality, and thrifty without avarice; brave without rashness and cautious without fear; tender without weakness and firm without severity; trusting without blindness and vigilant without suspicion, is a being so common in fiction and so rare in life, as to prove the value we set upon the Golden Mean as an idea, and also the difficulty of realising it. How deeply the human mind is possessed by this grand abstraction we may further learn from our ready acceptance of its counterfeits—counterfeits, indeed, which are far more popular than the reality could hope to be.

We call the Golden Mean, advisedly, a grand abstraction. It charms us in romance or in history, but, alas, only there. Brought into the sphere of actual life, amid our personal interests, keen competitions, and class sympathies, it shall have sorry welcome. It finds the world split into cliques, with some good in all—all good in none. Let Hoskins, in an election speech, denounce Sir Mark Obsolete as a ruthless vampire, nourished by the blood of the poor: Golden Mean rises to remind the orator of the percentage which, in hard times, Sir Mark returned upon his rents, and of the beef and flannel which Lady Obsolete so liberally dispenses at Christmas. If, however, Sir Mark, mistaking his defender for an ally, should urge him in the name of the constitution to put down popular incendiaries, it is likely enough that Golden Mean will advise the repeal of some glaring abuse, and suggest that one good method of abating fire is to withhold the fuel.

It is thus to the end of the chapter. Golden Mean has the vexatious peculiarity of agreeing with most men to some extent, and thoroughly with very few. I have known him so repel a narrow creed, as to ravish a German professor enamoured of a paramount nothing, and rebuke with equal emphasis the sneers of that luminary at the faculty of belief. I have heard him plead with a mill owner that some leisure for thought and imagination is the due of all whom God had endowed with souls, and I have heard him sternly enforce on a morbid poetaster the moral benefit accruing from a severe course of manual labour. Now, what fate can reasonably be predicted for poor Golden Mean? What party can befriend him who will devote himself to none? He loves freedom too well to fawn upon authority, and order too well to flatter licence; he is too charitable for the bigot and too reverend for the scoffer; too poetical to think man a mere machine, too practical to think him a mere rhapsodist. What can be his fate, except to be rejected by the sects which chiefly make up the world? Let us grant, however, that the picture has its bright side. Like all good and brave men, our hero draws round him a circle of believing hearts. He inspires thinkers who will, in

time, inspire mankind. Perhaps, even in this age, he may come to be revered: in the next he will have a statue.

The distinction between the genuine Golden Mean, and the alloyed kind may be stated thus. The one is the harmony which subsists between a man's virtues; the other is the compromise between his virtues and his interest. The personification of this latter class is generally an individual in whom a fair amount of good nature and susceptibility are combined with a strong attachment to Number One, and a marvellous instinct in purveying comforts for that unit. My prosperous friend Wetherby is an average example of the species. In youth, good animal spirits, the novelty of life, a mind and senses tolerably open to pleasant impressions, and that amiability which takes its rise from good humour and good digestion, betrayed him occasionally into adventure and sentiment, and could he always have remained young, I have doubts whether he would have fallen into the ranks of the spurious Golden Mean. In his early days he has been known to absent himself from the counting-house for weeks together; to take his five-barred gate, hedge, and ditch in rapid succession, and, in the evening to accompany Miss Belinda Thwaites or her sisters on his flute with very creditable taste. In the Thwaites family is still preserved, on a faded page of Belinda's album, that record of love and despair with a dim intimation of suicide, which Wetherby penned one fine morning thirty years ago before putting on his shooting jacket. It is true that his stanzas are headed, To —, and signed Ignotus; but I do not agree with those who suggest that the omission of real names was intentional, and that it was designed to protect him from the legal consequences of an offer of marriage. I am of opinion that he was really attached to the lady; and that, in spite of her small dowry, as one of seven sisters, he was inclined to propose. By some chance, however, the rash word was never spoken. The young merchant was found more frequently at his desk, and more rarely at the meet. By degrees he ceased to quote Byron and L. E. L.; and eventually, when I touched delicately upon the subject of his penchant, he replied, that love was an excellent thing; but that it might be carried too far. I saw at once that his course was taken, and that he had enlisted for life under the banner of the mock Golden Mean.

The doctrine which he then announced, has ever since been the motto of his life. He assents in theory to liberal and humanising views; but warns you that they may be carried too far. He is a friend to progress, but averse to rash change. He accepts premises on the distinct understanding that they shall not lead to conclusions, and his respect for an abstract principle is only equalled by his fear that it should take effect.

Yet he believes in the fact accomplished, and upholds all reforms that have become matters of history. Shrewd and not ungenial, he will descant over his walnuts with pleasant raillery upon the abuses and superstitions of the past. He is severe upon the Spanish Inquisition, and thinks that the old feudal barons were unjustifiably harsh towards their vassals. He is happy that that system is done away with, and that we live in days of civil and religious liberty. He looks enlightened opinion personified as he utters this sentiment. His ample chest is gently dilated with bland emotion, and his bald polished forehead brightens beneath the dining-room chandelier. Yet, if you suggest to him that there are other persecutors beside Inquisitors and Grand Seigneurs, and instance A, who ceases to deal with B on account of an election vote, or C, who cuts D for an adverse theological opinion,—Wetherby will observe, that you are right in the main, but that, on the other hand, property and sound views should have a legitimate influence. He has no doubt that William Tell was a patriot; but I question if he would think so of his double were he now to arise somewhere abroad. He is perfectly aware that the true claim to distinction is merit; but, if you urge that promotion should be awarded solely upon that ground, he is not sure that the time is ripe for it. When, however, the period of maturity arrives—that is to say, when the views which sundry pioneers have maintained through stigma and sacrifice have won general consent—Wetherby will certainly find that those views have all along corresponded with his private convictions. It is one of the cleverest feats of Wetherby's intellect that he always escapes the odium of a prospective change by pronouncing it unseasonable, while he gains the credit of it when achieved, because he has always sympathised with it as an idea. Happy Wetherby, who has never been in any of the great minorities of the world; who has risked no capital of popularity, yet always received the dividends of public approval, and shared the prize money of Victorious Opinion without once engaging in its battles!

The popularity of this gentleman is nothing less than amazing. The most opposite parties meet at his board; the one assured that Wetherby is with it in principle, the other satisfied that Wetherby is with it in practice. In the days of the Anti-Corn-Law League, I have seen him supported on the right by a veteran in powdered hair and top-boots from Norfolk, and on the left by a gentleman of an acute physiognomy and double-breasted tartan waistcoat, direct from Manchester. The low-church vicar of the parish says grace before meat; the Puseyite minister of the proprietary chapel gives thanks before dessert. That dignitary with square, port-flushed face, and hair iron-grey, short and stiff as a three days' beard, is a sugar-broker

and alderman. His neighbour with the waving hair and lip compressed—because the alderman has just trodden on his corn—and who edges back his chair with a slight cough of aristocratic distaste, is an established poet. This poet's presence, you see, is another instance of Wetherby's skill in maintaining the Golden Mean.

May I confess, without forfeiting my moral status, that I am sometimes bored and irritated by this excellent man? Will any lenient reader do me the favour to receive this avowal, without thinking that it implies gross depravity? Does not even the monotony of beauty pall upon us? Would not a cloud, or even a drizzling mist, be an acceptable relief in the long splendour of an Andalusian summer? Has the limpid flow of Italian melody never made you long for gutturals and consonants? Can you not imagine a man becoming tired of ortolans? Let it not then be imputed to unusual obduracy on my part, but rather to that thirst for change inherent in our nature, that I have frequently felt a certain disrelish for Wetherby—satiety of a person so uniformly right, and a keen appetite for some one who could be unmistakably wrong. Sir Mark Obsolete, of whom I have before spoken, satisfies this hunger of mine to the fullest extent. I have never heard a sane opinion from his lips during an acquaintance of twenty years. He still labours under the conviction, that a bold peasantry, its country's pride, is destroyed the moment you educate it. Biography, history, science, poetry, and politics, when accessible to the million, are, in his esteem, so many vaults mined under the constitution, in which unscrupulous Papists are still depositing gunpowder. He is sure the constitution will some day be blown up by these agencies—that is, unless it fall to pieces beforehand in consequence of a certain chancery judgment that enforced a public right of way through his estates. The late venerable Lord Eldon, he tells you, would have foreseen the results which such a decree involved to the throne and the altar; but all subsequent occupants of the woolsack have been blind or unprincipled. He is pretty sure that in his own case the chancellor was bribed by the Jesuits, who, Sir Mark persists, are in league with all revolutionary agitators. If you point out that the disciples of Loyola have hitherto been inimical to liberal ideas, Sir Mark views that as a master instance of their craft, and contends that their views must be republican now, because they were despotic before. Such is this very ancient gentleman, in whom motion, speech, and all other functions of life seem startling incongruities, and whose appropriate place would evidently be the Nineveh department of the Museum. Yet, let this be said for Sir Mark—he has a creed, and he cleaves to it. He knows that he excites ridicule, and he braves it. He is right valiant, although he prefers to tilt with

windmills; and right loyal to his ideal Dulcineas, although they are not generally captivating. He is kind to his tenants and staunch to his dogmas; he has little brain, but he has a heart and a faith. I have grown bolder since I first touched upon this subject; and I don't care if you tell all the world, that I respect Sir Mark Obsolete more than Mr. Golden Mean Wetherby.

THE OLD AND NEW SQUATTERS.

THE NEW SQUATTER.

In the Gallowgate of Glasgow many years ago, a crowd one evening was collected round the entrance to a narrow wynd, at which stood a shabby sort of hired carriage, to which was harnessed a lean, bow-kneed, spavined jade of a horse. The crowd was composed of the very poorest and dirtiest portion of the very poorest and dirtiest of "the auld town" population. The occasion which had drawn this respectable assembly to that spot, at that hour of six o'clock, was no other than a wedding, the amiable actors in which public spectacle had to issue from that little smutty passage. What circumstances beyond the perpetual and universal interest which attaches to such an event, drew this crowd, and riveted its eyes in evident intensity on that murky outlet, it never was our felicity to learn, for there were certain influential characters on the outskirts of the throng who maintained a most effectual guard against any curious intrusion by people in clean linen. These were a squad of lively urchins, who with bandy sticks were amusing themselves in a sham game by striking up the styx-black fluid of the open kennel against the members of the expectant mass, which was too deeply absorbed in watching for the advent of the happy couple, to notice the sable and odoriferous sprinkling, or too indifferent to regard it.

But not so indifferent was a rosy, full-bodied, and apparently choleric old gentleman, who while carefully endeavouring to escape any share in this Stygian baptism, by taking a considerable circuit round the mob, received a flying and liberal salute on his cheek, his snow-white cravat, and his sleek and velvety broad-cloth. With a sudden clutch and flaming visage he had seized in the next moment a remarkably shabby lad by the collar, and while giving him sundry vigorous shakes and cuffs, exclaimed, "Ye daft, feckless, misleart callant, ha'e ye naething better to mind than to spulzie a' decent bodies claes that gae by?"

The lad looked up in his face astonished, and said, "Naething ava, sir."

"Naething!—naething!" said the old gentleman; "come to me the morn's morn, to me, Baillie Glas o' the Tronigate, and I'll gie ye some wark, ye gilpie, ye."

The next day the lad was busy with a clean

white apron before him, sweeping out the shop of the eminent grocer and baillie, Sandeman Glas, and grinding at the pepper-mill. Anon, he was behind the counter, anon, mounted upon a high stool in the counting-house behind the shop, and five years afterwards was out of his apprenticeship, and off to London with a letter of recommendation to an eminent Scotch house in the sugar-trade in Eastcheap. David Macleod, for it was no other, was one of those corks, that if you will only fling them into the world's waters anywhere will float away to the world's end. No storm can sink them for more than a minute; they are sure to bob up again, and go swimming and dimpling forward, through fair and foul.

David did not stay long in London. Some brilliant chance, as he thought, lured him out to the Cape; from the Cape to Sydney, from Sydney to Van Diemen's Land, and, finally, he turned up in the right nick of time in Little Bourke Street, Melbourne, as a small grocer and dealer in sundries. Here David plodded on, as it appeared for some time in profound obscurity. Nobody seemed to know nor cared to know the rather uncouth, slow, Scotch bodie, that hung cocoa-nut mats at his door, and tied up old-fashioned conical pounds of sugar, at a very small counter, in a very small shop, elbowed up by all sorts of miscellaneous articles—soap, candles, besoms, bags of very brown sugar, drums of figs, and Bath bricks. But David's obscurity was like the mole's, though little observed, it was onwards, and people were presently astonished by David's purchasing a great warehouse in Market Square, and standing forth in great prominence in the wholesale line. Many a heavy-loaded bullock-dray was seen to leave his ample warehouse door, and direct its course up the country. As time advanced, many a squatter stood deep in David's books, and when the evil day came that shook the colony to its yet but loosely-laid foundations, many were the wonderings and the queries how it could stand with the man whose beginnings were remembered to have been a few years ago so little and obscure.

But David was one of those men who, in building the fabrics of their fortune, knock their bricks well down into their mortar, and make every nail and screw fast as they go on. Squatters fell before the blast, and owed David large sums, but he was found to have taken secure liens on their stock and stations, and cork-like, he floated on even more buoyantly than before. True, David pulled a fearful long face, shook portentously his head, and bemoaned himself dolefully, as the most unfortunate of men. All these dead, useless, worthless properties falling upon his hands! What was to become of him? The colony ruined, ruined for ever, gone out and out, and past redemption; his money all gone;

his good hard-earned money, and what to show for it? Heaps of good-for-nothing sheep that would not pay for shepherds at twenty pounds a-year each, and rations, tea, and sugar, and flour,—heaven help us! and wool just no price at all! And the flocks all eaten up with scab, and foot-rot, and catarrh! Was he to run from Dan to Beersheba, from Gippsland to the Wimmera, after them, to see them dressed, and washed, and clipped, or to trust them to overseers, expensive fellows at forty pounds a-year, and their keep? Goodness guide us! it was enough to craze the strongest head in Christendom. Was he to be the Atlas of the South, and carry the whole country on his back? Was one man to bear up under a pile of burdens, each single one of which had sunk its man, and all better men than himself.

Yet David did manage to bear up under it all; to bear up, ay, and to float gallantly onward too, bobbing and nodding, though solemnly, to all that passed him on the stream. David knew very well that it was one thing for a man to be crushed that was already struggling under a burden of years, and under the high pressure of sixteen and twenty per cent.; and another for a substantial man to "wait a wee," for better times, with flocks and herds grazing by thousands on lands that paid a mere nominal rent. That what was obtained for almost nothing could not well get less. Nay, David had most comfortable inward inklings that things were very likely to grow rather than to diminish. He had profound faith in the old saw that when things are come to the worst, they begin to mend. And now at the worst they assuredly were,—so this was the turning point; the cold hour before dawn. Come the worst that might, his stations, and herds and flocks would balance themselves in his ledger, at least half the cost of purchase being his sixteen per cent. interest. Come good times and David was a millionaire!

And very soon the soundness of David's reasonings began to show themselves. Wool was evidently on the advance in the market, and Australian wool growing in favour. Next came a wonderful rumour of a mode of turning the overgrown flocks into tallow, by which sheep bought at one shilling would realise ten! David sat down and calculated, and rose up and rubbed his hands. "All right!" said David, when he had shut the door. "Thirty thousand sheep at a shilling,—fifteen hundred pounds; thirty thousand at ten shillings,—fifteen thousand pounds! Good!" And then all the cattle and horses, and the good-will of the stations under these improved circumstances!

David had much ado to force down the mighty exultation, and keep it out of sight. Keep it down in the lowest corner of his heart, and keep down the corners of his mouth,

with their established demure melancholy. Several of the squatters who had thought themselves ruined came, and suggested that David should now amply repay himself out of their flocks, and restore the overplus to them. But David stood astonished at such ingratitude. "What! when he had so nobly stepped in to save them! when he had relieved them from all their embarrassments,—rescued them from bankruptcy, snatched them from the jaws of ruin, and left them to begin the world anew; he could not have thought human nature half so bad. But they were not children,—these matters were too serious for child's play." In fact, David had made all fast, and he bowed them out. Where would be speculation, indeed,—of what benefit carefulness and higher sagacity, if men were thus to be expected to give up their just rewards?

So, as we have said, David continued to rake amongst the ruins of the Melbourne of eighteen hundred and forty-two, and many a weighty find and precious jewel he dragged up from the mud and débris of the desolating torrent that had passed through it. Many a house, many a piece of land, many a heap of goods did he secure at nominal prices, which anon became literally worth their weight in gold. All these matters comfortably arranged, David set out on a tour of discovery amongst the various stations which had fallen into his hands, and which he averred pulled so heavily at his heartstrings. We shall not follow him in his travels, not having the same interest in the matter. We shall allow him to gloat inwardly and shake his head outwardly at the deep grassy meadows, and luxuriant swamps of Gippsland, where he found hundreds and thousands of splendid cattle feeding and flourishing for his benefit. At the far-stretching plains, and beautiful uplands of the west, where his tens of thousands of sheep grazed at the foot of the picturesque Pyrenees, and clear, dashing streams came down from the hills, reminding him of those which he had been used to see on his journeys of business for the worthy Baillie Glas, in Perthshire, or Ayr. But, as we have sympathised in the fallen fortunes of Tom Scott, we shall just follow the unfortunate David Macleod to the Loddon, to see what sort of a burden that luckless fellow had left upon his hands there.

As David journeyed up the country in a stout-built gig, accompanied by a stout serving man, he internally gladdened his heart at the sight of the rich plains, the green valleys, the wooded hills, and the velvet slopes studded with noble, but thinly-scattered trees. As he rolled along over the hard, solid ground of low hilly ranges which gave him the varied view of forest, glen, and winding stream, with here and there smoke rising up from the chimney of some solitary station, or more solitary stockman's hut, he could not help saying in his heart of hearts—

"Fine country! plenty of room for squatters! Plenty of squatters, plenty of squatter's accounts." And then he would fall into a calculation, how many goods each station would need in the year, how many hundred pounds these would cost, and what would be the average profit upon them. Next, he speculated on the weight of wool, and the probable proceeds. All this was so agreeable, that he must have sung, in the private parlour of his soul, had he known the stanza:—

O, pleasant are the green woods,
Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures,
And many a spreading tree.

But then would come a shock from the wheel against a stump, which would nearly precipitate him over the splash-board, or a plunge into a morass, that would threaten to swallow him up bodily, and on all these occasions he did not keep his feelings to himself, as he did his more agreeable calculations and cognisances. He would denounce bitterly and cruelly the whole country, its bogs, its barren flats, its more sterile hills, its stony tracks, its yawning, precipitous gullies. Was this a country for a Christian! Was this a place for a decent man to waste his years in, looking after the effects of broken-down settlers! Was this howling wilderness a country into which a quiet, religious character like himself, should have to come, struggling after the wreck of his fortune, trusted, O! thoughtless, too soft-hearted David! to spend-thrifts and ne'er-do-weels. An unco' place. Where there was neither church nor chapel, neither prayer nor praise; but swearing bullock-drivers and heathen blacks? A godless country, "Perdy," turning to his man, "an awfu', godless country. Would thou and I were well out of it, and treading the fair pavements of bonny Glasga!"

David had made good use of his squatter's map, and duly each evening, he contrived to turn off the track to some comfortable station, where he was hospitably received, and made himself pleasant over a mutton chop, a pannikin of bush tea, and a comforting glass of toddy. Before he turned into bed, he had taken care to peer significantly after the growth of the flocks, the prospects of the wool crop, and before he left next morning, he would contrive to have a peep into the squatter's store-room, where his practised eye ran with a telegraphic rapidity over the various articles which are to be found in that indispensable apartment of a station. Over the stock of shoes, boots, wide-awakes, ready-made clothes of all kinds, sugars, teas, flour, salt, tobacco, rice, spirits, bridles, saddles and crockery. He would cast a glance at the number and extent of the buildings, and suggest to himself whether he might not calculate on an extensive order for Tasmanian shingles. How the squatter was off for drays, or bullock-yokes, chains, or hobbles. What

sort of a wool-press he was in possession of. Whether he had one of the newest construction, or still continued to fill his bags by means of the old contrivance of a huge beam balanced on a post, and weighted at the condensing end with a huge piece of rock. Nothing escaped the lynx eye and the capacious soul of David the deeply cogitating; and thus he went on his way most profitably observant, with a grumble, ever and anon, for the ear of Perdy, and a Eureka! to himself.

As he drew near his own station, the station of the umquihle Tom Scott, his heart beat stronger and more pleasurable, for the country grew ever more and more delectable. The valleys were as rich as those of the Land of Goshen, most charming slopes and swells descended from the woods, which would have fascinated the eye of a painter, and were most agreeable to that of David, because they grew delicious grass. Now, they ascended hills covered with giant trees, and fragrant with the blossom of shrubs; now they descended from the silent and stony regions of the forest, and saw around them hills and rocks thrown up in all the prodigal wild beauty of Nature's most original moments. Here the poet's eye would have seen the future shaping itself with cottages and granges, with all their hanging gardens, and vineyards, their crofts and orchards about them. Cows, and goats, and fowls, appearing on the soft meadow flats, or clambering to the most airy pinnacles of cliff. Down they went and issued into a valley which made David Macleod rise in the carriage, and spread out his hands in rapture. "Eh, sirs! and whaten a place for the bulls of Bashan, and the cattle on a thousand hills!"

In truth, human eye seldom luxuriated on a more superb scene. A magnificent valley extended up and down far as the eye could see, deep in grass, yellow with the golden flowers of early summer, in which large herds of cattle were grazing, of a beauty never surpassed, in its free grace and untamed spirit, on the meads of Trinacria or on the Pampas of Brazil. On either side rose wooded hills of manifold heights and forms, whose bluffs and spurs towered breezily in the upper air, or descended, studded with the verdant gracile forms of the shiock and the olive-like lightwood, into the luxuriant vale.

The travellers took a side-way, which led them between these Arcadian declivities and a fair, winding river, from which rose, in vast clouds and with a wild clangour, thousands of wild fowl, which made hasty flight to a distance. Anon they saw the smoke of habitations, and as they drew near, by degrees revealed themselves a variety of wooden buildings. This was the station. It was seated on a mount occupying a natural little amphitheatre midway in the hills, to which they ascended by an easy winding road. Arrived on the mount, even David Macleod, whose soul dwelt so snug and

satisfied in the profitables, could not help being struck with it.

The mount seemed to have been formed, in the old plastic ages, by some huge landslip. Above it impended hills and rocks gashed with deep ravines, and scooped out in green concaves or coombes, and shagged with giant, and in many cases far-projecting masses of the stringy-bark and iron-bark forest. Down one of these came dashing and foaming a little stream, which collected itself in the centre of the mount into a large natural basin, between which and the hills stood the cluster of wooden buildings which constituted the station. Near to the little lake, and facing it, stood forward the chief hut; right and left and behind stood others, including stables, cow-sheds, kitchen, and stockmen's huts. Around the lake the grass was smooth and green as on an English lawn, and on the sides of the mount lay gardens and vineyards, presenting a most vividly light green contrast to the native foliage around. Beyond the broad valley rose again noble masses of woods; beyond these stretched the unbroken surface of interminable forests, over which looked distant ranges of hills, one chain showing over the other,—the near dark with clothing woods, the farthest blending with the azure distance.

It was a seat fit for an emperor. So thought the delighted David; so before him had thought the unfortunate Tom Scott. His was the discovery, his the building of these dwellings, the planting out of these gardens, and the fencing in of ample paddocks for corn and hay, and the security of horses and milch kine, in the sheltered hangers below.

An active young countryman, his overseer, was ready to receive the great man in his bush home. Donald Ferguson had been on the look-out for him for some days, and had a table spread ready for the hungry man, on which the utensils were humble, but the fare was substantial. A haunch of kangaroo, more delicious than any hare, succeeded kangaroo-soup, that would have delightfully astonished the palate of a Lord Mayor, and furnished new topics to the appetising pen of Miss Acton. Wild turkey, black-duck from the river, bronze-winged pigeon (a luxurious substitute for partridge), patties of quince marmalade, preserved peaches and cream, followed in a succession which spoke eloquent eulogiums for the cook; and a dish of early figs, the first produce of the summer, closed the rear with a bottle of port, which the enraptured squatter declared could not be matched in Melbourne, nor scarcely in Glasga. We say nothing of vegetables, rare in the bush,—greens; peas, already plentiful; new potatoes; scorzonera-root, worthy to stand on the right-hand of sea-kale; salads, and pickles of mango and green melon. Never was a dinner more to the taste of hungry traveller,—never did one so

convincingly proclaim a land of plenty and of dainty delights.

"Where in the world, Donald, did ye discover this paragaun of a cook?" cried the transported squatter.

"He discovered himself," replied Donald. "He walked in one day as we were at our wit's end for some one to cook our damper and fry our chops."

"And noo ye live like the Heir o' Lynn! I'll fear me, thoo, that the chap 'ull be rayther extravagant."

"O, no!" replied Donald; "we keep him close to the chop and the cake when we're alone."

"Aweel! this is an orra time, I reckon. But dinna ye ken where the chiel comes frae? Nane but a lord could want the like o' him."

"I believe," said Donald, "he was head cook to some great man, and was just sent over to the other side on a suspicion of poisoning him."

"Poisoning! poisoning his ain maister! An' ye tuk him in, and dar to eat and drink of his devil's bannoks and bree? Oot wi' him! oot wi' him! or we are a' dead men!"

"Not a bit of it," said Donald, smiling; "don't be alarmed; there's no danger. He has cooked for us these two years, and an honest fellow does not live. In fact, he says, and I think so too, the cook that poisoned the great man was his own gorman-dising and boozing; for he was regularly carried to bed dead drunk every night of his life."

"Weel, weel," said the startled squatter, "there may be something in that; but to me it seems naething mair nor less than a tempting o' Providence."

"We get used to such things here," said Donald; "we can get no women-servants up here, and not easily men; and half our workmen and shepherds, and I must say the best half, are notorious transported thieves and burglars."

"An' ye dar to gang through the woods with these gallows-birds all alone wi' ye, an' nae Christian creature within miles o' ye?"

"Just so," added Donald, coolly; "we can't help ourselves, and nothing happens."

The great squatter had begun to think the bush not half so pleasant as it appeared over the roast turkey and the port; and his alarm was the more increased when, on going to his bed-room, he found neither lock nor latch to his door, and the moon shining through vacancies between the slabs of which it was built, large enough to put a hand through, much more the muzzle of a gun.

"Donald, my man! Donald!" he shouted, "hoo's this? Nae lock, nae latch, nae stang?"

"Oh, no," said Donald, "we don't want them; there is nothing but a latch to the front door."

This was worse and worse, and the great

man clapping the only thing like a table in the room against the door, and shoving a heavy box against that, resolved to make short work of it in the bush. But, presently, the habitual shrewdness of the man began to operate, and suggesting to him that the inhabitants of the bush knew best, and that all was right, he dropped asleep, and awoke in the beaming morning cured of all his fears, and more delighted with the scene than ever.

The hut in which he lived was but a wooden hut, with a mud floor, and a huge open chimney on the hearth of which burned a fire just enough to keep hot the kettle, and nothing more; but on the breakfast-table appeared, with the tea and coffee, chops, steaks, roasted wattle-birds, quails, and other dainties.

After breakfast Donald Ferguson rode out with Squatter to show him something of the run and its stock. But this was no work of a morning like the riding over an English farm. Seven flocks were tended upon it by seven shepherds, each with his different hut and district of pasturage, and to reach these, they had to ascend lofty hills, thread deep and hidden glens, cross streams, and ride on through woods that appeared endless. Then, again, they came out on plains, or high and extensive downs, where was descried the immense flock rolling along, as it were, over the grassy level like a cloud, or a low fog before the shepherd, always on the move, and grazing as they went. There is something pastorally grand in the idea of these numerous flocks, all daily radiating from one central circle of homesteads, and grazing in profound calm through the silent and boundless waste, returning at evening to their resting-place, and so on from day to day, and from year to year, swelling serenely into living expanses of affluence.

David Macleod soon found that it would require weeks to take a survey of his possessions, and he contented himself with finding the fragment explored all orderly and prosperous. Strychnine had now decimated the dingoes, or wild dogs, the squatters had driven back the natives, and a profound peace brooded over these wild realms of pastoral riches. Readers, lift up your imaginations; spread them out on their broadest pinions, and conceive the Squatter occupying the county of Kent, or Surrey for his run, at a rate, including licence-fee, and head-money, of some fifty pounds a-year, and you form a tolerable idea of the Squatter's domain; a domain which this country has so bountifully consigned to him, and perceive why he should so fervently desire to hold it for ever.

Ever and anon, as he followed the indefatigable Donald, through far-off valleys, where it would require a compass to direct the stranger, a troop of beautiful horses would

turn, gaze at them for a moment, and then with flying tails and manes, and snorting nostrils, bound away with a grace of motion, a conscious enthusiasm of freedom and strength, that the steed of the wilderness only displays.

"Whose are these fine horses?" would ask David, and "Yours, sir," was Donald's reply. Ever and anon, a huge herd of wild cattle would run startled at their approach, and, led by a number of stupendous bulls, dash with crashing fury and thundering hoofs through the dark bush of wattle, or the green hop-scrub, and away in the limitless woods. "Whose are these, Donald?" "Your's, sir."

Ever and anon, on some lonely upland, a flock of kangaroos would turn their tail heads, gaze silently a moment, and leap rapidly away. Anon, thousands of wild fowl rose with a stunning rush and thunder, from a rarely-visited swamp, and myriads of parrots, wild pigeons, and other birds, glanced in the tree-tops, or saluted you with their quaint cries. To David's wondering mind, it appeared like some chapter of romance, like some hidden kingdom reserved for some great prince, and stocked with everything that could enrich the table, fill the purse, and supply the most boundless passion for the chase. He returned to his station an immensely greater man, in his own estimation, than he even was before.

Here, one of these days he would come and build a castle befitting his own importance, a very palace of the wilderness. Around him he found at some twenty or thirty miles distance, other aristocrats of the wild. These were, most of them, half-pay officers, medical men, or lawyers, who had found it slow work in Europe, and had just been drawn to Victoria by fame, in the very nick of time, when the crisis had swept away the original race of squatters—the veritable pioneers of the wilderness—and left them their places on the easiest possible terms. These gentlemen's hope and expectation had been, not the achievement of great fortunes, but that of an easy and care-free life, a rural peace and plenty, and a wider horizon for their children. But a more wondrous fate was in reserve for them. They thought they had bought merely an old lamp, but it was the genuine miracle-machine of Aladdin. They dreamed only of being gentlemen graziers, and they sprung up at once, the lords and princes of a new empire.

Several of these had made a morning ride of thirty or fifty miles to call on their new neighbour; and David felt that they were of a caste, an education, an intelligence, far beyond his own homespun actuality. How was he to put himself upon a due footing with them? The upshot of his reflections was, what it only could be—a big, fine house, and a gorgeous equipage.

It was while meditating deeply on these future glories one summer's forenoon, alone

in the inner apartment of the hut, that, raising his eyes, he saw a strange and startling figure standing motionless before him. He had heard some one enter, but supposing it the cook, had not even given him a glance. The man, if man it were, stood tall, gaunt, and clad in a rude, coarse, green jacket, ragged and soiled. A belt round his waist showed a brace of large pistols, his left hand held upright as a support a long gun. On his head was a slouching brown wide-awake, and an enormous beard buried the lower half of his face. It was a face that seemed shaped to inspire horror; long, bony, and withered; tanned by sun and breeze into a mahogany hue, and from the deep sunken sockets, his eyes gleamed fiery, yet still and fixed with a spectral expression on the squatter.

"Who are you?" exclaimed David, "and what is your business?"

"Justice!" said the man, with a singular emphasis.

"Justice! And why came you here? Who has wronged you?"

"You!" retorted the man, and the fire gleamed more fiercely in his eyes, but he moved not a limb, nor a muscle.

"Me! Now, Heaven help me! I never saw you before," said the evidently alarmed David. He looked hastily round, as if for assistance; but Donald Ferguson was out in the woods, and the cook was in the distant kitchen; if he shouted he would never hear him. He glanced out of the front window; all was silent and basking without. The sun blazed and glanced on the little lake, and not a living thing seemed to stir. He cast a look out at the side window near him. He could see far down the slope, where lay the shadow of the woods: but all was motionless and soundless as at midnight. A feeling of faintness and desperation came over him; he would have shouted, but the fear of the man's fire-arms kept him silent.

"You never saw me before?" said the uncouth and gloomy figure. "No! this man you never saw. This blasted, withered, cursed, and deformed frame you never saw. It was before the thunder-bolt had fallen on me; before the scourge of misery had consumed me, and the vengeance of blood and massacre had stamped the devil upon me. Then you saw me, then—young, strong, full of hope, happy, though fighting with the frightful odds of life, because there stood precious ones beside me to cheer me on. Then you saw Tom Scott."

"Tom Scott!"

"Yes; Tom Scott. Listen! I am a blighted and blasted tree. In all the world of forests for thousands of leagues round us, there stands no such spectre of the woods as stands here. On me there remains no leaf; in my veins circulates no sap of life. I am rootless, branchless, heartless, and yet I live, and for what? To slay, as mine were slain; to crush, as mine were crushed; to burn, as mine were

burnt; and to give a loose to vengeance, because it is the only thing which has flourished with me. I once had kindly—O! most kindly—feelings; tears, prayers, and deeds of eager devotion for the suffering. I thought that I was born to win my way to success. I believed that a high heart and a clean hand could and would snatch a blessing. But men and a froward luck dragged me down. Except from two honest rude creatures, out of my own family I never received aid or kindness. The world would have me a devil, and it is done. But David Macleod what are you? Men say you are religious? Is it religion to take a man's all for a few hundred pounds, when that all may shortly become a prince's heritage? Look round on this lordly scene. Who made this place?"

"God Almighty," said the confounded Squatter.

"God and Tom Scott," said the stranger. "God Almighty raised these hills, spread these valleys, planted these everlasting forests, vaulted over them yon glittering sky; and, wherefore? That a canting hypocrite; a craven, demure, and ruthless oppressor might revel in them, and vaunt himself in them? Tom Scott built these houses, planted these gardens, enclosed these pastures, and raised these flocks and herds from a mere handful to ten thousand, and was that, think you, of no more value than the deficient balance of a paltry hundred or two of pounds?"

The man raised slowly and steadily the long gun from the ground, and lowering its muzzle towards the stupefied Squatter, said, "David Macleod, one little crooking of my fore-finger, and you are in eternity. In vain will then be all your scraped-up riches, in vain all these lordly woods and hills, in vain all your flocks and herds, your houses, and your parchments. But I lower once more my piece, give one more moment, and say—Justice!"

"As God lives, Tom Scott," cried the terrified man, his eyes almost starting from his head, and his hand put out as if to avert the threatened deed, "I will do all.—Help! help! in God's name, help! Murder!" shouted he, suddenly from the side-window desecrating three horsemen approaching the house; and, darting to the window, which was open, gave one more frantic cry, and sank senseless on the floor.

When the Squatter came to himself again, he cried, "Stop him! hold him! for worlds, don't let him escape!"

"Let who escape?" asked two or three voices, amongst which was that of the cook.

"Who! why, Tom Scott, to be sure. He was here this minute; where is he?" and he rushed out to see. Nobody had seen Tom Scott. Since the day that he disappeared, he had never been seen here nor anywhere near here. His fame, as a merciless pursuer of the natives, was unrivalled; but no one could say that he had seen him anywhere.

David Macleod returned hastily to town. The glory and beauty of his giant estate had departed. The image of Tom Scott reigned there in intensest horror. East and west, throughout the colony, millions of acres spread their bosoms to the sun, with all their hills, woods, waters, and living things, which owned him for master, but David Macleod never approached them; for Tom Scott might be there.

Years went on; wealth rolled in upon him in torrents; and, as if fortune would visit him and his brethren of squatterdom with her wildest wonders, it was discovered that the colony was one great region of gold. Gold was everywhere. Its earth, its rocks, its rivers, were all teeming with gold! Thousands upon thousands rushed from all the ends of the earth to snatch a share in the marvellous booty; and suddenly the value of the squatters' possessions jumped up five and tenfold in value. No longer were boiling-down establishments requisite to keep down the astonishing increase of the flocks, and yield some tolerable return from them. No longer bubbled those huge cauldrons into which the mangled limbs of whole herds of sheep were thrown daily and hourly, and seethed down for their fat. There were hundreds of thousands of hungry mouths in the colony, ready to consume, and of hands full of strangely-gathered gold to pay liberally for them.

These wanted, moreover, bullocks and horses to draw up provisions to the swarming diggings, and carry down the gold,—to prosecute the incessant traffic in the towns, and the speeding of escorts and eager passengers. Sheep advanced from five shillings to twenty-five per head; oxen from twenty shillings to twenty pounds; horses from five pounds to seventy and a hundred. The amazed squatters stood astonished at their own affluence. Theirs, indeed, was the Midas touch which turned all to gold, without its ancient penalty. David Macleod calculated up his gains. He was now, in one quarter or another, master of fifty thousand sheep, ten thousand cattle, and two thousand horses. In stock on his stations he was actually worth more than a quarter of a million! What a metamorphosis! Can that great senator ever have been the little dirty boy of the Gallowgate kennel? Never in the world's history had there been so fabulous a period, out-fabing all fable. The great patriarchs roaming on the vast plains of Mesopotamia, with their immense flocks, multiplied and prospered by the express favour of heaven, can present no parallel of fortune with the squatters of Victoria; for they had no diggings to consume their mutton at sixpence per pound. Each party held their estates on equally cheap tenure, that is, just about for nothing; but the balance of profit was infinitely in favour of the patriarchs of the antipodes.

Job had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and was a marvel of wealth amongst the ovine and bovine magnates of the east; but Job himself would have cut but a sorry figure amongst the wondrous men of the south. Arabia Felix to Australia Felix?—a sand-bank to a paradise! Never since the world began—under no régime of a most propitious Providence—had mortal men been thus, without any merit or demerit, forethought or sagacity of their own, so blessed and pressed, loaded and bedded, rained on in deluges, and bolstered with bags of riches. Never again till the world winds up its motley accounts of bankruptcies and beggaries, monied plethora and coffers of Cæsus, destitution and surfeit, will any nation continue to pitchfork such piles of gold-sacks upon a knot of good honest men, astounded at their own greatness.

But no state has its entire exemptions from the shadow with the sun—the Bubbly Jock with the grandeur. As Tom Scott, with his one stern word—Justice! stood suddenly before the startled David Macleod, so with the in-rushing multitude which bought the squatters' mutton, came a new cry for the squatters' land. Those who had gold wanted homes; those who had homes wanted farms. The cry was—Land! land! and the squatters recoiled in terror before it. What! those noble estates, those woods, and mountains, and charming valleys all their own? Those lands yielding millions of sheep at sixpence a-pound, and paddocks yielding hay at sixty and one hundred and twenty pounds a-ton? Give them up, or any part of them? Reader, if government gave you the run of the Isle of Thanet to-morrow, would you like to restore it the next day, or next year, or next hundred years? How much less, then, the whole County of York? Believe me, you would cling to it as to dear life. No man could renounce, without a pang, and a bitter one, so glorious a domain, so vast and fascinating a power.

Therefore the squatters hurried into the legislative council, and, in a serried phalanx of anxiety and indignation, denounced the unreasonable demands of multitudes clamorous for land. There was raised a wild cry of "the hated squatters, the injured squatters, the squatters who had raised the flag of enterprise, built the metropolis of Melbourne, created the enormous wool-trade, suffered unheard-of miseries in the bush, driven out the natives, annihilated the dogs, and sold mutton to tribes of famishing men." In vain! From the inexorable Fawknor and O'Shaughnassey came the ominous and repeated echoes of—Tom Scott!

They stripped from the unfortunate squatters the glorious coats of other men's merits, in which they had so comfortably wrapped themselves. True, there had not been many actual Tom Scotts, the story had been more

commonplace, but not the less real. As James Montgomery says of the Reformation—

Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned and pass'd away.

So the early squatters, the real pioneers and sufferers, had, for the most part, passed away, and the present generation were, in a great degree, the easy sons of a most wondrous fortune, who reaped where other men had sowed. Gentlemen amiable, and hospitable, and accomplished, numbers of them, but still, verily they have had their reward. When they talk of compensation for the loss of land, Fawknor asks, Whose land? The nation's? For their improvements, O'Shaughnassey reminds them, that their tenure forbids them to make any, except on the homestead, which they are allowed to purchase, at a proportionate price. When they talk of the injured squatters, the Argus points to their enormous wealth, and to the injured public. When they bemoan themselves as the poor squatters, all the world laughs, and the jolly rogues laugh in their own sleeves.

These are your new squatters, the auto-crats of boundless wilds, the most favoured of all Fortune's sons. May they live a thousand years! But may it be still following their flocks in the van of settlement and civilisation. With the sound of advancing millions behind them, with the plough, the hammer, the shuttle, and the railroad, a hum of human activity and happiness, and before them the pleasant wilderness, the calmly-pasturing flock, the wild majestic herd, and the neighing troop of unlimited steeds, till the great continent of Australia shall be the England of the south, traversed by steam, surrounded by busy fleets—vast, populous, mighty, and at peace.

A GERMAN TABLE D'HÔTE.

OUR table d'hôte at the Golden Plough is not an imposing one. The Gasthaus itself is not an important hostelry. It is on the Rhine, but does not form part of the out-works of any of the large and fashionable Rhenish cities, which appear at first sight to be composed entirely of hotels: neither is its name painted in enormous characters all over its exterior, in various languages, for the behoof of tourists. In the Rhein Strasse of our quiet town, at which the steamer stops on its way up or down the beautiful river, the weary traveller—who perhaps has been tearing through Belgium via Ostend, anxious to do that country, the Rhine, Switzerland, and perhaps Italy, in the smallest possible amount of time—will, as he steps from the steamer, discover the modest portals of the above inn, and perchance, if it be late, pass the night there. I am not, however, about to speak of its sleeping accommodation; but of the mid-day meal, to which I subscribe a small sum monthly; and of the circle,

or rather ellipse of human kind, which daily congregates round that festive board.

The inn is kept by an elderly woman, who has been for many years past in a state of widowhood. She is of a pleasant and jocose disposition, albeit her voice is occasionally to be heard in a loud key proceeding from the kitchen, especially when an undue delay occurs in the serving of the dinner. She is seconded by her niece, a very pretty little specimen of German womankind; who, with two handmaids (there are no waiters) and an odd man, who combines the duties of butler, boots, and ostler, form all the visible establishment. There are, to be sure, one or two hangers-on, whose duty does not seem to be clearly defined. They are chiefly employed in transporting your luggage from the steamer to the inn, or vice versa, and hanging about the stables, making themselves generally useless.

The Speise-Saal, or dining and coffee-room, fronts the street, and does not present any particularly distinctive features from that of any other small German inn. It is ornamented, amongst other things, with a picture of Cologne Cathedral, the effect of which is slightly marred by a clock-dial of large dimensions being placed exactly in the middle of the painting. A strong odour of stale tobacco smoke and soup pervades the apartment; a supply of the former being kept up with great assiduity by the majority of the guests.

The company does not much resemble that which is to be found at the great tables d'hôte of the principal Rhine hotels. Comparatively few English, armed to the teeth with Murray's Hand-books, Panoramas of the Rhine, Sketch and Conversation Books, uglies, and—by the fair much loved—mushroom hats of portentous dimensions, make their appearance in this place. The greater part of the society is formed of inhabitants of the town, some of whom have dined at the Golden Plough regularly for twenty years past. Occasional travellers, mostly natives, join the circle, which is not unfrequently brightened by a military uniform or two.

About one o'clock (the hour of dinner) the habitués are to be seen strolling in, singly, or by twos and threes; if it be fine, sitting on the benches which, according to old custom, are placed by the door; or if the weather be bad, standing round the stove, for the most part smoking, chattering, and reading the small single-sheet newspaper. The greater number of these individuals have been getting an appetite by consuming divers glasses of beer at the various Bierwirthschafts in the town. By the way, the amount of small beer (all malt liquor is small here) some Germans manage to imbibe, is calculated to impress a stranger with considerable astonishment. Some of the Bonn students have been known to swallow two or three gallons

in the course of an evening, apparently without much difficulty.

In the course of events the soup has made its appearance, and we are seated. At the head of the table has sat from time immemorial an old gentleman of great importance, Chamberlain to the Durchlaucht, or Serene Highness, in whose principality the town is situated. The Herr Cammerade is a very Lord Chesterfield and Brummel combined, in point of ceremony and deportment. He is not, however, I grieve to say, invariably treated with that reverence and respect which are due to his years and position by certain of the younger branches of the society; nay, he is occasionally made the butt, or vehicle for the "chaff" of a ponderous and Germanic character, of certain members of the legal profession, who are among the constant frequenters of mine hostess's board. Next to the Chamberlain sits the Herr Doctor Stolberg Lozengfels, who has practised medicine in the town with good repute for many years past. This personage is invariably the first to arrive at the Golden Plough, and the last to depart. He is of a taciturn mood, and when not engaged at dinner, is always to be seen in a favourite chair in the corner, reading the paper. On the other side, the Herr Cammerade is supported by a gentleman who holds the important position of district judge. His personal appearance always reminds me of an elephant. He has large ears and small grey eyes; a slow or solemn manner of moving himself, and a massive probosciform character of mouth, which is heightened by a pair of large prominent moustachios, by no means impressing the judicial character on English eyes. The judge, moreover, affects a gallant demeanour towards the fair sex, and especially the pretty niece before-mentioned. Another important member of the Tafel is the Captain von Donnerblitz, a retired unwounded officer of the Prussian service. The captain is tremendously perpendicular in his carriage, and employs his leisure, when not talking very loud, chiefly in twirling his moustache, which is strongly developed. In contrast with this militaire is an old major, on half-pay, lame from a wound received at Ligny: a mild, quiet, and amiable gentleman. I ought to have given him precedence in the list, but his more obtrusive brother officer first forced himself on my recollection. Then comes a knot of the aforesaid avocats, as they are called. These are remarkable for clinging together with great pertinacity; they are always to be seen in a cluster, either before dinner or supper, in the beer-houses or perambulating the riverside. They are, for the most part, of a lively temperament, and are not particular about cravats in hot weather. Next to myself for some time sat the young Count von Dibsдорff, who, though reputed very rich, invariably dined here at the cost of about a shilling; he wore spec-

tacles, studied a great deal, was addicted to salad, and did not smoke—a rare and remarkable exception amongst the habitués of the Golden Plough. The Count, however, was occasionally to be seen driving about in a vehicle of an unpretending nature—strongly resembling, in fact, a Margate fly which had been discarded as past service—but which, as it chased the silence from our quiet streets never failed to arrest the attention of the rare passer-by, who stopped to gaze upon it as an equipage of importance.

At the lower end of the table are to be found the occasional arrivals; notably a venerable Herr Geheimrath, who makes his appearance about twice a week on some business, drinks a bottle of wine at dinner, takes a cup of coffee immediately afterwards, and departs by the next steamer. Should he, meanwhile, be so fortunate as to get hold of a new-comer, he never fails to inflict upon him his standard anecdote of the circumstances under which he had once been addressed by Napoleon the First, when that potentate appeared at Dusseldorf.

We have reason to believe, where we sit (and indeed the avocet Spitznase once elicited as much), that the Emperor's manner was not altogether flattering to Herr Geheimrath; but that makes no kind of difference in the story. Stray Englishmen drop in, and generally make a point of ordering expensive wines for dinner—a great mistake when the table wine is of drinkable quality. He usually finds the chief difference to be in the price and name, and our ordinary Rhine wine was of the characteristic good vintage of the district. I remember one of my dear countrymen, wishing to study the variety of wines at call, taking up, as he supposed, the Wein karte; but, after puzzling for a long time amongst an inexplicable list of names, it was explained to him that the said carte was nothing but the almanack, which being a Catholic one, had a long row of saints' names written in the German character, and appearing to this thirsty connoisseur to be a catalogue of things vinous rather than spiritual.

The calling out of the militia of the district causes dire confusion at the Gast-haus, sudden increase of cares to the hostess, dismay to the cook, and perplexity, not unrealised by passages of excitement, to the Hebes of the establishment. Besides the regular table d'hôte, there is now another long table, occupied by the mass of these defenders of their country. The irruption of the said sons of Mars is not altogether agreeable, even to the members: of our usually quiet coterie; not but what the warriors are of a polite and amiable nature: nevertheless, the undue number of diners in the room, tends somewhat to render it close and suffocating, besides causing considerable delay in the serving of the viands; the fumes of tobacco assume the density of a London fog, and one's emergence to a purer atmosphere

is delayed by the missing of hat and stick from the accustomed peg, and their discovery, after toilsome search, buried under a pile of helmets, foraging-caps, swords, belts, cloaks, and other military appurtenances.

Although I was far from being prejudiced in favour of home-habits, and soon grew reconciled to many of the customs of the country, I never could divest myself of the conviction that it would not be amiss if they were to change one's knife and fork once or twice in the course of the long and complex proceedings of the dinner-table. I never learnt to appreciate the flavour which a fishy fork gives to blanc-mange, for example: your true German would use his knife under the circumstances.

I must not omit to mention the musical performances with which we are not unfrequently favoured. Soon after the beginning of dinner, unearthly sounds make themselves heard outside the door, which gradually resolve themselves into some waltz or operatic selections performed by a harp, clarinet, and bassoon; the bassoon usually having all its own way. Sometimes also we are favoured with the presence of a youth who carries an accordian of portentous dimensions, out of which proceeds, a vague and asthmatic harmony; one is expected generally to reward these performances with a small donation of six pfennigs, or one halfpenny.

The music being ended, and the soup, leathery boiled beef, fried potatoes, literally melted-butter, herring-cutlets, sour-kraut—not to be thought of without a shudder—pudding, roast fowl, roast mutton or beef, cheese, and fruit, having been severally disposed of, we successively, or, as is the case with the avocats, simultaneously, rise from the table. Cigars are produced on all hands—the black coffee is sipped at side tables or settees, or we wend our way home to drink it there.

I pass the window about an hour afterwards; Doctor Stolberg Lozengefels is sitting in his favourite corner, quietly perusing the Kölner Zeitung; the elephantine judge is smoking a long pipe with a porcelain bowl, and between the puffs is plaguing with ponderous badinage the pretty niece.

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DISPUTED IDENTITY.

WHEN I was a boy, I lived with my father and mother, in a little cottage, in a village in Warwickshire. He was a farm labourer, my mother had enough to do with her family: but at harvest and hay-time she worked in the fields, and what she earned was a great help. She had a good many children; but one way or other, they all died except me and my brother. I think I should have gone like the rest; if it had not been for a neighbour's son, named George, who was most uncommon kind to me, he helped my mother nurse me when I was ill of a fever, and he was good to me ever after. He was some years older than me, and what made him take to me, I am sure I cannot tell; but that I should love him in return is no wonder at all. I worshipped him, and that is the only word to use for it. He used to tell me no end of stories about robbers and wild beasts; but above all about battles. He used to make me windmills, and boats, and kites, and gave me endless balls of string and knives; but what I cared for most of all, was, that he let me follow him about wherever he went, and take his dinner to him out in the fields, and sent me on all his errands. I felt very proud to go; for I would have laid myself down under his feet if he had wanted me. Though I was quite a little chap, he used to talk to me as if I were his equal. He told me how he hated a dull country life, and how he longed to go away, and to seek his fortune in distant parts. He would have enlisted for a soldier, if it had not been for his mother, who would have broken her heart. She was a meek good woman, who had been tyrannised over by a brutal husband, who had been groom to a gentleman. He broke his neck, trying to break in a vicious horse. Although, being drunk at the time, it was his own fault, the gentleman pensioned the widow; so that George had all the money he earned for himself. He did not take after his father; but held himself aloof from the other fellows in the village, and never set foot in an ale-house—not from pride, but because he took pleasure in other things. He was always studying at one thing or other every leisure moment, especially he

tried to pick up all he could about battles, and he used to draw plans of battles upon an old slate.

At last a change came over him—a sort of fever—and he grew desponding and unhappy. He used to talk to me a great deal, but I could only feel very sorry for him, I could say nothing to comfort him. His mother, poor body, saw that all was not right, and feared he would take after his father, she used to preach to him out of the catechism, and tell him, it was his duty to be content in the state of life to which he was born; it was all very good, but not suitable to his case. He hated his occupation, and yet, oddly enough, it was only in his work he seemed to find any relief. He did as much as three men, and then asked for more.

Well, the truth must come out at last—George turned poacher. Poaching is a breach of the law of the land. I say no more about that; but I believe myself, that gentlemen who have a regular licence to shoot, and who preserve their own game, have not half the enjoyment in a whole season's shooting, that there is in one night's good poaching. However, you see poaching has this drawback;—the fellows who take to poaching, leave off honest hard work; they slink out of daylight, and haunt public-houses, and take to low idle habits of every kind. The love of adventure kills the habit of steady-going industry. They would do capitably out in the Australian bush, or at the diggings; but they plague the life out of churchwardens, overseers, constables, and squires. So they make a mess of it, and get into trouble: which is a pity, for you would not believe what fine, likely young fellows many of them are to begin with.

George, for his part, was too proud, and respected himself too much, to fall into disreputable ways. He never would take me with him; though, when I saw him preparing his tackle, and cleaning his gun, I used to beg very hard that he would let me go; but he was always quite stern and resolved. However, he used to let me help him take care of his things, and I was very proud to do that. We made a hiding-place under some furze bushes, where no keepers would think of looking, and where everything could be kept quite dry. I had the charge of his dog, too—a knowing sen-

sible brute, who loved the sport as much as his master: he was a strong lean yellow cross-bred dog, with long hair and a feather tail; he knew as well as we did that he must keep quiet during the day; and, though I sometimes did my best to 'tice him, I could never prevail upon him to have a game of play. As soon as he had eaten his dinner, he would curl himself up, with his nose under his tail, and go off to sleep as sensible as a Christian; he knew that his master would give him exercise enough at night. We had made a place for him to live in under the bushes close by where the tackle was kept, and we knew that nobody could meddle with it so long as he was there.

Things went on in this way for some months. George's mother, who had always been ailing, fell into a kind of waste, and the doctors said she could not last long. George was always a good son, and he watched and waited on his mother like a woman. He would not have had her know anything of his going out at nights for the world; and, though it was well known in the village, the neighbours had too much good feeling to tell her. George was greatly cut up by his mother's illness, but he told me that when she was taken he would not stay in the place a day, but would go for a soldier. I nearly broke my heart when he said this, but he comforted me by saying, that he would send for me, and we should share our fortune together. But this was not to be.

One night a party of men asked George to head them on an expedition into the woods of Lord Capelcurry, where there was to be a battue the next day. Of course all the keepers were on the alert, but that was a temptation rather than not. George asked me to be with his mother for that evening, and to read to her to keep her from asking questions. I consented; though I would much rather have gone with the party.

I saw George go away, and then went to the cottage of his mother, to whom I told a natural story to account for his absence. She soon grew weary of the reading, and talked and maundered on about former days, before she was married, and about her first meeting with her husband, and how much he was in love with her, and what a good husband he had been before he was led astray by bad company. I was thinking of George; but I was a good listener, and remained with her till she went to bed, and then I went home. Early the next morning I was awakened by bad news: there had been a desperate affray with the poachers the night before; one of Lord Capelcurry's keepers was killed, and another seriously wounded. All the poachers had made their escape except George, who had been taken, and was dreadfully hurt. The news spread like wildfire; the constables were abroad; three of the poachers were secured, but the others managed to find safe hiding. It was

impossible to keep the news from George's mother, and you may fancy the misery it caused. I was nearly frantic, and walked all the way to the gaol in the next town, which was fifteen miles off, in the hopes of seeing George. Of course I was not admitted, but I learned that he was in the infirmary, and his wounds were doing well. I was nearly mad. I could have beaten down the gates to get at him; and when I was turned away, I thought I would set the town on fire to revenge him. Some friends of the other men who had been taken were very kind to me, and kept me from doing mischief to myself or any one else.

There lived in the town a very clever man, who was looked up to as a sort of prisoner's friend; for if a man got into trouble, Mr. Messent was always ready to take his part; and he often got a prisoner off, when there had not seemed a chance in the world for him. We all went to him and told him our case. He spoke kindly, and seemed to be very sorry about George and the other men. He talked of the game laws in a way that was a real comfort to us, and we went home in better heart. All the village joined to help to pay the money for the defence. After Mr. Messent had been admitted to see the prisoners, he drove over to our village to collect evidence and examine witnesses. He called to see George's mother. He brought her a message from her son. He brought me a kind word from him too. Altogether he kept up our spirits wonderfully.

When, at last, the assizes came on, George was recovered enough to take his trial. All the prisoners were found guilty, and George was declared to be the one who fired the shot that had been the actual cause of the gamekeeper's death. The judge, in his address, declared it to be one of the most aggravated cases he had ever tried, and called upon the prisoners to rejoice in the lenity of the sentence; which was, that George was to be transported for the term of his natural life, and all the others for fourteen years. I saw George once—for one moment. I, and the friends of the other prisoners were allowed to stand in the yard as they were conveyed to the van. I sprang forwards and grasped one of his hands: he said cheerfully, "Good bye, old fellow; we will meet again."

George's mother never looked up again: she died before the week was out. The gang of poachers was entirely broken up, and Lord Capelcurry and his keepers had their hares and partridges in peace. The keepers had killed George's dog; but I gathered together all the odd matters that had belonged to him, and which nobody disputed with me. I then turned my back upon the place where I had lived, and went to seek for work elsewhere.

I might have been then about sixteen. The gardener at Squire Munsford's had mar-

ried my mother's sister; so I went there first, to see if he could give me a place. It was ten miles on the other side of the village where all these things had taken place. Both he and my aunt received me very kindly. I was made under-gardener and helper to my uncle: it was a good place, and I lived there for five years. My uncle was a Scotchman, and he took pains with my learning; for he was a man of some education himself. At the end of that time he went to be head-gardener to Sir Robert Palmer, and I was promoted by Squire Munsford to his place. This was considered a great piece of good luck, and so it was; but you see, I only cared for one thing in this world, and that was, to save money enough to be able to join George across the water. I went home sometimes to see my father and mother at the old place. My brother—I told you I had one—did not turn out comfortably, and ended by running away to sea; so I had to help the old people, which kept me from saving so much as I might otherwise have done. One time, when I was down there, I heard a rumour that George had escaped from the gang of convicts, and had got clear off along with two others, after killing the overseer. This statement had made the round of the newspapers; yet, Botany Bay was so far off, no one could rightly tell whether to believe this or not: but everybody who had known him wished George well; and, after I had been gardener it might be about ten years, Madam Munsford died, and the Squire broke up his establishment and went to live in another part of England.

I was left in charge of the place with a man under me, to keep the grounds in order; and an old servant was left in the house. After Squire Munsford's death—which followed that of his wife in a couple of years—the place came into the market to be sold; and the estate was divided into lots, some of which went with the house, and others separate. A good many parties came to view the house; but for some it was too large and for others too small, and from one cause or other it remained a couple of years unlet. One morning as I was mowing the lawn, I saw a grand travelling carriage stop before the gate. A gentleman who was inside beckoned me to come to him. I went; but when I reached the window I nearly dropped down with surprise, for I surely believed it was George himself I saw before me.

The gentleman took no notice of my looks, but quietly asked, if he could be shown over the house?—he had a card to view it. He alighted, and I walked behind him like a person in a dream: the more I looked at the stranger the more perplexed I was with the resemblance. He was evidently a military man, and had the mark of a sabre-cut across his forehead. He addressed me as a perfect stranger, and asked many questions which I

answered without well knowing what I said. That George should have become a gentleman and ride in his carriage was quite likely enough; but I felt sure that, however grand he might become, he would never change towards me. At last he drove away, and I did not know whether to feel glad or sorry.

A few days afterwards he returned, accompanied by a man of business; and, after much examination of documents, and comparing of deeds, Major Rutherford (as George's Double was called), became the owner of the house and certain lots of land lying around: a nice compact little property it was. The furniture was old-fashioned, and would have fetched nothing at a sale; but it suited the house, and was convenient as well as appropriate. This was taken at a small valuation, and thus, at a stroke, Major Rutherford took his place amongst the county gentry. Before they departed, I was called into the room and received the offer to become Major Rutherford's bailiff. The lawyer—who had been Squire Munsford's man of business—said he had recommended me; but I did not think that had anything to do with my appointment. Ever since I had heard of George's escape, I had felt unsettled in my grand purpose; and now, though I could not make the Major out to my satisfaction, I felt quite content to stop with him.

If I had expected the Major to be like what I recollected of George, I was much mistaken: he was like George certainly; but it was George possessed by a devil: all the gloomy, moody discontent, which had overshadowed him in the latter days of our intercourse, seemed to be hardened and exaggerated in the Major into a bitter grinding sense of wrong and injustice. He had evidently lived a stormy adventurous life; and, although he had conquered fortune and position, yet he was scornful and contemptuous—unthankful one might say—for all the comforts and advantages he had won in his battle of life. It was understood that he was a gentleman by birth, of good though decayed family; that he had entered the East India Company's service when very young, and had won his promotion by heading more than one forlorn hope. The means by which he had obtained his fortune was not exactly known; but men in those days always made their fortunes in the East. The neighbouring gentlemen all called upon him; but his opinions and theirs clashed at all points: they were all good steady church and king men, Tories of the old school. The Major had brought home with him startling political notions about reform in parliament, and extension of the suffrage, which he propounded with a reckless audacity that nearly sent some of his most respectable visitors into fits of apoplexy. He also took the earliest opportunity of quarrelling with the rector of the parish, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman; and, in that capacity, had com-

mitted three men for some trifling trespass upon his own property. The Major declared that this was a most unchristian proceeding, and refused to attend church; the large family pew in the pretty village church consequently remained untenanted Sunday after Sunday, to the intense disgust of the rector, and the great scandal of the county-side. But the crowning act of his unpopularity was, that, at a supper which he gave to the tenants and farmers on his estate, he announced his intention of not preserving his game, and gave them all free permission to kill whatever they found on their own land.

This proceeding was in such direct opposition to the customs of the county, that the gentry looked upon it as a reflection upon them, and resented it accordingly. They all cut the major, and spoke of him as an infidel, a Jacobite, and a revolutionary democrat. The Major took all this with great indifference, and seemed, indeed, to enjoy exasperating their prejudices. To his own tenants he made a kind but strictly just landlord,—all the fences, farm-houses, and buildings were kept in perfect repair, the cottages of the labourers were rebuilt. He showed the greatest desire to make the condition of all who depended on him as good as possible; but, in spite of the substantial benefits he conferred, he was anything but popular: he was too much of a reformer, and made no allowance for the natural unwillingness of men to walk in new ways. He liked to be in the opposition, and would any day have preferred to fight for his own way, rather than obtain it uncontested.

As for myself, I was much attached to him, partly for his own sake, and partly for the sake of old times, which he so strangely brought back to me, though he never, by the most trivial word or deed recognised any former state of intercourse. A year passed on without any remarkable occurrence; but then, there befel a curious adventure. The Major and I went to attend an agricultural dinner that took place in the next town, which is a cathedral town. As we returned home, it was a bright moonlight night. The streets were deserted; everybody was in bed; but, as we drove past the cathedral, I distinctly saw a figure at one of the lower windows, fluttering a handkerchief, and I fancied I heard a faint voice cry, "Help!" I do not believe in ghosts, but I confess my heart beat thick.

"Good heaven!" said the Major, "some one has been buried alive, and is trying to escape!"

"More likely some poor mad creature who has escaped from confinement, and has hidden herself there."

Again we heard the cry of "Help!"

The Major sprang from the gig. I did not like him to go alone, but the horse was young and spirited, and could not be left.

The Major soon returned. "We must find

out the sexton," said he, hastily; "it is a poor young woman who has been locked in by accident. She seems to be nearly mad with fear."

There was not a soul to be seen about. We did not the least in the world know where the keys were kept; but we were obliged to do something. After knocking up several wrong people, who did not bestow blessings upon us for our pains, we at length discovered the clerk, and with some difficulty got him and his lantern into the street. The Major and he went together to the cathedral, and I remained with the gig. They soon returned, carrying between them a young girl, who seemed to be dead. They took her into the house, and the clerk's wife came down-stairs; lights appeared in the various houses, whose inmates we had disturbed, and night-capped heads were popped out of the windows to see what had happened. One or two, more curious than the rest, came into the street, to learn the rights of the case. As soon as the poor girl, was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, she told us that she had come from Sutton-Cosely that day with a party of friends for a day's shopping, and to see the monuments in the cathedral. While she was looking at one of the tombs, her party passed on; and, when she turned round, she saw them leaving the building. She called, but no one heard: in her haste, her foot slipped, and she fell down against a pillar, and cut her brow,—before she could rise, she heard the ponderous doors clang together, and the key turn in the lock. At first she thought they would miss her and return; but time passed on, and they did not come. She beat against the door, but could make no one hear. Evening closed in, she grew desperate at the prospect of remaining there all night. The last thing she recollected was climbing to a window and breaking the glass to attract attention. Poor thing, it was no wonder she was frightened at the prospect of remaining in that great dark lonely place full of graves! I should not have liked it myself.

The Major decided that we would drive her home, late as it was, to save her friends further anxiety. She was well wrapped up, and we took her between us in the gig.

She lived about five miles across the country, in an old moated farmhouse that had been once a manor-house. It was now a dim ghostly-looking place, built of grey stone, and half unoccupied. As we drove down the lane that led to the house, we saw a number of persons moving about in great excitement. The sound of our vehicle called some persons to the door. Foremost among them was the farmer holding a candle above his head, and his other hand shading his eyes; behind him were the maid-servants. I could feel the poor girl shrink closer to us when he appeared.

"We have brought back your daughter

Mr. Byrne," said the Major, speaking first. "We have been so fortunate as to rescue her from a very unpleasant situation."

"Where hast thou been to, wench?" asked the father, sternly. "Go to bed with you, huzzy,—a pretty disgrace you are to your family! And who may yon gentlemen be?" said he, turning upon us. "How do I know that you have not made up a story amongst you, to get me to receive the girl back when she may deserve no better than to be thrown out of the window?"

The Major was struck dumb at such an address; but I, to whom the brutal violent character of Farmer Byrne was well known, knew better how to deal with him. In a few words I made him understand that this sort of thing would not answer. He subsided into a surly civility, and gave us grudging thanks, that seemed to choke him in the utterance. On our road home I told Major Rutherford what I knew about the farmer,—he was a savage brute, who had broken the heart of his wife by ill-usage, and was bidding fair to do as much for his daughter—a good, gentle, well-conducted girl; a good daughter to an ill father. I spoke warmly in her praise; for I felt very sorry for the poor thing when I thought of the beating she would be sure to get as soon as our backs were turned; but I was not prepared for the effect my words were to take. Before a month was over the Major came to me one day, and told me that he was going to be married to Farmer Byrne's daughter. Without saying a word to me, he had made inquiries about her; had seen her frequently, and partly from compassion, and partly from love, he had gone the length of proposing to her, and had been accepted.

I was surprised, and not altogether pleased. He was so mixed up in my mind with George, that I could not separate the two, and I could not bear to have any change in our relationship. He saw I was not pleased, and took some trouble to reconcile me to it. Of course, nothing that I could say would alter the matter; so I held my tongue, and they were married very quietly at the parish church by the obnoxious rector. One good result followed this marriage; she persuaded her husband to begin to go to church again, and be friends with the rector. I was very glad of this; for their feud had been one cause that the neighbourhood held aloof from the Major, and I wanted to see him take his rightful position. His wife's influence, too, had a happy effect upon his temper and disposition. She softened his bitter contradictory spirit, and showed so much good sense in her new position, that I ended by thinking that the Major had done the wisest act in his life when he married her.

As to the poor girl herself, she brightened up under the influence of happiness, and looked quite a new creature. It was the first little glimpse of sunshine she had ever known.

She was far too humble to fret herself because the neighbouring ladies did not receive her into their ranks, and was far too much in love with her husband to care for anything else. They lived quite privately and quietly; and, at the end of eighteen months a little son was born, who filled up the measure of their content.

One morning I had been to wait on the Major, to ask directions about the drainage of an outlying meadow. He agreed to ride over with me to see what was doing, and we went out together at the back of the house, to go to the stables. As we were crossing the yard we saw a wild, athletic man, half gipsy, half tinker, standing ready to beg or to steal, as the occasion offered. The Major had a horror of vagrants and beggars, and never showed them any mercy. All the penalties the law allows were always enforced; though no man had a kinder heart to all honest and deserving poor than he. I had seen this tinker hanging about, the day before, in the village, and had warned him off. I was surprised to see him here, for the boldest beggars never ventured near the house. The Major roughly desired him to go away. The man looked at him with impudent, malicious eyes; and, coming nearer, said something in a low tone that I did not hear. To this, the Major only replied by threatening him with the riding-whip he held in his hand; the man replied insolently, and the blow descended across his face. Staggering and blinded, the man shook his fists at the Major, and said:

"I know you, George Marston; and I will do for you yet."

I started, as though a pistol had been discharged in my ear. I looked at the Major; our eyes met; my glance fell beneath his, and I turned away. We neither of us made any remark; we might not have heard, for any sign we gave. The Major mounted his pony, and rode alone to the field; where he remained superintending the workmen till dinner-time. I was waiting for him when he returned.

"Has any one been to ask for me?" said he, as he dismounted.

"No, sir," replied the servant.

"Stay and dine with us, Benson," said the Major, turning to me; and we went into the dining-room together. Mrs. Rutherford and the baby were there. The Major talked to his wife, played with his child, and eat his dinner like a man who enjoyed it. I sat stupefied, and wondering what was to come next. After dinner, the Major proposed to drive his wife and the baby in a little forest carriage kept entirely for her use. She was delighted; and, as she took her place, I thought she looked prettier than I had ever seen her. She always had an innocent look, and a little air of rusticity that became her well. The Major's great calmness and indifference staggered me, and did more to make me doubt my own convictions than a dozen denials.

About an hour after the Major had gone

out, two men drove to the door in a post-chaise, and inquired for him. They were strangers, but I knew they were constables. I ordered them refreshments in the Major's room; and, having seen them seated before the bread and cheese, I went out to await the Major at a turn of the road. I told him, as indifferently as I could, not to alarm his wife, and asked whether he would choose to avoid them. His cheek flushed as I spoke, and a look, like one I well remembered of old, came into his face, as he said: "No; let them do their worst." And then, touching the pony with the whip, he drove on as calmly as though I had asked him what was to be done with a heap of stones. The constables came out at the sound of wheels, and with official stolidity presented their warrant. The Major glanced at the paper; and, shrugging his shoulders, said he was quite ready to go with them. His wife looked anxiously from one party to the other.

"It is a summons to appear immediately before the magistrates in the next town, to give evidence in a case of disputed identity. Get my carpet-bag packed directly, there's a good little woman; I shall not be home to-night."

She left the room, and he made no attempt to follow her.

"I am obliged to accompany these persons to the next town," said the Major to me. "They are constables, come to take me on the charge of being a returned convict. It is unpleasant; for innocent men have been hanged for their likeness to other people before now. However, I hope to establish my identity; I have a few marks to help me."

He spoke in a hard, dry, distinct voice, as though every word were uttered with effort. I could not speak.

"I expect to return to-morrow," continued he; "but if I am detained, I will write to you. Keep Mrs. Rutherford from feeling uneasy, and use your own judgment in all things."

His wife entered, looking tearful and agitated. She had a presentiment of evil. His lip quivered, as he bade her farewell; he grasped my hand, and sprang hastily into the post-chaise which was waiting.

The Major did not return home the next day, or the next after that; for he was committed to the county gaol to take his trial at the next assizes. At first, the magistrates were extremely unwilling to entertain the charge; and they would have dismissed it, if, unluckily for the Major, Sir Gervaise Skinner had not been on the bench. He was a staunch old Tory, and had been terribly scandalised by the Major's liberal politics. No crime could, in his opinion, be too dreadful for such a man to commit; and this accusation seemed only the natural explanation of the Major's character. He insisted that the accused should be remanded, to give time to inquire further into the matter. The Major himself

did not furnish so prompt an exculpation as might have been expected: he did not seem to have any friends to whose testimony he could appeal. After two remands, he was fully committed to take his trial, and I had to break the matter to his wife, who took it with a composure that surprised me. She thought her husband a persecuted man, but her faith in his innocence did not waver for an instant.

All that followed may be read in the newspapers of the time. It remains on record as one of the most celebrated causes ever tried; and, although it was certainly decided by judge and jury, yet public opinion was much divided, and even I have my doubts still about the matter. You shall judge for yourself.

The old tinker, rascal as he was, told a story that, if true, was conclusive enough. He had been sentenced to seven years' transportation at the same assizes that saw George Marston sentenced for life. This part of his story was proved. He had gone out in the same convict ship, and had seen George every day during the voyage. George was put in some sort of authority over him, and excited his ill-will. When they landed, he worked in the same gang with George. He gave minute details of George's escape, and of the savage onslaught upon the overseer, which resulted in death. A body was discovered some time after, in a state of decomposition, which was supposed to be that of George Marston, the escaped convict; but he, the tinker, had reasons of his own for not believing it to be George Marston's body. He swore positively that the Major and George Marston were one and the same person. Two other persons, convicts who had served their time, and who had seen and conversed with George Marston before he effected his escape, were positive as to his identity with the Major. Several persons from the village where he was born, and lived before he was transported, recognised him the moment they saw him. The surgeon who had dressed the wounds received in the fatal affray with the keepers, identified him. There were wounds also on the person of the Major corresponding with those recorded in the prison entry, and in the surgeon's own private journal. Mr. Messent, the lawyer who had defended him, now a very old man, but in perfect possession of his faculties, recognised him as his old client. I was then called upon to give my evidence. I was known to have been George's friend, and a great deal was expected from me; but I did not feel free to swear either way. I did not deny the strong resemblance; but, living beside him so many years, I had also perceived differences which I could not reconcile; so, after a great deal of browbeating and cross-examination, I was allowed to depart. I had at least thrown a doubt upon the case.

The story the Major told about himself,

in his defence, was ingenious and romantic. He produced a certificated extract of birth and baptism from the parish register of a small market-town in a remote part of Wales; and called as evidence an old man and woman, who had kept the only inn in the place. They declared that in such a year, corresponding with the date of the extract, a lady and gentleman, unaccompanied by any servants, arrived at the Golden Lion. They were evidently rich, and belonged to what the old man called Real Quality. The lady was confined of a son a few days after her arrival; and the child was baptised Andrew, and registered as the child of Thomas and Mary Rutherford. When the lady was sufficiently recovered, they departed, taking with them a Welsh nurse for the baby. The nurse returned in a few weeks, saying that the lady and gentleman were gone abroad, taking the child with them; but she showed a great reserve and unwillingness to speak of the matter. This young woman died shortly afterwards. There was great difficulty in taking the evidence of these old people, who were very deaf, and spoke only Welsh. The Major then declared that he lived with his parents both in America and also in France, until he entered the East India Company's service at the age of nineteen; but that portion of his narrative was contradictory and confused. The beginning of his career in the Indian army was also obscure. He could call no witnesses who knew anything about him until many years subsequently—until, indeed, the year after George had made his escape—and then he was not an officer, but a private soldier. That point made against him. The very next year he was in another regiment as Lieutenant Rutherford, with papers and certificates of service, with the sabre-cut upon his head, the mark of which was visible enough, and also of the other wounds which actually were upon his person. From this point his case was clear; he distinguished himself in various engagements; displayed not only courage, but high military talent; and how, asked he, was it possible that an escaped convict, a man of no education, should suddenly find himself endowed with military knowledge sufficient to fill a highly responsible position? Bravery, may be innate, but military skill and knowledge must be acquired. This was well put, and evidently had great effect upon the whole court. I confess I was not much struck. I recollected George's military tastes, and had my own notions of his natural tact and cleverness, which I kept to myself. He pointed out that the persons who spoke so confidently to his identity with George Marston, the poacher, had not seen him for many years; the principal witness against him was a returned convict—a man of notoriously bad character—and who owned to having an enmity against the individual for whom he had the misfortune to be mistaken.

The whole defence was eloquent and elaborate—too elaborate and too ingenious. The judge, in summing up, pulled it all to pieces; dwelling particularly on the fact, that the accused could give no account of the most important events that had happened in his family. He knew evidently nothing of either France or America. His experiences in India were contradictory and confused, up to the year following that in which he was accused of making his escape from transportation. All this, and a great deal more that I cannot now remember, the judge brought out. The defence was not coherent; and the jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty; but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy.

The Major heard the verdict with haughty indifference; and, on being asked in the usual form, why sentence should not be pronounced against him, replied; "Because I am not the man who has incurred the penalty." He uttered these words in a ringing, sonorous voice; and this simple affirmation took more effect than all his defence put together.

The judge passed sentence, and he was removed from the dock. The interest excited by his case was intense; petitions and memorials on his behalf were got up all over the country, and backed by highly influential persons. What effect they might have had it is hard to say; but they were rendered superfluous by the fact that the Major effected his own escape in a masterly fashion unparalleled in the annals of prison-breaking. I was not surprised. I had heard him say, that the prison was not built that could keep him inside if he chose to go out. He got clear off, and reached the continent in safety. He was afterwards joined by his wife. They are both still alive. Government declined to confiscate his property: the son inherited it. I was made trustee and guardian, and have administered the affairs ever since.

CHIP.

MILLIONNAIRES AND MEASURES.

IN the article on Decimal Money,* French millionnaires are spoken of as the accumulators of a million francs. But the doubting query has been put: Is it certain that millionnaire means the possessor of a million francs, or forty thousand pounds of capital? because some imagine that a million francs a-year is meant. Millionnaires are men such as Lafitte was, in eighteen thirty,—at the head of the money-market. For instance, in the comedy of *Les Trois Quartiers*, a man of moderate wealth looks out for a wife, upon equal terms, amongst the bourgeoisie. But some ships which had been given up as lost came into port; his pecuniary pretensions are therefore higher,

* See page 349 of the present volume.

and he goes to the Chaussée d'Antin (where the rich and fashionable of the new school reside), in search after some marketable banker's sister. While the wife-hunt is still going on, a wealthy uncle dies, and then, and not till then, the mercenary Lothario exclaims, "Je suis millionnaire!" —I am a millionaire! and shifts his ground to the quarter of the old nobility — Faubourg Saint Germain — to catch a countess.

Millionnaire does not mean the very wealthiest of the land. Of persons with a million francs a-year, there are not fifty, perhaps not five and twenty, in all France. To denote such men as Rothschild, for instance, something much more speculative than millionaire is required. He is styled the Banker King, the Monsieur Gros Sou, Prince Le Sac or Prince Purse, and so on. The Jupiters of the money-market are aimed at with more or less precision, in such words as Toussenet's, "the Jews, the Kings of the Epoch;" and in such newspaper paragraphs as the following: "Monsieur A. Dumas, Junior, is giving the finishing-touch to a five-act comedy, intended for the Théâtre Française. It will be entitled, His Highness, Money. We are informed, on the other hand, that the Vaudeville has accepted from M. Louis Lurine, a piece which will be called His Majesty Million. Authors have often devoted their talents to the Golden Calf, but it will be found that the subject has never presented itself with greater actuality. Again, it is positively asserted that Dr. Véron is preparing for publication a novel in two volumes, the title of which is suggestive of Mr. Warren's Ten Thousand a Year; for it is to be called A Hundred Thousand Francs a-Year. However, it is merely the continuation of the Memoirs of a Bourgeois of Paris. These satirical shafts are shot principally in a backward and retrospective direction:—on the reign of Louis Philippe. On the contriver of Spanish marriages, future history will probably fix the most sordid phase of French morality."

To be quite sure about the millionaire, on consulting my French banker, he informed me, in the first place, that I myself am not a millionaire, either in one sense or the other of the word; although he acknowledged I had made the first step towards it by the small balance left untouched in his hands, for which he pays me four per cent. interest. "But, Monsieur," he added, smiling, as though the idea amused him as something funny; "if you had a million francs of capital you would certainly be a millionaire in France." I therefore am inclined to adhere to my previous estimate, in spite of the doubts of a learned and valued correspondent.

The same authority has a word or two to say also on our paper on Decimal

Measures. While supposing the decimalisation of weights and measures to take precedence of that of coins, "I was merely summing up the opinions of the Commercial Traveller. But, as I scorn all half-measures, were I Her Majesty's Government, I should be inclined to make the change in moneys, weights, and measures all at once,—if the moneys were not decimalised first by the prime minister, my predecessor,—on the ground that, whenever the alteration is made, there must be a grand hubbub, and mess, and outcry, throughout the land. There is no helping it. One disturbance is better than two. A great washing-day once a-month, is better than a little washing-day once a-week. Therefore—on the principle of Over shoes, over boots, You may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, and other make-up-your-mind-to-it maxims—I should say: "Do it once for all; make a general clearance, and get a complete new set of servants into your house." When everybody is equally strange, and all are in a muddle alike, no one can laugh at his neighbour's troubles. But reforms being effected simultaneously, admit of no positive necessity that they shall be made unexpectedly, and without due notice. While there are national, parish, union, and infant schools, not to speak of seminaries, and genteel establishments for young ladies and gentlemen, a Decimal system need not fall, like a thunderbolt, on the heads of the rising generation. Preparation may be made beforehand, by the publication of simple treatises, explanations, tables, and rules (as was done in France) of the new weights and coins, as soon as they shall have been determined by Act of Parliament. Standard specimens of the moneys and measures may be publicly exhibited a month or two previously. And the able amateur lecturers who take a pleasure in holding forth to the community, will find in the innovation proposed a subject replete with instruction, utility, and amusement. Why not form classes to play the game of buying and selling in Decimals?

After thinking till every hair of my head, which has not fallen off with the effort, is turned silver-grey, I hold to the persuasion, that we had best retain a national decimal coinage founded on the sovereign; and that we should adopt the French metrical system of weights and measures, as deserving to be made cosmopolite.

In the article on Decimal Measures, at page 367, first column, sixth line from the bottom, erase "divisions," and substitute "multiples," in correction of a blunder. The passage should have stood thus; "Note well, that the divisions of the mètre are expressed in words derived from the Latin language; thus centimètre and millimètre are the hundredth and thousandth parts respectively. The multiples of the mètre (as of all weights,

measures, and coins in France) are expressed by numerals derived from the Greek ; thus, a kilomètre is a thousand mètres."

AN ENGLISH WIFE

WHILST the ship goes swiftly rushing
Through the foaming sheets of spray,
I will answer you that question
You propounded yesterday.

"Wherefore is it"—thus you ask'd me—
"That when all on board are glad
To approach our merry England,
You alone look pale and sad?"

Whilst the foaming waves are anger'd
By the tempest's boisterous wail,
Sit you here, old man, beside me—
Sit, and listen to my tale.

It was the time of summer roses,
In the morning of my life,
That with loving heart and trustful,
I, alas, became a wife.

Stately was he, handsome, winning,
Highly born ; for he could trace,
Back beyond the Norman Conquest,
Gallant soldiers of his race.

Glad I was, o'erjoy'd and happy ;
Never girl affection felt
Truer, stronger, or more tender
Than within my bosom dwelt.

How I loved him ! It was sinful
Thus a mortal to adore ;
Thus within an earthly casket
Every hope and wish to store.

In awhile we cross'd the ocean ;
For broad lands there were of mine
In that isle whence we have parted,
Where the blue skies cloudless shine.

But its sunlight soon look'd gloomy,
And its green hills dull to me,
For my soul felt sick and fainting
With a dread anxiety :

To and fro, a spectral shadow—
Horrible, without a name,
Frighting from my heart the life-blood—
Ever and anon there came.

Then the gorgeous flowers look'd faded,
And the palm no beauty wore,
And the stars that shone upon me
Were not radiant as before.

Then, that dark and shadowy spectre
Near and palpable became ;
While in hollow tones it whisper'd,
"Him thou lov'st is not the same.

"Mark," it said, "the golden idol
Thou so worshippest, is dross ;
And the love that thou hast lavish'd
Shall become through life thy cross."

To such words I would not listen ;
Yet their cold breath made me quail ;
My dancing step grew slow and heavy,
And my cheeks grew wan and pale.

Then he left me. He, my husband ;
And my infant yet unborn.
Though his words were kind at parting,
Need I say I felt forlorn ?

O those months ! Sick, and in sorrow,
Sadly, heavily they past ;
Till to my bosom, aching, yearning,
A lovely babe I prest at last.

Then came a letter ; kind and loving—
Calling me to him again ;
So the hideous spectre vanish'd :
Joyful, I recross'd the main.

Well, he met us. O that meeting !
Its remembrance brings a groan ;
Though between me and that anguish
Twenty summers' suns have flown.

Then I knew what I had dreaded ;
Knew that I alone must meet
Life upon the hill of battle,
With scarr'd breast and bleeding feet.

And I lived ? They say, old soldier,
That in Spain one vintage morn,
Thou, straight through a fiery hail-storm,
Leddest on the hope forlorn ;

And they tell, with head cleft open,
And with shatter'd limbs you lay
Where the bullets down had struck you :
Yet thou hast survived that day.

So I lived ; and, for a season,
Bow'd my head and bore my part ;
Hiding like the youthful Spartan,
The fierce wolf which gnaw'd my heart.

For awhile then colder, harder,
Pierced the iron in my soul ;
Outraged, scorn'd, my infant hated
The pent waters mock'd control.

Who the human heart can fashion,
Who hath traced its secret path ?
I erewhile the meekest, gentlest,
Rose a lioness in wrath :—

Far away in Western India,
When the burning wind has past
Scorching every tree and flower
With its fiery furnace-blast ;

When the strong plants all lie wither'd,
Blasted every blade of green ;
Shining midst the desolation,
Is a pure white lily seen :*

Thus, amid the blacken'd ruin
Which alone remain'd for me,
Like that bud of Western India,
My most precious child was she.

Yet, for another left, abandon'd,
Penniless. In my distress,
I, in England's laws sought refuge ;
Only to be scorn'd redress.

Then his rage became demoniac,
And he took an oath that day,
That my only consolation
Should from me be torn away :

* The Mahabuleshwur Lily : literally, the Power of the Great God.

That my spotless little daughter,
My white lamb, my pretty flower,
Should be placed—would God permit it?—
In a wicked wanton's power.

Then the spirit which upheld me
Sank, succumb'd; for I foresaw
That he *could* take her; for—I knew it—
Such was merry England's law.

But the God who saved his servants
In the furnace' fiery breath,
Saved me and my little daughter
From this evil, worse than death.

Tidings to a friend of childhood
Of me, desolated, sped;
Gold he sent, so I and baby,
Unknown to my tyrant fled.

We were shelter'd, welcomed, cared for,
In that island of the sea;
And soft peace, like morning sunshine,
Kiss'd away the tears from me.

Look around! behold the waters!
Clear thou know'st each drop to be;
Yet the expanse how dark appearing—
Dark from its profundity.

Thus the ways of God to fathom,
Are on earth to man denied;
We shall know and praise hereafter:
Old man,—my dear baby died.

And, since that, up life's steep mountain
On sharp stones the way has been,
Often stumbling, falling, fainting,
But upraised by the Unseen.

I've endured humiliation,
Toiling for my daily bread;
In that bondage—"task delightful"—
One who never tried it, said.

Of my husband? Once in sickness,
Faint, upon my bed I lay;
Hoping every earthly sorrow
Would, ere long, depart away.

Thus, I wrote,—"*From one another,
We through life must sunder'd be;
Yet, once so beloved, my husband,
I would die at peace with thee.*"

"Thou hast my existence cover'd
With a black funereal pall,
But, adored of life's fresh memory,
Freely I forgive thee all.

"All the scorn, injustice, anguish,
Press'd so sore into my heart,
I forgive—completely, freely.
Be there peace ere I depart!"

This was sent, and, in due season,
Came his answer o'er the main;
From my bed I had uprisen;
But it smote me down again.

Cruel was it? harsh, remorseless,
Wine distill'd from grapes of gall;
Oh for Lethe's fabled waters!
Drinking to forget! t. all.

Therefore is it, brave old soldier,
That, when all on board are glad
To approach our merry England,
I alone am pale and sad.

THE CRUISE OF THE TOMTIT.

"AT any other time of the year and for a shorter cruise, I should be delighted to join you. But as I prefer dying a dry death, I must decline accompanying you all the way to the Scilly Islands in a little pleasure boat of thirteen tons, just at the time of the autumnal equinox. You may meet with a gale that will blow you out of the water. You are running a risk, in my opinion, of the most senseless kind—and, if I thought my advice had any weight with you, I should say most earnestly, be warned in time, and give up the trip."—
Extract from the letter of A Prudent Friend.

"If I were only a single man, there is nothing I should like better than to join you. But I have a wife and family, and I can't reconcile it to my conscience to risk being drowned."—*Report from the Farewell Speech of A Prudent Friend.*

"Don't come back bottom upwards."—*Condensation of the Valedictory Blessings of several Prudent Friends.*

We received the enlivening expressions of opinion quoted above, with the perfect politeness which distinguishes us both. At the same time, with the firm resolution which forms another marked trait in our respective characters, we held to our original determination, engaged the boat and the crew, and put to sea on our appointed day, in the teeth of the wind and of our friends' objections. But before I float the present narrative into blue water, I have certain indispensable formalities to accomplish which will keep me and my readers for a little while yet on dry land. First of all, let me introduce our boat, our crew, and ourselves.

Our boat is named the Tomtit. She is cutter-rigged. Her utmost length from stem to stern is thirty-six feet, and her greatest breadth on deck is ten feet. As her size does not admit of bulwarks, her deck, between the cabin-hatch and the stern, dips into a kind of well, with seats round three sides of it, which we call the Cockpit. Here we can stand up in rough weather without any danger of being rolled overboard; elsewhere, the sides of the vessel do not rise more than a few inches above the deck. The cabin of the Tomtit is twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and five feet six inches deep. It has roomy lockers, and a snug little fireplace, and it leads into two recesses forward, which make capital storerooms for water, coals, firewood, and so forth. When I have added that the Tomtit has a bright red bottom, continued, as to colour, up her sides to a little above the water-mark; and when I have further stated that she is a fast sailer, and that she proved herself on our cruise to be a capital little sea-boat, I have said all that is needful at present on the subject of our yacht, and may get on to our crew and ourselves.

Our crew is composed of three brothers : Sam Dobbs, Dick Dobbs, and Bob Dobbs ; all active seamen, and as worthy and hearty fellows as any man in the world could wish to sail with. My friend's name is Mr. Migott, and mine is Mr. Jollins. Thus, we are five on board altogether. As for our characters, I shall leave them to come out as they may in the course of this narrative. I am going to tell things just as they happened. What some people call smart writing, comic colouring, and graphic describing, are departments of authorship at which I snap my fingers in contempt.

The port we sailed from was a famous watering-place on the western coast, called Mangerton-on-the-Mud ; and our intention, as intimated in the letter of our prudent friend, was to go even further than the Land's End, and to reach those last bits of English ground called the Scilly Islands. But if the reader thinks he is now to get afloat at once, he is grievously mistaken. One very important and interesting part of our voyage was entirely comprised in the preparations that we made for it. To this portion of the subject, therefore, I shall wholly devote myself in the first instance. On paper, or off it, neither Mr. Migott nor myself are men to be hurried.

We left London with nothing but our clothes, our wrappers, some tobacco, some French novels, and some Egyptian cigars. Everything that was to be bought for the voyage was to be procured at Bristol. Everything that could be extracted from private benevolence was to be taken in unlimited quantities from hospitable friends living more or less in the neighbourhood of our place of embarkation. At Bristol we plunged over head and ears in naval business immediately. After ordering a ham, and a tongue, marmalade, lemons, anchovy paste, and general groceries, we set forth to the quay to equip ourselves and our vessel. We began with charts, sailing directions, and a compass ; we got on to a hammock a-piece and a flag ; and we rose to a nautical climax by buying tarpaulin-coats, leggings, and sou'-westers, at a sailors' public-house. With these sea-stores, and with a noble loaf of home-made bread (the offering of private benevolence) we left Bristol to scour the friendly country beyond, in search of further contributions to the larder of the Tomtit.

The first scene of our ravages was a large country-house, surrounded by the most charming grounds. From the moment when we and our multifarious packages poured tumultuous into the hall, to the moment when we and the said packages poured out of it again into a carriage and a cart, I have no recollection, excepting meal-times and bedtime, of having been still for an instant. Escorted everywhere by two handsome, high-spirited boys, in a wild state of excitement about our voyage, we ranged the house from top to bottom, and laid hands on everything port-

able and eatable that we wanted in it. The inexhaustible hospitality of our hostess was proof against all the inroads that we could make on it. The priceless gift of packing perishable commodities securely in small spaces possessed by a lady living in the house and placed perpetually at our disposal, encouraged our propensities for unlimited accumulation. We ravaged the kitchen garden and the fruit-garden ; we rushed into the awful presence of the cook (with our ham and tongue from Bristol as an excuse) and ranged predatory over the lower regions. We scaled back-staircases, and tramped along remote corridors, and burst into secluded lumber-rooms, with accompaniment of shouting from the boys, and of operatic humming from Mr. Migott and myself, who happen, among other social accomplishments, to be both of us musical in a free-and-easy way. We turned out, in these same lumber-rooms, plans of estates from their neat tin cases, and put in lemons and loaf-sugar instead. Mr. Migott pounced upon a stray telescope, and strapped it over my shoulders forthwith. The two boys found two japanned boxes, with the epaulettes and shako of an ex-military member of the family inside, which articles of martial equipment (though these are war-times, and nothing is meritorious or respectable now but fighting) I, with my own irreverent hands, shook out on the floor ; and straightway conveyed the empty cases down-stairs to be profaned by tea, sugar, Harvey's sauce, pickles, pepper, and other products of the arts of peace. In a word, and not to dwell too long on the purely piratical part of our preparations for the voyage, we doubled the number of our packages at this hospitable country-house, before we left it for Mangerton-on-the-Mud, and the dangers of the sea that lay beyond.

At Mangerton we made a second piratical swoop upon another long-suffering friend, the resident doctor. We let this gentleman off, however, very easily, only lightening him of a lanthorn, and two milk-cans to hold our fresh-water. We felt strongly inclined to take his warmest cape away from him also ; but Mr. Migott leaned towards the side of mercy, and Mr. Jollins was, as usual, only too ready to sacrifice himself on the altar of friendship,—so the doctor kept his cape, after all. Not so fortunate was our next victim, Mr. Purler, the Port Admiral of Mangerton-on-the-Mud, and the convivial host of the Metropolitan Inn. Wisely entering his house empty-handed, we left it with sheets, blankets, mattresses, pillows, table-cloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, crockery, a frying-pan, a gridiron, and a saucepan. When to these articles of domestic use were added the parcels we had brought from Bristol, the packages we had collected at the country-house, the doctor's milk-cans, the personal baggage of the two enterprising

voyagers, additions to the eating and drinking department in the shape of a cold curry in a jar, a piece of spiced beef, a side of bacon, and a liberal supply of wine, spirits, and beer, nobody can be surprised to hear that we found some difficulty in making only one cart-load of our whole collection of stores. The packing process was, in fact, not accomplished till after dark. The tide was then flowing; we were to sail the next morning; and it was necessary to get everything put on board that night, while there was water enough for the Tomtit to be moored close to the jetty.

This jetty, it must be acknowledged, was nothing but a narrow stone causeway, sloping down from the land into the sea. Imagine our cart, loaded with breakable things, at the high end of the jetty, and the Tomtit waiting to receive the contents of the cart at the low end, in the water. Imagine no moon, no stars, no lamp of any kind on shore; imagine one small lanthorn on board the vessel, which just showed how dark it was, and did nothing more; imagine the doctor, and the doctor's friend, and the doctor's two dogs, and Mr. Migott and Mr. Jollins, all huddled together in a fussy state of expectation, midway on the jetty, seeing nothing, doing nothing, and being very much in the way. Imagine all these things, and then wonder, as we wondered, at the marvellous dexterity of our three valiant sailors, who actually succeeded in transporting piecemeal the crockery, cookery, and general contents of the cart into the vessel, on that pitchy night, without breaking, spilling, dropping, bumping, or forgetting anything. When I hear of professional conjurors performing remarkable feats, I think of the brothers Dobbs, and the loading of the Tomtit in the darkness; and I ask myself if any landsman's mechanical legerdemain can be more extraordinary than the natural neat-handedness of a sailor?

The next morning the sky was black, the wind was blowing hard against us, and the waves were showing their white frills angrily in the offing. A double row of spectators had assembled at the jetty, to see us beat out of the bay. If they had come to see us hanged, their grim faces could not have expressed greater commiseration. Our only cheerful farewell came from the doctor and his friend and the two dogs. The remainder of the spectators evidently felt that they were having a last long stare at us, and that it would be indecent and unfeeling, under the circumstances, to look happy. Give me a respectable inhabitant of an English country town, and I will match him, in the matter of stolid and silent staring, against any other man, civilised or savage, over the whole surface of the globe.

If we had felt any doubts of the sea-going qualities of the Tomtit, they would have been solved when we "went about," for the first time, after leaving the jetty. A livelier,

stiffer, and drier little vessel of her size never was built. She jumped over the waves, as if the sea was a great play-ground, and the game for the morning Leap-Frog. Though the wind was so high that we were obliged to lower our foresail, and to double-reef the mainsail, the only water we got on board was the spray that was blown over us from the tops of the waves. In the state of the weather, getting down Channel was out of the question. We were obliged to be contented, on this first day of our voyage, with running across to the Welsh coast, and there sheltering ourselves—amid a perfect fleet of outward-bound merchantmen driven back by the wind—in a snug roadstead, for the afternoon and the night.

This delay, which might have been disagreeable enough later in our voyage, gave us just the time we wanted for setting things to rights on board. Our little twelve-foot cabin, it must be remembered, was bedroom, sitting-room, dining-room, store-room, and kitchen, all in one. Everything we wanted for sleeping, reading, eating, and drinking, had to be arranged in its proper place. The butter and candles, the soap and cheese, the salt and sugar, the bread and onions, the oil-bottle and the brandy-bottle, for example, had to be put in places where the motion of the vessel could not roll them together, and where, also, we could any of us find them at a moment's notice. Other things, not of the eatable sort, we gave up all idea of separating. Mr. Migott and I mingled our stock of shirts as we mingled our sympathies, our fortunes, and our flowing punch-bowl after dinner. We both of us have our faults; but incapability of adapting ourselves cheerfully to circumstances is not among them. Mr. Migott, especially, is one of those rare men who could dine politely off blubber in the company of Esquimaux, and discover the latent social advantages of his position if he was lost in the darkness of the North Pole.

After the arrangement of goods and chattels, came dinner (the curry warmed up with a second course of fried onions), then the slinging of our hammocks by the neat hands of the Brothers Dobbs, and then the practice of how to get into the hammocks, by Messrs. Migott and Jollins. No landsman who has not tried the experiment can form the faintest notion of the luxury of the sailor's swinging bed, or of the extraordinary difficulty of getting into it for the first time. The preliminary action is to stand with your back against the middle of your hammock, and to hold by the edge of the canvas on either side. You then duck your head down, throw your heels up, turn round on your back, and let go with your hands, all at the same moment. If you succeed in doing this, you are in the most luxurious bed that the ingenuity of man has ever invented. If you fail, you measure your length on the floor. So much for hammocks.

After learning how to get into bed, the

writer of the present narrative tried his hand on the composition of whiskey punch, and succeeded—which has always been his modest aim through life—in imparting satisfaction to his fellow-creatures. When the punch and the pipes accompanying the same had come to an end, a pilot-boat anchored alongside of us for the night. Once embarked on our own element, we old sea-dogs, are, after all, a polite race of men. We asked the pilot where he had come from—and he asked us. We asked the pilot where he was bound to, to-morrow morning—and he asked us. We asked the pilot whether he would like a drop of rum—and the pilot, loth to discourage us, said Yes. After that there was a little pause; and then the pilot asked us, whether we would come on board his boat—and we, loth to discourage the pilot, said Yes, and did go, and came back, and asked the pilot whether he would come on board our boat—and he said Yes, and did come on board, and drank another drop of rum. Thus in the practice of the social virtues did we wile away the hours—six jolly tars in a twelve-foot cabin—till it was past eleven o'clock, and time, as we say at sea, to tumble in, or tumble out, as the case may be, when a jolly tar wants practice in the art of getting into his hammock.

The wind blew itself out in the night. As the morning got on, it fell almost to a calm; and the merchantmen about us began weighing anchor, to drop down Channel with the tide. The Tomtit, it is unnecessary to say, scorned to be left behind, and hoisted her sails with the best of them. Favoured by the lightness of the wind, we sailed past every vessel proceeding in our direction. Barques, brigs, and schooners, French luggers and Dutch galliots, we showed our stern to all of them; and when the weather cleared, and the breeze freshened towards the afternoon, the little Tomtit was heading the whole fleet. In the evening we brought up close to the high coast of Somersetshire, to wait for the tide. Weighed again, at ten at night, and sailed for Ilfracombe. Got becalmed towards morning, but managed to reach our port at ten, with the help of the sweeps, or long oars. Went ashore for more bread, beer, and fresh water; feeling so nautical by this time, that the earth was difficult to walk upon; and all the people we had dealings with presented themselves to us in the guise of unmitigated land-sharks. O, my dear eyes! what a relief it was to Mr. Migott and myself to find ourselves in our floating castle, boxing the compass, dancing the hornpipe, and splicing the main-brace freely in our ocean-home.

About noon we sailed for Clovelly. Our smooth passage across the magnificent Bay of Bideford is the recollection of our happy voyage which I find myself looking back on most lovingly while I now write. No cloud was in the sky. Far away, on the left, sloped

inward the winding shore, so clear, so fresh, so divinely tender in its blue and purple hues, that it was the most inexhaustible of luxuries only to look at it. Over the watery horizon, to the right, the autumn sun hung grandly, with the fire-path below, heaving on a sea of lustrous darkest blue. Flocks of wild birds, at rest, floated, chirping on the water all around. The fragrant, steady breeze was just enough to fill our sails. On and on we went, with the bubbling sea-song at our bows to soothe us; on and on, till the blue lustre of the ocean grew darker, till the sun sank redly towards the far water-line, till the sacred evening stillness crept over the sweet air, and hushed it with a fore-taste of the coming night. What sight of mystery and enchantment rises before us now? Steep, solemn cliffs, bare in some places—where the dark-red rock has been rent away, and the winding chasms open grimly to the view—but clothed for the most part with trees, which soften their summits into the sky, and sweep all down them, in glorious masses of wood, to the very water's edge. Climbing from the beach, up the precipitous face of the cliff, a little fishing village coyly shows itself. The small white cottages rise one above another, now perching on a bit of rock, now peeping out of a clump of trees; sometimes two or three together; sometimes one standing alone; here, placed sideways to the sea, there, fronting it,—but rising always one above another, as if, instead of being founded on the earth, they were hung from the trees on the top of the cliff. Over all this lovely scene the evening shadows are stealing. The last rays of the sun just tinge the quiet water, and touch the white walls of the cottages. From out at sea comes the sound of a horn, blown from the nearest fishing-vessel, as a signal to the rest to follow her to shore. From the land, the voices of children at play, and the still, faint fall of the small waves on the beach are the only audible sounds. This is Clovelly. If we had travelled a thousand miles to see it, we should have said that our journey had not been taken in vain.

On getting to shore, we found the one street of Clovelly nothing but a succession of irregular steps, from the beginning at the beach, to the end, half-way up the cliffs. It was like climbing to the top of an old castle, instead of walking through a village. When we reached the summit of the cliff, it was getting too dark to see much of the country. We strayed away, however, to look for the church, and found ourselves, at twilight, near some ghastly deserted out-houses, approached by a half-ruinous gate-way, and a damp dark avenue of trees. The church was near, but shut off from us by ivy-grown walls. No living creature appeared; not even a dog barked at us. We were surrounded by silence, solitude, darkness and desolation; and it struck us both forcibly, that the best

thing we could do was to give up the church, and get back to humanity with all convenient speed. The descent of the High Street of Clovelly, at night, turned out to be a matter of more difficulty than we had anticipated. There was no such thing as a lamp in the whole village; and we had to grope our way in the darkness down steps of irregular sizes and heights, paved with slippery pebbles, and ornamented with nothing in the shape of a bannister, even at the most dangerous places. Half-way down, my friend and I had an argument in the dark—standing with our noses against a wall, and with nothing visible on either side—as to which way we should turn next. I guessed to the left, and he guessed to the right; and I, being the most obstinate of the two, we ended in following my route, and at last stumbled our way down to the pier. Looking at the place the next morning, we found that the steps to the right led through a bit of cottage-garden to a snug little precipice, over which inquisitive tourists might pitch quietly, without let or hindrance. Talk of the perils of the deep! what are they in comparison with the perils of the shore?

The adventures of the night were not exhausted, so far as I was concerned, even when we got back to our vessel. I have already informed the reader that the cabin of the *Tomtit* was twelve feet long by eight feet wide—a snug apartment, but scarcely big enough, as it struck me, for five men to sleep in comfortably. Nevertheless, the experiment was to be tried in Clovelly harbour. I bargained, at the outset, for one thing—that the cabin hatch should be kept raised at least a foot all night. This ventilatory condition being complied with, I tumbled into my hammock, Mr. Migott rolled into his, and Sam Dobbs, Dick Dobbs, and Bob Dobbs, cast themselves down promiscuously on the floor and the lockers under us. Out went the lights; and off went my friend and the Brothers Dobbs into the most intolerable concert of snoring that it is possible to imagine. I lay awake listening, and studying the character of the snore in each of the four sleeping individuals. The snore of Mr. Migott I found to be superior to the rest in point of amiability, softness, and regularity—it was a kind of oily, long-sustained purr, amusing and not unmusical for the first five minutes. Next in point of merit to Mr. Migott, came Bob Dobbs. His note was several octaves lower than my friend's, and his tone was a grunt—but I will do him justice; I will not scruple to admit that the sounds he produced were regular as clockwork. Very inferior was the performance of Sam Dobbs, who, as owner of the boat, ought, I think, to have set a good example. If an idle carpenter planed a board very quickly at one time, and very slowly at another, and if he moaned at intervals over his work, he would pro-

duce the best imitation of Sam Dobbs's style of snoring that I can think of. Last, and worst of all, came Dick Dobbs, who was afflicted with a cold, and whose snore consisted of a succession of loud chokes, gasps, and puffs, all contending together, as it appeared to me, which should suffocate him soonest. There I lay, wide awake, suffering under the awful nose-chorus which I have attempted to describe, for nearly an hour. It was a dark night: there was no wind, and very little air. Horrible doubts about the sufficiency of our ventilation began to beset me. Reminiscences of early reading on the subject of the Black Hole at Calcutta came back vividly to my memory. I thought of the twelve feet by eight, in which we were all huddled together—terror and indignation overpowered me—and I roared for a light, before the cabin of the *Tomtit* became too mephitic for flame of any kind to exist in it. Uprose they then my Merry Merry Men, bewildered and grumbling, to grope for the match-box. It was found, the lantern was lit, the face of Mr. Migott appeared serenely over the side of his hammock, and the voice of Mr. Migott sweetly and sleepily inquired what was the matter?

"Matter! The Black Hole at Calcutta is the matter. Poisonous, gaseous exhalation is the matter! Outrageous, ungentelemanly snoring is the matter! Give me my bedding, and my drop of brandy, and my pipe, and let me go on deck. Let me be a Chaldean shepherd, and contemplate the stars. Let me be the careful watch who patrols the deck, and guards the ship from foes and wreck. Let me be anything but the companion of men, who snore like the famous Furies in the old Greek play." While I am venting my indignation, and collecting my bedding, the smiling and sleepy face of Mr. Migott disappears slowly from the side of the hammock—and before I am on deck, I hear the oily purr once more, just as amiable, soft, and regular as ever.

What a relief it was to have the sky to look up at, the fresh night air to breathe, the quiet murmur of the sea to listen to! I rolled myself up in my blankets; and, for aught I know to the contrary, was soon snoring on deck as industriously as my companions were snoring below. The first sounds that woke me in the morning were produced by the tongues of the natives of Clovelly, assembled on the pier, staring down on me in my nest of blankets, and shouting to each other incessantly. I assumed that they were making fun of the interesting stranger stretched in repose on the deck of the *Tomtit*; but I could not understand one word of the Devonshire language in which they spoke. Whatever they said of me, I forgive them, however, in consideration of their cream and fresh herrings. Our breakfast on the cabin-hatch in Clovelly harbour, after a dip in the

sea, is a remembrance of gustatory bliss which I gratefully cherish. When we had reduced the herrings to skeletons, and the cream-pot to a whited sepulchre of emptiness, we slipped from our moorings, and sailed away from the lovely little village with real regret. By noon we were off Hartland Point.

We had now arrived at the important part of our voyage—the part at which it was necessary to decide, once for all, on our future destination. Mr. Migott and I took counsel together solemnly, unrolled the charts, and then astonished our trusty crew by announcing that the end of the voyage was to be the Scilly Islands. Up to this time the Brothers Dobbs had been inclined to laugh at the notion of getting so far in so small a boat. But they began to look grave now, and to hint at cautious objections. The weather was certainly beautiful; but then the wind was dead against us. Our little vessel was stiff and sturdy enough for any service, but nobody on board knew the strange waters into which we were going—and, as for the charts, could any one of us study them with a proper knowledge of the science of navigation? Would it not be better, to take a little cruise to Lundy Island, away there on the starboard bow? And another little cruise about the Welsh coast, where the Dobbses had been before? To these cautious questions we replied by rash and peremptory negatives; and the Brothers, thereupon, abandoned their view of the case, and accepted ours with great resignation. For the Scilly Islands, therefore, we shaped our course, alternately standing out to sea, and running in for the land, so as to get down ultimately to the Land's End, against the wind, in a series of long zig-zags, now in a westerly and now in an easterly direction. Our first tack from Hartland Point was a sail of six hours out to sea. At sunset, the little Tomtit had lost sight of land for the first time since she was launched, and was rising and falling gently on the long swells of the Atlantic. It was a deliciously calm, clear evening, with every promise of the fine weather lasting. The spirits of the Brothers Dobbs, when they found themselves at last in the blue water, rose amazingly.

"Only give us decent weather, sir," said Bob Dobbs, cheerfully smacking the tiller of the Tomtit; "and we'll find our way to Scilly somehow, in spite of the wind."

We were now fairly at sea, keeping a regular watch on deck at night, and never running nearer the Cornish coast than was necessary to enable us to compare the great headlands with the marks on our chart. Under present circumstances, no more than three of us could sleep in the cabin at one time—the combined powers of the snoring party were thus weakened, and the ventilation below could be preserved in a satisfactory state. Instead of chronicling our slow zig-zag pro-

gress to the Land's End, which is unlikely to interest anybody not familiar with Cornish names and nautical phrases, I will try to describe the manner in which we passed the day on board the Tomtit, now that we were away from land events and amusements. If there was to be any such thing as an alloy of dullness in our cruise, this was assuredly the part of it in which Time and the Hour were likely to run slowest through the day.

In the first place, let me record with just pride, that we have solved the difficult problem of a pure republic in our modest little craft. No man in particular among us is master—no man in particular is servant. The man who can do at the right time, and in the best way, the thing that is most wanted, is always the hero of the situation among us. When Dick Dobbs is frying the onions for dinner, he is the person most respected in the ship, and Mr. Migott and myself are his faithful and expectant subjects. When grog is to be made, or sauces are to be prepared, Mr. Jollins becomes in his turn, the monarch of all he surveys. When musical entertainments are in progress, Mr. Migott is vocal king, and sole conductor of band and chorus. When nautical talk and sea-stories rule the hour, Bob Dobbs, who has voyaged in various merchantmen all over the world, and is every inch of him a thorough sailor, becomes the best man of the company. When any affairs connected with the internal management of the vessel are under consideration, Sam Dobbs is Chairman of the Committee in the Cockpit. So we sail along; and such is the perfect constitution of society at which we mariners of England have been able to arrive.

Our freedom extends to the smallest details. We have no stated hours, and we are well ahead of all rules and regulations. We have no breakfast hour, no dinner hour, no time for rising, or for going to bed. We have no particular eatables at particular meals. We don't know the day of the month, or the day of the week; and never look at our watches, except when we wind them up. Our voice is frequently the voice of the sluggard; but we never complain, because nobody ever wakes us too soon, or thinks of interfering with our slumbering again. We wear each other's coats, smoke each other's pipes, poach on each other's victuals. We are a happy, dawdling, undisciplined, slovenly lot. We have no principles, no respectability, no business, no stake in the country, no knowledge of Mrs. Grundy. We are a parcel of Lotos-Eaters; and we know nothing, except that we are poking our way along anyhow to the Scilly Islands in the Tomtit.

We rise when we have had sleep enough—any time you like between seven and ten. If I happen to be on deck first, I begin by hearing the news of the weather and the wind from Sam, Dick, or Bob at the helm. Soon the face of Mr. Migott, rosy with recent snoring, rises from the cabin, and his body

follows it slowly, clad in the blue Jersey frock, which he persists in wearing night and day—in the heat of noon as in the cool of evening. He cannot be prevailed upon to give any reason for his violent attachment to this garment—only wagging his head and smiling mysteriously when we ask why, sleeping or waking, he never parts with it. Well, being up, the next thing is to make the toilette. We keep our fresh water, for minor ablutions, in an old wine cask from Bristol. The colour of the liquid is a tawny yellow; it is, in fact, weak sherry and water. For the major ablutions, we have the ship's bucket and the sea, and a good stock of rough towels to finish with. The next thing is breakfast on deck. When we can catch fish (which is very seldom, though we are well provided with lines and bait) we fall upon the spoil immediately. At other times we range through our sea stores, eating anything we like, cooked anyhow we like. After breakfast we have two words to say to our box of peaches, nectarines, and grapes, from the hospitable country-house. Then the bedding is brought up to air; the deck is cleaned; the breakfast things are taken away; the pipes, cigars, and French novels are produced from the cabin; Mr. Migott coils himself up in a corner of the cockpit, and I perch upon the taffrail; and the studies of the morning begin. They end invariably in small-talk, beer, and sleep. So the time slips away cosily till it is necessary to think about dinner.

Now all is activity on board the Tomtit. Except the man at the helm, everyone is occupied with preparations for the banquet of the day. The potatoes, onions, and celery form one department; the fire and solid cookery another; the washing of plates and dishes, knives and forks, a third; the laying of the cloth on deck a fourth; the concoction of sauces and production of bottles from the cellar a fifth. No man has any particular department assigned to him: the most active republican of the community for the time being, plunges into the most active work, and the others follow as they please. The exercise we get is principally at this period of the day, and consists in incessant dropping down from the deck to the cabin, and incessant scrambling up from the cabin to the deck. The dinner is a long business; but what do we care for that? We have no appointments to keep, no visitors to interrupt us, and nothing in the world to do but to tickle our palates, wet our whistles, and amuse ourselves in any way we please. Dinner at last over, it is superfluous to say, that the pipes become visible again, and that the taking of forty winks is only a prohibited operation on the part of the man at the helm.

As for tea-time, it is entirely regulated by the wants and wakefulness of Mr. Migott, who, since the death of Doctor Johnson, is

the most desperate drinker of tea in all England. When the cups and saucers are cleared away, a *conversazione* is held in the cockpit. Sam Dobbs is the best listener of the company; Dick Dobbs, who has been a yachtsman, is the jester; Bob Dobbs, the merchant sailor, is the teller of adventures; and my friend and I keep the ball going smartly in all sorts of ways, till it gets dark, and a great drought falls upon the members of the *conversazione*. Then, if the mermaids are anywhere near us, they may smell the fragrant fumes which tell of sacrifice to Bacchus, and may hear, shortly afterwards, the muse of song invoked by cheerful toppers. Thus the dark hours roll on jovial till the soft influences of sleep descend upon the tuneful choir, and the cabin receives its lodgers for the night.

This is the general rule of life on board the Tomtit. Exceptional incidents of all kinds—saving sea-sickness, to which nobody on board is liable—are never wanting to vary it pleasantly from day to day. Sometimes Mr. Migott gets on from taking a nap to having a dream, and records the fact by a screech of terror, which rings through the vessel and wakes the sleeper himself, who always asks, "What's that, eh?"—never believes that the screech has not come from somebody else—never knows what he has been dreaming of—and never fails to go to sleep again before the rest of the ship's company have half done expostulating with him. Sometimes a little interesting indigestion appears among us, by way of change. Dick Dobbs, for example (who is as bilious as an Indian nabob) is seen to turn yellow at the helm, and to steer with a glazed eye; is asked what is the matter—replies that he has "the boil terrible bad on his stomach;" is instantly treated by Jollins (M.D.) as follows: Two tea spoonful of essence of ginger, two dessert spoonful of brown brandy, two table spoonful of strong tea. Pour down patient's throat very hot, and smack his back smartly to promote the operation of the draught. What follows? The cure of Dick. How simple is medicine when reduced to its first principles!

Another source of amusement is provided by the ships we meet with. Whenever we get near enough, we hail the largest merchant-men in the most peremptory manner, as coolly as if we had three decks under us and an admiral on board. The large ships, for the most part paralysed by our audacity, reply meekly. Sometimes we meet with a foreigner, and get answered by inarticulate yelling or disrespectful grins. But this is a rare case; the general rule is, that we maintain our dignity unimpaired all down the Channel. Then, again, when no ships are near, there is the constant excitement of consulting our charts and wondering where we are. Every man of us has a different theory on this subject every time he looks at

the chart; but no man rudely thrusts his theory on another, or aspires to govern the ideas of the rest in virtue of his superior obstinacy in backing his own opinion. Did I not assert a little while since that we were a pure republic? And is not this yet another and a striking proof of it?

In such pursuits and diversions as I have endeavoured to describe, the time passes quickly, happily, and adventurously, until we ultimately succeed, at four in the morning on the sixth day of our cruise, in discovering the light of the Longship's Lighthouse, which we know to be situated off the Land's End. We are now only some seven-and-twenty miles from the Scilly Islands, and the discovery of the lighthouse enables us to set our course by the compass cleverly enough. The wind which has thus far always remained against us, falls, on the afternoon of this sixth day, to a dead calm, but springs up again in another and a favourable quarter at eleven o'clock at night. By daybreak we are all on the watch for the Scilly Islands. Not a sign of them. The sun rises; it is a magnificent morning; the favourable breeze still holds; we have been bowling along before. It is since eleven the previous night; and ought to have sighted the islands long since. But we sight nothing; no land anywhere all round the horizon. Where are we? Have we overshot Scilly?—and is the next land we are likely to see Ushant or Finisterre? Nobody knows. The faces of the Brothers Dobbs darken; and they recal to each other how they deprecated from the first this rash venturing into unknown waters. We hail two ships piteously, to ask our way. The two ships can't tell us. We unroll the charts, and differ in opinion over them more remarkably than ever. The Dobbses grimly opine that it is no use looking at charts, when we have not got a pair of parallels to measure by, and are all ignorant of the scientific parts of navigation. Mr. Migott and I manfully cheer the drooping spirits of the crew with Guinness's stout, and put a smiling face upon it. But in our innermost hearts, we think of Columbus, and feel for him.

The last resource is to post a man at the mast-head (if so lofty an expression may be allowed in reference to so little a vessel as the Tomtit), to keep a look-out. Up the rigging swarms Dick the Bilious, in the lowest spirits—strains his eyes over the waters, and suddenly hails the gaping deck with a joyous shout. The runaway islands are caught at last—he sees them a-head of us—he has no objection to make to the course we are steering—nothing particular to say but "Crack on!"—and nothing in the world to do but slide down the rigging again. Contentment beams once more on the faces of Sam, Dick, and Bob. Mr. Migott and I say nothing; but we look at each other with a smile of triumph. We remember the innumerable doubts of the crew when the charts

were last unrolled, and think of Columbus again, and feel for him more than ever.

Soon the islands are visible from the deck, and by noon we have run in as near them as we dare without local guidance. They are low-lying, and picturesque in an artistic point of view; but treacherous-looking and full of peril to the wary nautical eye. Horrible jagged rocks, and sinister swirlings and foamings of the sea, seem to forbid the approach to them. The Tomtit is hoisted—our ensign is run up half-mast high—and we fire our double-barrelled gun fiercely for a pilot. He arrives in a long, serviceable-looking boat, with a wild, handsome, dark-haired son, and a silent, solemn old man, for his crew. He himself is lean, wrinkled, hungry-looking; his eyes are restless with excitement, and his tongue overwhelms us with a torrent of words, spoken in a strange accent, but singularly free from provincialisms and bad grammar. He informs us that we must have been set to the northward in the night by a current, and goes on to acquaint us with so many other things, with such a fidgetty sparkling of the eyes and such a ceaseless patter of the tongue, that he fairly drives me to the fore part of the vessel out of his way. Smoothly we glide along, parallel with the jagged rocks and the swirling eddies, till we come to a channel between two islands; and, sailing through that, make for a sandy isthmus, where we see some houses and a little harbour. This is Hugh Town, the chief place in St. Mary's, which is the largest island of the Scilly group. We jump ashore in high glee, feeling that we have succeeded in carrying out the purpose of our voyage in defiance of the prognostications of all our prudent friends. How sweet is triumph, even in the smallest things!

Bating the one fact of the wind having blown from an unfavourable quarter, unvarying good fortune had, thus far, accompanied our cruise, and our luck did not desert us when we got on shore at St. Mary's. We went, happily for our own comfort, to the hotel kept by the master of the sailing-packet plying between Hugh Town and Penzance. By our landlord and his pleasant, cordial wife and family we were received with such kindness and treated with such care, that we felt really and truly at home before we had been half an hour in the house. And, by way of farther familiarising us with Scilly at first sight, who should the resident medical man turn out to be but a gentleman whom I knew. These were certainly fortunate auspices under which to begin our short sojourn in one of the remotest and wildest places in the Queen's dominions.

The islands seem, at a rough glance, to form a great irregular circle, enclosing a kind of lagoon of sea, communicating by various channels with the main ocean all around. The circumference of the largest of the group is, as we heard, not more than

thirteen miles. Five of the islands are inhabited; the rest may be generally described as masses of rock, wonderfully varied in shape and size. Inland, in the larger islands, the earth, where it is not planted or sown, is covered with heather and with the most beautiful ferns. Potatoes used to be the main product of Scilly; but the disease has appeared lately in the island crops, and the potatoes have suffered so severely that, when we filled our sack for the return voyage, we were obliged to allow for two-thirds of our supply proving unfit for use. The views inland are chiefly remarkable as natural panoramas of land and sea—the two always presenting themselves intermixed in the loveliest varieties of form and colour. On the coast, the granite rocks, though not notably high, take the most wildly and magnificently picturesque shapes. They are rent into the strangest chasms and piled up in the grandest confusion; and they look down, every here and there, on the loveliest little sandy bays, where the sea, in calm weather, is as tenderly blue and as limpid in its clearness as the Mediterranean itself. The softness and purity of the climate may be imagined, when I state that last winter none of the fresh-water pools were strongly enough frozen to bear being skated on. The balmy sea air blows over each little island as freely as it might blow over the deck of a ship.

The people have the great merit of good manners. We two strangers were so little stared at as we walked about, that it was almost like being on the Continent. The pilot who had taken us into Hugh Town harbour we found to be a fair specimen, as regarded his excessive talkativeness and the purity of his English, of the islanders generally. The longest tellers of very long stories, so far as my experience goes, are to be found in Scilly. Ask the people the commonest question, and their answer generally exhausts the whole subject before you can say another word. Their anxiety, whenever we had occasion to enquire our way, to guard us from the remotest chance of missing it, and the honest pride with which they told us all about local sights and marvels, formed a very pleasant trait in the general character. Strangely enough, in this softest and healthiest of climates consumption is a prevalent disease among the people. If I may venture on an opinion, after a very short observation of their habits, I should say that distrust of fresh air and unwillingness to take exercise were the chief causes of consumptive maladies among the islanders. I longed to break windows in the main street of Hugh Town as I never longed to break them anywhere else. One lovely afternoon I went out for the purpose of seeing how many of the inhabitants of the place had a notion of airing their bedrooms. I found two houses with open windows—all the rest were fast closed from top to bottom, as if a pestilence was abroad instead

of the softest, purest, heavenliest sea breeze that ever blew. Then, again, as to walking, the people ask you seriously when you enquire your way on foot, whether you are aware that the destination you want to arrive at is three miles off! As for a pedestrian excursion round the largest island—a circuit of thirteen miles—when we talked of performing that feat in the hearing of a respectable inhabitant, he laughed at the idea as incredulously as if we had proposed a swimming match to the Cornish coast. When people will not give themselves the great first chance of breathing healthily and freely as often as they can, who can wonder that consumption should be common among them?

In addition to our other pieces of good fortune, we were enabled to profit by a very kind invitation from the gentleman to whom the islands belong, to stay with him at his house, built on the site of an ancient abbey, and surrounded by gardens of the most exquisite beauty. To the wise, firm, and benevolent rule of the present proprietor of Scilly, the islanders are indebted for the prosperity which they now enjoy. It was not the least pleasant part of a very delightful visit, to observe for ourselves, under our host's guidance, all that he had done, and was doing for the welfare and the happiness of the people committed to his charge. From what we had heard, and from what we had previously observed for ourselves, we had formed the most agreeable impressions of the social condition of the islanders; and we now found the best of these impressions more than confirmed. When the present proprietor first came among his tenantry he found them living miserably and ignorantly. He has succoured, reformed, and taught them; and there is now, probably, no place in England where the direr hardships of poverty are so little known as in the Scilly Islands.

I might write more particularly on this topic; but I am unwilling to run the risk of saying more on the subject of these good deeds than the good-doer himself would sanction. And besides, I must remember that the object of this narrative is to record a holiday-cruise, and not to enter into details on the subject of Scilly; details which have already been put into print by previous travellers. Let me only add then, that our sojourn in the islands terminated with the close of our stay in the house of our kind entertainer. It had been blowing a gale of wind for two days before our departure; and we put to sea with a double-reefed mainsail, and with more doubts than we liked to confess to each other, about the prospects of the return voyage.

However, lucky we had been hitherto, and lucky we were to continue to the end. Before we had been long at sea, the wind began to get capricious; then to diminish almost to a calm; then, towards evening, to blow again,

steadily and strongly, from the very quarter of all others most favourable to our return voyage. "If this holds," was the sentiment of the Brothers Dobbs, as we were making things snug for the night, "we shall be back again at Mangerton before we have had time to get half through our victuals and drink." It did hold, and more than hold; and the Tomtit flew, in consequence, as if she was going to give up the sea altogether, and take to the sky for a change. Our homeward run was the most perfect contrast to our outward voyage. No tacking, no need to study the charts, no laggard luxurious dining on the cabin hatch. It was too rough for anything but picnicking in the cockpit, jannimed into a corner, with our plates on our knees. I had to make the grog with one hand, and clutch fast by the nearest rope with the other—Mr. Migott holding the bowl while I mixed, and the man at the helm holding Mr. Migott. As for reading, it was hopeless to try it; for there was breeze enough to blow the leaves out of the book—and singing was not to be so much as thought of; for the moment you opened your mouth the wind filled it directly, and there was an end of you. The nearer we got to Mangerton the faster we flew. My last recollection of the sea, dates at the ghostly time of midnight. The wind had been increasing and increasing, since sunset, till it contemptuously blew out our fire in the cabin, as if the stove with its artful revolving chimney had been nothing but a farthing rushlight. I climbed on deck, and found that we were already in the Bristol Channel. Ragged black clouds were flying like spectres all over the sky; the moonlight streaming fitful behind them. One great ship, shadowy and mysterious, was pitching heavily towards us from the land. Backward out at sea, streamed the red gleam from the lighthouse on Lundy Island; and marching after us grandly, to the music of the howling wind, came the great rollers from the Atlantic, rushing in between Hartland Point and Lundy, turning over and over in long black hills of water, with the seething spray at their tops sparkling in the moonshine. It was a fine breathless sensation to feel our sturdy little vessel tearing along through this heavy sea—jumping stern up, as the great waves caught her—dashing the water gaily from her bows, at the return dip—and holding on her way as bravely and surely as the biggest yacht that ever was built. After a long look at the sublime view around us, my friend and I went below again; and in spite of the noise of the wind and sea managed to fall asleep. The next event was a call from deck at half-past six in the morning, informing us that we were entering Mangerton Bay. By seven o'clock we were alongside the jetty again, after a run of only forty-three hours from the Scilly Islands.

Here our cruise ended, and here my narrative closes with it. Fare-thee-well, thou

lively Tomtit! Tiny home of joyous days, may thy sea-fortunes be happy, and thy trim sails be set prosperously, for many a year still to the favouring breeze! And fare-yewell heartily, honest sailor-brothers, whose helping hands never once failed us—whose zeal in our service never once slackened—whose close companionship from the day of setting out to the day of return, has left us no recollections but such as we can now recal and talk over with unmixed pleasure!

SCROOBY.

OUT of Scrooby came the greatness of America! What, then, is Scrooby?

On the borders of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire there is a market-town, called Bawtry. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Nottinghamshire side, is Scrooby, a village that was once one of the six-and-twenty English post-towns on the great north road. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Yorkshire side, is the poor village of Austerfield. If two villages can make a cradle, here we have the cradle of one of the greatest people in the world. Obscure men—Brown, Smith, and Robinson—first set the cradle into motion. Scrooby was the acorn to the oak, at which we marvel now; Brown, Smith, and Robinson so many germinating points.

Brown—Robert Brown—was a divine, from whose teaching the term Brownist was applied to congregations that desired to separate themselves from all ecclesiastical control. In the establishment of the Church of England, the attempt was made by a tolerant spirit to bring into harmonious travel, upon one broad road, men differing concerning many points of detail in the outward practice of religion. Church forms were, as far as it could innocently be done, adapted to the humour of those who had been long accustomed to a ceremonial spirit; and an ecclesiastical system was established which sufficed for the majority, but was too lax and heretical in the eyes of the Romanist, too unscriptural in the eyes of the strict Puritan. As long as dissatisfied people carried on within the pale of the establishment their opposition to the too much or too little of discipline they were permitted to say many very sharp things with impunity; but if they seceded into active opposition, liberty of speech and conscience were denied them. Thus, from the extreme ranks alike of Romanist and Puritan, men were raised to the dignity of martyrs. Robert Brown, in the time of the civil wars, preached, as a strict Puritan, the duty of separation from the national church, and the erection of separate or independent congregations—so many churches of their own, upon a Scripture model. The men who acted upon his advice were called indifferently Brownists, Separatists, Congregationalists, or Independents.

At first, there were a few such churches of Puritan Separatists formed in London, almost none in the country. The founders of New Plymouth, the pilgrim fathers, began as one of the very few such churches maintained in a rural district, far away from London. They belonged to the Nottinghamshire village or mean townlet in the hundred of Basset Lawe; they were, in fact, the Church of Scrooby.

In the country surrounding Scrooby there were many recently extinct religious establishments belonging to the Roman Catholics; and it may possibly be, in some measure, on account of an antagonism so created that the pulpits of these parts were held by a great number of men with strong Puritan tendencies. These, often cleaving to their livings, clove, by so doing, to the right of speaking boldly, and could knead much of the strict Puritan spirit into the minds of the common people. One among this people, who lived afterwards to supply the business head to an emigrant church, expresses the growth of feeling, and the manner of its growth, in these characteristic words: "When by the travail and diligence of some godly and zealous preachers, and God's blessing on their labours, as in other places of the land, so in the north part, many became enlightened by the Word of God, and had their ignorance and sins discovered by the Word of God's grace, and began, by His grace, to reform their lives, and make conscience of their ways, the work of God was no sooner manifest in them, but presently they were both scoffed and scorned by the profane multitude, and the ministers urged with the yoke of subscription, or else must be silenced; and the poor people were so urged with apparitors, and pursuivants, and the commission of courts, as truly their affliction was not small, which notwithstanding, they bare sundry years with manly patience, until they were occasioned, by the continuance and increase of these troubles, and other means which the Lord raised up in those days, to see further into these things by the light of the Word of God, how that not only those base, beggarly ceremonies were unlawful, but also that the lordly tyrannous power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to, which those, contrary to the freedom of the Gospel, would load and burden men's consciences with, and, by their compulsive power, make a profane mixture of persons and things in the worship of God; and that their offices and callings, courts, and canons, &c., were unlawful and anti-Christian, being such as have no warrant in the Word of God, but the same that were used in Popery, and still retained. . . . So many, therefore, of those professors who saw the evil of these things, in these parts, and whose hearts the Lord had touched with heavenly zeal for his truth, they shook off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage, and, as the Lord's free people, joined themselves by a covenant of the Lord into a church estate, in the fellow-

ship of the Gospel, to walk in all his ways made known, or to be made known, unto them, according to their best endeavours, whatsoever it should cost them." The whole spirit of this is in striking correspondence with the spirit shown in France at about the same time, by those who seceded to form Huguenot churches in provincial towns. Every word here quoted might have been written by Bernard Palissy concerning the reformed church in his town of Saintes.

Now there was at Scrooby an episcopal manor-house, given by Sandys, Archbishop of York, to his eldest son, and leased to a gentleman named William Brewster, who had spent some little time at Cambridge, and subsequently served under Davison when he was Secretary of State. After the fall of Davison, Mr. William Brewster received the appointment of Postmaster at Scrooby, which place, it has been said, was one of the twenty-six English post-stations on the great North Road. The master of a post-station was, in those times, generally a man of good condition, who was tolerably well paid for important services. It was requisite that he should maintain a stud of post-horses for the onward despatch of mails, the distribution of letters in his district, the supply of government couriers and persons riding post. It was requisite also, that he should have premises capable of providing the accommodation of an inn to travellers by post, these being a source of further income to him. Thus a traveller from York to London is found to have recorded that, in Brewster's time, he paid the post at Scrooby for a conveyance and guide to Tuxford, ten shillings, and for a candle, supper and breakfast, seven shillings and tenpence. On his return, he paid eight shillings for conveyance to Doncaster, then reckoned seven miles; and two shillings for burnt sack, bread, beer, and sugar to wine, with threepence to the ostler. The government salary of the Scrooby postmaster was two shillings a-day; so that, considering the value of money in and about the year sixteen hundred, even if he had no private means, William Brewster was to be regarded as a man of substance. The need of spacious premises by the postmaster accounts for his occupation of the Scrooby Manor, a great house standing within a moat, built in two courts, whereof the first was "very ample, and all builded of timber, saving the front of the house that is of brick." The ascent to the front was by a stone flight of steps. In this house a king and a king's daughter had slept, and many an archbishop had taken his pleasure. In this house the great republic of America had its beginning; for it was here that the Church of Scrooby first began to meet. William Brewster was himself a Separatist, and adopted as its elder by the little Church, to which he gave under his own roof a local habitation. He provided liberally also, at his own charge, for the

bodily sustenance and comfort of the brethren (many of them coming in from the surrounding villages), by whom his dwelling was frequented.

The pastor of this little flock of Separatists was John Robinson, of whom it seems to have been said with truth, that he was the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever that sect enjoyed.

Scrooby alone was a place too small to yield many to the fold; but country people, as we have said, journeyed thither from all places within walking distance; and among those who so came was a young man, between fifteen and eighteen years of age, the same person whose account of the growth of religious feeling we were lately quoting. This was William Bradford, a youth maintained under the care of his uncles at Austerfield, a village on the Yorkshire side of Bawtry, distant from Scrooby perhaps some three miles. Austerfield is a village that consisted and consists of a few farm-labourers' cottages and a small antique chapel.

William Bradford is one of the most important persons in the little story lately brought to light by the antiquarian skill of the Rev. J. Hunter, which tells of the Pilgrim Fathers in the days before they set out on their pilgrimage. His grandfather and another man were, in fifteen hundred and seventy-five, the only persons in the township assessed to the subsidy. William himself lost his father when he was only a year and a half old, and his mother married again about two years afterwards. Charge of the boy was taken by his grandmother and uncles, and a note or two from the will of one of these uncles will give some idea of the social position of the family to which belonged the leader of the pilgrims. This uncle Robert bequeathed to his son Robert his best iron-bound wain, the cupboard in the house-place, one long table with a frame, and one long form, with his best yoke of oxen; also "the counter whereon the evidences are." The same Bradford had received, during his life-time, the bequest of a deceased friend's grey suit of apparel, while his son obtained as a legacy one fustian doublet and one pair of hose. Many bequests were liberal in those days which may now excite a smile. A learned divine, by whose books young William Bradford may have profited when books were dear and scarce, gave at his death to the poor scholars of the Grammar-school at Rossington, his Cooper's Dictionary, to be chained to a stall in the church, and used by them as long as it would last.

The young and earnest mind of William Bradford was aroused first by the repute of the ministry of Richard Clifton, a grave Puritan divine, who held the rectory of Babworth, near Scrooby, and in the Church at Babworth preached what he held to be pure doctrine so forcibly that he was at last silenced by authority.

While Clifton preached in Babworth Church, Bradford walked punctually thither to receive instruction from him. When Clifton was silenced the young man burned with a spirit of resentment against church oppression; and, in spite of all temporal risk, declared himself a Separatist and attached himself to the congregation meeting in the manor-house at Scrooby. His natural ability and force of character there soon approved themselves,—he became the prompter and the guide of the little church as to all temporal matters, and when it severed itself from its native country, and the laws of England, he became in the natural course of things—its civil head. He was at New Plymouth Governor Bradford.

The separation, not from the church only but from the state, arose out of the burst of persecution with which the state was supporting all church claims. As after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, French Huguenots came in bands to England and established colonies in sundry places, Spitalfields for one; so the proceedings of English Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, drove little bands of English Huguenots to that country in Europe which alone allowed them liberty of conscience; that is to say, to Holland.

But the Scrooby church was not the first to emigrate. John Smith, the pastor of an adjacent flock, at Gainsborough, had gone before to Amsterdam, whither he had been preceded by his tutor, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Smith was a man difficult of temper, and between Smith and Johnson bickerings arose by which the Separatist church was damaged. The Huguenots of Scrooby, under Robinson and Clifton (then a venerable man with a white beard), the elder Brewster and young Bradford prepared to follow in considerable numbers, some leaving by Boston, others by the Humber.

In each case the Dutch captains who were to have conveyed them played them false. One delivered them into the hands of the civil power; the other sailed away when half his passengers had been embarked, and left a crowd of helpless women and children half distracted on the shore. Many of the brethren were by checks like these disheartened, but at the end of the year one thousand six hundred and eight, all the stronger spirits had contrived to find their way to Amsterdam. There the church under Robinson was pestered by the Smith and Johnson discords. After a year's trial, the earnest men of Scrooby saw no farther hope of peace, and went accordingly out of the way of quarrelling from Amsterdam to Leyden. They remained eleven years at Leyden under Robinson their pastor.

At the end of that time the promoters of the Virginia company, who were beating up and down for colonists, tempted them with the hope of a free soil, on which they might live socially as Englishmen, and not

as subjects of the Dutch, though still without suffering coercion in their consciences. Sir Edwin, one of the sons of archbishop Sandys, happened to be the treasurer, and afterwards the governor of the Virginia Company, and with Sir Samuel, his brother, the Separatist Elder, Brewster, in his postmaster days, had been connected as a tenant of estate, the Scrooby manor being property diverted from the use of the church to its own use by the family of Sandys. The suggestion of a voyage to the new country thus naturally came from without to the Scrooby Puritans. It seemed good in their eyes. They sailed, a hundred strong, as Pilgrim Fathers, from Southampton, in the Mayflower, and they took, as the event would seem to prove, a blessing with them.

So it is that we find in Brother Jonathan—in the New Englander, or true Yankee—a Scrooby man, and even in the name Jonathan a token of his Puritan descent. The separated church abhorring saints' days and refusing saints' names to their children, because almost every person named in the New Testament was canonised, were driven to make pious use of Christian gifts, as Faith, Hope, Grace, or had resort to the Old Testament, and gave their sons such names as Jonathan and Zachary. We may add that the name Yankee declares him an Englishman, the word having arisen during the colonial wars, as a corruption of the French *l'Anglais*, by Indians unable to pronounce the letter *l*.

The English part of the history of the first colonists of New England, the founders of New Plymouth, as here narrated, was discovered only a few years ago by Mr. Hunter, in the manner following:—It had been said by Governor Bradford, that the Separatists in England were of several towns and villages, some in Nottinghamshire, some in Lincolnshire, and some in Yorkshire, where they bordered nearest together. Of the members of his own church he writes elsewhere, that they ordinarily met at William Brewster's house, which was a manor of the bishop's. Putting these statements together, Mr. Hunter made research, and found that there was only a single episcopal manor near the borders of the three counties named, Scrooby to wit, ancient possession of the Archbishop of York. So far good.

Then, because it was known that Brewster held some government appointment, and that Scrooby was a post-town, Mr. Hunter betook himself to the accounts of the postmaster-general, in hope of discovering some mention of Brewster as living at Scrooby, in further corroboration of his theory. The result was a discovery corroborative in the fullest sense of the whole fact, and at the same time tending to throw a flood of new light on its details,—it was found that William Brewster held for many years, at Scrooby, the office of postmaster. To pursue the research and discover more corroborative and illustrative details now became easy, and in

this way, the whole of the first chapter in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers,—even to the connection between Scrooby men and the Virginia Company established naturally through the family of Sandys—a narrative of great historical importance was brought suddenly to light. The whole story admirably shows how, by the study of apparent trifles, antiquarians may find their way to hidden treasure.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

THE navigation of the Danube is always difficult; but, when the waters are low, it is dangerous: so we ran aground for the third time in the neighbourhood of a small Austrian military station in the Banat of Temesvar. I landed. It was well to do so, for there is no village in the world so desolate and uninteresting that an observer may not glean something there.

It was a savage little place at the foot of a grand range of hills, but semicircled by meadows and rich lowlands towards the river side. I entered one of the peasants' huts. It was built of clay, and roofed with wood cut in the form of tiles. It was composed of a single room, with a large stone block in the centre. Upon this block burned, smouldering, the half of a tree in one huge log fresh felled. There was no chimney, so that the constant smoke and heat of the fire had completely charred the interior of the hut, and it was quite black. For furniture was a three-legged iron cooking-pot of an uncouth shape, three wooden spoons, a mat of rushes, a sheepskin, and a little tin oil-lamp hung against the wall. At the doorway, for there was no door, a man sat on the uprooted stump of a tree, larding and combing his hair. He was very particular about it, and it was easy to perceive, from the expression of his countenance, that he enjoyed a deep-seated satisfaction in his personal appearance. After some time he rose, shook himself into trim array (his loose clothes required no other arrangement), entered the hut, and taking the three-legged pot off the fire, marched with it in a stiff military way to a barn, where some messmates awaited him. In this barn was piled up a large quantity of Indian corn in sacks ready for market. And the quaint-shaped three-legged pot contained the dinner of the rustic coxcomb and his friends. It was a stew of pork and a savoury miscellany of vegetables, chiefly onions. The party required neither dishes nor plates, but, seating themselves upon their hams, each man took a knife out of a wooden sheath at his girdle, and fished for the juiciest bits. So they sat on the floor with the pot in the midst of them, silent, but busy. I noticed that every man wore a ring, and some other articles of personal ornament, also that they were dandies in their way, though one would not have thought it.

I watched them till they had finished their

meal, and then followed the most promising looking of the party, for the purpose of holding a short conversation with him. He was a pleasant open-faced little fellow when you got close to him, and of the same healthy brown colour as most wild animals. His conversation had a fine game flavour in it, too, which I liked amazingly. For a dress, he appeared simply to have cut off the legs of a sheep, and to have got into its skin. His primitive garment was tied at the throat with thongs of roughly-knotted hide.

"I am fourteen years old," says the wild little man (he was, probably, eight-and-thirty), "and I am, of course, a private in one of the Austro-Wallachian frontier regiments. There are eighty thousand of us altogether employed in this service. We serve on military duty one week in four, and we each receive a florin a month for pay. The rest of our time we devote to our own affairs. I am married. I have eight children, ten pigs, and two cows. I and my friend" (along man of the same species, who sat smoking on a sack of Indian corn) "have also some sheep between us. We have no money. We do not like soldiering, but we must like it." Here he grins slyly, and I take the opportunity of observing that his legs are bound up with dingy twisted woollen rags, about the size and colour of haybands. Lowering still further the glance of observation, I become aware that his feet are shod with undressed sheepskin, a kind of sandal. While my new acquaintance was reposing smilingly after this brief discourse, a woman came out of a neighbouring hovel and strode with a firm free step towards us. She was a splendid gipsy-faced dame, with bright black eyes, deep set and full of meaning; they glowed with a far-away and mystic fire quite bewildering. Her hair, the glossy blue-black of the raven's-wing, shaded a complexion rich with the warm hues of health and exercise. There was something striking in her beauty, and her carriage was graceful and stately as a stag's. Nature seemed to have created her a huntress queen—fate had made her a peasant girl. The wild little man told me with a familiar nod of intelligence that she was the wife of his long friend on the corn sack; and, emboldened by this introduction, I tried to engage her in conversation, mustering all my Wallachian for the occasion; but she only showed a dazzling set of teeth, and squeezed my hand in a half-shy and remonstrative, half-patronising way. Then, mounting a little springless waggon, to which two wiry ponies were already harnessed, she struck her husband laughingly over the head with a pig-whip, and called out with a short, good-humoured, but imperious exclamation of command to his partner. Both grinned from ear to ear. My little acquaintance cast a sort of apologetic glance at me, as much as to say, "You see there is no resisting this bewitching vixen;" and I am bound in candour to confess that he was

right. So they climbed up into the waggon, and stuck their wooden pipes, about a foot long, to repose in safety, in the bandages round the calves of their legs. The short man seized a pair of rope reins, and away they rattled. The dame kept the pig-whip, and, by a smart use of it, judiciously distributed among the ponies and the swains, the little waggon was soon whirling away at a brisk gallop. It was quite surprising to see how the small horses were tugged and pushed about by it, for every wheel seemed to act like the members of an experimental government, in perfect independence of the rest. I watched it appearing and disappearing among ruts and hillocks, like a boat in a wintry sea, and I was sorry when a turn in the road hid it finally from my view.

Wandering onwards, I soon came to the Austrian corps-de-garde. The officer on duty was an intelligent, gentlemanly young man. He said he was very busy (how, I did not inquire), and that he had neither time nor inclination to go after the game in the neighbourhood, though it abounded with wild boar and waterfowl, and there were even some deer. His dinner, he told me—a simple meal—cost him two shillings a-day. It was prepared at the village inn. He might have had a better in London for half the price. So much for cheap living in these countries.

As we were talking, a cart, with a decent, orderly company of country-folk in holiday-clothes, came slowly along. They were a wedding-party—bride, bridegroom, and the old folk on both sides. The Austrian officer, who was at liberty to go where he pleased, followed them home, and he was so obliging as to permit me to accompany him.

The bride was a stout square-built country lass, with a short neck, splay feet and broad hands. Her complexion was pale and soddan. Her eyes were small and dull; moreover, they turned slightly inwards. Her mouth was fat and white; yet the local peculiarities of race were as marked and evident in her, as in the gay, dashing, gipsy termagant who had just flaunted by; only this poor bride was probably reared in some damp, unwholesome, marshy district, and bore the traces of it in every shapeless and passionless feature. For a bridal costume she wore a red handkerchief folded into a narrow band, and encircling her head like a coronet. Her hair (of a rusty brown) had a few flowers stuck awkwardly into it, and they drooped as if ashamed to be there. She had on a short sheepskin jacket, with the wool turned inwards. It was embroidered with a rude device in coloured wool. A girdle of untanned leather was round her waist, and to this was suspended a pouch, which hung down behind, like the sabretash of a huzzar. It was bordered with a long parti-coloured woollen fringe. The petticoat and chemise

of undressed linen were profusely studded with little spots of red and blue embroidery, diamond-shaped. On one of her fingers was a silver ring, a necklace of coins and blue beads glittered round her throat, and blue glass ear-rings adorned her ears.

The bridegroom, a shy, abashed bumpkin, washed for the occasion, wore a high, black, peakless, sheepskin cap, embroidered woollen leggings, a dirty calico tunic, or petticoat, descending below the knee, and a brown frieze jacket, with rows of little brass buttons, intended for ornament, not for use. His long, straight hair, which had never felt the scissors, descended to his shoulders. His small twinkling eyes were deep set, and had a puzzled expression. Though young, his skin was wrinkled quite in plaits, like the front of a shirt. He was shaven, save for a ragged moustache clipped close to the lip, but descending in long uneven locks at the ends. He was very thin. He talked readily, though he was somewhat confused and flustered with the events of the day. He told me that when I had first seen him, he was returning from the chief station, whither he had been obliged to go with his bride to ask permission to marry of his commanding officer. The compulsory attendance of the lady on these occasions, he added, often caused hot blood among the peasantry. His commanding officer was a captain and a count. He had four subalterns also young men, serving under him, and twenty-four privates. They were stationed at a small village about a league away.

Leaving the wedding party, after a time, to finish their rustic merrymaking undisturbed by the presence of a stranger, I wandered forwards among the rich pastures of the river-side, and at last lay down a musing by the troubled restless waters of the mighty Danube. At a little distance from me were a herd of some two hundred swine. They lay chumping their food and fattening in the mild grey air of the November noon. They were strange pigs, with woolly coats, long tails, long heads, and monstrous tusks. Two swineherds tended them. One carried a rude musical instrument, made of a reed, and played on it, from time to time, some plaintive and monotonous airs, not unmusical. The other leaned on a stout staff (it was a peeled sapling newly cut) and listened silently. When the music ceased they spoke together in drowsy murmurs. There was a world of untold poetry in the little group, a poetry of which the dwellers in cities little dream. But I could hear their low voices mingling with the ceaseless flow of that haunted river, and they seemed to me very eloquent.

Of such a race as these poor youths was the last Prince of Servia,—a swineherd, who

hewed his brave way through many vanities, galled and sore, through fierce enmities and hostile interests, up to sovereign power. What wild will-o'-the-wisps among the marshes of human affairs are such rare successes, gleaming only to lead astray and lure on young ambition unto scorn!

So I mused on. From a little distance came, at intervals, the listless tinkle of bells round the necks of grazing cows. Some geese walked in grave dignity among the reeds and stubble further a-field. The wind sighed like the voice of human sorrow grown gentle in its solemn depths, and spoke its sad message to the leaves, in a voice low, soothing, and full of pity. The rich tints of wondrous autumn are departing fast. The forest kings upon the opposite hills put off their glorious panoply of state with which they welcomed in the new born month, and shivering prepare for their winter sleep. A solitary wayfarer goes singing along the road, and smiting the stones with his staff. The echoes of his strokes ring clear and shrill. Their clank startles the partridge in her cover; the wild duck flies with tremulous pinions and a short fearful quack as he draws near; the frog dives, with a gurgling croak, among the marsh weeds; and the deer goes bounding over the thicket on the heights. On the other side, where our ship lies crippled with broken paddles, stretch the tall poplars far away by the dusty road. They stand like the spirits of the departed heroes of some patriot band who have fallen in battle, and whose souls have passed into tall trees, ever more sighing over the ruin of their land, according to the mournful traditions and sweet fancies of the Dacian legends. The willows nod in clusters of twos and threes entwined together by the waters, like sisters at the fountain; and afar off stands a noble oak-tree, majestic and alone. I grew sad and thoughtful when the closing evening gradually drew her veil over a sylvan picture so enchanting as that which brooded over these charmed glades.

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TRAVELLERS' CONTRIVANCES.

THE art of travel, wherever gold and silver are current coin, consists chiefly in having plenty of both. With these, and the small change of a civil tongue, a skin indifferent to entomological attacks, a spare shirt, and a cube of soap, a man may travel comfortably for thousands of miles, buying his experience and his baggage as he goes along; here laying in a cold fowl and bread for a Spanish expedition; there purchasing a sheepskin cloak, or a thin pair of breeches, according to the climate; but the moment that the traveller, more adventurous, turns his steps into those savage regions where towns, roads, banks, pumps, and butchers' shops are unknown, he must prepare to uncivilise himself, and relearn the arts of his ancestors before they were corrupted into living in houses, and spinning the wool of innocent sheep into broad-cloth.

The difference between civilised and savage life is between dependence and independence. Civilisation grows and expands by wants. The savage wants nothing: he can find for himself; and therefore cares nothing for nobody; and, of course, does nothing beyond the wants of the hour. As he owns nothing he improves nothing; he eats when he is hungry, or when he is not hungry, because he can't always make sure of a meal; drinks when he is dry; and goes to sleep when he has nothing else to do, without waiting for bed-time.

The more civilised we become, the more we rely on society to help us to our wants. We do not study landmarks; because roads and sign-posts save us the trouble of thinking. We do not know how to cook, or to make candles, or tan hides, or carve wooden bowls and horn spoons, because candles, shoes, crockery, and metal spoons can be bought cheaper than they can be made at home. When the savage walks out, there is one book he is always reading; and therefore he reads it fluently, for his existence depends upon it: the book of Nature. His eyes are constantly upon the ground; his nose sniffs the air, and detects the haunts of various animals; his ears are erect to catch the faintest sound. "There went a deer," he says to himself, "but a long time since. There went a bear; and he's not long gone. That grey tuft, afar off

on the plain, is a sleeping fox." His living depends, not on his purse, but his personal acuteness of eye, and ear, and smell. Without the full use of these organs he may soon starve, as old people actually do among many savage tribes. The white man relies on the water company, or, at any rate, on a well with a bucket, for drink, if out of reach of beer, mead, quass, wine, or brandy. He goes to the butcher for his joint, to the tailor for his jacket; and rather disdains the pot-hunter, who makes sure of hare with a cunning greyhound and a pointer, for the sake of a roast or a jug.

But the white man's faculties are only dormant, not dead. White children brought up in the bush, or on the prairie, are quite as sharp as savages. Even full-grown men attain by practice the power of performing many of the feats that astonish us so much among Indian and negro tribes. London pickpockets, before horses were common in New South Wales, ran down cattle, and flung them with a dexterous twitch of the tail. American backwoodsmen and Australian bushmen make their way through forests, and even deserts, trace cattle by their footprints, and find fire, and shelter, and game in a manner almost worthy of brown aborigines; while in feats of strength, in fleetness of foot, and sureness of aim, white hunters, well trained, are usually superior to savages.

Some critics and statesmen who ought to know better attribute the winter sufferings of our soldiers in the Crimea to the helpless character of the modern Englishman. It would seem that they had either never read, or have forgotten, the adventures and letters of our emigrants and travellers. The English soldier is taught—disciplined—to be helpless; but the English emigrant has proved himself, in every climate, equal to the situation. In the backwoods of America, the bush of Australia, and among the Klots of South Africa, he has settled and housed himself, and found means to live and thrive in spite of climate frigid or tropical, savages and wild beasts, without shops or police. As for English travellers, for endurance, patience, acuteness, resources under difficulties, and general ability to do the best under the most adverse circumstances, such men as Palliser, Mansfield Parkyns, Lieutenant Burton, the English Hadji, Francis

Galton, and Gordon Cumming, may be matched against the hunters and travellers of any age or nation since the time of Marco Polo.

Francis Galton—the son, if we mistake not, of a respectable Birmingham banker of Quebec descent, after having rendered valuable services to geographical study by his explorations of an unknown region of Africa, in which he commenced from love of sport, but prosecuted for the benefit of science—has published the results of his experience and notes from his commonplace book in *The Art of Travel in Wild Countries*, for the benefit of emigrants, missionaries, soldiers, and all who have to rough it. In these times, when one half our adventurous young men are soldiers and the other half sailors or emigrants, it may be useful to give an idea of its contents, with a few additional hints from other travellers and our own experience in savage lands.

Water is one of the great wants in travelling, and water is scarce in every hot country where wells have not been made. Sometimes it must be dug for, sometimes gathered from the cup-like leaves of great plants. To find streams and pools, birds are the best guides, especially towards evening. Parrots are never far from water in hours of drought. Bathing in brackish or even salt-water will tend to allay thirst, and if a thunder-shower comes on it will be well to follow the plan of the West Indian negroes,—strip to the skin, by which the benefit of a refreshing shower-bath is obtained, while the clothes, rolled up tight, are dry and ready to put on when the shower ceases, and, as is not unfrequent in tropical countries, a cold breeze comes on. This was the plan of Mansfield Parkyns, a modern traveller in Abyssinia. In South Africa, after a long chase, the hunters will cut open the stomach of the white rhinoceros, and some other animals, and drink the store of water there to be found. But the traveller must beware of the black rhinoceros, which, like King Mithridates, according to classic stories, feeds and thrives on poison—the poisonous acacia-leaves. A bucket of turbid water may be cleared by three thimblefuls of alum, and a filter may be made impromptu of moss, grass, and gravel, if there be no charcoal at hand, but a few pounds of charcoal will filter a great deal of water. Mr. Galton gives useful advice for digging wells, for watering cattle, and for carrying water in kegs or leather bottles. For getting water out of a river or pool, with steep banks, we have found a barrel, strongly hooped, fitted with an axle and rings, extremely useful. The barrel, with long traces attached, is sunk in the river; when filled the bung is driven in, then one or more oxen attached to the traces, and the barrel being round, rolls easily up a steep bank along the ground, however rough, to the camp. Two of the hoops should project an inch and a

half from the barrel, so as in some degree to protect the staves from wear and tear. This plan is recommended to soldiers watering from a river. The Arabs carry their leathern water-flasks on the shady side of the camel.

Fire is as almost essential to the comfort of a traveller as water even in tropical countries. The morning is usually intensely cold before daybreak. Nothing can be relied on but flint and steel, and a burning-glass. The invaluable lucifer may be lost, spoilt, or used up, but we learn from Galton, that the wax-lucifers are the best; with these there should be a tin-saucer, or some other simple, safe contrivance for shading from the wind, is important. A dozen other modes of getting a light are enumerated. The crystalline lens of a dead animal's eye has been successfully used as a burning-glass. Fire sticks lighted by friction are used by savages, but we never heard of a European who acquired the knack. Tinder may be made of cotton or linen rags. Amadou is a fungus from trees dried, sliced, and boiled in saltpetre. The ashes of a cigar, or wet gunpowder, rubbed into paper will convert it into touch-paper. To keep anything dry, to light either a fire or a pipe, is very difficult when camping out during a week's rain. A Scotch shepherd taught us to tie a small packet of tinder under the armpit during the rainy season in the bush. This is the plan of Highland drovers coming south. To kindle a spark into flame our plan was to have ready a handful of dry grass, wrap it loosely round the tinder, and then, taking it in one hand, whirl it round and round at the full length of the arm—first slowly and then rapidly—windmill-fashion, until it bursts into a flame; this is a surer plan than blowing with the breath. Firewood should be looked for under bushes. Dry manure makes a fire, and is used for that purpose all over the world. The Canadians call it *bois de vache*. Bones make a good fire. In the Falkland Islands they cook a bull with his own bones and a little turf or tussock grass. Travellers in the east carry prepared charcoal slung in the form of large buttons, as a necklace. Mr. Galton's golden rule is:—Always manage to have, if possible, a good fire towards morning.

To bivouac, or camp out, comfortably, as Bushmen say, is a great art. "Study the form of a hare," says Galton. "In the flattest and most uncompromising of fields the creature will have availed herself of some little hollow to the lee of an insignificant tuft of grass, and there she will have nestled and fidgeted about till she has made a smooth, round grassy bed, compact and fitted to her shape, where she may curl herself snugly up, and cower down below the level of the cutting wind: follow her example. A man as he lies down is but a small object; and a screen eighteen inches high will guard him securely from the strength of a storm. A tree forms

a roof, not a wall. What is wanted is a dense low screen, perfectly wind-tight, as high up as the knee above the ground. Thus, if a traveller has to encamp on a bare turf plain, he need only turn up a sod seven feet long, by two feet wide; and if he succeeds in propping it up on its edge, it will form a sufficient shield against the wind."

The near neighbourhood of water is objectionable for a sleeping camp in hot climates. One resource is to bury oneself in sand, all but the head. "In this way Moffat the South African missionary passed a comfortable night when it was bitterly cold. The Laplanders carry bags of reindeer skin, into which they creep, and allow themselves to be buried in snow. Some friends of ours, including ladies, on a visit to the North Cape, passed twenty-four hours under the snow, enveloped like ferrets, without any serious inconvenience, and they all felt much warmer than when travelling. "In making up a bed on the ground," Mr. Galton remarks, "the underside is as important or even more important than the covering. A mattress is useful not only for softness but for warmth. The earth is generally cold and often damp; therefore a strip of mackintosh and a large blanket or plaid are indispensable for camping out. Even in the dry climate of Australia, rheumatism punishes those who sleep out without great precautions for being warm the night through. Leaves, fern, heather, reeds, bundles of fagots, or even two trunks of trees rolled close together, are worth the trouble of collecting and arranging, rather than trusting to mother earth." A blanket made into a bag large enough to hold you may also contain in the day a leather, or, still better, a mackintosh sheet, the most valuable of bivouacking inventions. "Let the traveller (or soldier), when out in trying weather, work hard at making his sleeping place perfectly comfortable: he should not cease until he is convinced that it will withstand the chill of the early morning; when the heat of the last sun is exhausted, and that of the new sun has not begun to be felt. It is wretched beyond expression for a man to lie shivering, to feel the night air becoming hourly more raw, while the life-blood has less power to withstand it, and to think, self-reproachfully, how different would have been his situation if he had simply had forethought enough to cut and draw twice the quantity of wood, and spend another half-hour in making a snugger berth. The omission once made becomes irreparable; for, in the dark and cold of a pitiless night he lacks stamina, and has no means of coping with his difficulties."

Mansfield Parkyns says: "Some will ask, how did you manage to sleep on the sloppy bosom of a bog? Every night we made ourselves mattresses of pieces of wood, large stones, &c., laid together until of sufficient height to keep us well out of the wet. A

tanned hide spread upon this formed our bed; and, when it came on to rain, our covering also. It is not altogether luxurious until you are used to it. It requires a little knack and turning round like a dog, to adapt the risings and hollows of your body to those of the bed; but with patience, a little management, and a hard day's work, a good night's rest is not a difficult thing to obtain under any circumstances." A large dog in a cold country forms at once a companion by day and a blanket by night. Parkyns had his "maychál Boggo," a mastiff with long thick coarse hair; and Pallisser had his beautiful Ishmah, who drew a small sledge, with food and clothes, all day, and saved his master from being frozen to death at night.

The aboriginal natives of New South Wales, as well as the cattle that roam at large in its woods, invariably choose the top of a moderately-elevated hill to sleep on during the winter months; the hills of that country being always warmer than the valleys at that time of year, while in summer the valleys are sought both by men and animals. "I have often been surprised," says a traveller, "at feeling a warm current of air on the top of a range of hills after ascending from valleys where the breeze was chilling. These breezes blow from the north-west."

As to tents, a circular tent is the worst of all, and a three-poled tent the easiest to improvise, with two stakes driven into the ground and a third, or a rope, at the top. A sheet, a lot of blankets, or a mackintosh thrown across, form no depreciable tent for the want of a better. Always get off the ground a few inches if you can, to avoid cold, damp, or a snake for a bedfellow. Gordon Cumming in South Africa once, neglecting this precaution, slept in the hole of a cobra, and Mansfield Parkyns in Abyssinia in that of a deadly adder. Hints, in tent pitching, to obtain the morning sun or to secure the most shade may be gathered from gipsies: it is quite an art. If you are likely to make a rude hut, it is well to have a bag with nails, hooks, and strips of cloth or leather to put round the walls to hang on or stick in anything you like, to be handy.

To sleep on horseback is not difficult if you are well packed with blankets or skins, rolled before and behind a saddle. "About midnight," says Mansfield Parkyns, "I thought I would take a nap, and so rested my hands, one on each side of the saddle, monkey-fashion, and soon closed my eyes. Reopening them after what appeared to me a five minutes' doze, I found the caravan proceeding precisely in the same order as before—some talking, some nodding, some singing: but on looking round the sky, I perceived that the morning star was already a quarter of an hour above the horizon. Gradually the sky became bluer while I was wondering, and the sun rose in full splendour."

The importance of dress depends on the climate and the man. Galton lays stress on flannel next the skin—that is to say, flannel shirts for damp, windy, cold weather, and coarse calico shirts for fine hot dry weather. A poncho is a very useful garment—better for horseback than a plaid. A blanket with a hole in it makes a good poncho. A sheet of calico saturated in oil makes a waterproof poncho. Galton and Pallisser agree that a shooting costume of thick Tweed is the best for all except tropical countries. Leather, both breeches and coat, answers well except in wet climates. Leather overalls, with a spring to fasten them at one motion, are better than jack boots, because they may be unfastened and hung to the saddle when the traveller wants to run on foot. Galton strongly recommends braces; why, we don't know; they are not agreeable in hunting. About stockings and shoes, Galton and Mansfield Parkyns differ entirely. Galton recommends thick woollen socks, and thinks nothing equal to European shoes, while Parkyns is all for bare feet; but all must depend upon the nature of the country to be trodden. Gordon Cumming wore a wide-awake hat, secured under his chin, a coarse linen shirt, sometimes a kilt, sometimes a pair of lambskin breeches and Cape farmers' made shoes. He discarded coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and always hunted with bare arms. Galton wore leather breeches, jack boots, and a hunting cap. The late General Sir Charles Napier wore a white hunting cap, with muslin twisted turban-fashion to keep off the sun in Scinde. Mansfield Parkyns went even more bare than Gordon Cumming; and Parkyns, we must remember, is a Nottinghamshire gentleman and a Cantab, therefore early accustomed to comfort. The following is his own conception of life in the Abyssinian bush:

"I have more than once," he says, "started off on an expedition into the wild woods without even saying where I was going, or even knowing myself. My dress on these occasions consisted of a short kilt of nicely-tanned antelope's hide, a piece of coarse cotton cloth wrapped round my waist as a belt by day, and a covering by night, and a small skin (a wild cat's or jackal's) thrown over my left shoulder. Add to these a kid's-skin filled with flour, a little horn of Cayenne pepper and salt mixed, and a small piece of thin leather for a bed, and you have all necessary for a fortnight's outlying in Abyssinia of a frontier man. A flint and steel, slow-match, an awl, nippers for extracting thorns, a rifle and ammunition! If a man cannot be happy in a dry climate, what would he wish for? Even if you have no sport with game, there are always small birds, snakes, fish, lizards, &c., to be had; so that you need never want."

As to feet-coverings, he observes: "In a country abounding in rocks (like Abyssinia)

it would be dangerous to attempt to pass many places excepting barefoot. I went four years barefoot, and know that it is by far more comfortable to go without shoes, after a very short practice. But abstinence in these climates is always a good thing, and often necessary. During my long period of semi-starvation, I never felt lighter in my life. Wounds of all kinds healed like magic. Once, in running down a slimy and almost precipitous path, I struck my bare foot against the edge of a rock as sharp as a razor, and a bit of flesh, with the whole of the nail of my little toe except the root, was cut off. I could not stop longer than to polish off the bit that was hanging by the skin, for we were in chase of a party of Barea who had cut the throats of three of our friends the night before, but was obliged to go on running for about twenty miles that afternoon, the greater part of the way up to our ankles in burning sand. I scarcely suffered from it at all; the next day I forgot it; the day after, the nail grew again. Another day, in running after an antelope, I had wounded, in my eagerness, I jumped over a bush on to a jagged stump of a fallen tree, and one splinter, of about the thickness of a tenpenny-nail, entered the ball of my foot, passed so far through, that the point appeared like a black spot under the skin half-an-inch above the junction of the third and fourth toes, towards the instep, and then broke short off. I got my game, cut it up, carried it home, some two miles, and then drew the splinter with a nail-wrench. My foot bled a good deal; but with the exception of a little stiffness for a day or two, which in nowise prevented my walking, I suffered no pain at all. Under European diet in Europe, I should have been laid up with a bad foot for at least a fortnight."

Parkyns seems to have always taken the matter of dress very easy. When he decided on returning to civilised life, he says: "My first efforts towards establishing a wardrobe consisted in the purchase of a few yards of coarse calico, which I obtained of an Egyptian pedlar, who was good enough to show us how he cut them into shirts, and we had two days' employment in stitching them. Most of our party were very good with an awl, but cobbling did not much assist us in hemming shirts. Our friend the hawker, in gratitude for my doctoring him, gave me a white skull-cap, and I set about having my head shaved, with our knives, without soap. After an hour and a-half's exquisite torture, the scene closed with one-third unshorn, the rest in patches, bleeding from nineteen severe wounds. Not being presentable in this state, I made myself a turban of a pair of drawers! But the next morning the owner of the neighbouring coffee-house brought me a friend who owned an old, country-made, iron razor, and soon finished me off. Two Albanian irregulars, learning my want of clothes, told

me that the wardrobe of one of their comrades was to be sold by auction. Accordingly, I bought for thirty-three piastres (about six shillings and ninepence), a greasy red-cloth waistcoat, a striped cotton ditto, and the remains of a red-and-yellow cotton sash, with a red cap, nearly black from age, knocked down at fourteen piastres; so, at a cheap rate, I was equipped like a Turkish soldier who had not received his pay for eighteen months."

And at another time in the desert, he says: "I was dressed in the light costume of the Arabs: a pair of drawers, a ferda thrown over my shoulders, a heavy two-edged sword hung over my left arm, to which were also bound a heap of amulets and a knife. In dress I was a nigger; in colour, a Turk."

After this, those who can follow our traveller may despise and abandon portmanteaus for the East.

For sporting excursions in cold climates, part of the hunting costume in use on the Carpathian Mountains is worth attention. Warm knitted stockings; and, over them, a pair of soft Russian leather boots, which can be turned down in folds below the knee, or, if needful, pulled up to the hip. To keep the hands warm in severe weather, so as to be able to handle the gun, in addition to thin gloves, a small fur muff may be slung from the neck, in which the hands may rest until wanted. The metal parts of the gun in hard frosts which the hands are likely to touch, should be bound with leather.

A good saddle is indispensable. Galton and Pallisser both agree that there is nothing like an English hunting-saddle, and Galton found it as useful with an ox as with a horse. Saddles for foreign use must be much more stuffed than in England, as all half-wild horses are smaller, and often carry the saddle badly for want of fine shoulders. We consider the Yorkshire hunting saddle, with plain unstuffed flaps, the best for wear, as it is not spoilt by heavy rain. A blanket rolled and strapped over the pommel, in the Australian fashion, is handy when you camp, and forms a better support for the knees, in going down steep hills, or with a breaking half-broken brute, than stuffed flaps. In posting on horseback in France twenty years ago, we used to keep, expressly for the purpose, a demi-pique saddle, made wide between the cantle and the pommel, with a well-stuffed seat—one could sleep in it. But in wild countries, with strange horses, especially in chasing deer or boar, your nag is sure to fall occasionally. A fall at a fast pace on a hunting-saddle, flat before and behind, is nothing to a good horseman, for he rolls out of the way; but stuck fast in a high-piqued military saddle, it is very dangerous, as you are sure to be crushed when the horse rolls over. We are inclined to believe that a saddle invented by the late Captain Nolan, described in his Cavalry

Tactics, is much the best for travelling or hunting, if altered a little from its military shape. This saddle, instead of stuffing pads, has a cover of serge into which three or more slips of felt are put, according to the size of the horse's back; if on a journey, he falls off in condition, an extra slip of felt makes it fit, and prevents a sore back. There are no leather flaps, but instead, a saddle-cloth of felt an inch thick. Such a saddle is as strong and much lighter than an ordinary saddle, and will fit any horse. You can saddle a restive horse with greater facility; while the seat of the rider is more firm, and the control more complete, in consequence of his legs pressing again the horses' side without a slippery leather flap between—this is an especial advantage after riding all day in the rain. A bridle should be made that it may also be used as a headstall, with links and hooks, or that the bit can be slipped out of the horse's mouth for the purpose of feeding without taking the bridle off his head. By having a great number of hooks (D) strongly sewn to a travelling saddle, anything required can be fastened on with strings or straps. Cruppers we don't use in England, but they are essential for safety abroad as well as breastplates.

Food and cookery must be considered together. Galton advises the traveller to study the crops of birds in order to learn whether the berries or leaves of the country he is in are poisonous or not. This rule has exceptions, but is the only guide that can be suggested. Rank birds should be skinned, as the rankness generally lies in the skin. On the sea-coast cooks baste sea-birds, skinned, with salt water, on the probably correct idea, that it diminishes the fishy flavour. For kinds of food we refer to Galton. In Java they cook trout by wrapping them in rice-straw, and setting it on fire: when the straw is burned the fish is cooked. Scotchmen say that the fish is turned into a capital imitation of a Loch Fyne haddock. But, says Mansfield Parkyns: "It does not do for a traveller to be particular about food—for instance, metah is the standing dish of Nubia, composed principally of barnya, a vegetable pod of a mucilaginous nature, with pounded meal and other ingredients, being about the consistency of hasty-pudding, but so sticky that when eating it with bread you are obliged to clean your fingers, which become webbed like a duck's foot. Nevertheless, I never tired of it." He also got quite into the way of eating raw beefsteak, after the Abyssinian fashion, cut in long strips, and then a convenient slice, fast held by the teeth, is divided by an upward blow of a sabre, just missing the eater's nose. He tried locusts fried on an iron girdle as dessert, and found them very dry, much like frizzled quill-ends. An iron pot, with a lid the size of a crown-piece, will cook enough for three at a time, and the lid makes a good frying-pan. We have known

an instance of a kettle for tea with a wooden bottom doing duty in the bush. The plan was to bury it in the earth, and make the fire round it.

Galton gives an excellent chapter on guns, but we prefer quoting from Pallisser. Galton's plan for carrying a gun on horseback is the best that has ever been suggested. He says:

"Make a canvas or leathern bag large enough to admit the butt of the gun pretty freely, the straps that support it buckle through a ring in the pommel. The gun is perfectly safe, never comes below the armpit; even in taking a leap, it is pulled out in an instant by bringing the elbow in front of the gun and close to the side, so as to throw the gun outside of the arm; then lowering the hand, the gun is caught up—any sized gun can be carried in this fashion." Any plan for carrying a loaded gun muzzle downward is dangerous, as the ball is likely to slip down away from the charge and burst the gun when fired. A horse may soon be taught to stand still while the rider dismounts and fires, by pegging the bridle thrown over his head to the ground, firing, returning and rewarding him; eventually he will fancy that he is pegged fast whenever the bridle is thrown loose.

A double-barrelled rifle is invaluable for deer shooting, but you must not reckon on accuracy of execution beyond one hundred and fifty yards equal to a single barrel. As to calibre, I prefer from twenty-four to sixteen to the pound. The larger the ball the greater the necessity for superior powder. "Gunpowder," says Pallisser, "should be kept in air-tight packages. The best knife for hunting purposes is a good plain wooden-handled butcher's knife, the handle long, the blade thin—thick-bladed illuminated knives of the German Jäger fashion are only fit to hang over a chimney-piece—a knife stuck in a sheath below the knee is handier than elsewhere. Do not, burthen yourself by trying to forestall a thousand imaginary necessities. Beyond your guns, good horses, with their appurtenances, you will require nothing on the prairie but your knife, flint and steel, pipe, an iron ladle for melting lead, a tin mug, and two iron kettles—the covers will do to fry in."

We shall not quote any more from Galton, because it is a cheap little book, and those who want to study the art of travel can buy it; but shall conclude with a few notices on this inexhaustible subject by returning to our own experience, and to the book of the Abyssinian denizen.

To cross rivers, you may make a raft, or swim. The Abyssinian way is to pack your watch and other small perishable things, and a few articles of clothing, into a goatskin bag, blow it out, secure the mouth with a string, and tie one end to the faggot; then mount on the faggots astride, and be towed across. But the best and simplest contrivance for swimming across broad dangerous water, or

for teaching any one to swim, is the following, which we cut out of a country newspaper twenty years ago, and have tried and recommended since with the greatest success to both sexes. By this plan, in a fortnight, a timid lady became an excellent swimmer. Cut two pieces of cork into an oval shape, the length of the points of your shoulders, join the two pieces together with a hinge of leather or gutta-percha on one side and strings on the other; cut a hole in the centre large enough for your neck, but too small for your head to pass through. When put on, it should rest longwise on your shoulders, and project four or five inches before and behind your head. This cork collar will carry two persons easily; it leaves the arms quite free, does not raise you too high out of the water, or obstruct you in swimming; and when taken off, can be doubled and carried easily on the head or back. It will also make, if needed, a very good trimmer for fishing, and a pillow at night. By the help of this slope of cork (which is not liable to be punctured like a Mackintosh belt) we have crossed rivers holding a gun over our hat, with powder in the hat; in fishing, by the same means, we have carried a dry shirt, stockings, and thin coat across wide flooded streams; and once, in skating twenty miles on a river, the cork collar saved us.

But more important than outfit or arms, to carry a man through savage lands, are courage, temper, and tact, with a contented cheerful spirit. Of these qualities we have never met with better examples than in the travels of our Notts Cantabrigdian Abyssinian. He recommends, above all things, civility. There is nothing like a civil tongue, and quiet unpretending manners, to get on not only in savage countries but everywhere and under nearly every emergency. "Many travellers," says Mansfield Parkyns, "take a soldier with them from the chief or king of the country, where they may be travelling, and many affect a harsh demeanour to the natives, demanding lodging, food, &c., in the most peremptory manner. This is a plan not at all to be recommended, it often leads to a quarrel, and is not likely to obtain for the traveller, what he ought so much to court, if he wishes to study the manners and customs of the people—their good-will and confidence. Here I should very much dislike any one's forcing himself into my house against my will, and am disposed to act generally on the principle of 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' On my arrival in a village, I have found it the better plan to do as the native travellers would—wait under a tree until some one asks me in. A little patience is sometimes needed. People often gather round you to look at you, and occasionally make rather personal remarks; though, generally, they are very civil. Answer their questions good-naturedly, take pleasure in making

yourself agreeable, you will find it will become a habit, and you will be welcome everywhere. I hope future travellers may agree with me, that it is not absolutely necessary to enter forcibly into other people's houses, or to demand as a right the supper which one ought to receive with thanks, if voluntarily given. For instance, on one occasion he was taken prisoner by mistake, and the next day—

"I woke up quite in my usual state of philosophy, highly amused at my situation. The soldiers collected in numbers, to amuse themselves at my expense. After some little 'chaffing,' they began to dance about, going through their dounfatu or war-boast, slipping their lances at me, and catching them by the butt when the point was within an inch or two of my body. I knew I was in no danger, if I only kept my temper. So when the first man had performed his part, I took a piece of straw and gave it him, telling him that was the sword he needed. This raised a laugh against him, and entering into the spirit of the thing, we went on famously. I acted the part of a chief: gave one man a straw coronet, to another a bracelet, to a third an imaginary mule, and so on; while to make the matter more real, I invested a dollar, luckily hidden in the corner of my belt, in some drink, and each bringing his share of dinner, we had a grand carnivorous feast. Thus, by a little management, I became a great favourite with the soldiery, instead of being bullied by them. Let this be a warning to hot-headed travellers. My greatest discomfort arose from my complaint. But this only served to draw out the good qualities of my comrades, who contrived for me all sorts of little necessary conveniences, and went about in search of medicines. They procured me a pungent root, which did me so much good, that on the third day of my imprisonment I was quite well!"

We think, that while England, Scotland, and Ireland can produce such specimens of travellers as those we have quoted, no one need dread the enervation of our modern gentlemen, as long as they escape the influence of Generals Pipeclay, Martinet, and Routine.

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

"COME along with me to church," said a Neapolitan friend, last year, when the bells were chiming more merrily than usual, as if they themselves had their part in the fun of the season; "there are beautiful things to be heard and seen." So off I set to the parish church of a village not far from Naples. The high altar was blazing with light. On the right lay the presepe (the manger), and on the left stood erect the Madonna; whilst round that impersonation clustered the young damsels of the country. The Madonna looked as benignant as wax could look. A magnificent flaxen wig flowed over her shoulders, whilst a splendid white

satin dress attracted many eyes; but the manger was, on this occasion, the great object of attention; and it had been expanded, I found, into a marvellous large town, into which was crowded almost every known animal. The Bethlehem of the artist was a wonderfully hilly district, in which houses hung on at every conceivable angle. Trees and flowers bloomed all around, without regard to climate or season. Nor was the star forgotten; which, painted in circlets of red, blue, and green, was attached to the end of a pole, that protruded from what might have been the market-place of the city. Its light had apparently already led the shepherds to the holy spot, who, dressed in Calabrian hats and Spanish cloaks, and bearing small hurdy-gurdys in their hands, were supposed to be celebrating the auspicious event. The manger itself was empty, as the placing of the bambino (the infant) within it is a solemn ceremony, reserved for early Christmas morning.

There is no more distinctive feature in the Christmas of Southern Italy, than the manger; and therefore I have adverted to it first. The erecting of it, whether in the church or a private house, excites a vast amount of interest. It is a sign of approaching festivity, equivalent to our hanging up the mistletoe, or decking our windows with holly; and, in a country village, there are as many small sensations as there are presepes erected. Reports are constantly circulating as to the progress which each is making, and comparisons are drawn which stimulate their respective proprietors to make greater efforts to beautify them. The village carpenter is in great requisition; and I shall never forget his vast importance, inasmuch as I was the sufferer for it, during the last Novena. My doors were gaping, so as to admit every breath of wind that blew, and my windows had been beaten in by a storm; but prayers and remonstrances were of no avail to move Maestro Raffaele. He had to finish the presepe of the church, and another for Don Carlo, and another for Don Giuseppe, and others for a whole host of dons; so that I was compelled to wait with as much complacency and patience as I could muster. In fact, what could I do otherwise? It would not have been Christmas without the presepe; and I would have slept without any door or window rather than destroy the associations of such a season. Indeed, I am glad now to think that not one moment of Maestro Raffaele's invaluable time was occupied by me.

As soon as the presepes are finished, all the population turns out to visit them. It is an evidence of devotion so to do; and the stranger would at this season be astonished at the crowds he meets of well-dressed people hurrying backwards and forwards, as if intent on some important business. Curiosity, as well as devotion, has its share in the movement; for as, on such occasions, the interior of one's house is thrown open to visitors who

come to gaze, and perhaps kneel and pray, there is an excellent opportunity of observing what is shut up during the whole of the rest of the year, and of collecting copious material for gossip. A new life is infused into our village, and the animation scarcely flags till Easter comes with a new sensation.

Still there is an incompleteness in the arrangements; and there is a pause of expectation until the Zampognari arrive. Now there are no persons considered so essential to the constitution of Christmas in the South of Italy as these men; and their arrival is always welcomed with corresponding demonstrations of respect and joy. Where they come from, the public mind cannot well decide. Some, I verily believe, are persuaded that they are angels under the form of men; some certainly think that they are lineal descendants of the shepherds who fed their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem. "Why, there are the self-same figures in the manger in the church," observes the village barber; and, as he is a great authority, the Zampognari are looked upon by the wondering peasants with immense veneration. Historic truth obliges us to say, however, that they are shepherds from the Abruzzi, who annually perambulate certain districts with their bagpipes under their arms, and not unfrequently make a good speculation of the simple devotion of the country people. Their dress is more picturesque than I can well describe. Any one who has been to Rome will have seen it on the models who bask in the sunshine on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna; or yearly it may be seen in some of the pictures in our Water Colour Exhibition. Their legs are enveloped in a coarse worsted-work, encircled with I know not how many bands of rope. This delicate hosiery is surmounted by breeches made of goatskin; the vest is of the same material, or there may be, at times, red; whilst over all is thrown a brown, well-patched, Spanish cloak, cut short to the knee, and as particoloured, if not quite so brilliant, as was that of Benjamin. On the top of this singular-looking figure rises the conical Calabrian hat, adorned with a peacock's feather, and several bows of ribbon.

What a sensation does the arrival of the Zampognaro create! He blows up his bagpipes, and straightway they discourse their peculiar music, whilst his companion alternately sings and plays his pipe. The first occupation of the Zampognari on their arrival, is to go from house to house and ascertain who means to observe the Novena. I have often received a visit from these picturesque beings; and have as often made an engagement with them to play daily at my house: always receiving two wooden spoons as an assurance of the bargain. These spoons are rude specimens of the workmanship of the shepherds in their idle hours on the moun-

tains. One only is generally left; but, by virtue of being a foreigner, I have always received two.

Everything being arranged, the Zampognari enter on the active duties of the Novena. From early morn to late at night are they blowing and singing. Not a Madonna at the street-corner, or in the open shop, remains unsaluted. Not a house which had the wooden spoon is passed by. Everywhere are they honoured guests, and courted and crammed like Norfolk turkeys, they not unfrequently leave the country districts which they have charmed with a full purse, as well as a full skin. I had requested that they would visit my house towards the evening, in order that I might have the advantage of their music during my supper; thus attempting to reconcile and gratify a certain regard to devotion, to antiquity, and a taste for a rude species of music. As some sounds of music are, however, improved by distance, I suggested that a distant room might be fitted up. Accordingly, my servant had suspended on the wall coloured likenesses of the Holy Family, and Santa Filomela, and surrounded the whole with a natural framework of holly, bright with berries and flowers intermixed. That was his presepe, and greatly was it admired. The head Zampognaro had succeeded to the patrimonial powers of the family on the demise of his father, who had come to tune his pipes in this out-of-the-way place for full forty years. The attendant was as yet only a candidate for distinction. By the time they arrived at my house, both were suffering from their gratified and prospective ambition; for, after having visited several hundred houses, it may readily be conceived that they had blown nearly all the breath out of their bodies. Yet, heaving and panting as they were, it was wonderful to see what new life was infused into them. Fixing their eyes intently on the Madonna, who formed the most prominent objects in my servant's room (where the performance took place), their cheeks expanded, and forth issued the wild capol. All this time there stood around them, a group composed partly of people of the house, and partly of those who had followed them; for on such occasions there is a free entry to all. It is a characteristic of Italian fêtes and ceremonies, that the greatest publicity attaches to them; and whether it be the last unction or a funeral, a marriage or a birth, a Zampognaro's devotion, or a New Year's Eve festivities, in rush the people, to shriek, or to laugh, or to crack a joke, or to pray, as the character of the fête may be. As the master Zampognaro ceased his bagpipes, his assistant took up the music sometimes with his voice, sometimes with a single pipe. The words which he sang are rude enough; but as they may be venerable for their antiquity, and certainly exercised a great influence over both performers and

audience, we give them in this rough translation :

For ever hallow'd be
The night when Christ was born,
For then the saints did see
The holy star of morn.
St. Anastasius and St. Joseph old
They did that blessed sight behold.

CHORUS.

The night of the Nativity
It is a holy night,
When Father, Son, and Holy Ghost unite
That man may saved be.

The music ceases ; and, for a moment a dead silence reigns throughout the little group ; then Complimenti are produced for the principal personages : a glass of wine, a little fruit, and sometimes more substantial fare ; and so the performances of the day conclude.

For eight days and nights (the Novena) are these ceremonies continued ; the ninth is Christmas Day ; and though the Zampognaro continues his rounds, the material and earthly seem to have taken place of the heavenly. And now Christmas assumes another phase. The whole day the people have been fasting to be better prepared for a feast—though the Church calls it a fast—at night. For twenty-four hours they will not touch either meat or animal fat ; yet they sell the very beds on which they sleep to have their favourite and canonical dish of capitone—a kind of conger-eel, in great vogue at Christmas. At two o'clock the log is ignited ; for the tradition is, that at about that hour the Madonna had need of a comforting blaze. As the day advances, whether in town or country, or at Rome or Naples, or any of the neighbouring villages, silence creeps grandly over every place. The solitary pedestrian hurries along in his best coat, as if all too late for his engagement. The merry voice of children is no longer heard in the Piazza. Every sound which speaks of labour is stilled. Where is all this busy, noisy population which were so recently shouting and singing ? Look up to every smoking roof, and there you have your answer ; for in a quiet Italian village, where, from choice or necessity, the food of the people is oftener cold than warm, the smoking chimney is one of the most remarkable phenomena on the approach of a fête. It strikes one, too, much more in the clear crystal atmosphere of these latitudes, where every note is visible. Looking back on the little village which slept in one of the prettiest and snuggest nooks in the world, I had no difficulty in telling where all the population had sunk, and why I remained the last man.

The preparations are rude, it is true, for an Englishman ; but there is good feeling, and good temper, and plenty of merriment in the rustic group ; and this blinds one to a thousand defects. First, there is the eternal dish of macaroni, dressed with oil instead of fat.

Then comes the capitone, and the salt fish, and fish broiled, and fried, and boiled, and in salad and polpetti, until every sort of fish in the ocean is exhausted. Some of these dishes are dressed with immense ingenuity, and tolerable success in imitation of meat. For these pious frauds the nuns are responsible : much of their holy retirement being spent in devising modes of diminishing the rigours of fasting, and in preparing sweets and confectionary, with which the table of my host is groaning. The feast concluded, the friends dispose themselves for the amusements of the evening. I never observed that dancing forms one of them ; indeed, it does not seem to harmonise with the religious sentiment which prevails on such an occasion. People seem more disposed to group together, and to be cozy, confidential, and loving ; and the only game that I had witnessed amongst these poor villagers is one which seats them round a table close enough to touch one another, and look kindly into each other's eyes. Every one has a heap of nuts before him, and contributes a number to the common pool, and then the lot decides who is to begin. The great art is to take away as many nuts as possible without moving the rest. An error incurs a forfeit, and the chance passes on to the next. Immense anxiety is felt by the youngsters of the party, and peals of laughter greet every failure. Others, of a more roving and lively character, adjourn to the streets and chaunt the whole night away. Many are popping off fireworks. The more devout spend the night by the presepe in the church ; but, at two or three o'clock in the morning all adjourn to the parish church, which is brilliantly illuminated on the occasion. The offices of the church are chanted ; and a grand procession, headed by the priests and all that is distinguished in the little village, makes the round of the building, and the new-born babe is deposited in the manger.

The great event is now accomplished which gives its name to the season, and Christmas is fairly ushered in, or, as some would here say, is finished.

BLOBS OF WADHAM.

My name is Withers—Richard Withers, of Jermyn Street, London, ostensibly an importer of foreign wines. I don't mention it by way of advertisement, but that I may not be introduced to the public under false pretences. I am not Blobs of Wadham ; that is what I wish to be understood clearly. In the year eighteen hundred and ten, or thereabouts, the great firm of Nature and Company falling short, I suppose, in their original material, issued a couple of duplicates—fac-similes—and I had the misfortune to be one of them. We were not twins : there was no mystic sympathy of being between us to

whisper each to each, "Thou hast a double;" no cuticle, or smallest superfluity of skin, as had been granted to the Siamese, to hint that there was a ditto somewhere. Long Experience, our only common mother, was left to teach us this; and in my education, at least, that lady has proved herself a Tartar.

My first introduction to a knowledge of the other lusus was not till some few years ago. As I was walking along Fleet Street, on my way into the City on business, I was saluted from behind with a most tremendous thwack across the shoulders. I turned round between purple and white; for, angry as I was, a little reminiscence flashed across me of a certain bill transaction—a thing that will mix itself up somehow with the wine trade—and I thought it just possible that this assault had arisen from some unprofessional view of that matter: but an utter stranger, with outstretched hand and beaming smile, confronted me.

"Deelighted to see you, old boi," said he. "How is the woife and the picanninnies?"

"Sir," I replied, rubbing my back as well as I was able, "I am a bachelor."

"D'ye mane to say ye are not Blobbs?" said he.

"Certainly I do, sir," answered I, with warmth.

"Well, then, it's nothing more nor less than a coincidence," said he.

"Sir," said I, "it is a blister." And it was a blister.

The very next day, and almost in the same place, across the shoulders, I received two thwacks from that identical cane, and in the same unmistakable Hibernian accents, I heard it shouted; "I took another man for you yesterday, Blobbs; but, bedad, I've got you to-day."

I happened to have a nephew at Wadham College, Oxford, at that time; and, not without an eye to business, I went down to stay there for a week. I had heard a good deal before of the hospitality of the University, but the cordial manner of those Fellows did surprise me.

"Well, how are you, old boy? So, you are come down to see us at last," exclaimed one, at the very gate, as he shook my hand most heartily. "But you're getting bald, my friend—henpecked about the crown—eh, eh? And you're stouter than you were, too, a good deal."

"Really, sir," I began, "these familiar remarks"—but my nephew came up just at that moment, and prevented any explanation. In the combination room, after dinner, I sat next to the sub-warden, and was treated with all imaginable kindness. "I have some wine of this character," I was casually remarking, as I held the glass up against a candle, "that has been with me this twenty years."

"Then I don't know where you put it to,"

observed a gruff voice, lower down. "For a man who drinks habitually, I must say, I don't know worse wine than yours."

"Don't you mind what Savage says," said the sub-warden; "you know his strange ways."

"But I do mind what Savage says, sir," I replied; "and I don't know his ways. I am not going to sit here, and hear my wine run down by Savage, or any other man."

"Why, Blobbs, Blobbs, you did not use to be so touchy as that up here," interposed the dean; "bad at chapels, bad at lectures, shocking bad at knocking-in, but always good-tempered and ready to take a joke."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed I, "once for all, I am not Blobbs!"

Alas! it was but little good for me to say "once for all;" I went out to breakfast at another college, and was purposely introduced to everybody as Richard Withers; but the association of ideas proved almost as bad as the confusion of persons, and I was asked about six times whether I knew Blobbs of Wadham. I got quite to know when it was coming, by the way in which the interrogator would survey my features, give a little smile at the absurd likeness, and begin his question with "Mr. Withers?" to prevent himself from addressing me by the wrong name. I astonished one of these persons a good deal when he had got thus far by anticipating the rest, and saying—

"No; I don't know Blobbs at all," which rather terrified him.

The disadvantages of my resemblance to this person have been counterbalanced by no benefits; nobody has ever paid me money for Blobbs, or asked me to dinner, or given me so much as a lift in his carriage; no charming young creature has ever embraced me by mistake, as being the wife or sister of me, Withers. On the contrary, Mrs. Blobbs has been presented to me, more than once, in the form of a Nemesis, or avenging female. At the casinos and the like, for instance, which I solemnly assert I only visit as the haunts in which sundry young gentlemen, with whom I am professionally connected are most likely to be found, it has been often whispered to me—

"Lucky Mrs. Blobbs don't see you here to-night, my boy;" and, on one occasion, "If you don't lend me that fifty we were speaking about, as sure as you live I'll tell your wife." I should not wonder if some domestic recriminations took place somewhere in consequence of my firm refusal; I believe and hope that Blobbs is not altogether exempt from the results of our similitude; that the toil and truth of our double has befallen him likewise.

After a few score of these mistakes had happened, I learned to take them quietly enough; if I was arrested for debt, or even lodged in Newgate for murder, to-morrow, it would not much distress me; "It's Blobbs,"

I should say, "that's all." The former, indeed, is not unlikely, for he is a very fast character, or, at all events, has lots of half-mad friends; just before the pillars were taken away from the Regent's Quadrant, I had a proof of this. I was coming from the Piccadilly end, at my ordinary quiet pace (for I am very respectable, and not thin), when I was violently seized by the shoulders, and threaded—run in and out—through each of the pillars, all the way to the top. It was in the mid afternoon, and the proceeding attracted every eye; but what did I care? What was the use of caring? "It is some friend of Blobbs's of Wadham, having his lark," I said to myself; "and he will be very much astonished when he comes to find out that he has got hold of the wrong man!" as soon as I could get my breath again, I gave Blobbs's friend in charge to a policeman, and he paid five pounds for that little run of his; it would have been cheaper for him to have taken a cab.

I never saw this parody upon me in all my life, but I have been very near seeing him; I got into a coach at Dorchester, one night, to go to Weymouth, and had to pay about forty miles' fare further back—from Honiton, I think. The guard, and the coachman, and the insides, all swore to my having travelled that distance, and I was obliged to give the money—I have no doubt for Blobbs.

And yet it was better so, perhaps, than to have met him; what horror to have awoke suddenly, and beheld oneself sitting opposite in the dim obscure! Echoing, perhaps, one's cry of terror, wearing his hair after the same perceptive fashion, and with cheeks of the like fear-stricken hue!

What a shocking business it will be when one of us two dies! Perhaps, we shall expire simultaneously. Otherwise, when an enfranchised-looking female, in a widow's cap, comes suddenly upon me in the street, and faints, I shall then know that Blobbs is dead.

THE TOMB IN GHENT.

A SMILING look she had, a figure slight,
With cheerful air, and step both quick and light,
A strange and foreign look the maiden bore,
That suited the quaint Belgian dress she wore;
Yet the blue fearless eyes in her fair face,
And her soft voice told her of English race;
And ever, as she fitted to and fro,
She sang (or murmur'd, rather), soft and low,
Snatches of song, as if she did not know
That she was singing, but the happy load
Of dream and thought thus from her heart o'erflow'd:
And while on household cares she pass'd along,
The air would bear me fragments of her song;
Not such as village maidens sing, and few
The framers of her changing music knew;
Chants such as heaven and earth first knew of when
Allegri and Marcello held the pen.
But I with awe had often turn'd the page,
Yellow with time, and half defaced by age,
And listen'd, with an ear not quite unskill'd,
While heart and soul to the grand echo thrill'd;

And much I marvell'd, as her cadence fell
From the Laudate, that I knew as well,
Into Scarlatti's minor fugue, how she
Had learn'd such deep and solemn harmony.
But what she told I set in rhyme, as meet
To chronicle the influence, dim and sweet,
'Neath which her young and innocent life had grown:
Would that my words were simple as her own.

Many years since, an English workman went
Over the seas, to seek a home in Ghent,
Where English skill was prized, nor toil'd in vain;
Small, yet enough, his hard-earn'd daily gain.
He dwelt alone—in sorrow or in pride;
He mix'd not with the workers by his side;
He seem'd to care but for one present joy—
To tend, to watch, to teach his sickly boy.
Severe to all beside, yet for the child
He soften'd his rough speech to soothing words mild;
For him he smiled, with him each day he walk'd
Through the dark gloomy streets; to him he talk'd
Of home, of England, and strange stories told
Of English heroes in the days of old;
And (when the sunset gilded roof and spire),
The marvellous tale which never seem'd to tire:
How the gilt dragon, glaring fiercely down
From the great belfry, watching all the town,
Was brought, a trophy of the wars divine,
By a Crusader from far Palestine,
And given to Bruges; and how Ghent arose,
And how they struggled long as deadly foes,
Till Ghent, one night, by a brave soldier's skill,
Stole the great dragon, and she keeps it still.
One day the dragon—so 'tis said—will rise,
Spread his bright wings, and glitter in the skies,
And over desert lands and azure seas,
Will seek his home 'mid palm and cedar-trees.
So, as he pass'd the belfry every day,
The boy would look if it were flown away;
Each day surprised to find it watching there,
Above him, as he cross'd the ancient square,
To seek the great cathedral, that had grown
A home for him—mysterious and his own.

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,
St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and vast;
The slender pillars in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet and close o'erhead
So high, that like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver clouded incense faints in air;
Only the organ's voice, with peal on peal,
Can mount to where those far-off angels kneel.
Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch,
Would listen to its solemn chant or march;
Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
Melted in childish dreams, and both in air:
While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his spotless soul,
Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seem'd to listen still;
Or gathering like a sea still more and more,
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,
And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain,
Upon the pleading longing hearts again.
Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Passing, as life does, with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
Then, leaving it again to shade and gloom,
And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint:

Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,
That told of patient toil and reverent care;
Ivy that trembled on the spray, and eare
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush spears,
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
In summer, where the silver rivers flow;
And demon-heads grotesque, that seem'd to glare
In impotent wrath on all the beauty there,
Then the gold rays up pillar'd shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven, at evening time.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flow'd
On all around, only the windows glow'd
With blazon'd glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, arm'd with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlements at night.
Then all was shade, the silver lamps that gleam'd,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seem'd
Like sparks of fire in the dim aisles to shine,
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half afraid, the child would leave them there,
And come out, blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square.
The church was thus his home for rest or play;
And as he came and went again each day,
The pictured faces that he knew so well,
Seem'd to smile on him welcome and farewell.
But holier, and dearer far than all,
One sacred spot his own he loved to call;
Save at mid-day, half-hidden by the gloom,
The people call it 'The White Maiden's Tomb':
For there she stands; her folded hands are press'd
Together, and laid softly on her breast;
As if she waited but a word to rise
From the dull earth, and pass to the blue skies;
Her lips expectant part, she holds her breath,
As listening for the angel voice of death.
None know how many years have seen her so,
Or what the name of her who sleeps below.
And here the child would come, and strive to trace,
Through the dim twilight, the pure gentle face,
He loved so well, and here he oft would bring
Some violet blossom of the early spring;
And climbing softly by the fretted stand,
Not to disturb her, lay it in her hand;
Or whispering a soft loving message, sweet,
Would stoop and kiss the little marble feet.
So, when the organ's pealing music rang,
He thought amid the gloom the maiden sang;
With reverent simple faith by her he knelt,
And listen'd what she thought, and what she felt;
"Glory to God," re-echoed from her voice,
And then his little spirit would rejoice;
Or when the Requiem sobb'd upon the air,
His baby-tears dropp'd with her mournful prayer.

So years fled on, while childish fancies past,
The childish love and simple faith could last.
The artist-soul awoke in him, the flame
Of genius, like the light of Heaven, came
Upon his brain, and (as it will, if true)
It touch'd his heart and lit his spirit, too.
His father saw, and with a proud content
Let him forsake the toil where he had spent
His youth's first years, and on one happy day
Of pride, before the old man pass'd away,
He stood with quivering lips, and the big tears
Upon his cheek, and heard the dream of years
Living and speaking to his very heart,—
The low hush'd murmur at the wondrous art
Of him, who with young trembling fingers made
The great church-organ answer as he play'd;
And, as the uncertain sound grew full and strong,
Rush with harmonious spirit-wings along,
And thrill with master power the breathless throng.

The old man died, and years pass'd on, and still
The young musician bent his heart and will,
To his dear toil. St. Bavon now had grown
More dear to him, and even more his own;
And as he left it every night he pray'd
A moment by the archway in the shade,
Kneeling once more within the sacred gloom
Where the White Maiden watch'd upon her tomb.
His hopes of travel and a world-wide fame,
Cold Time had sober'd, and his fragile frame;
Content at last only in dreams to roam,
Away from the tranquillity of home;
Content that the poor dwellers by his side
Saw in him but the gentle friend and guide,
The patient counsellor in the poor strife
And petty details of their common life,—
Who comforted where woe and grief might fall,
Nor slighted any pain or want as small,
But whose great heart took in and felt for all.
Still he grew famous,—many came to be
His pupils in the art of harmony.
One day a voice floated so pure and free
Above his music, that he turn'd to see
What angel sang, and saw before his eyes,
What made his heart leap with a strange surprise,
His own White Maiden, calm, and pure, and mild,
As in his childish dreams she sang and smiled,
Her eyes raised up to Heaven, her lips apart,
And music overflowing from her heart.
But the faint blush that tinged her cheek betray'd
No marble statue, but a living maid—
Perplex'd and startled at his wondering look,
Her rustling score of Mozart's Sanctus shook;
The uncertain notes, like birds within a snare,
Flutter'd and died upon the trembling air.

Days pass'd, each morning saw the maiden stand,
Her eyes cast down, her lesson in her hand,
Eager to study, never weary, while
Repaid by the approving word or smile
Of her kind master; days and months fled on;
One day the pupil from the choir was gone;
Gone to take light, and joy, and youth once more,
Within the poor musician's humble door;
And to repay, with gentle happy art,
The debt so many owed his generous heart.
And now, indeed, was one who knew and felt
That a great gift of God within him dwelt;
One who could listen, who could understand,
Whose idle work dropp'd from her slacken'd hand,
While with wet eyes entranced she stood, nor knew
How the melodious winged hours flew;
Who loved his art as none had loved before,
Yet prized the noble tender spirit more.
While the great organ brought from far and near
Lovers of harmony to praise and hear.
Unmark'd by aught save what fill'd every day,
Duty, and toil, and rest, years pass'd away:
And now by the low archway in the shade
Beside her mother knelt a little maid,
Who, through the great cathedral learn'd to roam,
Climb to the choir and bring her father home;
And stand, demure and solemn by his side,
Patient till the last echo softly died,
Then place her little hand in his, and go
Down the dark winding stair to where below
The mother knelt, within the gathering gloom,
Waiting and praying by the maiden's tomb.
So their life went, until one winter's day,
Father and child came there alone to pray,
The mother, gentle soul, had fled away.
Their life was alter'd now, and yet the child
Forgot her passionate grief in time, and smiled,
Half-wondering why, when spring's fresh breezes came,

And summer flowers, he was not the same.
 Half guessing at the shadow of his pain,
 And then contented if he smiled again,
 A sad cold smile, that pass'd in tears away,
 As re-assured she ran once more to play.
 And now each year that added grace to grace,
 Fresh bloom and sunshine to the young girl's face,
 Brought a strange light in the musician's eyes,
 As if he saw some starry hope arise,
 Breaking upon the midnight of sad skies ;
 It might be so : more feeble year by year,
 The wanderer to his resting-place drew near.
 One day the Gloria he could play no more,
 Echoed its grand rejoicing as of yore.
 His hands were clasp'd, his weary head was laid,
 Upon the tomb where the White Maiden pray'd ;
 Where the child's love first dawn'd, his soul first spoke
 The old man's heart there throbb'd its last and broke.
 The grave cathedral that had nursed his youth,
 Had helped his dreaming, and had taught him truth,
 Had seen his boyish grief and baby tears,
 And watch'd the sorrows and the joys of years,
 Had lit his fame and hope with sacred rays,
 And consecrated sad and happy days,—
 Had bless'd his happiness, and soothed his pain,
 Now took her faithful servant home again.
 He rests in peace, some travellers mention yet
 An organist whose name they all forget :
 He has a holier and a nobler fame
 By poor men's hearths, who love and bless the name
 Of a kind friend ; and in low tones to-day,
 Speak tenderly of him who pass'd away.
 Too poor to help the daughter of their friend,
 They grieved to see the little pittance end ;
 To see her toil and strive with cheerful heart,
 To bear the lonely orphan's struggling part ;
 They grieved to see her go at last alone
 To English kinsmen she had never known :
 And here she came ; the foreign girl soon found
 Welcome, and love, and plenty all around,
 And here she pays it back with earnest will,
 By well-taught housewife watchfulness and skill,
 Deep in her heart she holds her father's name,
 And tenderly and proudly keeps his fame ;
 And while she works with thrifty Belgian care,
 Past dreams of childhood float upon the air ;
 Some strange old chant, or solemn Latin hymn
 That echoed through the old cathedral dim,
 When as a little child each day she went
 To kneel and pray by an old tomb in Ghent.

THE ROAD IN INDIA.

DASHING up to the station in a Hansom, and finding oneself safe in a first-class railway carriage, after a brief mandate to a porter and a policeman on the subject of luggage, and receiving some change and a piece of card through a limited pigeon-hole, are very different transactions to those imposed on a traveller before he starts on a journey in India. In the first place, he must inquire whether he can go at all ; and the affirmative being ascertained, he must make comprehensive arrangements to be as comfortable as possible. I, who have made two journeys from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces, without counting occasional jaunts of two or three hundred miles in deviating directions, have learned that art of taking care

of oneself, which is the first thing to be learnt in India, and am competent to be of some use to society by imparting it.

The commencement of the process is this. After becoming quite tired of Calcutta—which happens in a very little time—you inquire at one of the two principal Dāk Companies, when you can manage to get away. This depends upon the number of candidates, and their proportion to the number of carriages and horses along the road. It is Monday, let us say, and you find that on Tuesday Ensign Grift and Lieutenant Green are going up a long way to join their respective regiments (which the Ensign has not yet joined at all) at some place the name of which probably ends in "bad." On the next day, a judge, who has just returned from England, where he has spent two years in abusing the climate, is also to go up the country, with the determination to abuse its climate still more. On the day following, seven young ladies, who have all come out to be married, by the last mail, are all travelling in the same direction, under the care of seven ayahs (female natives of the lady's-maid persuasion), and have of course engrossed all the unavailable horses on the route. On Thursday, accommodation is graciously vouchsafed, and the payment of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty rupees, if one is going about as far as Agra (some eight hundred miles) settles the rest. Of course we—I am not writing editorially, but really mean that I am not alone—of course we do not start until night—nobody does ; and of course we make the starting as pleasant as possible. We are dining out, probably, the same evening, and the people of the house do their best to make us comfortable. Have we everything that we want ? Are we warm enough ? Oh, yes. We have a hamper, packed under the licence of a very general order by Spence's people (Spence's is the great hotel). It is supposed to contain sherry and beer ; pale ale, of course ; a little brandy ; potted meats, such as those which are so pleasantly described in the *Lancet* ; a tin case of biscuits, another of tea, another of sugar, and perhaps some concentrated soap. We have plates and knives and forks ; for in these respects it is far better not to trust to the chances of the road. As for warmth, there is the resai a padded counterpane, with an exterior of soft crimson silk. Still we must have something, and we contrive to accommodate the people of the house by accepting a corkcrew—which we have forgotten, owing to our reminiscences of English pic-nics—and a tumbler or two, which have been also omitted in the arrangements.

The carriage is a square contrivance, painted green or brown outside, according to the prejudices of the respective companies. It is on four wheels, and evinces other symptoms of sanity, though in the article of springs I must say it is singularly deficient.

Inside it is probably lined or probably not lined—it is certainly not padded. It has two seats, and the space between the two is usually occupied by luggage, the top being covered by a cushion; so that the traveller extends himself with his feet up during the entire journey, and has just room to lie at full length if he feels so disposed. The well, as we should call it in respect to an Irish car, is usually devoted to the provisions; and the top of the gharree (this is the local name for a carriage), is piled with trunks, or as many of them as one is not obliged to send by another conveyance—by a stray servant or two, it may be, and by the coachman. But the loading of the outside is not half so important a matter as the fitting up of the inside. On each portion of the walls of the gharree not occupied by the windows, there are pockets, where those articles are stowed which are in most constant requisition. Some soda-water is a very desirable article, as the water on the road, especially if brought at night, may not be clean; and even if it is clean, one prefers not to take it from a brass chillumchee, which is usually devoted to lavatory purposes. Some brandy or sherry is also a desirable thing to place in one of the pockets, and the corkscrew should always be deposited in one of the near ones, although the point is apt to cut through its covering, and run into your shoulder. In the corresponding pocket to that of the corkscrew, I would recommend that you place your Colt's revolver, a precaution which many Indian travellers neglect. Since the Santal rebellion, however, I fancy that few will be so unwise as to do so. The biscuits should also be in an accessible place; and if you are travelling alone, or with a companion of your own sex, you must have a five hundred box of Ma-nillas (I recommend number two) placed at your feet, in that little economical space which is saved under the seat of the driver; but you need not kick this about too much in your sleep. If you are travelling up with the object of your matrimonial affections, I see no reason—unless she does—why you should not have the same box, because there are many opportunities when you may make it mutually agreeable for you to sit up with the coachman, and improve your mind and Hindostanee by converse with that not always uninteresting individual.

But all this time we are forgetting to start. The coachman is quite accustomed to wait hour after hour for his passengers: and, if they chuse to delay, would, I feel assured, wait at least a fortnight, occasionally smoking his hookah, and once a-day asking to go off to his khana (dinner) without manifesting any symptom of impatience. But the period having arrived, and the horse—to whom your delay has been so much distinct gain—having been put in, there is no longer any excuse, in anybody's case, for not

starting. The real difficulty of starting now in all probability, commences, though the first horse is generally a very favourable specimen of those you are likely to get on the road.

The horse generally commences his performances in the following manner. First, he won't go—and the uninitiated traveller begins to think that the authorities have made a mistake, and that the wrong horse has been put into the wrong place. A simple inquiry, however, dissipates this delusion; and it is found that not to go at first is the regular thing. The traveller accordingly sinks back upon the pillows which he has carefully stowed under his shoulders, and surrenders himself to our old friend Circumstances, over which he has no control. The principal circumstance in question—that is, the horse—having declared that he won't go in the beginning, is not disposed to change his mind in a hurry. He backs inevitably, rears probably, snorts contingently, and evinces other symptoms of having a will of his own, and not being disposed to add a codicil to it. The driver, who is now fairly launched into the demands of the crisis, twitches at the reins in as uncoachmanlike a style as is demanded by the very unprofessional conduct of the animal—slashing away with a leather-thonged whip, and accompanying its conduct with vocal remonstrances. He is reinforced by a dozen natives, who seize the wheels, two or three of them at each, while others push on from behind, with a chorus of guttural exclamations, intended partly as a private gratification, partly as an encouragement to the Circumstance. He owns no medium. When he does move, he moves with a vengeance. He commences a mad gallop, which swings the gharree from side to side, the traveller's apprehensions being drowned by the notes of a demoniacal post-horn which the driver considers it his duty to sound upon all great occasions. A mile is soon traversed in this manner, and then the Circumstance shows itself amenable to human control, and gets into his ordinary pace, which, after this, is not too quick to be alarming.

And now comes on the dead night, and the desolation of the journey. We look intently at nothing for a little time, through the windows listening to the rattle of the vehicle which becomes familiar to our ears. Then we make a start on a sudden, and find we have been to sleep. It is the stopping of the vehicle which wakes us. We have done the first stage—only six miles—and have arrived at a "chokee" station. Here is a miserable little hut, and a conglomeration of partitions formed of mud, in which the horses are stalled, destitute of roofs, and apparently of beds. It is a hideous place, like a huge dunghill, with little mouldering fires here and there, from one of which a chance stranger—native and naked—gets you, after a great deal of fruitless

poking about, a light for the cheroot which you are sure to want by this time. As the horse which has brought you over the stage is being led up and down to cool, you think that you never saw a more wretched-looking little beast; but you change your mind on seeing the animal which is to draw you on. He is a little worse, though it is evident from the way in which he kicks at the shafts while being harnessed, that he has some strength and go in him. He is in all probability young, and his chief defects arise from being almost unbroken when first called upon to make a figure in the world. It is very likely that the starting will be attended by as great difficulties as before; but of course this does not uniformly happen; some of the horses vary the proceeding by starting well, and so beguiling the traveller into a false confidence, which is dissipated when he finds himself lying in a ditch at the side of the road, the gharree smashed, and the horse lying motionless among the broken shafts. This happened to the present narrator during a very early period of his travelling experience, and the same misadventure occurs to most persons who trust themselves often on the road. There is only one course to take; to set the gharree upon its legs as well as you can, and be drawn in by bearers to the nearest station, where, if everybody is as fortunate as myself, they will be able to borrow another vehicle from the Dāk Company's agent. It is a very inglorious mode of transit—being drawn in by a dozen men, any number of whom are always to be found in India to do the work of horses—all howling a monotonous chant.

After these incidents of travel, you become callous, and make yourself as comfortable as may be, with the aid of a book, and those other resources for which you have made the gharree eminent among its kind. Reading, however, can of course be indulged in only by day. During the night there is nothing for it, but to wrap yourself in your resai, and sleep if you can. This is, if you do not feel inclined to stay at a Dāk bungalow, which one is very apt to spurn at first setting forth, and take advantage of afterwards in a mean-spirited manner. The great trial of sleeping in the gharree is in the very early morning from two or three until four or five o'clock, when for a great part of the year it is piercing cold—a cold which makes the cheroot doubly dear, and anything else detestable. There is no doubt that it is trying, and you determine to stand it no longer. You will stop and breakfast. You have tried brandy-and-water, and it is of no use; some hot tea will be just the thing. You accordingly push your legs out of the gharree, getting duly rasped by the wheel in the process, and call out to the driver to know how far off the next Dāk bungalow is. The answer is very satisfactory. The nearest is two miles

behind you; you have passed it in your sleep. What is to be done? To turn back would be childish, but the next bungalow is fourteen miles further on. Still it would be childish to turn back; so you go on. In about three hours the coachman blows on his post-horn the announcement that you have arrived at a bungalow. It is carefully closed up at all points, and presents the appearance of the family being absent on a foreign tour. The jalousies, which reach to the ground are elaborately dusty, and make no sign. The house has apparently not been entered for ages, and, as far as the last fortnight is concerned, this is no doubt strictly true. There is no sign of life in the vicinity, but this it is, of course, the business of the traveller to create. Standing upon the verandah in his slippers, in a dressing gown and nightcap, his cheek pale, and his eyes hollow, the bungalow authority calls out "Qui hai?"—an equivalent for "Who's there?" Presently a man with a large beard emerges from some inscrutable out-building, who calls somebody else to his assistance, and then makes his obeisance to the traveller. The somebody else, who does not seem to like it, somehow gets into the house, and opens the principal doors, and the traveller is made free of the desolate dwelling.

The momentous question comes next. What can he have for breakfast? The man with the beard, who is the khausamah, or major-domo, goes through the usual formulæ of people of his kind—talks of mutton chops, of iron-y-stew (by which Irish stew is understood), and of curry, but eventually strongly recommends the only dishes to be had, grilled moorgee, or fowl, and unda, or eggs, boiled or roasted at pleasure. The traveller yields to these delicacies, and agrees to spend the time employed in their preparation, at his toilette. Fortunately, there is always a bathing-room adjoining, and plenty of cold water; for the rest, the traveller's own resources are sufficient. In the intervals of dressing he strays out into the verandah, and has a pleasing view of the khausamah, who has been for some twenty minutes occupied in chasing the promised breakfast round the house. It is an old bird, and is not to be caught by the kind of chaff which is proffered; but, in the end, his head is chopped off, after the Mahomedan fashion, with sufficient want of resignation to acquit him of any charge of hypocrisy in meeting his death. This spectacle is not cheering, and, the traveller, being by this time dressed, a change to the interior has its advantages. The room is of moderate size, and is not beset with too much furniture. Besides three chairs, there are two beds—without curtains and without bedding; each traveller being supposed to bring his own. To these are added a table, and on the mantel-piece a compact little bookcase, the books carefully locked in, and a printed list

of them pasted outside. The notice heading the list informs us, that they are deposited by a Tract Society for the benefit of travellers. We of course overhaul them. There is a History of Rome, written from a serious point of view; a History of Greece, written from a serious point of view; a Life of Alfred the Great, written from a serious point of view (with a parable made somehow out of the cake story); and a Life of Dr. Dodd, written from a particularly serious point of view, the moral being that it is a great pity that such pious persons as he, should come to be hanged.

On the wall he finds suspended a notice informing him that travellers occupying the bungalow for less than three hours, will be charged eight annas, or one shilling; for more than that time, and less than twenty-four hours, one rupee; that travellers must not stay too long, to the inconvenience of later arrivals, and that they must complain of any deficiencies to the post-master of the district. Under the last announcement will be generally found a comic style of note in pencil, such as "You don't say so!" or, "What's the use of that?" and other satirical manifestations. Occasionally, one sees something a little more eloquently scrawled upon the walls. In a bungalow near Shergotty I saw last year a drawing of a rural cottage, with a garden, and a stream running through it, on the bank of which a gentleman was represented landing a trout nearly as big as himself, in that triumphant manner so peculiar to sporting pictures. Underneath was written the name of some place in Perthshire, and some lines of Briant's description of the pleasures of home and a country life. Some homesick traveller had written this while lying on the bed during an afternoon reverie. Poor fellow! he told his tale plainly enough; and a very common tale it is in India.

"Yes, it comes at last!" Not so bad, after all. The fowl is certainly more resigned to his fate than he was half-an-hour ago; and the eggs have the merit of being still in the freshness of their youth. The tea is not so good as in England; but we are too near China to expect that; besides, it is made with lukewarm water, after the favourite fashion of Indian servants. The sugar, too, looks as if it had been brought promiscuously from the desert; but this, again, is an article of local produce, and is, therefore, sure to be bad. There is no bread, too; but the native chuppathe, though not good, nevertheless can be eaten. The absence of butter is not a very severe infliction, considering that the cook will very likely bring some red-currant jelly in a little bottle that has formerly contained pomade for the hair.

The meal over, and the traveller in that well-known condition which would permit a child to play with him, he prepares to start; but there is an important ceremony to be

performed. He must enter his name, starting-place, destination, and the hour of his arrival and departure, in the travellers' book, in which he may make remarks upon the subject of his accommodation. As these books contain many records of the kind, they are perhaps the most amusing species of literature procurable in the Dāk bungalows, and are eagerly gloated over by travellers on the look-out for any names that they may know. Here the different characteristics of the Indian community freely develop themselves. Some of the entries are formal; many facetious; some flippant; others severe. The following is a fair specimen of the entries:

Mr. Jos. Sedley, C.I., and family, from Calcutta to Boggwallah. Stayed two hours. Breakfast good. Khitmatgar attentive. Paid two rupees.

That is the formal style. The facetious is something like the following:

Lieutenant Bolt and Ensign Scamper (funny fellows generally give wrong names), on sick-leave for pig-sticking. Came last night. Going presently. Paid two rupees. Breakfast beastly. No beer. Had to kick the Khitmatgar for not understanding English. Why doesn't the fellow get his hair cut?

This sort of entry is illustrated occasionally by a sketch of the traveller being sick, as a sarcasm upon the refreshment; or the portrait of the commanding officer of the travellers' regiment (if he be unpopular) hanging on a gallows, and smoking a short pipe.

This is succeeded, probably, by something like the following:

Mrs. Major-General Muggins, C.B., and five daughters. Arrived at three in the afternoon, and stayed to tea. Bungalow very clean. Everything very nice. Servants attentive.

Underneath an announcement of the kind, we saw written by a mad wag:

All rot. Everything disgusting. And only two chairs in the place. Where did four of the Miss Mugginses perch themselves?

Of course the crusty British traveller, who complains of everything, comes out strong upon these occasions:

Curry detestable. Khausamah filthy. No cream. Harvey's sauce not to be had. Disgraceful to the authorities.

The servant always receives back the book with a humble salaam, and, as he cannot read English, tries to discover by the look of the traveller whether something to his advantage, or the reverse, has been recorded. He generally looks mystified at the illustrations, and, I believe, considers them as signs of the traveller belonging to some secret society, or exclusive caste.

Once more on his road, there is very little to remark of the other incidents likely to befall a traveller during an ordinary journey. All Dāk bungalows are the same, and so are all the chokee stations where they change horses. At the latter, a European is still an object of special curiosity, to judge by the

way in which men and children—the latter very pot-bellied, and without any clothing—stare in at the windows; without counting the cripples and idiots, of whom there are generally two or three, who hop about and whine for pice. They are disgusting exhibitions, and may be advantageously bought off.

But of late a new feature has introduced itself into travelling in the north-western provinces; turnpikes—an innovation which has excited the greatest disgust. Very different are these from the jovial pike of the British highway. There is a bar stretching across the road, and a big bungalow on one side. Here the toll-keeper may be generally seen seated at a table in the verandah, with his books, and all the official *et ceteras* about him. Sometimes he is a native; but if a European, he is sure to have a very large family, as the holders of all small appointments in India have. His is, perhaps, the only house for miles and miles round, and a lonely life it must be for him. In England, turnpike-men are said to be misanthropical; in India, they are sad, by way of distinction, and generally wish you good morning, or good evening, with a resigned air, and always look as if they wished they were going on with you. In the mean time, the traveller proceeds on his way, considering himself very hardly used because he is made to pay a shilling, and must pass another night or two on the road, before he can be once more among his friends.

Let me hope that in a few years longer, railroads in India will render this description a curiosity, and that they will convert it into history.

COLOURS AND EYES.

In the eighth volume of this journal, and the one hundred and nineteenth number, we gave a sketch of what was then known upon the subject of colour-blindness, or, as it is still called frequently, after the most distinguished subject of this curious state of deprivation—Daltonism; John Dalton having been, like M. Sismondi, and Professor Dugald Stewart, unable to distinguish between colours. Dr. George Wilson, who was our principal authority for what was before said, has diligently prosecuted his researches, and as the defect, however seldom noticed, is to an astonishing degree prevalent, Dr. Wilson, who has had the field of research in this country almost to himself, has been able to accumulate and publish a great deal of fresh information.*

For our own parts, we certainly were not prepared to learn (and the more inquiry is extended, the more certain it seems to become) that among males the proportion of persons who are, in some degree, wrong as to their perceptions of colour, is not less than

one in twenty, and that colour-blindness of a striking character—such as a liability to mistake red for green, brown, or black—occurs, on an average, in one person out of every fifty. This refers only to males. In women the sense of colour is more fully cultivated, and any defect of it, when it occurs, is much more carefully concealed than among men. Very few women are known to be colour-blind, and it is probable that they are all, in a much less degree than men, subject to the infirmity in question. We may here say, that in our former summary of the subject, the reverse was stated, by an error of the pen, the correction of which was perhaps sufficiently supplied by the character of the succeeding sentence.

All classes appear to be pretty equally subject to this curious infirmity. Of a hundred gentlemen sitting together in the House of Lords, or of a hundred members of a mechanics' benefit society sitting together at their inn, it is equally likely that two are colour-blind enough to match a red coat with green trousers under the belief that they are purchasing a suit of sober black or drab, and that three more if they were asked to match a few delicate shades of worsted for their wives or sisters would startle them by their odd notions of a match. In every large congregation it is almost certain that there are a few men liable to make the mistake into which a colour-blind nobleman once fell, who, meeting a lady of his familiar acquaintance dressed in green silk, asked, with much concern, for whom she was in mourning. In the same assembly there would probably be dozens who would be much puzzled to see the difference between pink and pale blue, these being colours confounded frequently by persons otherwise not subject to confusion.

In the more marked cases of colour-blindness, sometimes the majority of colours are distinctly appreciated, but there are at least two, as red and green, or generally four, as red, green, olive, and brown, that are not distinguished from each other. Of the three primary colours, yellow is the one which least frequently escapes perception. Most colour-blind persons see it perfectly. A pure blue, well illuminated, is in the next degree least likely to pass unperceived; some colour-blind persons pronounce it to be the colour of which they have the most vivid perception. On the other hand, combine yellow and blue into green, and you have the greatest of all stumbling-blocks. Green is, by the colour-blind, mistaken commonly for red, often, though not so commonly, for blue, and now and then for yellow. Of the three primary colours red is the distracting one. The colour-blind identify it very frequently with green, sometimes with perfect black. The red in purple not being perceived, that colour counts with them as blue. The red in orange being undetected, that colour counts with

* Researches on Colour-Blindness. Edinburgh, Sutherland and Knox.

them as yellow. Red and green, then, are the two colours which the colour-blind are least able to appreciate. It is one of the most ordinary cases in connection with colour-blindness, that A or B, seeing a scarlet verberna in full blossom, can detect, at a little distance, no difference in colour between leaves and flowers, or can perceive no contrast of colour in ripe cherries and the foliage of the cherry-tree. Yet it so happens that red and green are the two colours commonly employed in railway and ship signalling! Of course there is no folly or ignorance imputable to anybody in the matter. The colours contrast vividly to ordinary eyes, and when the signals were established little was known of colour-blindness, nothing of the extraordinary frequency of its occurrence. It simply happens to be an odd coincidence, that, considering the matter from this point of view, precisely the wrong colours have been chosen. One great railway company, having been made acquainted with the nature and extent of colour-blindness, has already felt it to be necessary to admit no person to the post of guard or signal-man until his sense of colour has been tested by a regular examination. The difficulty may be tolerably well overcome by the use of this precaution, but, as we shall presently point out, in adopting Dr. George Wilson's suggestions, there may possibly be better ways of overcoming it.

We will first draw upon Dr. Wilson's experience for a few illustrations of the subject. In one of his cases, a gentleman (Mr. A.) studying medicine at Edinburgh, was baulked in his love of chemistry by an inability to decide upon the colour of precipitates, and among other points mentioned by this gentleman was the following. Before studying medicine he had, for some years, followed the profession of a civil engineer. When acting as assistant to the engineer of the Granton railway he frequently returned in the evening from Granton to Edinburgh on one of the engines, taking no part in its management. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed towards the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, till he was close upon them, distinguish whether they were red or green. He felt certain that he could have distinguished between a blue and a red light at a distance which made red and green appear the same.

Another gentleman, Mr. B., sees in the rainbow no colours but blue and yellow; red on the lips and cheeks appears as blue to him; and yet, when once asked to represent with colour from a paint-box his notion of the colour of the lips, he chose an earthy green to do it with. This gentleman, when requested to collect together all the greens that he found in a heap of variously-coloured glass, put, side by side, green, red, brown, yellow, claret, and pink; when further asked to state which green appeared to him the

purest, he at once chose the claret-coloured glass.

In this case, as in most others, it was to be observed that a great part of the difficulty disappeared if the colours were observed by gaslight. Mr. C., who cannot tell a geranium from a geranium leaf by daytime, delights in the sight of a conservatory lighted artificially, because he then appreciates with double force the contrasts of the colours. There is also within Dr. Wilson's experience, Mr. D., a draper, who, being colour-blind, retires from his shop into a gas-lighted room when he wishes to perceive the colour of his wares.

Mr. E. says:—"I am an engraver; and, strange as it may appear, my defective vision is, to a certain extent, a useful and valuable quality. Thus: an engraver has two negative colours to deal with—i.e., white and black. Now, when I look at a picture, I see it only in white and black, or light and shade, or, as artists term it, the effect. I find, at times, many of my brother engravers in doubt how to translate certain colours of pictures which, to me, are matters of decided certainty and ease. Thus, to me, it is valuable."

Mr. F., an artist who, in the same way, considers that his crayon drawing is the better for his colour-blindness, has, when his crayons have been displaced, represented trees with their foliage in red chalks, and put pink crests to the waves of the sea. When out hunting, he has been unable to distinguish between scarlet coats and black ones—a difficulty to which one or two other colour-blind fox-hunters have already confessed.

Admiral G. once bought a pair of green trousers, thinking they were brown, and is of opinion, as a naval officer, that the colour alone of flags can never be relied on as sufficient to distinguish them. "I would not," he says, dispense with colour, for in particular lights it assists the eye more than shape, especially when flags do not blow out, or are fluttering in the breeze. But, on the other hand, when transparent bunting, which has become worn, is seen against the light, the darker colours are often mistaken for each other, and therefore it is essential, and is the practice in the navy, to represent different colours in different patterns, so that each tint is connected with a peculiar shape, and the risk of mistake is lessened."

Professor H. has sketched in sap-green, believing that it was sepia. Dr. J. never buys coloured articles except with the help of a friend, and says, having often observed a railway signal-light, seen from my window, I am convinced that its colours would be lost upon me, nor dare I trust to their flags." Professor J. writes: "I am sure that I should make a dangerous railway signal-man, as I most certainly would not know a red flag from a green one."

Mr. K., an artist, had a pupil whom he released from his engagement, on finding that he copied a brown horse in bluish green,

painted the sky rose-colour, and roses blue. Mr. L., a bookseller, had a boy who matched pale green with pink, and brought him into frequent trouble by binding books in wrong colours. Mr. M., who is a good draughtsman, painted a face muddy green; and Mr. M.'s brother cannot distinguish by gaslight between the various brightly-coloured bottles in a chemist's window.

Of the family of N., six members—uncles, nephews, and cousins—are to a remarkable extent colour-blind. They are Quakers. One of them desiring a brown coat, bought himself a bottle-green one; and intending to purchase for his wife a quiet, dark dress, bought her a scarlet merino. Another, who is an upholsterer, cannot tell scarlet from drab, and upon all matters of colour consults persons in his employment. Mr. O. is a minister in the Society of Friends, who selected scarlet cloth as suitable material for his Sunday coat.

Mr. P. is a tailor's foreman, who knew nothing of his colour-blindness till, after excelling as a cutter, he had been promoted to his present post. He then had to match colours for the journeymen, and his distresses began. The scarlet back of a livery coat was provided with green strings to match. A purchaser was informed that a red and blue stripe on a piece of trouser cloth was all blue; and in general, greens were confounded with reds and browns, crimson with blue. He would give any reasonable sum to be cured of his defect; but his defect is one that appears to be in all cases incurable, and capable of alleviation by the use of coloured spectacles only to a very limited extent indeed.

The Countess of Q., describing her case in October, says, that the yellow tints now seen on the trees appear to me exactly the same as those of their spring shades; indeed, I cannot conceive the possibility of any one seeing them to be different." Here the term yellow includes all the autumnal tints, and they are regarded as identical with the bright green of spring.

It was observed of Miss Q., in a drawing-class, that she was obliged to help her discrimination of the colours, when not marked with their names, by placing them upon her tongue, and that when she had tints to compound she was entirely at a loss, and trusted wholly to the help afforded by her teacher.

Mr. R., a surgeon, thrown from his horse, suffered concussion of the brain. In consequence of this, he became to a marked degree colour-blind, and still recalls the shock he experienced on first entering his garden after his recovery, at finding that a favourite damask rose had become in all its parts—petals, leaves, and stem—of one uniform dull colour. Add to this the case of a gentleman to whom, while he was suffering some hours from a sense of giddiness, the whole population in the street seemed to be dressed in green.

S. was an artillery soldier at Leith Fort, who, being shown a square of chrome yellow paper, at once declared it to be purple. This is a rare kind of error. The same soldier, when asked to select the purple skeins from a large bundle of coloured wools, began with the chrome yellow, and held that in his hand as his best guide, while matching it successively with orange, pink, crimson, red-purple, and purple-brown, as if feeling his way from yellow to purple, which, however, at the last he did not reach. He stopped at the purple-brown, and continued, without saying a word, to retain the yellow skein in his hand, as if it came the nearest to his view of purple.

Mr. T., mistaking red flakes of paint upon the pavement for soot, remarked to a companion with whom he walked, that a chimney must have been on fire. He has also supposed a lady to have gone into mourning who put on a crimson velvet bonnet.

Mr. U., a clerk in the Edinburgh post-office, has sometimes surprised his superiors by signing official papers in red ink, this having happened when he has neglected to distinguish between red ink and black in the only way possible to him, by the smell.

Mr. V., a banker near London, frequently annoyed by the results of his own inability to distinguish by the colour between black ink and red, had each ink put into a bottle different in shape, in order to insure himself against farther mistakes.

Mr. W., in early life, was apprenticed to an undertaker, and being sent to buy some black cloth for a coffin, he brought scarlet. Add to this the case of a young surgeon, who, before sealing a letter, had to ask which was the red and which the mourning wax.

X., a tailor's journeyman, having received a young gentleman's dark blue coat for immediate repair, very much surprised the mother of the youth by taking it home with a scarlet patch let in at the elbow. This person made many similar mistakes, whenever by chance left to his own judgment of colours.

Captain Y., an officer in the navy, purchased a blue uniform coat and waistcoat, with red breeches to match.

Finally Z., who shall be Dalton himself, writes thus: "All crimsons appear to me to consist chiefly of dark blue; but many of them seem to have a strong tinge of dark brown: I have seen specimens of crimson, claret, and mud, which were very nearly alike. Crimson has a grave appearance, being the reverse of every showy and splendid colour. Woollen yarn, dyed crimson or dark blue, is the same to me." Again: "The colour of a florid complexion appears to me that of a dull, opaque, blackish blue, upon a white ground. Dilute black ink upon white paper, gives a colour much resembling that of a florid complexion."

Here is an alphabet of colour-blindness, which any person may extend out of his own

experience. Companies of soldiers, persons collected in asylums, students in a class, patients in a hospital, private friends, have been submitted by Dr. Wilson to the test; and by adding to his researches those of others, it is made to appear that, on an average, one man out of fifty is as distinctly colour-blind as any of the more marked cases here recited, and that one man in twenty will err in distinguishing at least among some of the lighter shades of the mixed colours. With a bundle of Berlin wools containing two of every tint, a double series of tinted papers, or an assorted collection of small pieces of coloured glass, any one may cause his own eyes to be tested, or may bring the eyes of his companions to the test. Common as colour-blindness proves to be, oculists in large practice very rarely see a case. Hundreds are unacquainted with their own infirmity; many know it, but pay little heed to it; others conceal it; others, not caring to talk about it, quietly take measures to guard against the errors into which they have found that they are liable to fall.

Our purpose is again calling attention to the subject is to point out—it cannot be requisite to urge—the obvious utility of some adaptation of the practice of railway and ship-signalling, to the knowledge we now have of the direction in which eye-service may so often fail. The eye blind to colour is even preternaturally sharp as a distinguisher of form. To the majority of eyes colour gives the distinctest help, but if there were allied with every different colour used in signalling also a different form, common eyes would be doubly warned, and colour-blind eyes, quick to observe form, would be nearly, or quite as serviceable as the rest. A change in the colours used—which are now green and red by land and sea—might also be found advisable. The position of unsymmetrical vanes, as battle-axes, fishes, broad-feathered arrows, would be more distinctly read by daytime than symmetrical signals; and by night, if the white light were single, the green double, the red triple, errors of perception would be difficult. A steam-vessel at sea carries a white light on the foremast head, a green light on the starboard side, a red light on the port side; and any vessel that approaches is warned by the colour of the light as to the direction in which this vessel is steaming. A colour-blind pilot would not know with certainty whether a red or a green light crossed his bows. Place two red lights on the port side in a horizontal line, and two green lights on the starboard side, one under the other, and the chance of false perception, on the score of permanent or temporary colour-blindness, is removed.

These particular suggestions we give, not dogmatically, but by way of very simple illustration. The difficulty against which provision has to be made being once granted, and the requisite inquiry instituted, it will

be for the persons who have charge of the existing plans of signalling to make such alterations in them as they shall discover to be sufficient and consider to be best. If no change be made in the signalling, then, without doubt, by means of coloured wools or tinted papers, persons upon whose full and prompt sense of colour lives will be staked, must be examined strictly, in order that the colour-blind may be discovered and excluded from such trusts. It is obvious, however, that the interests of the public would be served most perfectly by a revision of the railway and ship-signals now in use, for the purpose of correcting every one that speaks by colour only.

DR. GRAVES OF WARWICK STREET.

PARK LANE—or that part of Park Lane in which the Three Crowns Tavern was situated—was not, a hundred years ago, the fashionable quarter which it now is. It was chiefly known for the mountainous cinder-heaps which the dustmen, who had settled there from unknown times, had accumulated in waste places by the roadside. It was a wild, ragged, desolate region, into which few persons except the inhabitants of mean houses in the lane, or the brickmakers or dustmen who lived in wretched hovels in the fields, would like to venture after dark. But the Three Crowns was a good house. It was both a coffee-house and a tavern, with a bowling-green, and was frequented much by military men, some of whom met there regularly at night. The mounted patrol, who accompanied visitors at night on their way from Marylebone Gardens, frequently stopped for refreshment there, and left one or two of the convoy to swell the company—fellows who liked to finish their night's amusement with a bowl at the tavern. They had sometimes, perhaps, less reputable visitors—for the Three Crowns pryed no more into its customers' affairs than other taverns. The man in the laced coat and jaunty three-cornered hat, who drank and played with any one who would, might be the terror of the western roads—mayhap, the very hero of that dismal paragraph in the Daily Postboy, which some neighbour would read to him aloud. When his bill was paid, and his foot in the stirrup, neither the Three Crowns nor its company troubled their heads any further about him.

One evening—it was in the winter time—there came into the Three Crowns two strangers of respectable appearance, who desired to stay there for the night. One was a man of about forty years of age, of a short, strong-built figure; he carried his right arm in a sling. The other was older, of much larger stature, and evidently a man of great muscular strength. They attracted little attention; though it was afterwards remembered that they remarked to Mr. Bond, the landlord, that they had just arrived from

Richmond, and that having business in London, they intended to remain there for a day or two. The elder one wrote some letters, about which they appeared to consult together sitting at a little table apart. Their manner, as far as could be called to mind, was easy and cheerful; they partook of supper; and the younger one, remarking that it was yet only nine by the great clock that stood in the room, proposed to take a short walk, as he said he was in the habit of doing after supper. They accordingly went out, and it was subsequently observed in confirmation of the truth of that intention, that although they were both booted and spurred, they left their horses in the stables. How long they were absent became afterwards, for reasons which will be mentioned, a question of dispute. Some thought the time must have been near an hour; but it was stated and confirmed by two persons that a short time after they came in, it was noticed by some one to be exactly half-past nine, by the same clock which had marked the time of their going out.

That night was committed one of the most singular and terrible murders ever remembered in the metropolis. Before showing how suspicion fell in some degree on these two men, it is necessary to relate the circumstances exactly as they occurred.

There resided at that time, in Warwick Street, Charing Cross, a physician, whose name was Graves. He was a man in the prime of life, in good practice, and, though reputed to be of a somewhat stern character, well known for a man of perfect honour and integrity. Late on the evening of the arrival of the two strangers at the Three Crowns, a man with a whip in his hand, and carrying a horn lantern, presented himself at the physician's house, and requested a woman servant to convey to her master a note that he had brought with him. The contents of the note were not known, nor did the servant observe the handwriting. Mr. Graves, on reading it, immediately rose from his book, and desiring his servant to keep burning the fire in his study until he should return, ordered his great-coat and hat, and went out with the messenger. It was a black and bitter cold night, a keen wind sweeping the streets and carrying in their faces a cloud of sharp dust from the frozen ground. A male servant of Dr. Graves, as he was coming home, met his master and the man in the street, and he had observed a hackney-coach standing at the corner of Warwick-street, in Cockspur-street. The doctor stopped him to give some trifling direction, and passed on; and a moment after the man heard the hackney-coach drive away, from which he concluded that his master had hired it to visit some patient.

The household of Dr. Graves sat up for him that night; but he did not return, and no tidings came of him for several hours. Some time after he had left home, there

drove up to the door of the watch-house in Bishopsgate Street a hackney-coach, the driver of which, who appeared to be in great terror, informed the watch that he had found in his vehicle the body of a gentleman, apparently dead. He stated that he had been hired about nine o'clock that evening in the Haymarket by a gentleman, who ordered him to drive to the corner of Warwick Street. He then bade him leave his coach there, and take a letter to one Dr. Graves in that street, who would, he said, come back with him. When he returned with the doctor, the same man was standing in the doorway of the coach. He made some observation to the Doctor, who entered, and desired the driver to go to Barnard's Inn, in Holborn. On the way, the man who had hired him looked out of the window, and requested him loudly and angrily to hasten, and continued in that position for some time, urging him to speed on the account of the importance of their business.

At Barnard's Inn, his two passengers alighted; and the one who had hired him giving him three shillings for his fare to that place, and thence to Camomile Street in the city, bade him proceed to a certain number in the latter street, where he was told that a gentleman would be ready to come away with him as before. They then went in at the gate of Barnard's Inn, and the driver left them; but when he came to Camomile Street, he could not find the house to which he had been directed, and therefore took his place at a spot in that neighbourhood, where chairs and coaches stood for hire. But some time afterwards, happening to look into his vehicle for a new candle for his lantern, which he kept in a box beneath the seat, he found a man still sitting in the corner, and apparently reclining against the back of the coach. Much astonished to find any one there so long after his two passengers had gone, he called to him, but received no answer; whereupon he shook him and called to him; but finding him still silent, and feeling that his arm was heavy, he raised his lantern, the light of which was flickering out, and recognised the features of the Doctor to whom he had conveyed the note. His eyes were fixed and staring, his tongue protruding, and his countenance livid, like that of one who had suffered strangulation. A subsequent examination showed the lips were swelled, and one of the nostrils scratched, as if violence had been used to prevent his uttering any noise; his wrists also were marked as though they had been grasped tightly. The manner of the murder was immediately discovered. A thick cotton handkerchief was found round his neck, still tight and twisted, as if a stick had been inserted in a loop, and turned violently; and between the neck and the handkerchief was discovered a small block of a hard kind of wood, little bigger than a marble, which the murderer had inserted for

the purpose of pressing harder upon the windpipe, and had apparently forgotten to remove. A purse of gold was found in one of his pockets; but another pocket was found hanging out, and it was conjectured that a pocket-book had been stolen.

The coachman maintained the truth of his statements before a magistrate, insisting that only two persons had rode with him, and that he had distinctly seen two persons leave the vehicle at Barnard's Inn. Nothing was known at the physician's house of the nature of his errand, or of the contents of the note; nor could the note itself be found; from which it was imagined that he had cast it, after reading it, into the fire. There being no evidence against the coachman, and no reason to doubt the honesty of his statements, he was discharged; and although he was privately watched by the authorities, nothing suspicious was discovered in his conduct.

Considerable excitement was caused by the intelligence of the murder, and many theories started to explain the extraordinary statements of the coachman. What could have been the nature of the message which was brought to the Doctor, and which induced him at a late hour on a wintry night to leave his study, and direct the man to drive to Barnard's Inn? Inquiries were made there; but it could not be discovered that any person in that quarter had known, or had any dealings with the murdered man. The Doctor, though said to be somewhat harsh in his manners, as men of his profession frequently are, was known to be at bottom a good-hearted man, and had few enemies. He was a tall man, and a man of great strength, whereas, by the coachman's description, the stranger who had hired him was a short man, and in all probability much inferior to him in that respect. How, then, could he have obtained such a mastery over him as to have been able to strangle him without attracting the attention of the driver? There was, it is true, the statement of the man, that two persons had left his vehicle; but few doubted that the darkness of the street, and his own natural presumption that as two persons were within, two must have alighted, had deceived him, and prevented his observing the real fact. As to the direction to drive to Camomile Street, no one believed that this was any other than a trick to gain time, and to delay the discovery of the murder. But the mystery remained unsolved, and public curiosity looked eagerly for the announcement that some person had been fixed upon as the perpetrator of the crime.

We shall now see in what way the two strangers who arrived on the night of the murder at the Three Crowns were found to be sufficiently connected with the murdered man to direct attention to the question of how they had employed themselves on that evening. Their names were Jonathan

Springett and Samuel Bate. They retired to rest that night, after playing some games at cards, at the same time as the other guests; but the house being then full, they had been placed in the room generally occupied by Mallet the head waiter, in which two bedsteads had been placed for the occasion. They arose at the ordinary breakfast hour in the morning, and went out; and about noon they presented themselves at the door of the house of Dr. Graves in Warwick Street, and desired to speak with him. On being informed that he was dead, they expressed much surprise, and said that they had not observed that the shutters were closed. They informed the servants that they had written to the Doctor only the night before, appointing to meet him at twelve o'clock that day on some business connected with a trusteeship. A letter, indeed, had arrived there that morning to the effect stated, which had been opened by the police. Its contents were simple enough; but where nothing is known, any fact is eagerly seized.

Some inquiries were made, and, that evening, both Springett and Bate were suddenly arrested at the Three Crowns. It was shown that Doctor Graves was the sole surviving trustee of a settlement made upon the wife of Springett on her first marriage; and that by the terms of that settlement, Bate would become trustee on his decease. It was also found that Bate and Springett were very intimate, and that the wife of Springett had been once or twice in London within the last month, to have an interview with Doctor Graves, as it was supposed, upon the subject of his trust. Mrs. Springett admitted that the object of her visits was to endeavour to induce the Doctor to allow her husband to employ a portion of the trust-money in establishing a business in London, and that the Doctor had resolutely refused to do what he declared would be contrary to his duty. The two men maintained that their journey to London had no other object than to endeavour to induce the deceased to comply with their request, by offering a legal indemnity from Bate against any loss that he might suffer in consequence. As to their absence from the tavern on the night of the murder, they said that they had walked as far as a hosier's shop at the corner of Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, where they had posted a letter for Richmond, and another for Doctor Graves, which was the letter received on the following morning; and it was admitted that their absence had been too short to allow the possibility of their having been engaged in the murder. The coachman recognised neither of them. Springett, he said, was most like the man who hired him; but he had not carried his arm in a sling, as Springett did. Springett explained the fact of the sling by saying that he had injured his arm by a fall some time previously. His voice, moreover, was unlike

that of Springett, being hoarse and deep, like one who was suffering from a cold. It was argued, also, by the prisoners that it would have been impossible for them to induce Doctor Graves to accompany either of them in the way described, as he did not know anything of Bate, save by name; and that, disapproving of the second marriage of Mrs. Springett, he had always endeavoured to avoid her husband, and had never communicated with him, save by letter. These facts afforded so strong a presumption of the innocence of the prisoners, that, although it was suspected that they had reason to be glad of the Doctor's death, they were discharged; after having been frequently remanded and kept in prison during nearly two months.

Full a year after these events, when the subject of the murder had ceased to be talked about at the Three Crowns, there arrived at that house one night, a tall, elderly man, attired like a clergyman, and wearing an old-fashioned, full-bottomed wig, who brought with him some trunks, and stated that he had just come by coach from the West of England, having business connected with a lawsuit in London. He desired to be accommodated with a sleeping-room, saying that he should probably remain there some time. Mallet, the waiter, showed him a room which was vacant; but he made some objection to it, and inquired if they had no other. The waiter then showed him another room, which he also found fault with, on account of its being near the top of the house—he being, as he said, naturally afraid of fire; but being informed that they had then no other bedroom unoccupied, he at length consented to sleep in the room which he had first seen.

His objections to the sleeping-rooms were regarded as the whims of a naturally prim and fastidious man; but there was a strangeness in his manner which attracted the attention of Mallet. He wore at all times a pair of spectacles with broad black rims, and had several patches upon his face; and his clothes were large and ill-fitting. He absented himself during the day-time, and when there at night, he invariably sat apart from the rest of the company, and appeared to be deeply engaged in the perusal of an ancient volume, which he carried with him. He seldom spoke, and his voice was singularly harsh and disagreeable; but Mallet was several times struck with the idea that he had heard a voice somewhat like it before. He watched him, and one evening, when he supposed that he had retired to rest, he met him up-stairs in a passage that had no connection with his own room. He was so near the door of the chamber in which Mallet himself slept, that he could not divest himself of a suspicion that he had intended to enter there, but had found the door fastened. He excused himself by saying that he was about to descend, and had missed his way; but Mallet, though unwilling to communicate

his suspicions to any one, resolved from that time to watch him more closely.

Mallet's bedroom had a long window opening on to the leaded roof of a building which formed part of the tavern. It was the very room in which the two men had slept who had been suspected of the murder of Dr. Graves. One night, being unable to sleep, and having his eye fixed upon this window, he suddenly perceived the figure of some person who appeared to be intently examining the room through the glass. The bed was in a dark recess at the other side of the apartment; so that he knew that no one at that distance could see whether he was awake or sleeping. Mallet, therefore, stretched out his hand, and taking a loaded pistol which he had placed by the bedside since the night when he had met their singular guest in the passage, he continued to watch the figure in silence. He was a courageous man, and was determined to ascertain what the object of his visitor was, before giving any alarm.

A moment after, he perceived that the window, which reached to the ground, and was divided lengthways, slowly opened, and he heard the footfall of a man cautiously stepping into the room. The intruder closed the window gently behind him, and then stopped a moment to listen. Mallet breathed loudly, to convey the impression that he was asleep; and expecting that he intended to do him some injury, or perhaps to endeavour to possess himself of the contents of a box in which some persons might know that the waiter kept money, he determined to spring upon him the moment he approached the bed. But, after remaining motionless for some moments, he perceived to his surprise that the man went directly to the fire-place, and groping about there, seemed to have discovered that it was closed up by a wind-board. He forced the board in, apparently by pressing it at the edges; and having thus made a slight noise, he paused to listen again. Finding that the inmate of the chamber was still breathing deeply, he appeared to grope for a while inside the lower part of the chimney; after which, having gently replaced the wind-board, he walked noiselessly again towards the window.

At this moment Mallet sprang from the bed, seized the stranger, and demanded his business there. The man made no answer, but struck him several violent blows in the face, hoping to overcome him and make his escape. Mallet, however, grappled with him, and determined not to quit his hold. He was himself of strong make; but the intruder was a man of extraordinary muscular power. He pressed his antagonist heavily against the wall; and, seizing his neckcloth with one hand, endeavoured to throttle him. Mallet had been unwilling to fire his pistol, but in the struggle it was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the pane of glass without injury to either; and the noise of

this quickly brought assistance. Long before this time, Mallet had discovered in him the pretended clergyman in the full-bottomed wig; but on lights being brought, he being then without his disguises, he recognised him immediately as the man Bate, who had slept there a twelvemonth before, and had been suspected, with his companion, of the murder of Dr. Graves.

His object in entering the room at night was soon surmised. In his possession were found a pocket-book and a silver-gilt snuff-box, both of which were subsequently found to have belonged to Dr. Graves. They were begrimed with smoke and soot, and had evidently been just removed by him from a ledge in the chimney, where he had, no doubt, secreted them a twelvemonth before. But a stronger evidence of guilt was discovered against him in the fact that, in one compartment of the pocket-book was found the very letter which had induced the doctor to leave his house on the night of the murder. It purported to come from an acquaintance of a woman whom the doctor once befriended, and who was stated to be then lying dangerously ill at a house in Barnard's Inn, whither it was requested that he would come immediately in a coach which would be waiting for him. Though signed in a fictitious name, and in a disguised hand, it was clearly recognised for the writing of Bate, and it was conjectured that, having removed the pocket-book and box from the body of the murdered man while his companion was busier urging the coachman to drive quickly, and having determined to keep them himself, and conceal the fact from his partner in the crime, he had hidden them in the chimney before he had found an opportunity to examine them; and, being suddenly apprehended, had been prevented from taking them away. The length of time which he had suffered to escape was explained by the natural supposition that, although anxious to remove evidences of his guilt, he had not dared to appear again at the Three Crowns until the events we have related might be supposed to be almost forgotten.

Springett was immediately after apprehended, and hoping, perhaps, for some favour, by throwing the guilt more completely on his associate, he confessed his participation in the crime. It was he who had hired the coach; and Bate, being a tall man, very much of the doctor's figure, it had been resolved that he should get into the coach while the driver was gone with the letter; so that, although the doctor would find two men there, a circumstance which they explained to him by saying that they also had been sent for by the sick woman, being relatives of her's, the driver would be ignorant of the fact, and would naturally suppose, when they alighted

in the dark, that Doctor Graves and Springett had both left the vehicle. Springett admitted that his arm was not so weak as he pretended, and that he had removed the sling before hiring the coach, and had endeavoured to disguise his voice, but he denied that he had actually assisted in the struggle. Bate, he said, had suddenly attacked the doctor when he (Springett) was urging the driver to hasten; but he could not deny that they had both expected to derive the benefit from the doctor's death, and that they hereby obtained full control over the trust money which they had since employed in keeping a gambling-house in Leicester Fields. As to the time of their absence from the tavern, Springett acknowledged that before calling the attention of several persons to the time of their return, he had taken an opportunity of putting back the hands of the clock in the room.

Bate, on the other hand, finding that the denial was useless, and being enraged at the conduct of Springett, declared that it was he who had obtained the particulars of the doctor's friendship for the woman, and had conceived the idea of pretending that she had come to live in Barnard's Inn and had fallen sick there, which story he felt assured would be sufficient to entrap Dr. Graves into their snare. As to the murder, itself, he declared that Springett had grasped the doctor's wrists, and otherwise assisted him, and that he had only looked out of the window, and endeavoured to distract the attention of the driver, when their victim was already too weak to make further resistance. Springett gained nothing by his accusation of Bate. He was soon afterwards executed at Tyburn; but Bate was found one morning, sometime previously, self-strangled by a piece of cord, which he had found means of obtaining.

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THE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

No one would have believed them to be sisters—yet sisters they were: loving each other with more passion than calm affection; for they had passed no great part of their lives together. They were at their window, watching the fiery glow of the sunset, burning itself upon the golden limes and copper-coloured beeches on the other side of the road, and struggling through the blackness of a great yew overshadowing one half their garden.

Hildred, the elder, stood erect; the rich light falling full upon her broad brow and dark eyes. Those eyes did not flinch or seek to veil themselves from the radiance; rather, they seemed to dilate, as if endeavouring to receive all the glory. Against Hildred, a slighter figure leant; a fair head lay upon her shoulder, somewhat hidden by the black tresses that, though looped up behind, fell loosely and low down upon each side of a stately throat. It was some time since either had spoken, when Hildred said:

"So you think he loves you, Millie?"

A smile that had had a dash of disdain in it, grew wholly tender as she glanced down upon the delicate face, and saw how the drooping eyelids drooped yet more, and the faint colour flushed rosier as she spoke. She threw herself into a great chair that stood near. Millie slipped down, on to a cushion at her feet, having given no answer. Hildred repeated her question, passing her hand caressingly over the beautifully-shaped oval head resting against her, as she did so. No word yet; but, bending forward, she caught the last flicker of a smile dying from off the rosy mouth, and took that for a sufficient reply.

"Ah, child!" she said, "no need for further answer. God bless you!" Then she added, "I am very glad!" Millie's soft little hand stole up into Hildred's. She did not cry out, though her sister's fervent clasp pained her.

"I should not have liked to speak of this yet," the elder went on, glancing at the mourning they both wore; "but it is needful I should know. I have to plan for the future. We stand alone now—you have only me to take care of you at present."

"But Hildred," Millie said, "we need not do anything different, need we? We may live together now? You will stay with me always, won't you?"

"That is impossible, Millie," was said very decidedly.

"Why impossible?" Millie asked, earnestly. "Indeed, I can't do without you."

"You soon will learn to do without me, child. Never fear! I shall not leave you till there is a dearer someone else to care for you. You are one of those who ought always to have strong arms round you, Millie."

"But why leave me? You say you love me very much. If you think I could be happy knowing you left alone, it is not kind of you to judge me so. You ought not to be proud to me, Hildred, although I am rich!"

"Bravely said, Millie mine; but listen. You think this pretty place yours—left you by your uncle—"

"Our uncle. You are my sister, and must share his gift. If—if—I should ever go to live anywhere else, it might be all yours, if you won't come with me."

"I say your uncle, Millie. He did not hold me as his niece; he had heard how like I am to my father!"

"If he had only known you, sister, he would have loved you in spite—"

"Would I be loved in spite of what I glory in?" Hildred said, vehemently. "No, child. We must not stop to quarrel, for I have something to tell you:—Millie, you are not rich. You know uncle died suddenly; he was always irresolute, procrastinating, weak—a good man, though, for loving you so well as he did. He had made no will when he died, and an heir-at-law has turned up."

Millie raised her head, and looked up at Hildred inquiringly. Hildred went on: "I should have enjoyed the excitement of disputing his claim; but it would be of no use. I should not like to be beaten; so you must give up to him quietly."

"Then the dear old place is not mine? I can not give it you?" Millie said, in pained surprise.

"I should not, could not have taken it, dear one. I must and will be independent. No, child, nothing—at least, almost nothing—is yours. You are mine, and I am glad—"

"Of what, Hildred?"

"That we are free of all obligations. * It is glorious to be free—free!"

Hildred repeated the word, glancing out with a fierce look in her eyes that told of her having known some kind of slavery.

"I was getting sick of life," she went on; "it was not life, it was only living death I had with my aunt—great-aunt, as she was, but would not be called great-aunt. Every day I grew more wicked, Millie. I liked better to be feared—hated—than loved by them. Now I am free, I will live a glorious, battling life! Much as I love you, I should have been miserable again if, to take care of you, I had had to share your fortune and life in respectable idleness."

"But, Hildred, if we are poor, what shall we do? You will have to go back again; and hadn't I better go out as a governess?"

"I go back again? Never! I should be an idiot to do so. And you! You do not think your being poor will make any difference to that lover of yours, do you? If you do, you—we—will starve, before you shall marry him. But there will be no need to starve, or even to want: I shall work, as I have always longed to do."

Millie lifted up her eyes, and said quietly:

"O Hildred! I did not mean that. But I should not like—he's not rich—and——"

"I see. But you are not penniless even now: you shall still be a bit of an heiress." And Hildred then first conceived a resolution she afterwards acted out.

"But, Hildred, was not your aunt kind? O, if I had but known you were not happy!" Millie spoke so earnestly that tears came into her eyes. "Why didn't you write?"

"Do you think I was going to tell you all my wild troubles, child? I bore them, and they did not break my spirit. Indeed, if I had been a meek, mean, hypocritical creature, I might have been very comfortable."

With what scorn she said the last word!

"If I wanted to go back ever so much," she added, "I could not. I lost all chance of reinstatement by coming to you. Mine was too good a place to be empty long. I had a spiteful letter from the old lady this morning, bidding me an affecting farewell, and telling me of an amiable and accomplished cousin of mine who is filling my place to the old lady's entire satisfaction; reminding me, too, that I could not live on the miserable pittance left me by my father!"

"You had other letters, hadn't you, Hildred?"

"One from this same heir in answer to an epistle of mine. His is so polite that I feel mine was unnecessarily bitter. He talks about duty to those nearest him compelling him to do what is painful, and such stuff as that. Perhaps he satisfies his own conscience, however."

"Your other letter?"

Hildred looked fearlessly into Millie's inquiring eyes; but a richer colour came into her cheeks as she answered:

"An enclosure in my aunt's. A cruel letter," she went on dreamily; "yet it pleases me well enough. Truly it has been somewhat long in reaching me—five, six months—well! thank you, aunt, that you sent it at all, though it wasn't out of kindness you did so. I shall see now what truth there is in some of these fine words. If they are true, why then, the 'world is not so bitter but a smile may make it sweet' for somebody. But tell me, Millie, child, is it true that men are deceivers ever? Do you expect to find any man constant, loving one for oneself alone?"

"I would I were dead if not," Millie answered faintly.

"Is it so, Millie?" Hildred said, half-startled at the fervency of that low reply. Steeping down, she pressed a kiss on the girl's forehead, saying, "That is right; be thorough in all your life."

"Dear Hildred, some of us have to suffer: no one suffers thoroughly who does not suffer patiently."

"Suffer! You shall not know much about suffering if I can help it. Now, tell me," she went on, "when does this mysterious friend of yours, whose name I have not heard you name yet—when does he return?"

"Very soon—any day. O Hildred! when you see him, you will think it strange that he cares for such a girl as I am. I never could fancy it true, that he liked me much, till—till I was in great trouble, and then he was so tender—But I don't like talking about this, even to you, for he has never said to me plainly that—"

"That he loves you: wishes to marry you?"

"So I don't feel as if it were right to talk about it."

"Ah! when he comes back you will not care much about poor Hildred any more."

"I shall, Hildred, you know I shall, I am not fickle, I never forget. But isn't it odd? He did not even know I had a sister until a few days before he left. You see, I did not know you well, didn't love you, or I should have spoken about you. When I thought of you, Hildred, it used always to be with fear."

"Why, silly one?"

"I don't know; I had heard you were very proud—and so you are. I thought you would despise poor me, but you don't. I was right in picturing you in other things, though. When I crept into the room, the day you came, and, before you knew I was come, saw you standing erect, stately, there, by the window, looking so grand in that splendid dress (you have not had it on since), I knew directly that you were my queenly sister, Hildred."

"And what did Queen Hildred do, child?"

"Turned, looked, smiled, and took poor little trembling, crying me into her dear arms. Was I like what you fancied me, Hildred?"

"Not one whit. I expected to find a fretful, spoilt girl; helpless, and rather heartless."

"Why did you come; if you did not think you should love me?"

"Because you were my mother's child. I knew you were in trouble, and thought you might want my strong arm to protect you."

"You did not know about there being no will?"

"No; but I expected it might be so when I heard how sudden my uncle's death was. If I had found you a rich, well-befriended young lady, Millie, I should not have stayed with you long— But, now, no more pleasant twilight talk. We must have candles, shut out the beautiful night and go right earnestly to business."

"Business! how funny, we two girls."

"Very funny, but no farce with me, child."

And so it seemed. The room shut up and lights brought, Hildred settled herself at the table, and was soon absorbed in looking over sundry old papers; some her uncle's, some relating entirely to Millie's affairs. A lawyer was coming to-morrow; but Hildred would not be content ignorantly and passively to leave all in his hands; although Millie advised her to do so, saying that surely no one would cheat two orphan girls. Hildred's dark look of bitter pride came back as she answered that she did not know; that, at any rate, she preferred knowing a little into the matter herself. So she sat for hours puzzling out very complicated and irregular accounts, and Millie stayed by her, giving her what assistance she could, till Hildred marked the pale weariness on her face, and sent her to bed.

It was long past midnight when Hildred herself finally raised her head with the triumphant look of one who has mastered a difficulty. She locked up the now methodically arranged papers; paced the room some time, looking rather wild with her hair pushed back from her flushed face, and her dark brows knit in eager thought; and then went up-stairs; knelt—no nightly form with her—by the window looking up at the stars, and prayed fervently for two most dear to her; undressed in the dark, and laid herself down softly beside her sleeping sister.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, as they sat at breakfast, the sisters were gayer than they had yet been. Millie's mood was sobered and chastened by remembrance that one who had loved her well lay in the churchyard; yet her face was full of a tender hope that, in its calmness, seemed more like certainty—content. Hildred's gaiety was somewhat forced, and her

manner rather absent; her face fixed by resolute purpose, which her keen eyes, looking onward, appeared to see already fulfilling. Millie was relieved from a great dread when her sister told her, that she need not yet leave the house she so much loved; that they might stay in it, at least, till after Christmas—only paying rent for living in what Millie had thought her own property, which was strange. In that time, Hildred said, though Christmas was not far off, much might happen, and they could settle plans for their future. Hildred had many schemes for herself—glancing all of them at a possibility, but falling off from it shily, and then growing confused in all but one central idea, that she would be independent, and would make herself famous; for Millie she had but one plan, fixed and constant.

The day was one of those serenely beautiful days we often get in late autumn: the sky cloudless, the air fresh yet soft, the whole earth dazzlingly bright-vestured.

"A holiday morning, Millie!" Hildred exclaimed, as they stood in the sun on the doorstep. "Let us be children now: this afternoon I shall put on my woman of business and of the world aspect. You shall take me one of your favourite rambles. We will go blackberrying, if any berries are left for us."

Hildred and Millie went out together and spent the whole bright morning in aimless wandering, and gay hopeful talk. The expression of Hildred's face softened, and grew sweeter with every hour she spent with Millie; she did not often startle the girl now by the vehemence of her demonstrations of affection, or by the abruptness of her manners, as she had constantly done at first; but still Millie's fear returned a little now and then.

Millie was very pretty: so Hildred told her as they sat on the hill-side, overlooking their house and the valley beneath it. She watched the colour deepen on the soft, clear cheek, and the beautiful light sparkle in the dove-like eyes that generally shone with a meek, calm lustre. When Millie answered simply: "I am very glad!" her sister knew of what she was glad, and of whom she thought most. Then, Hildred's passionate heart beat high, full of love, longing, unrest, jealousy; and her eager eyes looked out into her own future somewhat fiercely.

Lying on the turf beside Millie, she stretched out her right arm appealingly, not heeding that she threw her hand violently upon a short tuft of prickly gorse, she was thinking too absorbedly to feel the pain. It was not till Millie exclaimed—"O Hildred! your poor hand!" that her attention was drawn to it. Hildred's were beautiful, though not very small hands; well-formed, and as white as Millie's own. She was sorry the right hand was scratched, for it looked ugly, and she took delight in having everything belonging to her admirable—not that she cared for admiration, save such as innocent Millie's;

for, often in her short life she had turned from it with disdain; but that it seemed to her right and fitting that she should be handsome, proper that she should be proud. Hildred gloried in all consciousness of power, —and beauty was a power. She had never wished to be deformed, or ugly; although often she had disliked to read in people's looks that they saw her beautiful. Hildred was sorry, therefore, that she had disfigured her hand; but she liked to feel Millie's soft, caressing touch as she bound up the wounds. Yet, when patched-up, it looked very ugly, and Hildred transferred the two or three splendid rings she always wore on it to her other, that the wounded one might not be so conspicuous.

It was growing afternoon, and clouding over drearily; Millie looked chill. Hildred proposed that they should go home, and they wound their way down the hill-side.

Daylight was fading when the expected lawyer came. Hildred had fancied that Millie looked a shade paler than usual, and seemed weary after the morning's ramble. She said, she would not have her pretty head troubled about business, and left her lying on the sofa in the fire-lighted drawing-room.

For the first time since his death the uncle's study was lighted up, and Hildred sat there with the man of law.

As Millie lay thinking how sweet it was to have a sister so strong, so wise, to take care of her; wondering if it were sweeter yet to have a mother, and then, perchance, pondering deeply how it would be to have a husband —her thinking, after awhile, became dreaming; she did not stir when some one opened the house-door, as if with a privileged hand; when a firm step came through the hall; and, after a moment's pause, into the very room. The study was at the back of the house; Hildred sitting there, bringing the whole power of her intellect, concentrating her attention upon the matter before her, heard nothing external to that study, apart from that matter. She had some trouble in persuading Mr. Blankardt that it was any use for him to go over the business with her; more—for he was a sensible, conscientious, practical man—in making him understand, that she had fully determined, and that it was no use to oppose her, upon a course of action he could not approve, and from which he tried to dissuade her; most of all, in extracting from him a promise that (as she would have her own way), he would take the necessary steps for her when she sent him her final command to do so: all this took time, energy, and what was far more difficult to Hildred, patience.

Meanwhile, what was passing in the drawing-room?

That some one who had entered so unceremoniously, came softly up to where the bright fire-light played upon a fair, young head, thrown back upon a crimson sofa-cushion, as Millie lay dreaming with her hands folded,

crossed quietly upon her breast. That some one was a large man, and he looked gigantic in the dim, uncertain light; yet he had walked quite noiselessly up the room, and bent down over the sweet, calm face, before even an eyelash stirred. He bent very low; and a heavy lock of his strong hair swept across a pale cheek; then Millie awoke, in tumultuous fright, conscious of a presence. But when she sat up, and could be quite sure that she was not still dreaming, no one was near her; only a tall, dark figure stood by the fire, a grave face was looking into it, its light flashed upon a noble brow, and stern set mouth.

Millie uttered a name with such a sweet accent of simple glad surprise, that its owner was quickly at her side. He not only took her hands, both of them, but he drew her into his arms, saying—

"You are mine, sweet Millie, is it not so?"

She answered only "Yes."

"And you love me—very much?" he continued.

Vaguely thinking that he, perhaps, should first say that to her. Millie remained silent.

"Millie! my Millie!" he went on, in a tone she could not resist. "You must not be proud and cold with me. I love you because you are gentle, meek, infinitely sweet. I want your love to soothe me, to give me rest. I have had much pain and trouble, Millie."

Her little fingers tightened their grasp of the great hand that held both hers. That might have been answer enough surely; but he was not satisfied, for he added—

"So, Millie, you must say, 'I do love you very much, dear Erle.'"

A low tremulous voice repeated—

"I do! indeed, I do! I love you very much, dear Erle!"

"That is right, sweet Millie. Now, how are you? Have you been grieving much, my child? Have you been alone all these long days since I left you?" And he looked down fondly upon her.

"No! My sister came! O Mr. Lyneward, I love her dearly!" Millie began.

"Silly child! I am not Mr. Lyneward for you any more, and I do not care to hear how much you love anybody but me."

"And don't you love anybody but me?" Millie asked, lifting up her head, fixing her "wise-innocent" eyes on his. But he did not answer, only kissed her eyes gravely, saying softly—

"How pretty you are, Millie, my Millie!" then he drew her down to him again, and—sighed.

After a little he asked Millie why she wept, for he felt warm tears drop down upon his hand, and when she breathed out, that it was because she was so happy, his strong arm wrapped her round closer yet, and he said reverently, "God keep you so!"

There was very little said during the hour

or more, that Millie and Erle Lyneward sat together. He had never talked to her much, and she—her little heart was too full!

At last Millie said, "That man is gone now, and I must go to my sister."

Millie said "my sister," with a strange pride in the words. She could only say them speaking of one person in the wide world. She felt sure that the lawyer was gone, for she had heard the bustle of departure, some time since, and wondered, uneasily, why Hildred did not come in. But when she rose, Mr. Lyneward drew her back. He did not choose to spare her yet; there would be plenty of time for sisters and explanations to-morrow, he said.

Neither of them had heard the door softly opened a little while before; nor seen a tall figure stand at it a moment; a bewildered face grow conscious of misery. Neither could be conscious of the agony of a passionate heart, that believed itself breaking.

Hildred had come to the door; and, seeing no bright light stream from underneath it, had opened it very gently, expecting to find Millie asleep. What had she seen so horrible in that room?

The gloomy afternoon had wildened into a weird, wet night; a few moments before, she had been hospitably sorry to allow Mr. Blankard to go out into it, well defended as he was; now she rushed out with uncovered head, up the steep garden, up on to the bleak bare top of the hill. It was blackly dark. The darkness seemed to touch her on all sides, to press round her, to crush against her strained eyeballs, to madden her. She shrieked—no one could hear—and she shrieked out that Erle Lyneward was a traitor. She had almost cursed Millie's innocent sweet face.

She had thrown herself on the ground. After lying there half-stupefied awhile, she rose; the proud, strong heart called up all its strength. She even smiled to herself, saying that she could bear it—ay, and more a thousand times.

There was one bitter consolation: her pride was wounded in nowise. She was not deserted; this man had never known that she loved him. She had treated him like a dog when he had dared speak to her of love, as she did all who so spoke in that past that seemed many a life-time ago; for her wild heart had been driven to desperation by its early enlightenment of the world's hollowness. She had spurned all men. He, like the rest, she thought *then*, wooed the heiress, Hildred Vynern; not the woman, who had a heart richer than much fine gold.

It was long months since he had written her that letter—his indignantly passionate appeal—the last, as he told her, he would ever make. It had never been answered. Who was guilty, then? No trust had been betrayed, if she had placed none. Ay! but those happy weeks she had spent with Millie! What had she not learned to be-

lieve? What hopes had she cherished? What wild way her love had made!

Some one must be deeply guilty, or whence this racking misery? Then she thought of the false old woman who had kept that letter back from her so long—sent it at last in mockery, to show that she no longer cared if niece Hildred hanged herself, or married a Lyneward—one of a race she hated. As Hildred thought, she put up her two strong hands, and with them clasped her brow tightly, as if she felt that, indeed, the horrible pain there might split it. She sat a long time in that posture, the wind raving round her, driving the rain against her sheets.

Upon the stormy troubled sea of her thoughts Millie's face soon shone down, surrounded by a halo; no sin, no sorrow, must tarnish the effulgence of that encircling radiance.

For awhile this was the one distinct thought—all else was surging pain and scorn—scorn, infinite scorn, of a man who could love here and love there (if, indeed, he had ever loved her)—for whom one love, even if unreturned, could not suffice for a life-time—who, disappointed in his first few feeble attempts to win a response to his passion, turned to love elsewhere, instead of either putting love out of his life, or consecrating and concentrating all power he had to the gaining of what he had first wanted. One of these two things Hildred felt she would have done had she been such a man as she was woman.

After all, was it possible that Erle Lyneward should love Millie Grey? Millie was fair, sweet and good; but could a man whose heart and mind had so vast an emptiness to be filled, rest satisfied with shringing there the little child Millie? No! If not, what danger was there for Millie from her? Hildred was conscious of power—of power over Erle Lyneward such as no one else had ever possessed. What should she do?—how shield Millie? She had judged her sister's character well enough to feel sure that if ever the love that had been between Hildred and Erle Lyneward came to her knowledge, she—child as she was—was capable of resolutely sacrificing herself to make two she loved beyond all the world happy. Millie must discover nothing. There was safety for Millie, as well as consolation for Hildred, in the one thing: Erle Lyneward did not suspect that proud Hildred Vynern had ever loved him. This knowledge must be kept from him for ever. What a weary, dreary, heart-sicken- ing future!

Hildred retraced her way with difficulty; gained her own room, and locked her door, in safety. She had but just escaped meeting Mr. Lyneward. Sheshrunk back, shrouded in darkness, had almost felt him touch her, as he went away down the garden. Millie now would come seeking for her. What must she do?

She had torn off her wet dress, hidden it, wrapped her dressing-gown round her, and shaken some of the cold rain from her hair, when Millie knocked at the door. Hildred opened it, but turned quickly from her sister's gaze.

"How pale you are, Hildred!" the girl exclaimed.

"And cold and tired. I've been at work, you know. I'm going to bed now. It is late, isn't it?" Hildred said, hurriedly.

"Not much past nine, and tea is waiting for you; and, O Hildred! I have so much to talk to you about," Millie exclaimed.

"Have some mercy, child! I am utterly weary. Erle Lyneward has been here: You see, I know already."

"Hildred, how *did* you learn his name? I never mentioned it, because—"

"Because it is an enemy's name."

"You are not angry, dear Hildred—"

"No. No. Tell me all to-morrow. Put out your light. My head is bad, and it hurts me."

"O, dear Mildred, forgive me! How selfish I am! You have been tiring yourself for me. Lie down quickly dear, and I will bring you up some tea. It will do your head good," Millie pleaded, tearfully.

"I will lie down (that I might never wake! was in her heart); but no tea, I cannot be troubled. Don't think me unkind, or angry; but you had better let me sleep alone to-night."

"If you wish it, you shall."

"I do wish it. Good-night: I shall lock my door, and then throw myself, straight, upon my bed."

Millie went away, feeling as if she had acted very selfishly; and as if Hildred were only too good not to scold her. Hildred did throw herself upon her bed: but she did not sleep the night through. How should she?

CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING had come between them both when they met next morning. Hildred was calm and kind, but cold; Millie thought. Indeed, Hildred did not dare to be tender—she could not afford it: she needed all her strength only to keep firm, resolute. Her face looked like sculptured marble in its fixedness; but her eyes gleamed strangely. Millie's face changed every moment, as she told Hildred all that had passed between herself and Mr. Lyneward the night before.

It still blew and rained.

Did Millie expect Mr. Lyneward that morning? Hildred asked. When Millie answered, perhaps he would not come, as the weather was so bad, Hildred smiled scornfully; thinking how much better she knew him and that the wild weather was one sure inducement to bring him out. She followed up her question by asking Millie, where he lived: about what time he generally came, and whether walking or riding? Then she

took up her station at the window which overlooked the road, and sat there.

Millie was unhappy; she was sure Hildred was ill; thought she was angry, or sorry, too. All sorts of miseries entered into the little head bent down assiduously over some work.

Hildred (who never shammed except to gain some great end) made no pretence of reading, or working, but sat idle; leaning back in the great chair Millie had made her take, her cold hands lying listlessly on her lap, her eyes glittering, and intent in watching. At last she saw Erle Lyneward coming: he was a long way off, but she knew him.

She turned her rigid face round to Millie, and said:

"Millie, your lover is coming—I want to speak to him alone. Go into the study for a little; there is a fire there. You are not afraid," she added, seeing that Millie lingered, "not afraid that I shall steal him from you, are you?"

It did not occur to Millie, to wonder how it was that Hildred knew him.

"Not afraid of that!" Millie said; and she came to Hildred's side, knelt beside her twining her arms round her waist, and looking up beseechingly into her sister's dark eyes: but Hildred knew that Mr. Lyneward was almost at the house-door. She felt desperate; rose, and half led, half carried Millie from the room. When she had her safe in the study, she kissed her—not tenderly, but fiercely—and went away, leaving Millie full of fearful wonder.

She got back into the drawing-room before Mr. Lyneward had entered the house. She stood awaiting him, her face turned from the light. She heard him stride across the hall. He had opened the door—was in the room; he stood still. His face grew bewildered and deeply troubled, as he looked at her. She spoke first. Coldly greeting him, she pointed to the chair he was to take, opposite to her. He obeyed her stately gesture, and she condescended to explain:

"I am Millie's sister, Mr. Lyneward. You are surprised to see me here?"

"Miss Vynern—Hildred Vynern!" he said, perplexedly.

"I have cast off that name—my aunt made me adopt it. I have left her. I am Hildred Grey. I hear," she went on, steadily, "that you are my sister's accepted lover. I am her elder sister and self-constituted guardian."

"Hildred Vynern, Millie's sister?"

"Even so. What do you find so strange in that?" Hildred asked.

"Much," Mr. Lyneward replied, proudly. "Is it not very strange that my Millie—sweet, loving, Millie Grey—should have so ungente and haughty a woman for sister?"

"Yes, that is strange," Hildred said, smiling scornfully: "Yet not stranger than—but I will not detain you. I merely wished

to see you alone that you might be prepared—that, before Millie, you might not show surprise at seeing me. She does not know that we have ever met before.”

“You are kind, Miss Vynern—considerate. But I think you have taken an unnecessary precaution. I have a great deal of self-command,” Mr. Lyneward said.

Hildred bit her lip, and an angry flush crossed her face; but she said coldly; “I acted only for Millie’s sake. I have no more to say.”

She rose, and so did Mr. Lyneward: but, instead of letting her go as she had intended, he stopped her, laid his hand upon her arm, and cast a haggard look into her face. She noticed, then, how many of the lines about that face had deepened since she had last seen him. Feeling as if her heart would break, she shook off his hand—indeed, she could not bear it there; it seemed to burn her to the bone—and proudly returned his gaze.

He resented her haughty gesture, and spoke with a voice thick with passion:

“I owe it to myself to say that I will not be scorned by any man or woman—you, least of all. Hildred Vynern, your pride has blinded you; you have dashed back the love of the only man who ever did, or will, love you worthily. You dared confound me with the rest: dared to believe I paid my homage to your expected fortune. Had you not been utterly blind, you might have seen that could not be. Would Mrs. Vynern have given you one penny if you had married me—a Lyneward? Did she not hate me? Didn’t I know she hated me? I condescended to entreat, to explain, to offer you my love a second time, because I thought your heart a rich great treasure. I was wrong. It is dross; it is eaten up with pride. You left unanswered that last letter I wrote you—ridiculed me and it.”

“That is slander. I only,”—she stopped, remembering that must not be said—“I received it only two days ago,” she had been about to say.

He did not heed, but went on: “And you think me light and fickle, and smile contemptuously at my former protestations to yourself. I will keep my Millie’s name holy—will not speak of her now, save to say, that only when she was alone, friendless, poor, and when I had learnt how incapable you were of truly loving, did I first think of making her my wife.”

“When I found she loved me,” he might have said.

Hildred did not speak. She stood opposite to him, erect; her marble-white hands drooped among the folds of her black dress; her dark eyes dilated; he thought with pride and anger. The wild longing of her heart was to throw herself at his feet, say once that she loved him, and—die. But Millie! She kept firm. His next words sounded almost like a curse:—

“Hildred, as you are a woman, one day you will love, and then you will suffer—O Heaven! how fiercely! Only one right worthy love comes to the life-portion of any man or woman. You have rejected that. When you suffer, remember me!”

He moved towards the door. Possessed by a vague idea that they could not part thus—even for Millie’s sake—Hildred said:

“Mr. Lyneward, you speak harshly—only for Millie’s sake.”—He started at the tenderness with which those haughty lips uttered those three words—“for Millie’s sake, we must try to be—friends. You have made me respect you. Some day, perhaps, you may respect me.”

She offered him her hand, but he would not take it.

“And, Millie?” she said, as he was going. Had he forgotten Millie? He stopped, and then said hastily:

“I cannot see her now. Tell her—anything you please. I am not fit for her innocent eyes to look upon. There is something black, fierce and wild in my heart—hate, perhaps.”

He was gone. She turned to the window and watched him, sure that he would not look round: he did not. What should she do?

She walked to a mirror, and looked into it. The shining of such lustrous eyes in that white face looked unearthly, and startled even herself. But she admired and commended her own behaviour, muttering that she had acted well; had begun her farce or tragedy, whichever it was, bravely; bade herself take courage, and be assured that she would be a grand actress in time.

Just then Millie came in, full of wonder and fear. She had seen Mr. Lyneward go away, and dreaded that he and her sister had quarrelled. “Was anything wrong?” she asked, tremblingly.

“Not much,” Hildred answered. “We have been angry. But never mind, love, we shall be good enough friends in time. My future brother-in-law is a proud man. Have a care how you anger him, Millie. But I forgot,” she added, smiling, “you never anger anyone, do you?”

Hildred stayed a little to talk to her sister, particularly impressing upon her that the marriage must be soon.

“Is that Mr. Lyneward’s wish?” Millie asked.

Hildred laughed, and answered that of course it was.

Millie began to feel reassured, and to think that, after all, she had been foolishly fearful—that all would be well; that though Hildred at first felt grieved and vexed that she must call a Lyneward brother, she would soon relent.

Then Hildred said she should go out. Millie tried to dissuade her, saying it was dreadful weather, raining and blowing and very cold; but Hildred answered, that it was

just the weather for her, in her present mood. After sitting down a moment, and dashing off a business-letter—so she called it—in less time than Millie would have taken to write the three first words, Hildred set off to the post, nodding gaily to Millie as she went down the garden. This letter contained her final command to Mr. Blankardt to have her own little property settled on Millie. After posting her letter, and being clear of the village, she went on at a wild rate. Fighting her way against the howling wind, splashing on through the mud and marsh, she made a circuit of some eight or ten miles home, crossing the bleakest country in all the neighbourhood. It was dark when she returned. Millie had been getting anxious, and came running into the hall to meet and question her. But Hildred parried her questions, and seemed in such high spirits, that her gentle sister only wondered, and was content.

Hildred chose to spend that evening alone; finding one excuse or another, or proudly withholding any. She generally did so for that time. Erle Lyneward was there to entertain Millie. Hildred had seen him as she stood inside the house-door shaking the rain from her cloak—had seen him standing looking moodily into the fire, instead of meeting her as her future brother might have done. Mr. Lyneward, weary from the emotion and passion of the morning, turned to Millie for rest; he felt her gentle ways infinitely soothing. He was more tender and devoted that evening than she had ever known him. He too told her that their marriage must be soon—very soon. Christmas was not far off, and, early in the next year, before the snow-drops were out in his old gardens, he must have his Millie home, he said, to make his desolate house cheery. With all his tenderness, he seemed so strangely sad, that pure, unselfish Millie, though reluctant to assume so suddenly this great responsibility, could not find in her heart to say, No. So it was a settled thing that early in the ensuing January, Millie was to be made a wife.

CHAPTER IV.

MILLIE was not at ease in the time that intervened; simple, sweet Millie was troubled and perplexed. In the world, she loved only two persons entirely, and she could not make them love one another. Hildred acted well, too, all that torture time; daring to leave nothing to the impulse of a moment. Each morning she planned what her conduct through all the probable events of the day should be.

Mr. Lyneward was too proud to act, too bitter against her to try to seem brotherly; and loving and unconscious Millie often made him wince by expressing her regret that he would not be kind to her sister. Hildred was cold, even in her manner to Millie herself, and uncertain in

her temper. She dared not be affectionate; if the spring of passionate tenderness in her heart once thawed, she feared it might overleap all restraints. She saw that Millie was uneasy—as unhappy as it was possible for a young girl who loves and is loved to be; but she stood proud and secure in the great sacrifice she was conscious of making. She could not stoop to care about the lesser daily and hourly sacrifices. She said to herself, that all would be well soon for them; they would be married, and she would go away and be forgotten.

At first Erle Lyneward always stopped Millie when she began to talk of Hildred; but that was not easy to do; and, after a while, he rather liked to listen. In time he came to have some glimmering suspicion of the truth.

Hildred was to pass through the fiery trial of another temptation before the consummation of the sacrifice.

Only the day before Christmas Day, Hildred sat alone and idle, musing by the drawing room fire. Millie was gone out to distribute some Christmas charities to poor people to whom she had been a constant friend.

Hildred had many associations of pain and pleasure with that day—some two or three of the latter calculated to soften her heart infinitely. She felt now that the last act of her tragedy was almost played out—that her unnatural strength need endure but little longer; so, as she sat alone, she suffered her heart to soften, and let the tears fall slowly and unheeded a-down upon her lap.

Suddenly Erle Lyneward stood before her. She was startled, confused, unnerved. One glance at her softened face, her tearful eyes, her tremulous hand, made him forget all but his old love for her. Before she could recover the cold composure with which she always met him, he had taken her hand, and was pouring out a strong passion of burning love, and wild sorrow.

Hildred dared not hear him out. One moment's irresolution and all would be lost. She had not time to weigh, or choose words. She thought only of Millie. Her answer was fiercely indignant—full of vehement resentment. He was humbled this time: she full of pride and power. Once and for ever her fate was decided.

Was it, after all, so great a sacrifice? Loving Millie as she did, was she not conscious that she did not voluntarily give up her own happiness; for that happiness at Millie's expense was simply impossible. If Hildred had deemed Millie's nature one that could forget and love again, after awhile, she would long since have wavered in her purpose; but she knew the girl's words were true when she said she "did not forget." She felt that she was as firm as she was gentle. She had read a world of unchangeableness

and remembrance in the depth of Millie's dove-like eyes.

Yes, the sacrifice *was* great, appalling. Alone with her own heart that night Hildred quailed. She suffered most pain from a keen sense of the cruelty of the position in which she had found herself.

The dawn of Christmas morning shone upon a wildly haggard face gazing out upon its brightness from an ivied-window. Hildred's eyes had not closed in sleep that night. Vivid pictures, devil-suggested of things that might have been, presented themselves to her fancy. She had seen herself acting out, scene after scene, a proudly-happy life, as Erle Lyneward's wife; and she had felt no power to bid the tempter get behind her. It seemed as if her all of strength had been exhausted in that final master-stroke put to her own dark destiny; as if she now lay weak and weary and utterly defenceless at the mercy of all evil suggestions. Happily her bitter words of indignant upbraiding had firmly closed the door of that proud heart against herself.

The dawn grew into bright day; the sun shone full into her room; the birds twittered busily among the scarlet berries of the holly without; and soon she heard Millie singing a quaint, pathetic, scrap of old Christmas-song, as she waited below for her sister's coming. The whole world then, like Millie's hymn, was rejoicing in peace and good-will! She only was torn by inward strife, and utterly abandoned, even by her own poor pride.

But there was something yet to be borne and done! Had she come so far and could she not drag herself one step further, before she lay down, finally, to die? It was yet possible to madden Erle and to make Millie miserable, though it was too late to help herself. Should she spoil all now, at the last hour?

No! She found strength enough to battle on a little longer. She dressed hastily, but neatly; dashed ice-cold water into her face and dried it so roughly that the delicate skin glowed again; and, before that glow had time to fade, or a practised smile to die away from her mouth, she had joined Millie; had given her all fair good wishes of the season, and borne the mockery of having them returned to her with many a soft kiss and fond word.

"And now to breakfast," Hildred said; "for it is late, and Erle will be here directly to take you to church."

"And you will come with us?" Millie asked.

"No! I shall spend this happy Christmas morning alone. I am not well." Hildred answered.

"And yet you had such a colour when you came down! Let me stay with you? I had much rather."

"Certainly not; there's no occasion. Millie, have you not found out yet, child, that I

love my own company better than even yours."

Hildred hurried back to her own room before Mr. Lyneward came to fetch Millie. She could not have met him calmly. But when they were gone, he and Millie, and the servants; when all the country people, churchward bound, had passed along the road, Hildred felt that she could not bear the great quiet that fell upon the house. The silent shining-in of the sun; the way it lay still and serene upon all it touched, even upon her, was maddening. She could not bear to remain there, alone. She would go to church, too! It was a sudden resolve, suddenly executed. A frenzied fear of being too late appeared to seize her. She did not mean to go to the village-church, where Millie and Erle, and many people who knew her, were; but to a little old church on the other side of the hill, to which but very few ever went.

She reached it at last, with difficulty; for she found herself very weak, and her trembling eagerness defeated itself. She made her way into a curtained pew, once a long dead-and-dust squire's. It was musty, dusty, and deserted. She crouched down in a corner where no one could see her.

During the hour that Hildred passed in that old faded pew, listening, hardly conscious that she did listen, to holy words often heard before, a new chord was struck within her. Some will call this unnatural, improbable; I say it is not so; but simply and only mysterious. It was solely one of God's providences (of which so many talk, in which so few firmly believe); an instance of his infinite mercy in providing for a soul in sore and utmost need.

Millie's words came back to Hildred's mind. She remembered Millie's saying, that those do not suffer thoroughly who do not suffer patiently. After thinking of this, Hildred did not know distinctly what she heard. The service was over,—the few worshippers gone home to happy firesides and Christmas mirth,—yet she sat still, unconscious that not another human being was in the little church, and that the old door was shut upon her.

Hildred was glad when she found that she was alone. She came out of her corner, went up the aisle, to the communion-table, knelt there, and opened the great Bible.

She found grand, great, glorious words—words that filled her excited mind with awful joy—appealing to her glowing imagination and her power of heroic self-sacrifice.

The sun descended lower in the heavens, slanted in at a little stained west window, and threw hues of soft amethyst and of golden glory upon the fine dark head-bent low in reverent worship. Then it faded out altogether. Still Hildred knelt on.

The church grew dim and dusky—she could read no longer, but she prayed.

As she passed out of the then dark church the sexton—an old, lame man—was coming with a lantern to put away the books and lock it up; a task neglected till then for his Christmas dinner. He drew back aghast as Hildred gently bade him good-night, and looked with awe after the tall figure that soon disappeared in the darkness. He hurried over his duties and hobbled back to his fire-side; where, no doubt, he told a grim ghost-story; of having seen, and been spoken to by, the long-deceased lady of a long-deceased squire, in the church-porch, after dark, to very credulous listeners.

Erle and Millie had been anxiously expecting her for a long time—Millie had even urged Erle to go and seek her—but he, saying that most likely she had only gone for one of her mad rambles, excused himself from doing so. And, as they waited and the night fell, Erle Lyneward had made a short humiliating confession of his weakness and sinfulness. And Millie? She pitied him, smiled upon him and forgave him, quite content with his assurance that now he loved her only. Erle did not tell Millie who had been the object of his fierce love, and she did not ask; he had spoken too bitterly and harshly of Hildred. Neither ever alluded to that subject again; neither ever knew of Hildred's devotion.

Mr. Lyneward's manner that evening when he first met Hildred was full of troubled consciousness; but she set him at ease. She stayed with them all the time, because it was the evening of Christmas day, and because her heart was at once softened and strengthened. She was loving to Millie, and so friendly to Erle that Millie's sweet face brightened into pure unalloyed gladness.

The marriage took place a few days after. To the last, Hildred was full of motherly affectionateness to motherless Millie. She made Erle Lyneward feel that she accepted him as a brother; forgiving him his sin against her sister, and asking forgiveness herself only for the harsh way in which she had rejected and upbraided him then.

It was a very hard time, but Hildred got through it. She filled Millie's cup of joy as full as she could—made her sacrifice as complete as she was able, for she made it cheerfully, and suffered its cost patiently. Suffered! was suffering rather. It is a slow fire, from which women-martyrs step forth pure and white-robed—a fire that oftentimes burns life-long.

When all was done, Hildred went away. She breathed more freely the further behind her she left the scene of her fiery ordeal. She thought the new air would at once give her strength. But she fell ill among strangers: sick unto death, but she did not die.

Her strength, and with it the consciousness of power, returned—as there was need they should in the life she had chosen.

No matter what that life was. Hildred

Grey lived it out nobly. She was known as a good, by many who could not recognise in her, a great and gifted woman.

CHIP.

SMUGGLING NOTES.

In the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashion, there was a shoemaker in London who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris boots at a price which all his fellow-tradesmen declared ruinous. He undersold the trade, and obtained troops of customers. These boots must be stolen, said his rivals; but there was no evidence that they were: certainly they were not smuggled boots, for any one could satisfy himself that the full duty was paid upon them at the custom-house. The shoemaker retired from business with a fortune. Afterwards his secret was accidentally discovered:—although he had paid duty for the boots, he had not paid for everything that was in them. There was a heavy duty payable on foreign watches; and every boot consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large enough to hold a watch. The great profits obtained by the trade in smuggled watches, made it possible for this tradesman, when he had filled up their heels, to sell his boots under prime cost. This was worth while, again, because of course, by the extension of his boot-trade, he increased his power of importing watches duty-free.

Some years later, an elderly lady and a lap-dog travelled a good deal between Dover and Ostend. It came to be generally considered at the custom-house that her travels were for the sole purpose of smuggling Brussels lace, then subject to exceedingly high duty: but neither the examiners of her luggage, nor the female searchers at the custom-house who took charge of her person, could by the narrowest scrutiny find matter for a single accusation. At last, when she was about to decline the smuggling business, this lady accepted a bribe from a custom-house officer to make him master of her secret. Calling to her side the lap-dog, who was to all strangers a very snappish little cur, she asked the officer to fetch a knife and rip the little creature open. Like a few of the dogs (which have sometimes even proved to be rats) sold in the streets of London, it gloried outwardly in a false skin; and between the false skin and the true skin was space enough to provide a thin cur with the comfortable fatness proper to a lady's pet, by means of a warm padding of the finest lace. In the reign of Louis the Eighteenth—it may be noted, by the way—very fierce dogs were trained to carry valuable watches and small articles under false skins across the frontier. They were taught to know and avoid the uniform of a custom-house officer. Swift, cunning, and fierce, they were never to be

taken alive, although they were sometimes pursued and shot.

Not very long ago, a great number of false bank-notes was put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported; but although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no smuggling of false notes was discovered. So strict is meant to be the scrutiny at Russian custom-houses, that the ship-captain, who is bound to give an inventory of every article on board, may fall into unheard-of trouble if he forget so much as his own private Canary-bird. There was an English captain once at Cronstadt who, by accident, forgot to enter a fine turtle upon his list. He told the leading custom-house official plainly and honestly of his unfortunate omission, and the functionary, who was a good-natured man, saw no plain way out of the difficulty. He recommended that the matter should be glossed over by assuming that the turtle was intended for the emperor. The captain did, therefore, declare that, if he had not entered the turtle, it was because it had been brought expressly as an Englishman's gift to the Czar, and to the Czar the turtle was despatched accordingly. Soon afterwards there arrived a government messenger inquiring for this most courteous of captains, who brought the gracious thanks of the Czar Nicholas, together with the gift of a gold snuff-box, embellished with the autocratic cipher set in diamonds. Instead of fine and persecution there were gifts and honours for this lucky sailor. But when, afterwards, some other trading captains, acting, as they imagined, cunningly upon the hint, brought turtles to exchange for snuff-boxes, his astute majesty quietly made the turtles into soup, but declined by any act of exchange to add snuff-boxes to the articles of Russian trade shipped at the port of Cronstadt.

Now to go back to the forged notes. Accident brought also that mystery to light. Several cases of lead-pencils arrived one day from England, and were being examined, when one of them fell out from a package, and the custom-house officer picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the cases to the consignee. He kept the one loose pencil for his own use; and a few days afterwards, because it needed a fresh point, cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. Another chip into the cedar brought him to a roll of paper nested in a hollow place. This paper was one of the false notes, engraved in London, and thus passed into the dominions of the Muscovite.

During the last epidemic fever which displayed itself in this country as a rage for antique furniture, much of this was imported from the Netherlands. A shrewd Dutch tradesman very much preferred an order for sofas and chairs to an order for sideboards or

tables. Horsehair, he knew, was plentiful enough in England; the duty upon tea, however, was excessive; and by an arrangement entered into with his English agent, it was understood that tea should be used, instead of hay or horsehair, as the stuffing of all cushions attached to furniture transmitted by his house. In this way there was a fortune made.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LADEN with memories of tears and laughter;
Of sin and loving faith, and joy and woe;
Of warfare that shall live in fame hereafter;
Into the past the Old Year turns to go,
Looking upon the world with loving eyes,
Once more before he dies.

Then, a young warrior in armour mail'd,
The New Year, entereth the sleeping world,
And greets in awe his home with snow-robcs veill'd;
While in his hand he holds his flag unfurl'd,
Whereon are writ the destinies of fate
That his long reign await.

Their eyes encounter, the old man's and the stranger's;
The meek New Year reveres the kingly form,
Anaster, with myriad griefs and world-felt dangers,
And owns that nobly he has pass'd the storm,
And sighs, "May it be granted unto me
To do great things like thee!"

But the Old Year, in sorrowful contrition,
Beholds the warrior's robe that bears no stain.
"Ah! that my countless sins could gain remission,
And I, as thee, be young and pure again."
In fervent agony the Old Year cries,
"Pray for my sins," and dies.

As his last breath ascends, the stillness breaking,
Glad Christmas-music, from a thousand bells,
Mingles two voices in their glad awaking;
One, pealing forth a myriad-parting knell
For the pale dead,—the other, loud and clear,
Greeting the new-born Year.

CLARET.

DOUBTS and difficulties have been raised as to the origin of the popular word which stands at the head of this article; but it is possible to make a difficulty of anything—of opening your lips and saying, "How do you do?" In certain parts of Spain the greater portion of the wines, and the best of it, is red; it is a light, brilliant, crimson liquor, spoken of as *claro tinto*, owing to the considerable admixture of white grapes used. This alone would be a sufficient etymological hint; but in the French dictionary you will find *claret* to be claret wine, and *eau clairette* to be cherry-brandy, both derived from the adjective *clair*, light, bright, transparent; thus, *clair-brun* means light brown. *Claret*, in short, is a bright, light red, transparent wine, and is readily distinguishable by the vulgar eye from the black-strap of the various London shades, and even from the denser and stronger wines of the south of France.

In this sense, Burgundy might often be

called claret, and still more so the wines of the Loire and its tributaries; the latter, indeed, are passed off in enormous quantities as true clarets, either in their natural state, or mixed in various proportions with wines of genuine growth. Pink champagne might even more strictly be called claret; but merchants and their customers have agreed to limit the term to the red wines produced in certain portions of the vast ancient province of Guienne; notably in the department of the Gironde. The white wines raised on the same spots are not clarets, though they may be Bordeaux wines; thus, the pleasant and strong family of Vins de Grave (so called from their being produced on the Graves, or gravelly plains, which skirt the south-western side of the river Garonne, and completely surround the city of Bordeaux, as far as the Médoc to the north-west, some seven miles to the west, and some twelve to the south-east) are not clarets; nor are the delicate, mignonette-scented, and insidious wines of Barsac and Sauternes. But, Bordeaux being the capital of the district, Bordeaux wines are spoken of as generally synonymous with clarets—in contradistinction to wines from Burgundy, Champagne, Tours, or the Rhine—whether they come from the Médoc, from St. Emilion, or from Libourne; the latter town being itself a minor metropolis of claret, which would shine in the constellation of Jean Raisin as a fixed star of very respectable brightness, were it not reduced to the rank of a satellite by the overpowering volume and splendour of Bordeaux.

The qualities claimed for good clarets by their partizans rank with the merits of only children, the miracles of Russian saints, and other pet phenomena. They make the old man or woman young, and they strengthen the young with two-man power; they cure the sick, and corroborate the healthy; they are an antidote to fevers; but—say slanderers—they bring on the gout, though I do not believe a word of that calumny. They will keep till no one knows when, and will travel to no one knows where. They are endued with the property of exhilarating without intoxicating, unless you drink too much. The choice growths are remarkable for richness of colour, like the light streaming in at a stained-glass window, exhibiting a slightly violet or purple (but sometimes a bright crimson) tinge and refraction, a seductive nosegay resembling a mixture of jessamine and violet blossoms, a pleasant fresh flavour and after-taste, considerable body, and a fair share of spirit, as you will find after a few days' indulgence in wine-tasting. The latter half of a bottle of claret, after it has been uncorked a day or two, mostly assumes a decided flavour of cedar pencils. Good Bordeaux wines, as a general rule, require to remain at least five years in the wood; they do not ripen, in some instances, under eight, and they continue to

improve in delicacy and fragrance till the tenth year. When new, they are apt to betray a trifle of harshness.

In consequence of several distinct causes, claret always, up to a certain epoch, has been an article of immense export rather than of native consumption. What was not drunk upon the spot, was almost entirely sent away to the stranger. In the first place, it keeps longer and bears a sea voyage better than most French wines. Burgundy has notoriously a dislike to travelling; even a short journey will sometimes put it completely out of sorts. For ages, the roads leading from the banks of the Garonne to the interior were so bad and so unsafe, and the means of communication between one province and another so difficult, that the quantity of claret sent to other parts of France was almost a nullity. The English, who were masters of Guienne for many years, sent home large supplies of liquid tribute, and retained the taste for it, which they communicated to still more distant countries. Paris found it more convenient to procure her wines from Burgundy, Champagne, and the Touraine, than from Bordeaux; those wines, therefore, became the mode in the capital, and still remain so, in the popular taste. Bordeaux still continues, to a certain degree, isolated from the central, northern, and eastern parts of France. Monsieur Claret, consequently, was one of the deputies who specially represented the foreign commerce of his native land.

But the great revolution put a stop to Claret's career of prosperity. Foreign trade rapidly declined under the republic; and the republican wars gave it a deadly check. Napoleon went further; he resolved to attack England by wounding her commerce, and by the utter prohibition of her merchandise. Claret was then obliged to go a-begging, and to entreat to be taken in, on any terms, in Paris and other large cities in the interior of the empire. The vineyard owners of the Médoc were reduced to the last extremities. At the restoration, hopes were entertained that old commercial relations would be re-established; but it turned out otherwise. Napoleon's prohibitive system, and our own also, were continued in existence by means of custom-house duties. The French beet-sugar makers, cotton manufacturers, and iron-founders, who had saved large fortunes during the continental blockade, were afraid of free-trade and English competition, and had sufficient influence to perpetuate a restrictive policy. Our own people did the same, and continue to do so, in respect to the wines of France. Between Napoleon the Third and England, who are now sworn friends, the same commercial repulsion virtually exists—in consequence of the imposition of excessive duties—touching one of the staple products of the empire, as was in force between England and Napoleon the First, then bitter and implacable foes. What is Portugal to

us, or we to Portugal—the same of Spain—that we should give either of them the slightest preference, to the disparagement of a neighbour whose loyalty and hearty good-fellowship we are daily acknowledging with uproarious shouts? "Defend us (in commerce) from our friends!" the French may fairly say; "a plague on such protection!" In spite of the specious sophisms put forth by red-tape writers—such as, that beer and wine are one and the same, consumed by identically the same class of persons, and thirsted after under exactly the same bodily conditions, and therefore replaceable one by the other; a slight symptom has unmistakably betrayed what the French themselves think of the enormous tax which we lay on their wines. The subject of one of the large semi-circular transparencies which decorate each end of the Palace of Industry is, Equity presiding at the regulation of exchanges. It is a broad hint, that if we prohibit wine, our own staples must be prohibited in return.

"But," say the British knights of the Red-Tape Garter, "you can't want wine, when you have beer and porter; you can't require claret, so long as you have abundance of whiskey and gin. If I let you have claret cheap, you will never more touch a drop of either beer, porter, whiskey, or gin!"

If that be true, O second Solomon, why do you ask your doctor for quinine, when he offers you Epsom salts? Why do you tease him for poppy-heads, while he would give you plenty of cayenne pepper? Why do you urge him to mix a sedative for your stomach, when he has prepared you a nice caustic gargle, which will cure, or give you, a bad sore throat? What is the wretched doctor to do, if you leave salts, pepper, and fiery gargle, like mere drugs in the market, on his hands? He will be obliged to shut up shop: what happens to you is of no consequence. Such, O Solomon, is your argument about the admission of French wines into England at a drinkable price for the vulgar herd.

I have described the palatial cellars of champagne—claret is housed, as well as reared and educated, in a quite different style. In the first place, its residence is not called a "cave," or underground cellar, but a "chai"—the local term for an above-ground cellar, if such an expression be permissible. The chais are all alike, differing only in size and in the value of their contents. There is a striking family likeness between them, whether you visit the cellars of M. Wustenbirg, peer of France, or peep into those of a mere commoner. Their principle is that of burrows contrived by rabbits who have an objection to dwelling in subterranean holes. In a chai, you might fancy yourself in the clay-covered way or level passage made by gigantic termites, to lead from one mountainous ant-hill to another. Though you are in the dark, breathing a

close, musty atmosphere, you feel instinctively that you have not descended towards the bowels of the earth, but are still taking your walks upon its surface. From the Quai (suppose des Chartrons), you enter a naked mysterious-looking passage, whose open mouth shelters beneath its shadow three or four lounging guards or workmen. You walk through continuations of this long, long passage till you reach a sort of a cooper's shop, where men are hammering and scraping away at hollow-sounding purple-stained casks. From the cooper's shop, a wooden railway leads down to a dark yawning hole, rather than a door. The venerable gates of this temple of Bacchus, especially the internal ones, are completely covered with dingy mouldiness, as if they were made of fine old Stilton cheese. Amidst the tubs, over which you tumble as you approach the sanctuary, are strong wooden boxes for packing the bottled wine in. Some of these boxes hold fifty bottles each; others, for England, hold thirty-six, in compliance with the British mode of calculation by dozens. A lighted candle on the end of a stick is put into your hand, and you enter the actual chai itself. There you behold pyramids of "futaillies," or wine casks piled, stratum over stratum, in four or five stories. The cellars leading out of this chai are arched with solid stonework, and altogether contain the modest assemblage of some two thousand casks of claret; more ambitious treasuries of wine collect as many as from four to five thousand tubs. Here, fifty-one claret is the oldest they have in wood, as five years is the utmost time it remains in that state. Forty-four wine is the oldest in bottle; for connoisseurs pay the stock the compliment of clearing it off rapidly. Three years is the shortest continuance in wood—that is, of wine that deserves to be called wine. Ordinary wines are looked upon as merely ephemeral and plebeian drinks. Claret improves much in bottle; but—and the but is everything—it is of great importance who puts it into bottle, and how. There is a great deal of good wine spoiled in France by carelessness in bottling, and by false economy in the article of corks. You have often the vexation to find respectable liquor acidified and tainted by the trumpery pegs with which it is stopped. It is a penny-wise pound-foolish saving. A few extra pence bestowed on long velvety corks, and a shilling or two more on the employment of a practised bottler, will be found to be money well laid out by whoever has a hogshead of wine in store.

Air is considered injurious to the claret, and therefore our chai is well ceiled with wood. Luxuriant mouldiness is the sign of a good cellar, and there is nothing to complain of here in that line. Mr. Berkeley might give a famous clinical lecture to a class of mycological students. The mouldiness on the casks envelopes them, like a coating of

fine lamb's wool, or chinchilli fur. It looks as if a driving wind had blown a shower of eider-down into the chai, which you are afraid of disturbing and kicking up a dust by any too great abruptness in your movements. The cellars run back to the depth of more than a quarter of a mile, and delight you with the skill with which they are packed. In one cellar, the bottles are neatly arranged in small bins, like those of a private cellar, numbered and catalogued. In another, the bottles are built together, as it were, and beautifully packed like the bricks in a piece of solid masonry, omitting the mortar. Then there are miniature collections of half and quarter bottles, as samples. You have the pleasure of gazing at the outside shell of Chateau Margaux worth eight francs a bottle as it reposes there, and which threatens to rise to fifteen or twenty. The value of the contents of this chai is never less than a million of francs or forty thousand pounds—that pretty little sum is a minimum.

But the vinous wealth stored in the chais is a precarious possession, in consequence of the exposed position and the imprudent construction of the chais themselves. Inflammable materials, on the level ground, in buildings wherein wood enters largely, are liable to the frequent ravages of fire. On the very day on which I paid my first visit to a chai, after dining, I went to the Grand Theatre. When the performance was over, it rained in torrents; and, on looking up, as people do, as if to spy out the holes in the sky through which the water is streaming, I beheld a dull red fitful glare, like a gorgeous but ill-omened sunset, reflected from the under surface of the nimbus cloud which overspread the heavens entirely; and then I heard the irregular booming and the sound of alarm emitted by the great bell of the cathedral. There was a fire somewhere. I hurried down to the Quai; and there, at a distance to the right, far beyond the bridge, on the Quai de Paludate, billows of flame, smoke, and lurid light, were heaving and tossing with frightful reality. A chai was blazing fiercely. The mad red monster had broken loose, and was raving unrestrained, in his own phrensied way. It was a striking contrast to the artificial splendours of the ballet of "The Shooting Star," which I had just been applauding. The only equally strange transition which I ever witnessed, was once when leaving the stage effects of "Moseé in Egitto," at the San Carlo, at Naples, I beheld Vesuvius in eruption by moonlight. Here, instead of beds of sulphur and combustibles that have remained unexhausted since the dawn of history, the feeders of the fire were hogsheds of eau-de-vie, of the kind called *trois-six*, or three sixes, sacks of hemp-seed, and other inflammable wares. Claret was the mildest ingredient of the bon-fire. Some two hundred casks of brandy exploded one after the other, causing the

roofs of the chais and cellars to fall in. Part of the burning brandy flowed down the street, and it was with difficulty prevented from reaching the Entrepôt, where twelve thousand bags of saltpetre were lying. If the wind had blown in the direction of the city, it is impossible to guess where the mischief would have ended. Luckily, a strong gale carried the sparks and the flying lighted brands towards the bosom of the broad Garonne, which shone like a stream of molten metal crossed by a single black bar—the bridge. On the opposite bank, the railway station and other vast buildings shone with intensely-reflected light. The deluge from the clouds seemed to have no more effect in extinguishing the conflagration than the drops which a blacksmith sprinkles on his embers. At three in the morning, the enemy was beaten by the valour of the firemen, aided by the *gendarmes*, the civil and military authorities, and the bystanders in general, who all got soaked to the bones. All parties concerned had great reason to be thankful for the unlimited supply of water afforded by the river. A stranger may be permitted to point out to the Bordeaux merchants, that these expensive and often fatal accidents (the result of a casual or a malicious spark) must always happen at intervals of less or greater brevity, so long as chais remain what they are. A recurrence of such serious losses would be ruinous to any less wealthy town than Bordeaux.

The claret country must be personally traversed, to appreciate its extent, richness, and inexhaustibility. The most famous wines are grown in the Médoc, where you find a special and quite novel method of training the vine. In former articles, peculiar local modes of vineyard culture have been described, as some readers may think, even too much in detail; but it is desirable to correct the current belief that the vine is simply a grape-bearing shrub, offering no diversities relative either to its vegetation or its produce, in the different soils in which it is cultivated, and also in its different varieties. The growth of the vine is not always the same. Unlike most other cultivated plants, whose increase is regulated by exactly the same laws in whatever soil they are planted or sown, the vine undergoes changes so complete, from the influence of climate, of soil, and of culture, as to be, to a certain extent, in one spot a different vegetable from what it is in another—the quality of its grapes and the wine obtained from them being completely dissimilar. These variations are produced within the range of very short distances. A change of soil suffices to modify every result. It follows, that to have a complete knowledge of vine-growing in France, a student must be acquainted with the specialities of every locality which observes a peculiar culture. Supposing each local mode to be made the subject of a separate treatise, a collection of all these treatises would give a summary of

viticulture in France. Even the department of the Gironde alone offers so many varieties of vine-culture, and of qualities of wine, that it may be stated, without error, that this single department contains more diversities of practice than all the rest of France put together. A word, therefore, on the Médoc system is all that space allows us here.

The tongue of land on which the Médoc is situated is of visible dimensions even on the map of France. On the map of the department its importance is manifest from its actual area, its neighbourhood to Bordeaux, the crowding of the names of villages and châteaux, and its remarkable boundaries which are the Atlantic ocean, the sandy desert of the Landes, and the broad expanse of that grand union of rivers, the Gironde, which may be anglicised as The Whirl of Waters. From Pauillac, about half-way between Bordeaux and the open sea, an electric telegraph announces the arrival of vessels. In England, we have one or two spots which resemble this broad tongue of level land on a miniature, or, I might say, a microscopic scale; for instance, the South Denes near Great Yarmouth. Plant that peninsula with Lilliputian forests of pines; streak it irregularly with thread-like roads; scatter towns of dolls' houses amidst expansive vineyards of not too tall moss, and you have a model of the Médoc, as far as relative proportions are concerned, after the fashion of Uncle Toby's fortifications on his bowling-green. The soil of the vineyards is remarkable. At the best it is a light, scalding, heathy loam, whose natural vegetation consists of plants that are regarded as the representatives of barrenness. There is no lack (on uncultivated spots) of heath, furze, and shabby pines, intermingled with all sorts of stunted, thorny, crabbed shrubs. It is composed of a large amount of pebbles, amidst which quartz predominates. The pebbles of the Médoc (an omnium-gatherum contribution from the Pyrenæes in olden time), besides yielding good wine, make pretty buttons and brooches, which are not despised either by male or female connoisseurs. They are another proof that the vine delights in, and is most grateful for, a diet consisting of the fragments of rocks, instead of the gross and fulsome nourishment with which so many English gardeners will surfeit it. It also confirms Liebig's theory of the important influence which mineral elements have on vegetation. Strong, well-keeping wine is here produced from mere beds of sand and gravel. The composition of the claret soil differs widely from that of the best Burgundian vineyards — agreeing with it mainly in its apparent poverty to the eye of English horticulturists. That it is not everywhere really poor, is evident from the thrifty crops of peas, beans, artichokes, and strawberries, that are raised in many vineyards (in the low grounds and outskirts of the Médoc principally), between the rows of

vines, at an early period of the year, before they have attained their full luxuriance. Standard figs, too, are here and there to be seen stretching their arms to an extent that would be difficult if they were ill-fed and had no radical support to their constitutional vigour. The frequent heaps of vegetable mould and rotting leaves, collected as vine-manure under the name of *terreau*, attest how the soil is supplied with humus. You see frequent stacks of vine-prunings labelled "*vigne à vendre*," to be sold for fuel; their ashes enter into the compost heap, and help to restore the exhausted plants. The presence or the absence of these applications, in combination with the slowly-decomposing particles of rock, account for what has been called the capriciousness of the vine, because it will prove unproductive within a few yards of the finest vineyards. Just so, a man might die of starvation, if chained within a few yards of a well-supplied table which he could not reach. We should not accuse him of caprice and uncertainty. Add to this, that the Médoc is a plain, instead of a hill-side sloping to the south, like the vineyards of the Rhine, the Loire, and the Côte d'Or, and it is evident that with a good climate and careful culture, you may do anything you please with the vine.

The vines of the Médoc are planted in straight parallel rows, just broad enough to allow them to be horse-hoed (if it is not a bull to say so), by the same beautiful breed of bullocks as are used as beasts of draught in Bordeaux itself. In fact, it was on this very spot that Jethro Tull caught his famous idea of horse-hoe cultivation. Each vine-stem rises perpendicularly a few inches, and is then made to send off a single horizontal branch to the right and one to the left, which is supported by a horizontal wooden bar, called a *carasson*. Being kept so close to the ground, the grapes feel the influence of the reflected heat by day, and of the warmth given out by the heated earth during the lengthening nights of autumn. The lowly vineyards, thus managed, leave the landscape singularly clear. A sea of verdure spreads from beneath your feet in all directions, studded with the various châteaux which give their names to respective clarets, and with clumps of stately trees, between which shine the waters of the Garonne (whence Médoc, *medio aquæ*, in the midst of water), backed by the hills on its opposite coast, as the shore of an oceanic estuary may be called. Before the soil of the vineyards is ox-hoed and the vines have put forth their leaves, many of the native weeds of the soil are familiar in the shape of garden plants in England, the marigold (here a single-flowered dwarf), the chive, and the grape-hyacinth. The English word "drainage" is naturalised in the Médoc, as well as the practice and the clay tiles and tubes by which it is effected.

Six leading varieties of grape combine to make the claret of the Médoc. The cabernet gros, or carmenet, is the most vigorous kind cultivated there; its fruit resists well autumnal rains, instead of rotting; but it is rather late in coming into bearing. It has five sub-varieties, which increase the difficulty of its culture, as two of them (the cabernet rouge, and the cabernet St. Jean) are unproductive and liable to abortion, and are only to be distinguished by experienced eyes when they come into leaf and flower. They have all the external characters of the true cabernet, except that of bearing. Of course they are extirpated when discovered; but the fact deserves to be borne in mind, especially by colonists who propose to grow wine. The cabernet Sauvignon is the most esteemed "cépage," is favoured with marked preference, and has spread widely. It is almost exclusively cultivated in the communes of Pauillac and Saint Julien, and enters, in a very considerable proportion, into the wines of Lafitte, Mouton, Latour, Léoville, and Pichon-Longueville. The cabernelle, or carmenère, is the third variety in respect to its abundance. It produces plentifully when the weather is favourable to its blossoming; but its flowers are extremely delicate, and very subject to "coulure," or abortion, from external influences. It has the habit of bearing well every other year, and likes a light, sandy, well-drained soil. The merlau, or merlot, has only been cultivated of late in the Médoc; it is a robust variety, thriving in gravel where not parched with drought. The malbec, or pied rouge, an abundant bearer, is mainly remarkable for the number of aliases, or synonyms, by which it is known. It thrives best on land which is suitable for wheat, and furnishes an excellent table grape. The verdot is the variety of the palus, or lowlands, doing well on clayey, alluvial, and moist soils. It supplies the basis of many of the most famous wines, and endows them with qualities of great commercial value.

Besides these, there are several less esteemed varieties, which deserve the notice of the English green-house gardener for the very reasons which render them undesirable for the purposes of Médocian cultivators. Thus, the Chalosse is a robust vine, bearing enormous grapes, and producing so abundantly that it would be in great request if its wine were not weak, colourless, and deficient in body; but it would supply most saleable bunches for Covent Garden market. As it is, small proprietors are the only persons who dare plant it, because all they want is to increase their number of hogsheds; the viticulturist of the first class, who, under the present system of duties, can only grow expensive wines for export, is compelled to banish the chalosse from his vineyard. But were our prohibitive tax on claret as a beverage reduced, wine made of a mixture of Verdot and Chalosse grapes would be accept-

able to thousands upon thousands in England, and could be produced without any assignable limit to the supply, notwithstanding whatever Sir Emerson Tennant may assert to the contrary.

Again; there is the Mausein, which is almost expelled from the Médoc, because it ripens too soon to enter into the composition of claret. In short it is rotten before the other grapes are ripe. Its grapes are oval and middle-sized, very sweet and well-flavoured, and in great request for the table. All these are desirable properties for us at home, to whom it signifies little that the wine from the Mausein does not correspond to the excellence of its grapes; that it is light, weak, colourless, and bodiless, proving that sugar alone will not make good wine. The fruit of the Mausein is so enticing, that it is obliged to be carefully guarded from lickerish thieves. Light sands suit it well, and it thrives therein better than any other variety. But nine-tenths of the whole army of Scotch and English gardeners would make a bonfire of their wheelbarrows and tools, and cast their pruning-knives into the deepest well, rather than relax their prejudices so far as to plant a vine in light sand. "In light sand!" I hear them exclaim in wonder. But they know, or ought to know, as well as I do, that there is such a thing as light rich sand.

The wine, grown and made, has to take its rank; and great is the jealousy and tenacity of precedence. Each quality is known as a cru, or growth. There are wines of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth crus. These are the vinous aristocracy. Below them, clarets range under the significant titles of Bourgeois Supérieur, Bon Bourgeois, Bourgeois Ordinaire, Artizan de Grandes Communes, Artizan de Communes Secondaires, and Paysan de Communes Secondaires. It is between these Bourgeois and Artizans, and our own citizens and artisans, that so great a sympathy and longing exists. We are athirst to have them here,—cheap; and they, and their proprietors, are anxious they should come to us. But there is an unscaleable wall of taxation interposed. The alderman may swallow his ten or fifteen-shilling bottles of Château Margaux, but the fevered workman, the sickly-constitutioned dress-maker, cannot obtain their sixpenny pint even of Paysan de Communes Secondaires. Meanwhile, the Girondists of fifty-five, as they cannot send us ordinary wine, are getting up a subscription amongst themselves to offer a present of tobacco to the English soldiers in the Crimea. It is a pity they cannot be allowed to gratify both parties with equal facility. The time will come, however, when they will be able to do so.

In the Médoc—famous for hospitality during the vintage—everybody, even the sex most addicted to water, thinks and talks about wine and its specialities: "Won't you taste a glass of our 'forty-nine?' kindly

asked a lady to whom I had the honour of paying a morning-visit at the Château Be-laux. In driving back to the city of Bordeaux, your thoughts are diverted by other objects. You are amused by flocks of party-coloured sheep, in which the black individuals are more valuable (on account of their wool) than white ones. You behold crops of pine-cones carried into town, to have their kernels eaten as nuts by the populace. You start at the sight of wretched horses and asses, mere living carcasses, grazing on a way-side patch of green. They are victims destined to take their turn in that oblong, swampy pond (it covers two hectares) on the left, which is surrounded by a lofty paling of strong willow-poles. On an island in the middle, reached by a green peninsula, is a tight little cottage. The pond is a leech-marsh, the house is for the guardian, and the palisading is to protect the leeches from thieves, who would otherwise come down by night, trouble the water by beating it with sticks, and then, entering it naked-legged, would run off with a good catch hanging by the mouth to their flesh-coloured pantaloons. The medicinal leech is a valuable description of live stock, being exported from Médoc not only into the interior of France, but even to the United States of America. The young fry are backward in their education; they are three years before they learn to suck. When they once begin they make up for lost time. To their voracity those wretched animals are delivered, till they drop down bloodless and exhausted in the marsh. The guardian of that leech-lake must surely sometimes dream (if ever he is feverish or has the nightmare), that his sanguinary charge are getting up a revolt, are mounting the bank in insurrection, and are crawling in at the key-hole and through the chinks of the windows, and the door, to attack him with their cupping-machines, as he lies undressed and helpless in bed. Certainly, the leech-herd ought to receive a handsome salary.*

Past mulberry-trees, whose leaves feed silkworms; past buildings, wherein the worms are reared; past gay villas with luxurious gardens; past suburban places of entertainment, you roll, till you enter proud Bordeaux, wondering whether you will arrive too late to console yourself at the table-d'hôte with a sample-bottle of old St. Estèphe.

GUZLA.

GUZLA was the daughter of an old man who lived at Beyrout, in Syria, in circumstances of ease. No one knew to what race or country the old man belonged, and few could tell precisely at what period he had begun to inhabit that city. Some said that his face had been known in the market-place for more than half a century; others that he had

settled there but recently. The truth seemed to be that he had at various times been a citizen of Beyrout; that he had often been absent for long periods; but that he had at length set up his tent there for good. They called him Effendi Ibrahim, a name not commonly adopted by Christians in the East; yet Guzla was known to frequent the Church of the Maronites with her mother; a grave woman, whose face was always veiled, even when persons of her own sex only were present.

Effendi Ibrahim was always magnificently dressed, and never appeared in public but with a certain state. He was proud of a fine white beard that flowed down over the breast of his caftan; and ostentatiously exhibited the jewels on his fingers. Many merchants, therefore, were willing to believe in his respectability—despite some ugly rumours that spoke of piracy and unlawful connexions—and more than one made overtures for the hand of Guzla, on behalf of son or self. That she would have a splendid dowry no one could doubt; so there was no danger that the world would laugh at the connexion.

The female gossips of the city, moreover, spread abroad the report that Guzla was marvellously beautiful. But, as her beauty was of a peculiar kind, they found it difficult to convey a notion of it by comparisons. Her cheeks were not round and plump and rosy; nor were her eyes full of fire and merriment; her lips did not pout; and her figure by no means admitted of that luxury of description in which oriental match-makers are fond of indulging. She was rather serious than gay, and had something firm and masterly about her appearance. Was she sickly, or boyish, or awkward? The suggestion roused the anger of the good ladies; who declared that they had never seen anything so delicate and maidenly, except, (and they hinted this with some reserve and compunction), a certain portrait, before which the faithful signed themselves as they entered the church. This was a bold comparison; but the truth was that they meant that Guzla had the bearing of a saint and not of a sultana.

Most of those who had previously aspired to bring her home, dropped away when they understood what was meant; for they wanted something very different from a saint. One or two, however, more practical, felt that a good dowry should make them put up with many disagreeable things. They persevered so far as to lay their suit before the father; who received them with a sort of ferocious jocularity, endeavoured to represent himself as a very dangerous person to deal with, and finally declined their offers. He was persuaded, he said, that Guzla would not make a good wife for any such persons; and that, if she were not happy, he should be obliged to kill his son-in-law.

As for Guzla, she heard little or nothing of these discussions—spending all her time with her mother in the inner rooms of her

* See volume viii., page 492.

father's great house, which stood alone near the land-gate of the city. Her life was in great part one of meditation and prayer. Her mother watched over the development of her mind and character with nervous anxiety, and the girl more than once suspected that she was often purposely kept from her father's sight. It was certain the old man loved her in his way. All her wishes he was ready to satisfy, the instant they were expressed; but he had a strange, wild, lawless style of talk, in which he would sometimes indulge, as if it gave him a fierce delight: saying things that stupefied poor Guzla, and made her look upon him for a moment as if he were not her father, but another being who had taken his shape. Then the mother, as soon as they were left alone, would labour to direct her attention from what had taken place, and lead her mind to the contemplation of religious subjects; or speak to her of some neighbouring misfortune which it was in their power to alleviate. These arts were generally successful; but, sometimes poor Guzla could not be deprived of her troublesome thoughts, and she would seek an opportunity to be alone, and remain musing in some dim recess, until she felt her mind grow giddy. She then knew where to fly for succour; and her mother's breast was the altar upon which she prayed.

There was evidently a secret in this household—a secret that hung over it like a cloud: now dark and heavy, now bright and almost transparent, but never entirely dispersed. The legend does not think it necessary to seek the truth with much anxiety; for, as usual, it dislikes retrospection, and prefers to take us by the hand and lead us on towards the future. It seems to be implied that the scandal-mongers of Beyrout were well-informed, and that this Christian Ibrahim—Christian or Pagan, there was no certainty which—had formerly been a self-elected king of the seas; and that all the wealth he had amassed was stained with blood. Where he had first known the mother of Guzla was the most profound part of the secret. She never spoke of her early time but with horror and trembling; and was sometimes seen to smile in a strange manner, as if she were debating some great cause within herself, in which love and hatred pleaded on different sides. The former passion gained the day no doubt; for, she continued to love on calmly, and never gave outward sign of being disturbed in mind, stronger than when she would, without seeming cause, seize Guzla in her arms and overwhelm her with caresses, in the midst of which some tears were scattered upon the maiden's hands and garments, like pearls accidentally unstrung.

Thus they lived on until the time came when Guzla was nearing the limits of womanhood. Then the Effendi, carelessly, as he was smoking his pipe, upon which Guzla had just placed a live coal, patted the

girl on the head, and mentioned that in a day or two her future husband would present himself. Guzla, perhaps for the first time in her life, raised her eyes with an arch expression to her father's countenance, and was about to make some playful objection, when her mother, in a sad solemn voice, that sounded like the first note of a warning peal, said, "And whence, Ibrahim, does this sudden husband come?"

A long glance was exchanged between the two parents—kindled perhaps by terrible memories. The mother of Guzla sank back almost helpless on her couch; and the father rose and slowly moved away from the room. He returned presently, as if he had required a moment's solitude to find all his resolution; and said in a loud firm voice,

"The husband whom I have chosen for my daughter is named Lanfranc."

"All is lost!" murmured the mother of Guzla when they were left alone; and then they embraced, a long while, in silence.

"Thou must go and cast thyself on thy knees before thy father," at length said the mother; "and not stir until thou hast obtained the promise of another husband. This one is a man of terror and guilt. He will put thy soul in danger."

"Is he young?" inquired Guzla, in a vague, uncertain voice; and her eyes, filled with unwonted light, seemed to be gazing towards the future. Her mother took her in her arms and dragged her almost roughly upon her knees, where she held her in a tight embrace.

"Daughter," she said at last, "it is not meet that thou shouldst know all the mysteries of the past. This Lanfranc is a child of blood! and will make both thee and me miserable."

Guzla remained silent for some time, but clasped her mother closer and closer; and it was not necessary for her to say at length, that if, by any means, the marriage could be averted she would obey the warning.

Two or three days afterwards, a man in the prime of life, with bold, handsome features, and manners that were rather boisterous than cheerful, presented himself at the house of Ibrahim. He came without attendants or baggage; and there was nothing to tell whether he had arrived by sea or by land. When Guzla heard that this was Lanfranc and saw that he never entered a room without first cautiously glancing towards every corner; that his conversation with her father was in whispers; that he saluted her mother with almost contemptuous familiarity, and gazed on her own features—when in obedience to severe orders unveiled—with intent admiration, the sentiment that began to take shape in her mind was not one of love. She spoke freely to her father; but he, whose manner was kind, usually, though rough, became furious like a wild beast. He raised his hand to strike her, and swore by powers, of

which she knew nothing, that within twenty-four hours she must be betrothed to Lanfranc.

"He has no time to lose in trifling. You must consent and go with him at once."

This interview decided Guzla to act, and made her dissimulate in her own defence.

"Bless me, father," said she, seizing his hand, "that I may become strong and valiant."

Misunderstanding her meaning he blessed her, and even imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. Then she went, strong, to her mother and announced her intention of flying from the house that night, and taking refuge on the mountains of Lebanon; where there were convents of holy women who would receive her.

"Wilt thou come with me?" she said.

The mother answered that to fly, it was necessary to be young and light of foot. "We live amidst wealth," she said, "and yet have no money. I will remain, but thou must go. Take some jewels, but clothe thyself in mean garments, those of the slave Zara."

The two women, mother and daughter, waited till the sun had gone down; then Guzla was clothed in the borrowed garments; and, after many embraces and tears, climbed over the garden wall and proceeded towards the gates of the city.

The mother knew how terrible would be the anger of Ibrahim when he discovered what had taken place; but, she had persuaded Guzla that when once convinced how repugnant this marriage was to her, he would relent. Moreover, she had determined to sacrifice herself to insure the safety of her daughter. The absence of both would have been at once perceived. But, at supper-time it was easy to persuade the father and Lanfranc that Guzla had preferred remaining in her room, from modesty or some other similar reason. Afterwards the poor mother had a terrible fright. Zara came to her and whispered: "Why have you taken my garments and put them upon Guzla, and helped her to get over the garden wall?"

The only answer was an imploring glance. "It is not good," said the slave-girl, "that Guzla should go to the mountains alone. I will follow her, and before morning we shall be together." So, Zara departed, and was soon running lightly along the path leading towards the wildest parts of Lebanon, whither she knew her young mistress desired to repair.

Next morning the truth became known; and Ibrahim drew his sword to slay the mother of Guzla; but something in her glance checked him. He was content to lock her in her room, and bid Lanfranc seek out traces of the fugitives, and follow and bring them back.

Meanwhile, Guzla, with leaping heart and uncertain steps, had passed through the city-gates and hastened towards the East, trusting to Providence to be her guide. She paused at a little ruined chapel in the fields,

and prayed for protection. Then, her imagination began to warm, and her courage to increase. She even beheld, says the legend, a bright star moving low along the earth before her; and, giving herself up to faith, followed it until she came to the foot of the mountains. Then it disappeared. She took this to be a warning that she must pause and rest; and, turning aside, went and sat under a tree. Scarcely had she quitted the path when a party of men, speaking loud and boisterously, came along it. If she had continued her journey she must have met them, and there might have been danger. Presently afterwards the star shone again; and, getting up, she proceeded, ascending the steep slope until again she was warned to halt. This time she took refuge in a Mohammedan tomb, where she fell asleep, and dreamed that her mother was fanning her as she lay, or stooping over her, and kissing her between the eyes. When she woke, the sun was shining over the far up summits of the mountains, down along its wood slopes where mist and light clouds here and there linger, illuminating the fertile plain, and sparkling in the indigo-coloured sea, which advanced in innumerable curves and creeks far into the land. The city of Beyrout was distinctly visible at her feet; and she thought even, that she could hear the hum of its awaking population, in the midst of which—sharp and clearly defined as the lark's song in the sky above—she could hear the infallible notes of a mother's voice praying for her absent child.

She stood out before the tomb a moment to measure with a glance the space she had traversed during the night. Her name was pronounced by a voice among the bushes below. Looking down in affright she beheld Zara, who had lost her way in the darkness, climbing up out of breath.

"Art thou come to help those who wish to take me?" said Guzla. "Know that I have a sharp knife in one sleeve, and a string of pearls in the other. Which wilt thou have?"

"I have come to be the companion of thy steps," was the reply.

Then the slave-girl related how she had become possessed of her secret; and they agreed to go on together in search of a place of refuge.

They climbed still higher—sometimes entering woody gorges—sometimes coming out again into view of the vast country below. Suddenly, Guzla said to Zara:

"I see a group of horsemen galloping. Look whether they do not seem to be our pursuers."

"They may be," replied Zara; "but they are far distant: the road for horses winds and winds, and they cannot reach this place for hours. Let us leave the broad track, and go towards the cedars."

They accordingly struck in amidst the trees, and proceeded until nightfall: sometimes

resting, or staying to seek for roots in the earth. For, they had made no provision, and hunger began to make itself felt. Zara, who had lived as a child in the wild centre of Africa, ran to and fro, and saved her mistress the greater part of the trouble. They ate together; and talked of the anxious mother who was still praying for their safety.

That night they slept under the cover of a brown cedar-tree, with branches sweeping down to the very earth. At an early hour they were awakened by the trampling of horses' feet, and the sound of human voices.

"We cannot look inside every tree," said some one, and they at once recognised that voice; "but the fugitives must be in this forest. The wood-cutter saw them. We shall find them when the day comes. Let us go on."

They rode away; leaving Guzla and her companion overwhelmed with fear. Neither of them dared move from beneath their shelter, even when daylight came, and remained long, trembling and praying. It was near noon when Zara, peeping between the branches, beheld a human figure approaching slowly, and looking anxiously to the right and to the left.

"We are discovered," murmured Guzla, coming to gaze over the shoulder of the slave. "They have dispersed, and one man will be sufficient to make us both prisoners."

They soon saw that the form they feared, was a youth of grave and sober aspect, who advanced in a line that would have led him past the tree, but stopped every now and then, and said in a loud voice:

"This is a warning. If any be concealed who fear capture, let them come forth at once, and accept my guidance. I only can lead them to a place of safety."

"A cunning artifice, truly," quoth Zara. "We must not stir."

To her surprise, Guzla pushed aside the branches of the tree that concealed her, and stood out in the sunlight, with folded arms, before the young stranger.

"There is truth and virtue in thy aspect," said she. "Be then our guide."

The youth gazed at her for a moment in admiration; and then, without saying a word, led the way beneath the cedars that stretched towards the south. They had scarcely entered a narrow gorge in that direction, before the wood behind them was filled with the voices of men shouting to one another. Guzla started in dismay, and clung to the stranger's arm.

"There is no fear," said he, smiling gravely. "We shall soon be in a far country." They came to a narrow passage in the rock, like a doorway. As the young man passed through, he waved his hand in a peculiar manner. Guzla and Zara followed; and both for an instant felt drowsy and bewildered. The whole world seemed to shrink suddenly from them, and then to come back as suddenly. They stepped once, as it were, upon yielding vapour,

and thought that they floated like spirits; but then, they firmly pressed a lovely slope of green grass and flowers, shaded here and there by feathery trees, and leading down to a series of lakelets, communicating one with the other by sprinkling cascades; until, far down, the whole ended in a vast river, which wound over a plain, until it was lost in an horizon of mist and gold. Guzla turned round to look at the passage by which she had come; but saw no traces thereof. She wished to question the stranger; but, when she moved her lips, there was no sound. Then first she noticed the universal silence that pervaded this beautiful land. The breezes did not murmur, nor did the grasses rustle. The waters moved without noise; and, wherever she turned, her steps fell like feathers upon oil. Yet, it was evident that in that mysterious region, there were means by which its inhabitants could communicate their thoughts, without the deceitful sound of words. The young man looked at her, and thus told her from his heart, that this was the refuge of the unfortunate who wished to shun the cares, the dangers, and the responsibilities of the human world. Whoever chose to abide there, might live for ever in undisturbed happiness, on one sole condition—not to regret nor care for the mortals, however near and dear, whom they had left behind them. There was no decay to be feared, but no progress. No new ties could be formed, and the pangs of separation could not be felt. That was, in fact, the land of Selfish-Content.

Guzla wandered on with Zara by her side, feeling an ineffable sense of physical well-being; but in her heart, there soon began to stir certain regrets, which even the presence of that young man, who had saved her from danger, and who looked so good and beautiful, could not allay. She thought of her mother, to whom she could send no news of her safety, and who would probably die of grief, if not of ill-treatment. She thought also of Beyroul, and the green country on one side, and the blue sea on the other; of the dark little Maronite church; of the poor, whose sufferings she used to relieve; and of the stern tenderness of her father. Would it not be better to have remained in that world, even in the midst of danger, than to have come to this, where there could be no duty, because there could be no suffering? The silence around her began to seem horrible. She tried to raise her voice in lamentation, but in vain.

Zara was quite happy. She roved to and fro, and rolled among the flowers; and, when they came to the banks of the lake, plunged into the shallow, transparent waters, that rippled without sound, and spreading forth her ebony arms, swam to and fro, laughing in the sunlight. Many forms of men and women, with tranquil faces, and quiet demeanour, appeared, coming from beneath the trees, and

Guzla noticed that none walked hand in hand, but all kept decently apart, as if the slightest contact would have dissolved their dream of happiness. She looked at her guide, and told him her thoughts. He gave her a fearful glance, that intimated she was endangering his existence, or his content. He made as if he would go away; but he could not take his eyes off those of Guzla. A transformation came over his countenance. Its tranquillity disappeared. Joy and anguish struggled for the mastery. The young people advanced one towards the other: their hands touched. Then the whole scene around, wavered and dimmed, and darker and more real forms rose on every side: that brilliant land was visible for a moment in fragments like mirage on distant valleys. It was not too late to return to it; but they pressed closer together. All vanished, and they found themselves sitting hand in hand in the midst of a wild and desolate country, over which the sun was just about to set. Zara came from beneath the trees; for, without her mistress, there would be no content for her.

The young man, whose name was Basil, had fled from oppression, and had lived some time in the unreal land. They agreed to put on disguises, and return, in spite of all dangers, to Beyrout. But, they soon found that it was far, far distant. Some peasants whom they met, had, indeed, never heard of that city. They came to the habitations of men, and clothed themselves as pilgrims. Guzla sold her pearls, and thus they had sufficient to defray the expenses of their journey. They proceeded, mostly by night; and, whenever they were at a loss for their path, the star which had guided Guzla at first, appeared and directed their footsteps. Yet it was not before many months had passed, that they stood near the gate of the city of Beyrout.

"I am afraid to learn the news," said Guzla. "Go thou, Basil, and I will remain in this chapel with Zara until you come and tell me whether my mother be alive or dead, whether Lanfranc hath departed, and what hath happened to my father."

Basil shuddered as if they were about to be separated for ever. During a single instant he regretted the bright tranquil land he had quitted for her sake. He begged to be allowed to kiss her on the brow before he went. He did so, and departed. Guzla saw him disappear amidst the crowd that poured in and out of the great gate of the city, and waited for his return, weeping bitterly. He never came, however; for the oppressor from whom he had fled, met him, and seized him, and caused him to be thrown into prison.

Towards evening Zara volunteered to go and endeavour to learn some news of what had taken place. But, no sooner did she reach the neighbourhood of Ibrahim's house, than an old fellow slave recognised and betrayed her. She was seized by Lanfranc, and

beaten until she expired, refusing to the last to betray her young mistress. In this way Guzla was left to pass the night alone in despair. But as soon as the gates were opened, she went in, drawing her hood over her face. There was a great crowd before her house, so that she could not approach it with ease. Alarm darkened her soul, and she eagerly enquired what was the matter. They told her that the wife of a wealthy man was about to be buried. This was enough. She pressed eagerly through the crowd; her hood falling back in her efforts, and arrived just in time to see the bier brought out on which lay her mother. She threw herself upon the body with a loud cry. It is said that a smile of love passed over the face of the corpse. Assuredly, all present felt that strong love had united those two persons, and that strong necessity alone had separated them. When Lanfranc came forward to seize poor Guzla, they fell upon him; and, in the midst of great clamour, attacked him and his friends, so that they were glad to escape from the city with their lives. An old man, with a long white beard, now appeared on the threshold of the house; and asked fearfully what was the matter. This was Ibrahim, who, since Lanfranc's arrival, had ceased to be master in his own house, and had rarely appeared abroad. A rough-looking man in the crowd laid his hand upon Guzla's shoulder. "Effendi," said he, "this bier is wide enough for two. Thy daughter is dead likewise." Without waiting for his answer, the bier-bearers resumed their burden, and the priests, though they murmured that all this was irregular, obeying the irresistible impulse of the popular voice, began their chanting. All Beyrout was soon astir, and even the Mohammedans followed the procession at a distance.

Guzla's reputation became that of a saint. She was buried in the same grave with her mother; and soon afterwards, in the course of a single night, a magnificent monument was built over it by the order of Ibrahim, who devoted all his wealth to the erection of churches and rests for travellers, and retired to spend the remainder of his days in a cell dug out of the earth, in the wildest part of the mountains.

There is evidently a mystical intention in this narrative in which the idea of duty which tells us to meet the worst ills of this life with courage and constancy, whatever may befall, predominates, and serves to harmonise and render acceptable a number of incidents, some of which are strange and even extravagant. Is it not indeed better to return boldly with Zara, and Basil, and Guzla, and put our neck under the yoke of suffering—even to taste the bitter waters of death,—than to remain in the silent land of Selfish-content, where there is no communion because there are no desires, no pain because there is no joy, no hate because there is no love, and where

isolated beings live in eternal satisfaction, not daring, not wishing, to exchange one clasp of the hands! Surely our troublesome earth is better than such a paradise.

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

THIS is the season of the year when Christmas-trees have to be furnished, when children are to be rewarded, when country cousins and all those hospitable houses where we go to shoot, or fish, have to receive some small token of our gratitude and sense of favours to come. The source of all the toys and trifles that fill our shops was long a puzzle, until the other day a lady, who has never been beyond Boulogne, but ought to have rivalled Madame Pfeiffer, in sailing round the world, guided us, much amazed, through crowded regions of the Minorities and Houndsditch to the omnium gatherum warehouse of the Messrs. David—a paradise of toys. Almost all countries, civilised and uncivilised, contribute to its stores. No Russian army can present a greater variety of complexion, costume, and nationality than the assembly of dolls; all known by names mysterious to the public, but perfectly familiar to the trade. In English wooden dolls alone there are half-a-dozen grades, including Bob's-sticks, Dwarf's-thumbs, Putians, and Lilliputians. These—from the rudest kind, with mere sticks without joints for limbs—are all the pink-varnished wooden dolls, dear to the youth of both sexes, which survive so many others of more artistic construction. The eyes, being painted, cannot be probed out; the body being a solid block cannot be broken; therefore, when the once-corned tresses have been frizzled or ruthlessly torn away, when the varnish has been chipped and the nose snubbed by repeated bangings against the floor, or even seared by an unlawful thrust into the bars of the nursery grate, the wooden doll, tattooed and scarred, often survives as prime favourite after the destruction of inert babies of more gorgeous construction. The old original wax-doll, with or without winking eyes, comes next, also an English manufacture and article of export. It seems that the little American ladies follow the tastes of their British cousins, and dress, and put to sleep, and poke out the eyes of wax dolls, just like the little Royalists on this side of the water. Among the changes produced by the Great Exhibition, was an improvement in the features of the higher class of wax dolls: babies now seem to be the type of the modellers, rather than grown women, as formerly. Wax dolls, with canvas bodies, are prepared to suit all purses, from two shillings and eight-pence a dozen, to three pounds each, dressed in long robes, or fashionable morning costume. We next come to the Dutch doll, which does not come from Holland at all, but from rural villages of Germany. They

are made of wood, with a genteel face and hair fashionably dressed, legs and arms that bend stiffly, and often break. Papier-mâché heads of dolls, are also imported from Germany, and fitted to leather bodies in England. A recent invention furnishes porcelain babies, neatly dressed in cap and night-gown, that squeak in a most interesting manner. We must not forget the naked babies of porcelain, which, with baths of appropriate size, afford a fine example to the modern nurseries of the propriety of being good children, and going into the bath without crying. We were happy to find that a doll, about the size of an average baby, and very like one, could be supplied, neatly dressed, for about seven shillings. Then there were rag dolls, another Great Exhibition invention, and gutta-percha dolls, more tough than odorous.

At a certain stage of nurserydom, the doll that has previously been only kissed, cuddled, thumped, and put to bed, requires an establishment more or less complete. Tea-services are in the greatest demand in England; in France dinner-services are more favoured. Tea-services are made in delft, porcelain, lead, tin, and wood. Porcelain and opaque glass tea and dinner-services, have lately become a large article of importation from Saxony and Bohemia. Lead toys are all made in London, while the tin toyware occupies a distinct and considerable branch of trade of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire.* A tea-service in wood, in a box, is made in Germany and sold for a halfpenny; or three shillings and ninepence a gross. A doll's house may be furnished very completely, with bureaus in white wood with secretary all complete opening and shutting; chairs, tables, wardrobes, sofas, beds with babies fast asleep in them at two shillings and ninepence a dozen; kitchens, with all the apparatus for cooking a good German or English dinner, provided always that the prime roast is not larger than a jenny-wren. The carved wood-work is done in German villages—many in Coburg—where, it would seem, the clever hands produce the works of art, and children and apprentices practise on the cheap things. German carving is cheap, French more elegant. It is worthy of note, that the French manufacturers always write in their own language; but that from the remote villages of Middle Germany, and from Switzerland, well-written English letters are received. Of course, there are occasional mistakes. For instance, a worthy Coburgian maker of Noah's arks wrote on one occasion: "I am sure you shall be satisfied with my charges, as I have put the utmost prices on every article."

At the present moment war toys are all the rage. Drums are manufactured in England, but drumsticks are imported from France. A great trade is done in long tin

* See volume vi., page 431.

whistles, which form an usual and most excruciating accompaniment to a juvenile drum. There are four sizes, which have been regularly sold and known to the trade for half a century; their wholesale price is five shillings a gross. An immense trade is done in small brass cannon, with and without limbers; but we have not met with anything like the perfection of Lilliputian military accoutrements that is to be found in Paris; where we once saw a colonel, aged eight years, march into a ball-room with his regiment, fifty strong, with drums beating, and colours flying, accompanied by a perfect park of wooden artillery, drawn by poodles. But we found very respectable sabres of wood and brown paper gilt scabbard, with belt, at about sixpence each; muskets at a suitable figure, equally serviceable. A great army of all nations and uniforms—but especially English and French, with faces not ill-modelled after modern celebrities—are sent from Germany. German toys are distinguished for taste, and even a degree of artistic merit; English toys for strength and usefulness. New inventions in toys are chiefly foreign; but, as soon as an article obtains decided favour among the natives of Lilliput, it is made in quantity in England.

Skipping-ropes are always in demand. They begin at eight shillings a gross, or three halfpence a-piece. Marbles are a leading article for boys, as skipping-ropes are for girls. The pattern-box displays common English clays, coloured stones, German porcelain, and glass—the last being an invention since our school-days. The first come into stock at the rate of fifty casks at a time. Luxurious marbles seem unknown in the Roman States; for a lady lately had a bag of coloured taws which she was carrying to her son at Rome, seized at Cività Vecchia as a new kind of revolutionary bullets. If she had not been a woman of resources, able to knuckle down, for instruction of the police, it is possible she might have herself been consigned to the same safe keeping as the marbles were.

After an hour among the standing stock of toyshops accumulated in hundreds and thousands of dozen dozens; after learning where the myriads of wooden spades came from by which the yellow sands and rolling shingle of the British coast are dug by infant hands every summer; the endless wooden hoops that will bowl against our legs on slippery days—the iron hoop, like the iron plough, being a purely British production; after pondering on the possible consumers of an annual hundred thousand gross of jews'-harps of five different patterns, after trying some of the harmoniums at three shillings and sixpence a dozen, and concertinas at fourpence each, of which hundreds of dozens go to Australia; after pondering who are the purchasers of the brewers' drays and horses, carriages and four; after wondering where

the children are found to build up whole waggon-loads of bridges, houses, churches, sheepfolds—we turned to the speciality of the season—the Christmas-tree department. We found a most respectable Father Christmas who might have been copied from a fresco by Cornelius, nicely and strongly carved in wood, with a benevolent face, white head and beard, a red robe, and a stout hand ready to receive a young pine, whose brilliant green leaves would well contrast with his ruddy cloak. To adorn the tree, there were thousands of tiny lamps, metal sconces, brilliant when lighted as Goleonda's caves, at a few pence per gross, Sebastopol bombshells, mortars, and cannon of Bohemian glass, loaded with Scotch sweetmeats. Most striking of all are figures of men, Turks, tumblers, enchanters, kaisers, kings, peasants, Circassian beauties, Indian savages, beasts of every degree of variety, birds of large body and splendid plumage, all manufactured with great skill and beauty, in what is technically termed paste, and made to contain large stores of bonbons, to be got either by opening a bag in Turk's robes, or unscrewing an owl's head or an elephant's trunk. These paste toys, hollow or solid, are so important a branch of trade, that one celebrated German manufacturer issues very serious pattern-books, in which he announces, that he has not less than ten thousand different specimens of his art. We noted in the catalogue some oddities—a whole column of tumblers is marked thus in very literal English:—No. 12, A gent tumbling on his back; No. 13, A gent tumbling on his belly. A few pages on, was a list of all the birds to be found in menageries or poultry-yards—Peacocks and turkey-cocks with glass tails and moving wings.

Then there is a class of what may be called intellectual toys, for playing games with dissected maps and tee-totum travels. We noted fifty English games, some of them with titles of fearful dryness: as for instance, Geographical and Historical Travels through England and Wales; the Multiplication Table; Weights and Measures; Historical Dominoes and Ditto Teetotum. But these are relieved by the Queen of Beauty; the Magic Ring; and the Race to the Diggings. Every year adds some new game, which, like books, sometimes fail, sometimes achieve a great success. Then follow dissected games full of old familiar faces—Robinson Crusoe, Whittington and his Cat, Little Red Riding-hood; also, many Scripture Stories, a Register of Current History, the Camp at Chobham, Emigration Life, and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Beads form almost a part of the toy-trade, and are a constant source of trouble at the custom-house in disputes as whether a solid glass or stone ball unpierced is or is not a bead. They are collected from several countries; Venice has had a special manufac-

ture of seed-beads; which, after importation, are sold, threaded, at about three halfpence for one hundred and twenty strings. There is a great trade in glass bracelets composed of large cut beads from Bohemia, made up in London and sold at twopence each. France supplies wax-beads, gilt, silver, and steel beads. England has a reputation for white solid glass, rosary, and other beads; and from England the beads of all these countries are exported, either manufactured or in strings, to divers regions; but specially to the savage tribes of Africa. The African bead-trade requires special knowledge, as each tribe has its peculiar tastes; so that a man might buy an ox with a handful of one sort of coloured beads, and starve with a bushel of an unfashionable shape and colour.

Tobacco implements filled up a very large store. Snuff-boxes have declined in consumption; while pipes and other smoking apparatus have increased. The pipe trade has received an immense impetus from colonisation. The original yard of clay has been competed with by a variety of small, fancy-clay French pipes, coloured and beautifully modelled, contained in cases. The meerscham trade has received a great extension, and become partly an English manufacture; that is to say, the meerscham pipe-bowl is imported from Vienna, the amber mouth-piece from Nuremberg; and the two are joined, mounted in silver, and put into a case in England.

Among the fancy trades in which England specially excels, we find brushes and combs. Bristles are chiefly imported from Russia, Servia, and the swine countries on the banks of the Danube; but they make some good brushes in Ireland, of native pigs' hair. Everything in the way of wooden and leather desks, work-boxes, and dressing-cases, is best finished in England. In cutlery, either cheap or fine, our workmen cannot be beaten; but the Germans excel in the ornamental handles of hunting-knives, and such things. Hair-combs of imitation shell, we saw at twopence a gross, affording one reason why rough country heads are without excuse. Time was, when a wooden pin was the only comb within the reach of a country maid. To accompany the combs are looking-glasses, at infinitesimal prices,—a trade which has increased in England a hundredfold since the repeal of the excise. Among the new materials of this country is vegetable ivory; which, a few years ago, was exhibited as a curiosity by the turners at the Polytechnic, but which has now, from its cheapness, good colour, and convenient texture for working, been extended to a variety of uses for which ivory was too dear.

A good many mysteries were cleared up by

our voyage of discovery into the warehouse of Lilliput.

We had long laboured under the delusion that those tin savealls, those halfpenny mousetraps, and especially those penny yard measures, which the cadgers, the wandering bards of modern England, exhibit, explain, and expatiate upon with so much eloquence and such power of lungs, were the produce of garret-labour. But we found that penny yard-measures come from philosophical France; mousetraps are sometimes German; savealls are a large British manufacture, and our deep-lunged friends do not waste their valuable time at the bench, but dive into such warehouses as David's, and lay in stores by the gross, at prices which it is not worth while to mention. The paint-box, that safe and certain amusement for children, was laid before us in an endless succession of sizes and qualities. We mention, for the satisfaction of those who wish to introduce fine art into country schools, that a commencement can be made at three shillings for twelve dozen; viz., the cedar boxes containing five primitive colours of paint-bricks.

We pause here. We must be content with just indicating the enormous collection of small, common things which, either as raw or manufactured material, come from all parts of the world to be made up or classified and sold here, or sent away again to children in America, to diggers in Australia, to the negroes in the West Indies, and princes and baboos in British India. It is a trade in trifles, in amusements, and luxuries which employs thousands of hands and many inventive minds.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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NOB AND SNOB.

ABOUT fifteen years since two young gentlemen whom I will call (in deference to the social distinctions of my beloved country) Nob and Snob, obtained within a few days of each other, commissions by purchase in the military service. Nob had imbibed a great love for London life, and was anxious to enter the guards; Snob had read accounts of our great battles in India and other countries, and wished to see service in the line. Both obtained their desires, and were duly gazetted to their respective corps. Nob entered the guards as an ensign and lieutenant,—that is to say, he was, at starting in his career, an ensign in his regiment, but bore the rank of a lieutenant in the army—the privilege and advantage enjoyed by young gentlemen who commence life in either of the three regiments of foot-guards. He joined his battalion in London, and commenced learning his duties. When I say joined, I do not mean that he took up his abode in barrack; for such a sacrifice of comfort to duty is never asked nor expected. No; he hired comfortable lodgings in a west-end street; so that, when he was wanted for parade, drill, or guard-mounting, he could drive to the barracks in his cab in five minutes. Nor was his presence often required with his men. For a couple of months he had a daily drill of about an hour; but was allowed to learn a great deal of the manual and platoon exercise from a sergeant of the corps, whom he paid for attending him at his lodgings, without the trouble of going to the drill-ground to learn it. In about two months the daily drills were discontinued; for Nob was advanced enough to attend the adjutant's parades; which, in the fine season, took place three times a-week in one of the parks. These parades were held at the early hour of seven or eight in the morning, which—considering it was the London season, and that Nob was very much addicted to balls, parties, the opera, and other late-hour amusements—was decidedly a bore. But these terrible drawbacks only lasted the first year of his military noviciate: moreover, they occurred only three times a-week, and as, with an occasional guard-mounting at St. James's, they formed the sum total of his duty, he

managed to survive the annoyance, and never missed but one of these dreadful drills.

The duty of guard-mounting at St. James's was not disagreeable—far from it. To call the work "a 'dashed' bore," was a matter of course; but that after all is only a fashion of talking. It was rather pleasant to march through the park, in gorgeous scarlet and gold lace, preceded by one of the best military bands in the world, in part command of a body of bearskin-capped warriors, the admired of beves of nursery-maids. Nor whilst on guard did the time pass unpleasantly. There was the lounge up to "the guards' club," the social chat at its conspicuous window, and the pleasant dinner of twelve in the palace guard-room; where the best repast and wine is served every evening upon the most costly plate, at the expense of a grateful country, to the officers who go through the toil and exposure of guarding, for twenty-four hours, the sacred precincts of St. James's palace. It imposed just enough duty to let a man know he had a profession; a profession which gave him a certain standing in London society. Nob's battalion only changed its quarters once in the year, and that did not, always entail a move amongst the officers. For instance, if the battalion performed the arduous march from St. John's Wood barracks to those in Portman-street, or from Portman-street to those in Trafalgar-square, the officers of course need not change their lodgings. To reach their men's quarters cost only five minutes more or less in the cab, and that was of no great consequence to the Bramins. The greatest distance our hero had to march, was from London to Winchester, the latter being the most distant station of foreign service to which his fortunate corps had ever to undergo banishment.

For these and other excellent reasons, Nob stuck to the guards. He liked the admiration which emblazonment in scarlet and gold attracted to his handsome person. Besides, he found the life not ruinously expensive. The cost of living is by no means great in the Guards, provided a young man be prudent during the first years of his service, and be wise enough afterwards to profit by experience. Excepting when a battalion of the Bramins is stationed at Windsor or Winchester,

the officers do not keep up a mess. When doing duty in London—and five battalions out of seven are, in times of peace, constantly employed there—the officers live at their club; dine when, how, and where they like, and are not obliged, as is the rule in other English corps, either to live together, to pay a stipulated sum for their dinners, or to entertain general officers at their mess-tables. In short, as was lately remarked in the *Times*—"They belong to a club, and are paid for belonging to it;" and we all know that, for a single man, who is not forced to keep up any pretence of style, London is the cheapest town to get on in, in the three kingdoms.

Time wore on, and Nob was promoted from "Ensign in the guards and lieutenant in the army," to be "Lieutenant in the guards and captain in the army." This step, including the sum of one thousand two hundred pounds which he had paid for his first commission, cost him two thousand and fifty pounds—that being the Regulation price; besides one thousand two hundred pounds more, which it was the custom of the regiment to pay for the promotion. This was a large sum; but, as the young officer had been but four years in the army, and was by no means ill off, he thought the capital well invested which brought him an increase of both pay and rank. He obtained the commission of captain in less time than some of his friends in the line got that of lieutenant; although they had to undergo almost perpetual banishment from England; and, for the best years of their lives, had to perform the tedious duties of military colonial service. Nob thought—and not without reason—that four years of an easy London existence, was not a very hard apprenticeship to undergo, before acquiring the rank of a captain in the English army.

These years of severe London service, must not however be construed too literally. Out of every twelve months, officers of the guards are allowed four months' leave of absence; which they can claim by right of custom. Unlike their brethren who do not belong to the Braminical portion of the British army, these gentlemen have no uncertainty about the portion of leave granted them. They have but to put down their own names in a book, to set down the name of the officer who has agreed to undertake their duty during their holiday, and the whole thing is arranged. Upon parade show-days—when foreign magnates witness the manoeuvres of the English guards—the presence of as many officers as can be got together with each battalion is deemed indispensable. But, at other times, the standing of these persons in the service may be considered a mere matter of form. The discipline of the men in each barrack-yard, is looked after exclusively by the adjutant; whilst the pay-sergeants attend to the general conduct and well-being of their

respective companies. So seldom are officers who have learnt their drill required to be with their battalions on field-days, that their order books exhibit, on the eve of any parade of more than ordinary importance, the announcement, that "Captains and tailors are to be present;" the interpretation of this curious memorandum being, that the commanders of companies, as well as the soldiers who from their calling as tailors are excused all ordinary duties, are desired to take part that day in the field operations.

Nob, after a few years of annual moving from Portman-street to the Tower; from the Tower to St. George's Barracks; from St. George's Barracks to Wellington Barracks; thence to St. John's Wood; from St. John's Wood to Windsor; and from Windsor to Winchester, found himself promoted from "Lieutenant in the guards and captain in the army, to be a captain in the guards and a lieutenant-colonel in the army." For this step, he paid altogether the sum of four thousand eight hundred pounds, as its Regulation value, besides two thousand pounds over and above, as the price demanded in his regiment for the rank by custom. It was a great deal of money to give; but, if army rank is to be bought and sold, it is surely worth paying double for it in a service where double promotion is obtained at each step—this, too, whilst living at ease like a gentleman for eight months of the year in London, and, for the remaining four, wherever the recipient of the public pay liked to reside for his own pleasure. In ten years from the time Nob entered the service he became, without trouble or annoyance to himself, a lieutenant-colonel in the army. In this rank he remained only a few months longer with the guards. As soon as he could, he exchanged into a line regiment; taking command of it the very day he joined, as a matter of course.

The corps into which Nob had exchanged, was stationed in one of our colonies; but, being under orders for England, he did not join it before it reached home. The regiment had for several years not been fortunate in promotion. Of the ten captains belonging to it, seven had been in the service longer than their new commanding officer; whilst each of the majors had held Her Majesty's commission before he was born. Notwithstanding this, Nob took charge of it, and thus commanded men who—even then of some standing—had proceeded on foreign service with the corps before their new colonel entered the army.

Here we will leave Nob of the Guards, in order to watch the fortunes of Snob in the Line.

Snob had had hardly time to learn the rudiments of his drill at the dépôt of his regiment, when he was ordered upon foreign service. The dépôt was stationed in Ireland, and the head-quarters were at Malta. As soon as he knew the ordinary routine of his duty, he

was ordered from Ireland to the latter garrison, where he passed two years in the monotony of garrison life. Neither at the dépôt in Ireland, nor with the regiment in Malta, was the young officer ever allowed to live out of barracks. At all times and in all localities, he had to subscribe to the regimental mess, and was obliged to dine at it every day of his life, unless he could show good reason, from sickness or from other engagements. From no general parade of any kind could he absent himself. He was not only obliged to know the names of every man in the company to which he belonged; but was frequently questioned respecting their individual habits, tempers, and conduct. From Malta, the regiment was sent for three years to the West Indies; where sickness, and the temptation of cheap rum, killed the men by scores, obliged the officers to be more careful and more constant than ever in looking after them, and exposed their own constitutions to perils which often ended in death. Although Snob did not die, he suffered severely from yellow fever. He tried to obtain leave to return home for a time; but there were too many of his brother officers who had been victims to the climate absent, to allow of his doing so, and he consoled himself with the likelihood of his corps being speedily moved to Canada. This change of station was however delayed for some time. When at last it took place, the regiment landed at Quebec a mere skeleton—a fragment of its former strength. By this time Snob had obtained the rank of lieutenant; in other words, he had, after five years of colonial duty (three of which were spent in a most deadly climate) risen to the rank which Nob had acquired in the guards by virtue of his very first commission.

The regiment was quartered during three years and a half in Canada. For a short time after reaching that country, the novelty, together with the advantages which even the extreme cold of North America had over the climate of the West Indies, rendered the change pleasing. But all colonies are much the same to the soldier. Unless the colonist be settled down, and has the occupation of watching either the increasing advantages of his family, his property, or both; or the anxiety of seeing his plans and schemes for advancement fail, the demon monotony enters into his mind, and drives from it every other thought. Canada is perhaps the least objectionable of any foreign station which English troops have to garrison; but that is not saying much. Skating, sleighing, moose-deer shooting, and excursions into the States, serve for a time to dispel ennui; but it leaves the victim only for a season, to return with greater force when the temporary excitement has passed away.

After three years and a half spent in the

garrisons of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, Snob's regiment was ordered home. Snob had by this time been nine years in the army; upwards of eight on foreign service. Like every man in the regiment, from the grey-headed colonel to the youngest drum-boy, he looked forward with delight to the long promised tour of home duty. The corps reached England; but little or no leave of absence could be given to officers. It was the drill season, and the men had to be worked up to what the general, commanding the district in which the regiment was stationed, deemed the proper proficiency of soldier-like training. The number of men the corps had lost in Barbadoes had been but slowly replaced by recruits: these recruits had not worked together much in a body, and the whole regiment had to relearn those brigade movements which they had found but few opportunities of practising since they left Malta. All this prevented officers getting anything beyond very short leave of absence to visit their friends. Nor was the corps kept long in one station. Six months after coming home, they were sent from the south of England to the extreme north; there, broken up into detachments, and sent to various small country quarters. For three months they were brought together in one of the large manufacturing towns, then scattered for a time over three counties, to be again united and sent over to Ireland. The expense of the return home; of a year in Dublin, and of various movements in England, told heavily upon the pockets of all the officers; so much so, that, as a body, they were almost glad when the order came to remove to Galway—cheap quarters. Here, broken up into small parties once more, they assisted the police, the excisemen, and the tithe gatherers, in performing their not very fascinating duties.

About this time Snob obtained the rank of captain by purchase. He had been eleven years in the service, and had now gained the rank which it took our friend Nob exactly four years of London lounging to reach; so that Nob's lieutenant-colonelcy actually dated a year before Snob obtained the grade of captain.

Galway is not an amusing county, and Snob found he was not alone in wishing himself away from the west of Ireland. Yet, taken as a whole, the quarters were more agreeable than many of the temporary stations, to which the perpetual shifting of quarters whilst they were in England subjected the officers. But they were not fixtures in their Galway quarters. What between changes ordered by the higher military authorities when any disturbance was apprehended, and the natural wish of the colonel to have each company and detachment of his men, in their turn, at headquarters, neither officers nor soldiers had much time to grow rusty for want of motion.

At last the order came to move to Cork, and prepare to embark for Bengal. The regiment had spent the usual time of between three and four years in the United Kingdom, and war having broken out in Hindostan, troops were required for that country. After a brief sojourn at the port of embarkation, behold Snob once more on his way to serve abroad! By this time he had been nearly thirteen years in the army; of which he had passed little more than three in his native country; where he had changed his quarters fourteen times: he had purchased his steps, having paid two thousand five hundred pounds for his commissions: he was yet a captain, and had the prospect of remaining in India, if he lived long enough, some fourteen or fifteen years. By this time Nob had been a lieutenant-colonel for three years.

The last time I heard of Snob, he was in a cantonment in the far north-west of India; where he had recovered from his second attack of cholera, and his fourth of liver complaint. He had been several times in action, had been fifteen years in the army, but was still a captain. Nob, who had been five years a lieutenant-colonel, was promoted some time ago to be a full colonel, and will probably be a major-general, before Snob commands a regiment.

My story is strictly true in all but the names, and exhibits at a glance the working of the two systems—the Guards and the Line—concerning which there has of late been so much controversy in the public papers. Whether the public will best serve itself by holding that such a state of things ought to remain in existence, or by holding that the continuance of exclusive corps with double promotion, is a piece of injustice dangerous to their well-being, I leave my readers to judge. The evils here depicted are not of yesterday's growth; although the recent pretensions of certain high priests amongst the military Bramins who put their trust in Princes, have caused them to be brought before the public more prominently than of old. It is now nearly twenty years since I first put on a red coat; and, during that time, the injustice of allowing the guards to retain the privileges over the rest of the army granted to them by a monarch not over wise, nearly two hundred years ago, has formed a topic of conversation at almost every mess-table at which I have been present. The consequences of such a system, to the prosperity and freedom of tax-paying Mr. Bull, may possibly occur to him just now as somewhat momentous.

If the Hindoo rule of caste is to be retained in the British service, let us assign to its various degrees different duties, corresponding to those of the favoured priesthood of that persuasion. In that case each officer, from the very outset of his career, would be able to foretell to a certainty what are his chances of advancement. But, if we want a fair field and no favour for military talent,

let us abolish the distinction between the Nobs and Snobs of the British army, with other nonsense of by-gone days.

OLD BLOIS.

I DELIGHT in a decayed old town. It is like a withered old beauty of the court of George the Third, and gives itself such airs, and boasts of its antediluvian conquests, and its former lovers, and the sonnets to its eyebrows—poor old thing!—and shakes its ragged old fan, and darns its old finery; for it has fallen into poverty as well as age. Their experiences are indeed very similar, for the maid of honour had married a dissolute old lord, and had dissolute children, and they treated her ill and neglected her, and wasted their substance with riotous living; and the old nobleman is now dead, and the sons are all likewise departed; and the last bearer of the name is the still haughty widow, sitting in her faded satin, and lodging above a green-grocer's, in a narrow street, but always at the court end of the town; for she is utterly ignorant of the new terraces to the west of Tyburn, and inquires doubtfully even about the locality of Belgrave Square.

I don't think we have any city in England exactly answering this description of the attendant on Queen Charlotte; for when a town with us falls into the sere and yellow leaf as a resort of fashion, there comes some tremendous manufacturer of an enterprising mind, and turns the residence of the lord-lieutenant of the county into a mill; and another makes an enormous warehouse of the great assembly room—(you see the rings of the ceiling yet, from which the chandeliers hung, and if you look minutely there are Cupids playing the harp, imperfectly hidden beneath dust and whitewash, all round the cornice); and behold! in a year or two the streets are alive with busy multitudes, and the air darkened (a little) with smoke; but there are reading-rooms, and school-rooms, and lecture-rooms, where there were none before; and intellect is at work, and there are signs of progress and improvement; and only Miss Rebecca Verjuice (how sour and crabbed she has grown!) sighs for the balls at the assembly in the olden time, when she met all the nobility of the district, and once even danced with a marquis (this was when his lordship's son was candidate for the borough), and laments the change. But in France—gay, happy, gallant France—what numbers of those urban celebrities there are! Charming young cities in the fifteenth century; beautiful, full-sized, blooming cities in Louis the Fourteenth's time; but faded now—tattered, feeble, never more to flourish; yet interesting in their decay,—venerable in their ruins; with traces seen through all their decrepitude of their former charms. For instance—there's Blois.

What a charming situation on the Loire!

How splendidly in its gay young time it displayed the inimitable beauties of its position ! its streets rising from the water edge in steeper ascent than Ryde, and boasting loftier houses than Bath. Then its bridge,—wasn't that a thing to be proud of, spanning the clearest of French rivers, and leading directly towards the château ? Not the great, strong, solid construction of the present day with its pyramid in the middle, surmounted by a cross, but the long narrow highway which ran between strong parapets, and sustained on its central portion the oratory of St. Fiacre—that saint who has since extended his protection to the fraternity of hackney coachmen, but was unable, in seventeen hundred and fourteen, to defend his own residence from the accumulated ice which on the breaking up of the frost in that year came down in heaped-up masses, shocking against the piers, piling itself up over arch, over architrave, over parapet ; and then with one great crash which must have been heard in every part of the city, carrying away stone, iron, earth—everything ; even the image of St. Fiacre, and leaving Blois “lone, sitting by the shore,” without the power of visiting its opposite neighbours. And there were many churches at that golden time, all ringing out with joyous bells when the town made holiday ; these are now reduced to the paltry number three, and have forgotten even how to pretend to look happy. But the charm of all, the crowning monument of the city's splendour, was the noble Castle of Blois. It was a real feudal palace, built in the purest taste, vast in its extent, magnificent in its decorations, and giving life, and wealth, and dignity to the whole county.

I do not speak of the time dear to the hearts of patriotic Englishmen, when King Stephen resided here, and probably provided himself in his native capital, with those expensive habiliments which Shakespeare has not disdained to celebrate. And what a fine touch of character it is, to make that gross and coarse rival of Matilda break forth into such vulgar reflections on the tradesman who supplied the clothes. Not of the times of that worthy peer do I speak, but of a more civilised and gentlemanly personage, the gay and gallant Louis the Duke of Orleans. That was the climax of the grandeur and the happiness of the city. There were crowds in the streets, hundreds of retainers in the castle-yard, knights and nobles coming in to ball or tournament from Orleans or Tours, or even distant visitors from Nevers or Limoges. For Louis is young yet : this is in fourteen hundred and ninety-six, and he is only thirty-four years of age ; he is planning new additions to his native château ; he is recovering from the disagreeable three years he had spent in a prison at Bourges, where, by the kindness of his sister-in-law, Anne of Beaujeu, he is locked up every night in an iron cage ; he is congratulating himself on his victories in the

Italian campaign of Charles the Eighth ; he is consoling himself for the plainness of his wife, the gentle Jeanne de Valois (who had been forced upon him by her father Louis the Eleventh), with noble entertainments to all the beauties of the country. He is doing all these things, and Blois rejoices. It even breaks out into trade in the sunshine of royal favour. The gloves of Blois become famous,—whether soft and white for the fair hands of princesses, or gauntlets of proof for warriors in the lists ; cloths are imported from Holland and Flanders ; merchants grow illustrious and rich ; and the cream from St. Gervais—alas ! what must we confess ? The glover is unknown ; the cloth importation has ceased ; the merchants are few and spiritless ; and nothing remains but the famous St. Gervais cream ! So much more enduring (as a philosophic historian would say) are the products of agriculture than the ephemeral successes of trade. Suddenly a rumour finds its way to Blois that Charles the Eighth is very ill. The knights and nobles flock in faster than ever, the ladies smile more sweetly ; the town rings out its bells more merrily ; and, when in fourteen hundred and ninety-eight, the great herald, after a fatiguing journey from Amboise, dressed in mourning, all the fleurs-de-lis on his tabard covered with crape, enters the great hall in the château, and kneels at the Duke of Orleans' feet, the city knows no end of its pride and exultation ; it has actually given birth to a king, and the racketting, handsome, outspoken inhabitant of the Castle is Louis the Twelfth of France. *Vive le Roi !*

What was the first thing this emblem and embodiment of chivalry does ? He sends an insulting message to his poor little wife—Jeanne de Valois—and a message of a very different kind to the widow of his predecessor—Anne of Brittany. He pays a visit of condolence to the dowager-heiress of that wealthy dukedom, but the condolence ought to have been addressed to the king's daughter, who sat in silence and sorrow, and heard the rejoicings for her husband's elevation to the throne. Within the year the widowed Anne became a second time Queen of France ; and Jeanne, disgraced, despised, repudiated, found refuge in a convent.

It is curious to observe that, in the course of time, this exemplary gentleman became brother-in-law to Henry the Eighth of England. But it is with the grand days of Blois we have to do, not with the characters of royal Bluebeards, in either nation. The French, of all the people in the world, know best how to house their monarchs. They have a massive taste in architecture which imprints something solemn on their royal dwellings, as if the divinity that hedged a king made his ordinary residence a sort of temple of earthly power. The Castle of Blois grew royal in right of the tenants it contained ; prouder turrets were added to its walls,

larger galleries attached to its ancient suites of rooms, and a style of magnificence affected on state occasions, which contrasts strangely with our Queen rising at four in the morning to give a cup of hot coffee to the King of Sardinia before he put on his comforter and started by the train to Folkestone.

There go the bells of all the seven churches—there go off—as loud as they are able, and fortunately without bursting—the six bewildered cannon that ornament the battlements. Here come the trades, very few of them, and very scant o' breath, with banner and music;—here come the knights in helmet and plume, riding two and two;—here comes a great escort of a hundred men of the picked archers of the guard; and here comes a trumpeter on a white horse, pausing every now and then, and blowing a blast to command silence, while a herald—the exact image of a knave of clubs—stands up in his stirrups and announces:—"The high and puissant princes, visitors to our lord the king, the mighty, noble and magnanimous Philip, Archduke of Austria, and his spouse the great and very stupendous Princess Jeanne of Arragon and Castile." Great preparations had been made for their reception; and it is pleasant to read an account of the ceremony, for it reconciles us to our humble tap at the door or ring at the bell, and the modest announcement, "Mr. Brown, sir, and Mrs. Brown."

"The Princess Jeanne rode a handsome hackney, covered entirely with housings of crimson velvet. The Duchess of Vendôme, who had been sent to wait on her, followed, with all her ladies, caracolling on palfreys covered with black housings of the same material. More than six hundred horses carried the litters or drew the vehicles required by the stranger's train. It was night when the procession entered Blois, but the streets were lighted with immense tapers of yellow wax." This was not sufficient to prevent confusion, for the prince and his wife got separated in the crowd, and Philip first made his appearance in the royal presence. He marched from hall to hall between lines of halberdiers and archers, and at last attained a chamber where the royalty of France was sitting on a chair of state near the fire. Beside him stood the young Duke d'Angoulême and the Cardinal d'Amboise. Farther off, stood Monsieur de Brienne, Grand Master of the ceremonies.

"On entering the hall," says the contemporary chronicler of this great event, "the archduke took off his bonnet, and M. de Brienne said, 'Sire, there is my lord the archduke;' and the king replied with a smile—'A handsome prince he is.' The archduke made three reverences before reaching the king. On his first entering the hall, the king rose and advanced by short steps; at the second bow of the archduke, the king took off his bonnet; and at the third, the

king embraced him." For which information we cannot be too grateful to the worthy historian. But the reception of the princess was more wonderful still.

When that bewildered personage at last found her way into the presence chamber, she was asked whether she would kiss the king: whereupon, like a good catholic and a virtuous woman, she asked the Bishop of Cordova's leave, who was good-humoured that day, and said she might. So Louis kissed her, bareheaded, we are told, for he seems to have been a little quakerish in his notions of dignity; and Jeanne, without further application to her confessor, kissed the king, and Francis of Angoulême, who bore it as well as could be expected. After these osculatory achievements, she was led to the queen's chamber; and let us see how the great ones of the earth received each other in those days.

The queen advanced only three steps from the chimney; the princess saluted merely by bending the knee. Then the queen advanced, kissed her, and bade her welcome. On the parquet on which the queen's chair was placed stood the Duchess of Orleans, and the Countess d'Angoulême; and a little retired, were Mademoiselle de Foix and the Countess de Dunois. Round the room, but not on the parquet, stood other ladies. The archduchess kissed the four just named, and was going a regular round among the others, but was stopped by Madame de Bourbon, who would not let her kiss them, "because she had never done it." And as this reason was of course unanswerable, the princess kept her kisses for some more worthy recipients. She bowed once more in passing before the queen, and so passed on to her private apartments. Now follows a description that will make many mouths water these merry Christmas holidays. What do you think this mighty princess supped on? Oh, Tom! oh, Bill! what a tuck! "First came one of the masters of the household, then six little pages dressed in yellow damask turned up with crimson velvet, each carrying a golden candlestick with a candle of virgin wax; and after them Madame de Bourbon (don't mistake this for Bonbon), carrying a great gold tray full of various boxes of sweetmeats. Then came Madame d'Angoulême, carrying another gold tray full of napkins. Then came Madame de Nevers, carrying another gold tray full of knives and forks (these had gold handles). Then came the Duchess de Valentinois and Mademoiselle de Foix, carrying sugar-plumb boxes, of which one was amazingly beautiful, and the other, of silver gilt, was (think of this!) so large, that when it was held in the hand it nearly reached the floor! And after them came six or seven gentlemen, each holding two pots in his hands filled with different preserves. And then (evidently not before he was wanted) came the apothecary of the queen, who

carried a golden candlestick with wax candles. He did not enter the archduchess's room—not then; but it is certain that he must have been summoned in the course of the night. He and the other gentlemen gave the articles they carried to the ladies at the door; and the whole contents were spread out not only on the sideboard, but on the bed."

"As to the archduke," adds my authority for these incidents, "he supped more solidly than his spouse, along with the Duke de Nevers and the Comte de Ligny. The king abstained from that repast. He fasted on bread and water, because that day was the eve of Notre Dame des Avents."

What a place Blois must have been for grandeur and sweetmeats at that time! What a flourishing trade the confectioner's; and also the dentist's. This was in fifteen hundred and one; and the object of all this cracking of sugar-plums was to negotiate a marriage between Charles the Fifth, then Duke of Luxemburg, with Claude of France. But too much sugar-candy had disagreed with all parties; the espousals were broken off, and Claude, in good time, became the wretched wife of the unprincipled roué who is known in history as Francis the First, the same Duke de Angoulême who was kissed by Jeanne of Austria.

Many other visitors came to Blois; and always to his favourite home came Louis from the disastrous wars that clouded his later years. Once, in fifteen hundred and ten, there came a deep-eyed Italian, calm, mild, and smiling; lying, cheating, and swindling with such an air of honesty that it was impossible to suspect him of anything but the purest intentions. This was Macchiavel; and poor Cardinal d'Amboise, who was prime minister of France, was twisted round the diplomatist's thumb. But off the thumb, and off the face of the earth, that ambitious priest slipped into the grave this very year. When he was dying, he said to the simple ecclesiastic who attended him, "Ah, Friar John, Friar John! why wasn't I always Friar John!" He had wanted all his life, like our English Wolsey, to be Pope; and to obtain the tiara, was ready to sacrifice the interests of France. But Louis did not share in his minister's devotion to the Roman See. The Pope of that time had formed a league against him, in which were united many discordant elements. There were Germans and Spaniards, and Swiss and Italians. Even the Turks had come to the help of Rome, and the crescent floated side by side with the keys of Saint Peter. Louis waked from his sybarite indulgence at Blois, and scandalized the clergy of that city by vowing vengeance against the Seven Hills. He struck medals with the device "*Perdam Babylonis nomen*;" and determined to force his way into the castle of Saint Angelo, and bring his Holiness, the fighting Pontiff, Julius the Second, a

prisoner to France. But disasters fell upon the French arms; there were defeats at Novara, and routs at Guinegate in Picardy. The loftiness of Louis was brought low, and in the midst of these reverses his wife died. Blois was now hung with mourning. The king, in despair, had come to catch the last blessing from the dying lips of the only woman he ever really loved, and felt for a while that life had few farther enjoyments for him. The authors of the time dwell upon his grief as something dreadful; and one of them records that he even abstained from mourning in violet, as the kings of France have done since Clovis, and dressed himself in black, like the meanest of his subjects.

But a few months made him exchange his sombre black for bridegroom's satin, and he married Mary of England; a short marriage for her, for the old gentleman could not bear the change of life she introduced from the court of Windsor. For, says the chronicler, whereas he used to dine at eight o'clock, he agreed to dine at noon; and whereas he used to go to bed at six, he often sat up till midnight. No constitution could stand these late hours; and he died (partly of want of sleep, and partly of jealousy at the attentions the young Duke d'Angoulême paid to the youthful queen) on the first day of the year fifteen hundred and fifteen. Perhaps there is some taint of bitterness arising from the flirtation he had observed between his wife and his successor in the words he spoke concerning that flower of chivalry and truth. "We may do what we like," he sighed, when he thought he had settled the public affairs satisfactorily, "but that big fellow d'Angoulême will spoil all." And he did. He spoilt all. He embroiled himself with Europe, half-ruined his country, and neglected Blois. The Castle, as if exhausted with the effort of producing a king, and keeping him so many years in royal state, never did anything more—at least, for a long time. But in fifteen hundred and seventy-two, Henry the Fourth, the King of Navarre, came to arrange with Catherine de Medicis about his marriage with Margaret de Valois; and great fêtes were given in honour of the event. Charles the Ninth was there, and the young Prince de Condé, and De la Rochefoucault, and five hundred other nobles of the Protestant faith. There were balls and games every night; feasting, hawking, and hunting every day; but in a secret room of the castle, far away from the noise of the revellers, feebly illuminated by a little lamp, there sat round a small table, night after night, the following personages: the King, the Queen-mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, the Duke d'Anjou, the Chancellor Biragues, and some others of the orthodox faith, and plotted a great deed; they arranged all their plans, marshalled all their supporters, prepared for all emergencies, and at last were ready to execute their design. It was the

massacre of Saint Bartholomew. No wonder Blois fell into neglect. It had given existence to the most dreadful incident of modern times; and the dances of young Navarre and his comrades—the assemblies of fair women and brave men who were celebrating his approaching nuptials, were the last days of courtly splendour that shone on the devoted castle. But a castle is nothing without a murder of its own; and this was only the imagining of the frightful act; so let us slip by a few years, and again we find a French king in occupation of the château. It is the year fifteen hundred and eighty-eight, and the king is Henry the Third—a dastard, effeminate tyrant, and fitting termination to the deteriorated line of Valois.

Again there is a series of rejoicings, and the old Château-Blois puts on its holiday apparel; for there is a visitor at the castle far more powerful than the king,—a strong-minded, self-willed, unscrupulous man, who does not even try to conceal his hatred and contempt of the puppet who filled and dishonoured the throne. This is the hard-featured, firm-handed Duke of Guise, who had studied French history to such an extent, that he has determined to emulate the old mayors of the palace, and after a few years' government in the name of the phantom monarch, to assume the crown openly, and send the wretched king into a convent. Scissors were already kept in readiness by Guise's sister, to clip the locks of Henry, and arrangements made to find a fitting monastery for him, under the name of Friar Henry of Valois. But Friar Henry of Valois was resolved to keep his shining curls, and outwitted the bold Balafre.

A convention of the states had been summoned, over which, by bribery and terror, the Guises had obtained supreme authority. It was only that they might give the semblance of legality to the plans of the discontented, that the form of a deliberative assembly had been given to the deputies now collected in Blois. Each party knew perfectly well what the other meant, but both concealed their real intentions. The king was treated with the most profound respect; the duke with the greatest trust and confidence. The latter was too apt to despise his enemy, who, he already felt, was his victim. He did not give so paltry a being credit for the desperate game he played. But he should have remembered that he had to do with the son of Catherine de Medicis. He should have observed that all of a sudden the king betook himself to the most strict religious observances,—fastings, vigils, prayers,—and received into the château monks of various orders, whom he lodged in little cells above his chamber. He had resolved on the death of Guise;—but, to accomplish this, he required accomplices. He availed himself of a certain night when there was a joyous celebration of the marriage of Christine of Lorraine with Ferdinand de Medicis. It was

December. The court, occupied with the ball did not perceive the disappearance of the Marshal d'Aumont, and the Sieurs de Rambouillet, and Beauvais de Nangis. The king consulted them on the conduct of the Guises, but did not venture to hint what he had resolved. The three counsellors discussed the question, but offered no proposition. Some other friends were sent for. They also slipped noiselessly out of the ball-room. They were Louis d'Argennes and Colonel Alphonso Corse. They were bolder; they resolved on the murder of Balafre—nodded mutely to each other as they separated, and by different doors rejoined the dancers. How they danced that night, and smiled at their partners, and joked at supper! And so did the other guests. Among the rest the doomed Balafre distinguished himself by his gaiety and abandon.

The day was fixed for the twenty-third. Nor were warnings, as usual in such cases, wanting. One day a roll of paper was placed on Guise's plate at dinner. On it was written, "Be on your guard. There is a design against you." He contemptuously wrote, "They dare not," and threw the paper under the table. But Christmas was drawing near. Henry gave way to still wilder manifestations of religious austerity,—and on the night of the twenty-second, announced that on the following day he was going in pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Clery. In the morning of that day the Duke of Guise was to be murdered.

A certain Loignac had undertaken the task, and had engaged the services of another villain of the name of Larchant. The monks were removed privately from their cells in the roof, and replaced with the ordinary guards of the king, called the Forty-five, whom he had bought over to his design. Henry gave orders that he should be called at four o'clock. At that hour punctually, he rose,—as calmly, as unembarrassed as if he did not know of the dreadful thing that was to be done—and, candle in hand, went into the cabinet. Du Halde and Bellegarde, his valets-de-chambre were there already. Loignac soon arrives with nine of the guard, who had slipped down from the garret on tiptoe, but well armed. There, by the light of a solitary candle they receive their last instructions. And the king posts them himself in his own bedchamber, with orders to let no one out or in. He returns to the cabinet, without a change of muscle, or the least appearance of emotion; and sends down word to the Marshal d'Aumont to open the council of the day, at which Guise was to take his seat. He despatches Bellegarde at the same time with two chaplains into the oratory, commanding them to offer up their prayers for the success of an enterprise undertaken for the repose of the kingdom.

The weather was cold and sombre; a chilly rain was falling in torrents, when about half-

past eight o'clock the Duke of Guise went towards the council-chamber. There was a company of soldiers at the foot of the grand staircase. The duke, astonished at their appearance, asked the cause, and was put off with some frivolous excuse. He passed on. Larchant instantly planted soldiers on the steps; he then sent twenty more to the stair of the old cabinet. And at that moment Crillon ordered every door in the château to be closed. The bird was caught. On entering the chamber he found the cardinals of Vendôme and Guise; marshals d'Aumont, de Retz, and other gentlemen. The duke complained of the cold, and sat down near the fire; but the door immediately opened, and he was told the king was waiting for him in the cabinet. He rose at once, and saluting the meeting, gracefully drew his cloak round him, and disappeared. The door was instantly shut behind him. In the ante-room he found, to his surprise, the Forty-five. But he saluted them and passed on. He was just about to lift the curtain of the cabinet-door, when a soldier of the name of Montsery seized him by the arm and stabbed him with a poignard in the throat. "Help! treason!" cried the duke. Treason enough there was, but no help. The others assailed him with swords and daggers. The duke "gathering life's whole energy to die," resisted though unarmed. He knocked down one of his murderers and dragged the others after him in his effort to escape. For a moment he shook them off, and staggered—bleeding, blind, and weak—whither? to the chamber of the king! Here, with outstretched arms, open-mouthed, sunken-eyed, he fell at the feet of the bed, and exclaiming "Mon Dieu!—Misericorde!" lay stark and motionless.

The door of the cabinet at this moment opens. The king steals noiselessly out, and gazes, calm and unmoved, on the corpse. He orders all the papers to be secured, and slips back into the cabinet.

But there was another personage resident in the château to whom the news of this great event must be communicated. This was Catherine de Medicis; old, feeble, and confined to her bed with gout, but retaining all her taste for blood and treachery. The king goes into her room. "'Tis a noble stroke, my son," said the ancient tigress; "but have you foreseen the effects?" "Yes," replied the king. "I have provided for all." "The cloth's well cut," said the queen with a grim smile, "we must look to the sewing now."

The sewing was admirably strong. The adherents of the Guises were murdered in cold blood. The cardinal fell beneath the hands of common assassins, for the Forty-five were men of strong religious feelings, and would not stain their hands with the slaughter of a priest. The other enemies of the king were kept in dungeons in different parts of

the kingdom. It was a reign of terror, and all men looked only for safety to Henry of Navarre.

With kings and princes Blois had little to do after this. The Bourbons had no hereditary attachment to the place; and, having had a royal birth to boast of, and a royal murder, what more could a town expect? But its situation still continued as beautiful as ever; its hill as green, its skies as pure, its river as clear and winding. With a little alteration of a line of Horace, in praise of Baie, a native poet exclaims,

Nullus in orbe locus Blesis præluet amœnis.

A less classical enthusiast dwells upon the charm of its site, the Loire encircling it with a silver band; the towers of Chambord, on the left, rising majestically above the trees of the Forest of Boulogne; opposite, the eye rests on the dark tops of the woods of Russy; then, turning to the right, you see gentle elevations covered with vineyards and country-houses; and might still dream of pomp and chivalry if it were not for the long straight line you perceive running through the valley. Alas! it is the railway from Orleans to Bourdeaux—and pomp and chivalry are no more.

If I had time I could dwell on the later history of Blois; how it suffered during the revolution, and how it furnished its quota of heroes to build up the glory of Napoleon. Also how, when the return from Elba was first talked of, a corps of gallant loyalists was raised in defence of altar and crown; and how, on the day appointed for the first drill, a report was spread that Napoleon was already in Paris, and not a soul made his appearance on parade. Of these and many other things I might tell; but of what use to ransack the records of a town which even the railway can't restore; which rests on old recollections instead of present deeds; but has the best climate, the richest woods, and the sweetest grapes in France? If you are ever in Paris in the summer, take a return ticket by the Orleans line, and spend three days in old Blois.

CHIP.

THE LEGEND OF ARGIS.

ONE of the most curious and pathetic legends of Wallachia, tells of the foundation of the great metropolitan church of Argis.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Prince Niagoë, warring against the Turks, was on the eve of fighting a great battle, and went to the hermitage of a pious anchorite, before whom he made a vow that, if victorious, he would build on that very spot the most splendid temple that ever sought the rays of the sun. Consequently, it is supposed, his triumph was complete. The Ottomans were dispersed; and he had nothing

to do but to accomplish his promise. Princes are usually faithful in these kinds of undertakings. Niagoë had much wealth at his command, and knew of an able architect named Manoli. To him he entrusted the task of constructing the temple,—bidding him collect the best Greek, Arab, and Byzantine workmen. That solitary region was accordingly soon peopled with strangers. The forests began to retire, the flanks of the mountains were torn open; and the bears that looked in while passing down the long glades on the rugged ruins, became convinced that their occupation in that part of the world was gone for ever.

Manoli had set about his task with enthusiasm. There were day gangs and night gangs; so that the walls rose as if by magic.

Already the topmost pinnacle began to appear to the distant traveller over the surrounding trees, when suddenly the edifice sunk into the earth, and spread upon it in ruin. Manoli attributed this disaster to some defect in his plan, or to the too great haste with which it was carried out; and began again with more caution. But, no sooner had the building reached the former elevation than down it came again. Not one stone remained upon another. Manoli had confidence in his own talent, and was therefore convinced that some invisible power was determined to cross his purposes. He would have been inclined to give up the work altogether; but Niagoë had become furious. As usual in building enterprises, the expenses of the first construction exceeded the estimate by at least a half. To effect the second, the prince was obliged to sell the diamonds of his wife. His vow was costing him dear; but he dared not break it. The simpler course was to swear by his beard that Manoli should be decapitated, and all his workmen hanged, if the church were not finished by a given time.

Under these circumstances, Manoli went to consult the aged anchorite who had witnessed Prince Niagoë's vow, and asked him what was to be done. "Build again," was the reply, "and when the last stone is about to be placed, come to me, and by that time I may have found an expedient." Manoli accordingly, for the third time, laboured, and for the third time brought the church near perfection. Then he paused and went to the anchorite, who received him with a glare of horror such as he had never seen before, hurriedly interrupted his pious salutation, and said, in a strange unearthly voice, "Watch to-morrow from the pinnacle, and the first woman thou beholdest approaching from the east cause her to be taken, when she reaches the place of work, with whatever she may have in her arms, and walled up within one of the pillars of the church. Thus only will success crown thy efforts."

Manoli was a humane man; and his heart shrank within him at hearing this order.

But his own life, with that of many others, was at stake, and he went away from the cell sadly, determined to obey what he conceived to be a divine command. He was awakened next morning by the singing of the workmen, and climbed up immediately to the appointed place, when, shading his eyes from the low sun with his hand, he anxiously looked forth. Some time passed and no female form appeared. At length a slight figure was seen approaching down a glade, in the midst of a light mist, kindled into gold by the still slanting rays of the sun. Manoli was about to rejoice, when suddenly he recognised in the devoted victim his own young wife Uca,—his wife of two summers only, the mother of the boy whose smiles and even whose cries gladdened his heart, when he drew near home. He knelt down and prayed, with streaming eyes, that some obstacle might present itself to turn back her steps. He had scarcely concluded, when a huge dog rushed out from a thicket, overturned the basket of provisions which Uca was bringing for her husband, and forced her to go back to prepare a new meal.

Manoli rejoiced, and continued to look towards the silent and motionless east. Suddenly the form of a woman again appeared. He strained his eyes beneath his broad hard hand, leaning forward, so that he nearly toppled over, and to his dismay saw that it was Uca again. The good housewife had returned to her home, had replenished her basket, and was now not walking, but running, lest her husband might suffer by the delay. Manoli resorted to prayer once more; although he believed it was almost impious thus to strive with fate. This time a gaunt wolf stalked forth from beneath the trees, and Uca again fled back to her dwelling.

Manoli returned thanks in a passion of joy, and remained for the whole day still looking anxiously out. The sun had gone down beneath the long black horizon behind him; the trees had melted into a dim shadow; the course of the stream could no longer be traced; the flocks on the hill sides faded from sight, though their monotonous bleating and the shouting of the shepherds could still be heard. Manoli began to believe that the church was destined never to be finished, and resolved to share its destruction. Suddenly, near at hand, quite among the workmen, he beheld the indomitable Uca, with a third basket of provisions on one arm, and her babe upon the other. She looked around for her husband, eager to explain the causes of her delay and to justify herself. He was soon in her presence. Looking on, by the workmen's torches which were already lighted, she wondered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did not now shed many tears; for he believed that he was obeying the thrice-expressed will of Heaven. He kissed his wife tenderly, putting aside the hands of the little child, which endeavoured to clasp his neck—for

how could he have resisted that caress?—and then, in a loud husky voice, ordered the two victims to be enclosed in the central pillar of the great aisle. They wondered and murmured,—but they obeyed; and the shrieks of despair that thrilled at first through the darkness were soon drowned in the noise of hammers and chisels and pickaxes. Manoli looked sternly on until the pale face of his wife had disappeared; and then he went apart, and throwing himself on the ground, spent the night in despair, which no consolation came to visit.

Shortly afterwards, the church was finished, and all the country round came to shower praises on the architect. But some say envy, and some say injured affection, was on the watch. The most probable story is that the father of Uca, a master-workman, silently excited his comrades against Manoli. One day he had ascended to the highest tower to see that all was right, they drew away the ladder, and called out to him tauntingly to come down if he could. The unhappy man shrieked aloud, endeavouring to justify himself. He had obeyed the orders of Heaven, given through the anchorite of the cell. They replied that the anchorite had died the day before his last visit, and that he had been deluded by a fiend in human shape. His despair then became overwhelming. But love of life is strong. He was a great mechanic, and endeavoured, they say, to fabricate a pair of wings, by which he might fly down from that immense height. He dared not implore the succour of Heaven, and he leaped with mad courage. Down he came. The wings, shattered by the first shock, beat uselessly round him during that terrible dive. He was seen to descend like an arrow; and they say that the earth opened like water to receive him, and closed again over his head. The legend asserts that ever since, at the hour of midnight, a plaintive woman's voice is always heard murmuring through the church, imploring Manoli to release her and her child.

The present inhabitant of the ruined Argis has never heard these words; for he has never been present at the hour when they are uttered. But he knows that he can do so when he will. Meanwhile, he never wakes at midnight without offering up a prayer for the soul of poor Uca, and even for that of the unfortunate Manoli.

DOUBLE LIFE.

Man hath two lives; the one of patient toil,
Of ceaseless travail with the stubborn ground,
Of battling with the burly sea's turmoil,
With stubborn metals and the anvil's sound:
The other is a maze of vision'd things,
Infinitely fill'd up with shapes ideal;
Of gentle thoughts or wild imaginings,
Of shadeless bliss, or terrors grimly real,
And all the winged spirit may conceive
Of human happiness or heavenly wonder.
O, blest is he who best can interweave

This earthly toil with images sublime;
And dwell mid common things such glories under!
Most hapless he who wracks his weary time
In each apart, and rends these lives asunder.

THE LAND-SHARK.

In that wild region of mountains in Van Dieman's Land, called the Western Tier, which stretches north and south, over a large portion of that side of the island, and terminates only on the western coast, in high black precipices lashed by the booming billows of the ocean, two young men were travelling in the month of May, and lamenting that the fall of the year was about to put an end to their delightful wanderings. Through the long, light summer they had lived the life of nature and of freedom, which is the heaven of the hunter: and hunters they were, being naturalists—hunters of plants and of animals, not for the mere pleasure of destroying or devouring them, but to widen the realm, and enrich the life, of science. The spirit of the chase was their soul and their life's blood. To pursue their object over sea, and moor, and mountain; to seek out, discover, and make prize of something new and curious, was the dream of their existence. To rush impetuously upon some unknown thing, as the hunter rushes upon his noblest game, and to stand on mountain peak or in forest glen with waving caps, and exulting "juchhe!" as they stood before some beautiful object that never before gladdened the eye of naturalist, which yet had never found its name or its place in the books of the learned,—that was their glory and their reward. Young as they were, they had traversed many lands, in the frozen North, in the flowery South, in the vast and wonder-fraught realms of America: they had sailed on the Mississippi, the Amazon, and the Plate, and revelled in the exhaustless forests of Brazil. But here, at the antipodes, a Flora and a Fauna existed, exhibiting singular laws and modes of being, hitherto unknown to them. They had visited every quarter of the island, climbed the mountains, traced its shores, dived into the densest obscurity of its forests, and stretched themselves, when wearied, on the green banks of its streams, counting up and putting in order their acquisitions.

From day to day they drove their faithful packhorse before them, burdened with bundles of their gatherings and their supplies, or left him in some luxurious nook, while they ascended hills, or explored woods. With the lowering sun they lit their fire at the foot of some tree or crag, raised a screen of boughs from the night-dew and the wind, and over their homely supper sung the songs of the Fatherland—for they were Teutons—and slept. From time to time, they found warmest welcome in country-homes, where manly men and fair women had brought the refined tastes and intelligence of European life, to blend them with the peace and freshness of

a gracious southland nature. These happy and hospitable people almost invariably became their guides to new discoveries. With eagerest enthusiasm, men and women mounted their horses, and led the way to distant rock, river, mountain, or morass, where were to be found the peculiar productions of the district. And, for many a long year yet, will come back on their memories, snatches of romantic country, bits of solitary forest, the sounding shores of the ocean, the scalp of the naked hill overlooking worlds of woods, and illimitable sea, where the feathered hat and flying veil led the way,—or some bewitching face flushed like a rose at the presentation of some glorious new thing; or the manly form of the Tasmanian gentleman on his sure-footed steed, pioneered the track down the shelving declivity or across the rushing stream.

But now their travel drew to a close, for the year drew to a close. The myriad flowers had disappeared, except the crimson epacris, and a few other natives of sheltered glades; and they were on their way homewards, warned by rains, and winds, and sharp nights.

The scene in which they found themselves, was wild and remote from life. They had made their way up profoundly silent and spectral forests, along the banks of the Mersey, rank with most luxuriant vegetation, over steepest rocks, and through the grimmest outlets of precipitous ravines, and to the lofty table-lands of the Tier.

Their way was still through dreary forests, in the glades of which already lay patches of snow, where stringy bark-trees of such bulk and altitude still met their view as even, after all they had seen, awoke fresh astonishment. They were in search, as the evening came on wild and stormy, of a resting-place which they had occupied on a former occasion. It was a rude hut erected of boughs and bark, probably by bushrangers or convicts who had fled hither at some time when government was keen in its pursuit of them. It was raised against the face of a rock in a little green glen which bordered a mountain lake, whose dark deep waters increased the awe-inspiring gloom of the scene. Having reached it, they turned out their tired horse, and proceeded to kindle a fire in their hut. Fritz, the younger, obtained a bright blaze of dead leaves and twigs in the chimney, which dazzled their eyes by its sudden lustre, and then fetched the tears into them by filling the place with smoke. But presently the flame bore the damp air upwards in the chimney, and all became clear; and the active Fritz was not long in cultivating the fire into a generous glow. Around the wretched tenement were seats formed of posts driven into the ground supporting a rude framework of branches. These, covered with a mass of boughs and leaves of the gum-tree, were to constitute the

beds of the travellers, as they had done those of their unknown predecessors.

While Fritz was collecting this luxury, the professor, his companion, forgetting his learning and his early-won fame in the scientific world, drew from their baggage a small frying-pan, and a tin pan bearing the familiar name of a billy, and proceeded to slice a solid piece of ham into the frying-pan. Anon, there commenced a lusty frying and crackling over the fire. Fritz brought in the billy full of water, and set it to boil; and the place, with its two cheerful faces, and a very savoury smell floating through it, assumed a wondrously home-like aspect. Fritz, humming some favourite Studenten Lied, threw a handful of tea into the billy as it began to boil, set, on the nearest bed, tin pannikins and sugar, and the two comrades sate down to tea.

The wind roared, as if it would carry the struggling trees all away together. Fritz declared it was dark even now, and they mutually congratulated themselves on having reached this shelter while it could be seen. But hark! at the moment that they were setting about to enjoy themselves, the sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky ground caught their ear. At the same instant came the thump of a heavy whip or stick on the rude door, and a loud "Hillo! there, within!" Fritz started up, and, as he plucked open the hurdle, in stepped a tall man, stooping, as was needful, from the humility of the portal.

"What! Fritz? what, mein lieber Herr Professor?" exclaimed a tall, gentlemanly man, in dark green riding-coat and handsome jack-boots, vehemently, shaking the hands of the strangers. "Well, this is a surprise; though one ought not to be surprised to meet you in any savage spot. I saw a light here, to my great wonder, and determined to take refuge from the storm, though it were with bushranger or devil. Oh! what a night—dark as the lowest pit of Erebus, and with a suffocating wind, that sends the dead branches down about your ears in most perilous style. Had it not been for my faithful Jack, I must have given it up; but he tumbled along, courageously, over stock and stone."

"But what in the world," said the two naturalists, "leads you here, Doctor, in such a night? Sit down, and tell us all about it, over a pannikin of tea."

"But, first, my horse! Jack," exclaimed the doctor, who was the medical man from a township, some twenty miles distant; and, stepping out, he brought up his horse to the light of the door, took off his saddle, girthed his own rug round his smoking body, and hung to his nose a little bag of oats that he had carried with him. This done, the three friends sat down, and commenced an animated conversation which ran through the recent adventures of the two friends and the

doctor's too; who, it turned out, had been over the mountains to a new settlement, at a most urgent call to a sick man, and a proportionate fee.

"A case of life and death," said he, "and really almost of the same to the doctor. May the settlement flourish and set up its own surgeon; for I never wish to go there again. Fifty miles through these terrible ranges, on the edge of winter, is no trifle; one ought to make one's will before attempting it."

Here the doctor seeing his horse had finished his oats, jumped up, and little Fritz, with a flaming brand, took the animal to be company for the naturalist's horse, in the little sheltered glen, just by. Returned to the blazing fire, they once more blessed their stars for so opportune a shelter, drank pannikin after pannikin of tea, digested many a good slice of ham, and baked in luxurious content in the glow of the ample fire.

"This has been some robber's den, take my word for it," said the doctor. "Some desperate convict skulked here till he found means to get over to the other side, and the goldfields. But what times these are to those of our fathers in the island? The Musquito came down upon them with the enraged natives, and Michael Howe and his gang spread terror from the Tamar to the Derwent. There is a story—a wonderful one—told of those times, which few who hear it will believe; yet, it is quite true, and has been mentioned by West in his history of the colony.

"At the time when a heavy sum was offered for the capture of Howe, alive or dead, and when the desperate fellow was so hunted and laid wait for, that he was irritated to a state of deadly ferocity,—a convict happened to make his escape. He bolted to the woods in nothing but the bright yellow suit which the so-called canary-birds, the convicts, wear. He had made his way up the country, by venturing to approach shepherds and solitary stockmen, who were often of the class, and actuated by the fellow-feeling which makes 'wondrous kind.' From them he had procured damper enough to carry him on, and at length, arriving in the mountains, he encountered the celebrated bandit, at the head of a gang of his desperate followers.

"Eh, mate!" said Howe, "whither away?"

"To join the bushrangers," said the man; "I have made my escape."

"That won't pass, my friend," said Howe, pouncing savagely on the man. "This is a stale dodge;—won't do here; it has been tried too often. Rather tempting, eh?—that price on my head? But we've settled all that. The man that comes here, dies; and so all's safe. Mate, here's a choice for you;—we don't wish to be too arbitrary. The cutlass, the pistol, or the contents of this little vial;" producing one from his waistcoat-pocket.

"The poor fellow, thunderstruck with astonishment and terror, begged piteously for his life, protested over and over his innocence of any treason, and his desire to join them. In vain. The savage outlaw bade him cease his whining, and make his choice, or they would at once choose for him. The poor wretch selected the poison as the least appalling. They saw him swallow it off, wished him a comfortable doze, and disappeared in the wood. The potion began to take instantaneous effect. The man sank down, overcome with drowsiness, on a stump, and felt himself falling into an overpowering stupor. But the dose was too strong; it produced violent sickness, and the man, relieved, arose in a while, and marched on.

"After travelling some hours, taking, as well as he knew, a direction widely different from that of the bushrangers, to his own and their astonishment, he found himself once more crossing their path.

"What!" exclaimed they, 'are you not dead?'

"The man fell on his knees, and prayed vehemently for his life. It was useless. The choice of sword or pistol was again offered him, and as he continued to implore for mercy, crack went Howe's pistol, and the victim fell motionless on the ground.

"But he was not yet killed. After a time he recovered consciousness, felt the top of his head smarting and burning terrifically, and his eyes blinded by blood. But his bodily strength and feeling of soundness was wholly undiminished. He rose, wiped the blood from his eyes, washed his head at a pool, and found that the ball had merely grazed his skull. Binding up his head with his handkerchief, he once more set forward, trusting this time to steer clear of the merciless crew of bushrangers. But no such good fortune attended him. After marching some miles through a most laborious mountain-track in a deep inlet valley, he again saw to his horror the robber troop approaching. It was too late to conceal himself; they already saw him; and he heard distinctly the shout of wonder that they raised on perceiving him.

"What!" exclaimed the terrible Howe, 'still alive? Will neither poison nor bullet destroy thee? Why, thou art a cat-o'-mountain, with not nine, but any number of lives at the devil's need. Art thou man, or ghost, or fiend?'

"The poor wretch once more, and still more movingly, pleaded for his life.

"What had he done?" he asked. "He wanted only to join them, and he would be their slave, their fag, their pack-horse, their forlorn hope in any desperate cases—anything, so that they only let him live."

"Live!" exclaimed the barbarous leader; "live! Why, thou livest in spite of me! Neither fire nor physic harm thee! Nay, I would kill thee, if it were only to see what it takes to do it. I have a curiosity to know

whether thou can'st be killed, or whether thou art not the Wandering Jew, or Old Nick himself.' With these words, listening no more to the tears and entreaties of the man than if he had been a hyena, he devoted him to the infernal powers in familiar language, and, stabbing him with his cutlass, said 'Take that!'

"The man struggled violently on the ground for a few seconds, and then lay still on the sand.

"That's a settler, I think,' said the outlaw, whose hand had executed worse horrors than even that, since he had been hunted and bidden for by government; burning secluded families in their own huts at midnight, and making solitary travellers run a race for their lives as a mark for the rifles of his men. 'If the fellow comes to life again,' he said, coolly, 'I must get his secret, for it is very likely to be useful to me.' Wiping his cutlass, first on some long grass that he pulled up, and then on his coat-sleeve, he coolly marched away with his crew."

"And that certainly must have been a settler," said the professor.

"By no means," added the doctor. "After a time the convict returned to consciousness. Fearfully weak, he was tormented with a burning thirst; but was still alive. With much effort, and various faintings, he managed to crawl in the direction of a stream that ran riotously and sonorously down the rocky valley, and there quenched his burning thirst in the deliciously cold water. Again exhausted, he sank back on the bank; and would no doubt have perished, had not a stockman come in quest of stray cattle. He removed him to his hut, having first bound up the wound in his chest; and, after a long period of illness and debility, the man was once more well, and determined to return, and deliver himself up to the authorities at Hobart Town, where, you may be sure, his story and the confirmatory scars upon him, excited an immense sensation."

"But how could the man survive a thrust through the body?" said the professor, in amazement.

"It was a mere case of loss of blood," replied the doctor; "the weapon had luckily passed between the ribs without touching any vital part, and the man had swooned from agony and hæmorrhage."

"Horrid times!" ejaculated Fitz. "In those days of unnatural history, natural history, of course, was not. Only think of stumbling on Musquito or Howe, who may be called the Tasmanian Alexander the Great; for, literally—

'Thrice he fought his battles o'er,
And thrice he slew the slain.'

"Fie, Fritz!" said the doctor, laughing. "Yet, even in my early days, here I botanised and entomologised. And that was the sole cause of my encountering any danger, or being compelled to shed blood."

"To shed blood!" simultaneously exclaimed his hearers.

A serious cloud passed over the worthy doctor's features, and in a different tone he added—"Yes! In all my rough and solitary rides in this insular depôt of excited ruffians; in all my night wanderings, when called, as must be the case, to often distant abodes, in the very worst parts of the island; I have always found my profession and my errand an infallible safeguard. Whenever I have been stopped by outlawed fellows, whose very name and fame all over the island were a horror, to their demand of 'Who goes there?' my reply, 'The Doctor,' brought the instant rejoinder—"All right! Go, in God's name, doctor!" Nay, these very fellows have, on many an occasion, been my guides, conducting me by ways known only to themselves, confident that I would never betray them. To them I owe a knowledge of passes and short cuts through these hills that no man besides is acquainted with. I have often received refreshments from these fierce outcasts of humanity, when I was ready to faint with exhaustion; more than once I have even slept all night in their rude huts in the mountains, feeling the profoundest security in guards who had the repute of being destitute of all feelings but the most diabolical. I have attended them in their sickness or their wounds, and I have seen and heard revelations by the death-beds of robbers and murderers that would draw tears from a stone. Oh! if the world did but know what glorious faculties and feelings might be cultivated in youth, in the poorest and most abject of our population—toads and deformed reptiles as they afterwards appear to us, yet in whose heads and hearts God has originally deposited the precious jewel of a great and capable nature—many a man, who has come hither leprous with crime, and venomous as a trodden serpent, would have remained at home to adorn society, and to accelerate its progress towards higher knowledge and a nobler standard of opinion!"

"But what was the exception?"

"This: I had but little to do, and I made long rambles, devoting those attentions to insects which were not required by patients. In one of these, I entered a new township in a remote situation, and stopped for the night at an inn still but partly furnished. I observed that my bedroom had no lock, but that was too common to give me any concern. But, having deposited in this room when I had gone up, on entering, to wash my hands, a brace of pistols, and a small morocco case in which I carried my insects, I observed that these articles had been removed and replaced in a very different manner. I examined the pistols, and found, to my surprise, that they had been both unloaded, and that water had been poured into them. This gave me a strange sensation, and it occurred to me that my insect

case had been supposed to contain money, and that there was a design to rob me. It was too late to quit the house without notice, and without running greater risk outside than in the room itself. I carefully wiped dry and reloaded the pistols, drew with as little noise as possible a heavy chest of drawers against the door, and threw myself down in my clothes, anxiously waiting for the anticipated attack. It came. About midnight, I heard something at the door—force applied to push back the obstruction. My candle had burnt out; but I exclaimed, 'Who's there?'

"'Oh! are you awake?' said a man's voice, which I supposed that of the landlord; 'I want to come in for some bed linen in the drawers—a guest has just arrived, and we can't do without it.'

"I told him nobody should come in on any account till morning. The man swore that he must and would, and proceeded to push violently at the door. On this I started up and cried, 'Desist! or take the consequences; whoever comes in here is a dead man!' But the man—and he was a huge, brawny fellow—swore dreadful oaths that he would come in; and, as he furiously thrust open the door, I fired."

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the two German gentlemen, recurring in their excitement to their native tongue, though they usually spoke English like Englishmen.

"Yes," continued the doctor; "he fell, I heard a groan. I could see nothing, but I heard a great running on the stairs, and low, suppressed exclamations of horror, and whisperings. Then all was still, and I remained in a condition which you may imagine, till morning. No one came near the chamber. At daybreak I pushed away the drawers, looked out, expecting to see a frightful stain of blood, but all was clean—the floor had been carefully scoured."

"I descended. There was no one to be seen but a girl, who looked at me with a sort of stupid wonder. I asked what I owed, paid it to her, and walked away. No one appeared to oppose or to question me. It seemed all like a horrible dream. As I ascended the village, a man began tolling a bell which hung in a tree by a new wooden chapel. I asked what that meant."

"'It is the passing-bell,' said the man, 'for the landlord down yonder, who died suddenly in the night.'

"The words struck me like an actual blow; I went on—no one pursued me—no one ever afterwards spoke or seemed to know of the affair. A short time ago I was in that neighbourhood. The place is become a great town; a new family is in the inn, which is one of extensive business. I ventured to ask if such a tradition did not exist? No one had heard a syllable about it."

"You had a narrow escape, doctor," said his wondering friends.

"Ay; and what would I now give if I had not told that dishonest landlord that I had discovered his trick, and that my pistols were once more loaded. It was his conviction that they were empty which made him secure."

"No doubt of it," replied the professor, "and enabled you to rid the country of a monster who would have victimised others if he even failed with you."

"That is my only comfort," said the doctor musingly; "but we must soon to bed, and before I can do that, I must relieve my mind of another scene, which I can only effect by giving it words, and thus insure my sleep. I have just witnessed the end of one of those extraordinary criminals which it requires the air of Europe and that of new colonies combined, to produce."

"What criminal can that be?" asked the naturalists, their attention excited by the expectation of some novelty in their own region of inquiry.

"It is the land-shark," said the doctor.

"The land-shark!" said the eager expectants, laughing; "that must be a *lusus naturæ*, a nondescript, indeed."

"No," replied the doctor; "it is a creature well known, accurately described and classified, no sport of nature, but the offspring of colonial life and of the spirit of modern Europe. You have seen the Tasmanian devil—a furious beast that will devour its own species when wounded. The land-shark is even a worse devourer of his kind. You have seen how horses here will paw up and devour earth on which salt has been spilled?"

"Yes," said Fritz, merrily; "I know that to my cost; for many a time have I had to rise and rush forth in the night and, undressed, chase away into the bush wretched horses who were champing, and pawing, and snorting close to our tent, where our host had poured out the salt water from pickled beef."

"Well," continued the doctor, "the land-shark swallows up earth by acres and leagues; the wehr-wolf of Scandinavian legends never had such a capacity for the marvellous in deglutition. Australia has produced no lion, tiger, grizzly bear, or such ferocious monsters, but it has produced the land-shark, and that is a monstium horrendum worse than all of them put together. It is worse, because it wears the shape of a man; and, with a face as innocent, as meek, and placid as a manticorn or a syren, takes shelter under human laws. In a word, a land-shark is a thing which combines all the attributes of the incubus, the cannibal, the vampyre, and the choke-damp. Where it lives nobody else can live. It is the upas-tree become animated and, walking over the southern world like a new Frankenstein, producing stagnation, distortion, death-in-life, and desolation wherever it arrives. It is the regreter and forestaller

of the old world, against whose inhuman practice so many statutes have been enacted, thus turned up as the opponent of Providence in a new sphere. It is the meal-worm of the shop converted by what it feeds on into the hungry caterpillar of these lands.

"I have to-day stood by the death-bed of a primate of this class. Peter Stonecrop was one of the earliest inhabitants of this colony, and his death will make a sensation. Of his beginning, which must have been tolerably obscure, I know nothing; but he was an illiterate man, and sordid from the first known of him. He got a large grant of land here, when grants were going as freely as the winds or the clouds. He never cultivated it. He bought more land—cheap, dog cheap—but he never cultivated it. What he got he kept, for he spent nothing. A hut scarcely fit for a labourer was his sole abode. He never could afford to marry. He was in this respect more penurious than Long Clarke, a congener, and the prince of land-sharks.

"Peter Stonecrop is little behind his celebrated chief, I mean in accumulation of lands. Though to-day he possesses but some six feet of earth, yesterday he was lord of fifty thousand acres. In one respect his influence has been more mischievous than Clarke's; for he has contrived to pitch, with a singular foresight, on a whole host of places that must, in the nature of things, become populous and influential. Where a port was needed, they had to repurchase the site from Stonecrop, at cent. per cent. cost. Where a town should spring up, the purchases of Stonecrop stood in the way, and turned the tide of building into a far worse position. Where families longed to settle, and saw in imagination fertile farms and happy homes, Stonecrop had put his hand on the waste, and a waste it remained. Thus have this man and his congeners, gone on obstructing settlement, distorting progress, pushing back from the warm sunshine of existence thousands of human creatures, because there was no place for them in the new and beautiful lands which God has revealed to the deserving uses of crowded Europe. Imagine Battery Point, in Hobart Town, with its magnificent situation on the estuary, and in the very centre of the new metropolis, being bought by the father of the present excellent termode for eight hundred pounds. Imagine what it is worth now, with its sites, its buildings, its capabilities, nay, its necessities—every foot of earth precious as so much gold-dust. It is such startling, prominent, exciting spectacles, that have created the tribe of voracious, yet indigesting land-sharks. But it is in Victoria that the race and the mischief have at length culminated. There, the in-rushing torrents of gold-seekers have found the squatter and the land-shark in a coalition terrible as an antarctic frost. What the one was reluctantly compelled to let go, the other seized. The land-shark was before the population, but

certain of its arrival, purchasing up large tracts when they were to be had. Wherever the government offered modicums of land to the clamorous public, the land-shark was there, and outbid them, because he could wait, and knew that the higher the pressure of population the higher the price. You are no strangers to the outcries on that side the Straits for land; the indignant remonstrance and the reflux of despairing emigrants from those fair and fertile shores, where the squatter and the land-shark reign—the lords of a monopoly that amazes all wise men, and fills the valleys and prairies of America with millions on millions of people meant by Providence for the planters and forefathers of a glorious England of the south. You will yet hear, if this unholy alliance be not speedily cancelled, of woful tempests of vainly repressed passion, and melancholy chronicles of bloodshed.

"Adelaide is the only Australian colony which, warned by the vicinity of the prowling monster, has guarded against him, and has offered to the small capitalist the opportunity of securing small farms; and it has seen its reward in a numerous, increasing, thriving, and happy rural population, capable already of sending out surplus produce to the incubus-ridden Victoria. But to my man.

"Peter Stonecrop was one of my very first patients, and he taught me one of my earliest lessons of caution. He came to me with a violent inflammation of the pleura. He doubtless selected me, as a young, and, as he hoped, a cheap practitioner. He actually passed on his way a much nearer and very able medical man, and in agonies which nothing but the intensest avarice could have enabled him to endure, arrived at my door. Any other individual would have sent for a medical man to come to him, but his penurious soul would not allow him such a luxury. I opened my door, and saw him seated on a white, bony steed. I involuntarily thought of Death upon the pale horse; such was his ghastly and tortured aspect.

"I took him in, doctored, nursed, and kept him for a month. As he grew nearly well, he began to talk to me of my practice and prospects. Said he knew it was anxious and up-hill work for a young man in a new place. I candidly confessed it was, and he sympathised—as I thought, feelingly—with me. He frequently shook his head seriously, muttered, 'Yes; hard work, very hard work; but we must help one another. My good doctor, let me know what I owe you. You've been very kind to me, and I hope I shall show myself sensible of it.'

"My impression was that he meant to make me some handsome present—something correspondent to his ample fortune, and the services I had rendered him. I therefore was careful to charge him as moderately as possible. I felt bound to rely on his generosity. He took his bill, paid me exactly to the far-

thing, called for his horse, and rode off. The land-shark and the miser are one.

"Twenty years have flown since then. Old age has only bent his iron frame nearer to the earth which held his soul. If ever there was a thing of the earth, earthy, it was Stonecrop. Like Mammon;

'The least erected spirit that fell

From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts

Were always downward bent;'

Stonecrop seemed only to see the earth. and be anxious of its existence. Whether he ever saw the sky, with its translucent and inspiring universe of suns and worlds, is doubtful, but certainly it never suggested to him vast colonies of spiritual life, and all the sublime thoughts that claim for us kinship with the infinite. From time to time sad stories of hard dealings and oppressive acts towards widows and orphans, over whose property he had extended his mortgage net, reached the public, and of wondrous sums of money, of no more real use to him than so many oyster-shells. From the day that I restored him to a worthless life, he never came again under my hands, and never did me the slightest kindness.

"Yet, the other day came a messenger with hot haste to call me to him. Stonecrop, he said, was dying, or feared so. A new settlement was laid out on the western coast, the vultures of speculation had already flocked there, and Stonecrop was put in the field. He had pounced on various lots just when an acute surveyor should have reserved them for the public. He had possessed himself of the only site for quays and wharves, for the erection of a church, and for the supply of spring water. He had managed to monopolise woodlands, just where their magnificent timber was at hand for exportation. If they wanted a market, they must re-buy it of him.

"From what the man could tell me, I perceived that the very complaint of which I had formerly relieved him, had seized him once more in his old age. I believed his time was come, but I did not feel justified in refusing his call under such solemn circumstances, where no other aid was to be got; I resolved, however, to make a stand for some fair remuneration this time. When the messenger saw I hesitated to undertake the journey, he pulled from his pocket an open note. It was in Stonecrop's own scraggy, scrambling hand, now almost illegible from feebleness; but it offered large terms, which showed that he doubted of my coming. I wrote at the foot of the note that I accepted them, and made the messenger witness it. We went.

"When we descended into this new township it was evening, almost dark, and there was a fog so thick that as my guide said, 'you might almost hang your hat up on it.' We made our way through roads of mire a yard deep, ploughed up by bullock-teams;

and piles of sawn timber, and trunks of felled trees, amongst blazing fires that blinded us, when near, and which gave us no help at a distance for the dense haze. In the midst of all the indescribable confusion, discomfort, and ugliness of such a nascent settlement, we found our great man, domiciled in a mere shed, which had been erected by some sawyers. There he had cooked for himself; and, if one might jest on such a subject, had literally taken in and done for himself. The dampness of that low, hollow spot, and the incessant rains had again produced a pleurisy.

"A kind-hearted woman, the wife of a drayman just by, had gone in at his cries, and nursed him to the best of her ability. She described his agonies and moans as having been terrible; and when I said, 'but he is still now;,' she gave a look full of meaning, and said:

"Yes, and to my thinking will soon be stiller."

"I went in. A candle burnt on a deal box, besides the bedstead, the only furniture of the hut. The wretched man lay wide awake, watching with a keen look the doorway, and as I advanced, he lifted up his right hand, and said—

"That's you, doctor; but I'm better, we were in too great a hurry. You'll consider that, eh?"

"You are better, you think?"

"O, much better! my pains are gone. They were shocking, shocking. If I could but move my legs—but they seem to be bad. Yet what can ail them? I am better, much better."

"During this time I was feeling his pulse. He watched me with a look which betrayed a far deeper anxiety than his words would indicate. I put down his arm quietly, and sat in solemn silence on a rude stool, which the woman brought me to his bedside.

"You think me better, doctor, don't you?" said the wasted old man with a ghastly and eager look. "You must think so, I am so easy now."

"Mr. Stonecrop," I said, in a tone to prepare him as well as I could for the truth. "You are now an old man, and no circumstance should take you by surprise, especially where it concerns your most important affairs. You are easy; thank God for it; but don't calculate upon that as delaying the crisis at which we must all arrive. I cannot flatter you with hopes of recovery."

"The thin, prominent features of the dying man, which looked wan and bloodless before, at these words grew livid. His eyes glared on me with a fearful expression, their white gleaming with a strange largeness and glaziness. He clutched me by the sleeve with his big, bony hand, which yet seemed to retain an iron grasp.

"But you don't think I shall die soon? Not for some days, weeks, months? No, no, I cannot die. I have so much to do."

"Let me speak plainly to you," I added. "If you have so much to do, you have little time to do it in. Your hours, nay your minutes, are numbered."

"At these words, he lay for a few moments, as if stunned. Then, dragging hard at my sleeve, he exclaimed, in a fearful, gasping voice, between a screech and a whisper—

"No, no, doctor, you must not say that! You won't say that! Save me! Save me! and take half my land."

"Not all the land on earth," I said, "could save you for a second beyond the two short hours that the progress of your disease has marked out for you."

"But you must save me, doctor. You can do it; you did it before. Think what I have to do; what affairs I have unsettled; and that Widow Tredgold, who prayed that I might never see her mortgaged fields again. What won't she say? A judgment she'll call it. No, no, doctor, save me! Say but the word, and I'll forgive the widow all. And those Hexham's children—they, too—them, too! O Lord! O Lord! who would have to do with widows and orphans! A man has no chance. There is no driving a bargain with them with any comfort—only trouble, trouble, trouble! But let them do just as they like. Doctor, say the word, and I'll build a church here. They'll want one. Say it at once, doctor. I can't die, for I have so much—so very much to do!"

"Have you made your will?"

"No—yes, I once did. I left my nephew the land, and my two nieces the houses and the money. But it would not do. When I looked on my lands they seemed no longer mine. These, I said, are Tom's; and when I looked at the houses and securities, these, I said, are Mary's and Jane's. No, no; they were no longer mine. I could not feel them mine, and I tore up the will."

"You must make another."

"Yes, yes, doctor—you'll give me time for that? Oh, I have much—so very much to do!"

"I gave the woman instructions to fetch in pen and paper, quickly; but such things are not soon procured in such a spot. When she was gone, I added: 'And your Maker, who has crowned you with so much of his wealth, how stand your preparations with him?'

"Time enough for that, doctor. Let us make the will first. That's the first thing—that must be done first."

"He endeavoured to turn himself, as if to be ready to dictate; but sudden spasms seized him; he gasped for breath; clutched convulsively my sleeve; groaned, his head fell back, and with a deep sigh, saying half-audibly, 'I have so much—to do!' the days of the great owner of many lands were over. The shrewd foreseer of events, the sagacious speculator, the keen safe bargainer, died, with his chief work unaccomplished—the grand bargain of existence unsecured!"

"It has required the sharp ride of to-day, over rock, and stone, and fallen trunk, up steep jagged acclivities, and over many a mile of dark mountain forest, amid the moaning winds and the snapping boughs, to dissipate the black impression of that death-bed. But now for a sleep!"

The three friends threw themselves on their hard couches; and, at break of day, were travelling through a region of magnificent mountains, with a bright sun beaming above them amid flying clouds, towards the hospitable home of the accomplished and popular *Æsculapius*.

A ZOOLOGICAL AUCTION.

WE have been present at auctions of many kinds; we have seen a single gold coin the size of a five-shilling piece sold for two hundred and sixty-five pounds. We have seen a fossil sprat sold for as many sovereigns as it had ribs; and we have seen an ardent conchologist give a fabulous sum for one single shell, and having obtained it, then and there crush it under his foot, in order that the specimen of this peculiar shell, in his cabinet at home, should still remain the only representative of the species known to exist; but we were never present at an auction which amused us so much as that held at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, the twenty-seventh of November last, when the whole collection of animals belonging to that establishment were brought to the hammer.

On the south side of London, zoology, it would appear, is on the decline—music and dancing in the ascendant; for the idea of the proprietor is, having got rid of all his live stock, to build a very large concert-room, capable of holding ten thousand persons, in which M. Jullien and his celebrated band are to give promenade concerts, &c.

It was a dull misty morning when we entered the gardens, some few minutes after the sale had commenced, and they looked the picture of wretchedness. The model of Sebastopol, whose cannon last summer thundered simultaneously with the cannon of its prototype far away in the Crimea, was now silent; the wooden Zouave and the wooden guardsman, wearied with the long siege, were standing at anything but 'tention; what the Allies had done for the real Sebastopol, the elements had done for its model—all was ruin and desolation.

Not far from Sebastopol was the auction going on; the head of Mr. Stevens the auctioneer formed a centre round which the crowd was collected. "Eight shillings for a wax-bill and two cut-throat sparrows. Yours, sir," were the first words that met our ears. "A paradise grakel—nine shillings—thank you, sir. The next lot—a red and yellow macaw. No. There is some mistake—a yellow and blue macaw. What shall we say for this fine bird, gentlemen? Three pounds five—

you have a bargain, sir. A sulphur-crested cockatoo—two guineas—mind your fingers, sir; that lot is spiteful. The next lot—an armadillo—what shall I say for the armadillo, gentlemen? Ten shillings?—thirty?—yes, that's more like its value. A pair of flying squirrels—one pound—cheap as things go. Now for the snakes." There were only five snakes for sale, and these all boa-constrictors; one came from South America, the others all from India. The Yankee was bought for five guineas, the others at prices varying from two to four pounds.

The sale was a peripatetic one, and the auctioneer, having descended from his chair, we all followed submissively a man, who carried the chair in one hand and rang a bell with the other. Suddenly the bell ceased; the chair was pitched opposite the aviary, and business began again.

During our short walk we had time to look about us at the company. There were about five hundred people present, who consisted of regular animal-dealers (very properly represented by Mr. Jamrack of Rateliff Highway, the greatest animal merchant in the world), of proprietors of shows, both great and small, from the Messrs. Wombwell, who own not less than five travelling menageries, to your scantily clad man who owns the penny show, and who has just bought the smallest and the cheapest of the boa-constrictors, to be shown to gaping villagers at country fairs.

Then we noticed, as the morning papers say, many London bird-stuffers, who came to see if they could pick up something whereon to show their dexterity in taxidermy; also a deputation from the Regent's Park Gardens (now triumphant), as well as from the natural history department of the Crystal Palace. Lastly, many who, like ourselves, came to learn the value of an elephant or a lion. This crowd of naturalists, therefore, halted in front of the hawk's cage, the occupier of which was shortly sold for one pound seven shillings. Then came two Indian falcons, two pounds ten shillings each. Then, a pair of white (or rather whity-brown) storks,—they sold for sixteen shillings; but lately they were sold in Leadenhall Market at two shillings and sixpence each; so somebody was present who evidently did not know the value of storks. A black stork (being like another black bird well known to school-boys, a rare bird) brought two pounds six shillings. Then followed lot fifty-seven, a pelican, a very amiable, or else a very hungry bird, for he kept jabbering with his great bill at the numerous gloves held out to him, and endeavouring to swallow them. Here a spirited competition began, and the bird was at length knocked down for eighteen guineas. In Egypt, a friend informs me, he lately bought a much finer bird for two shillings, which makes me think seriously of speculating in pelicans. The reason why a

pelican sells well is, that he is a good show-bird, and a good attractor of pennies. He is probably at this time shut up in some small cage, inside a house upon wheels, never again to behold his native wilderness; or, according to the showman, his master, pluck blood from his breast to feed his young ones.

The raven (talks well) was not put up for sale. May-be he had talked his master into keeping him; for he was the only lot advertised that was not put up for sale, except an Indian leopard who had died since his name was put in print. Next came the monkeys. Great was the rush to the monkey-house, which was speedily filled, but as speedily emptied again; for Mr. Stevens wisely took up his position outside, under cover of the wooden guns of one of the Sebastopol batteries. But though the folks were so anxious to see the monkeys, they did not seem equally anxious to buy; for the biddings were few and far between. The first lot was a Rhesus monkey—a fine name for an ugly creature. He was sold for twelve shillings, as also were two more of a similar species. Then followed divers sorts of monkeys rejoicing in divers names, such as bonnet, green sooty, macague, et cetera; but none of them fetched more than ten shillings each; and one of the customers wanted Mr. Stevens to give him an organ into the bargain. Another wanted his monkey—a great savage Barbary ape—delivered immediately, which Mr. S. said he really could not undertake to do, but he would be happy to receive the money for him on the spot.

Lot eighty-three—a Russian cat—was looked forward to with anxiety by sundry persons present. But it turned out to be a very ordinary-looking cat, very like a common English black cat. Besides which, it was kept in a cage, which did not promise well for future domesticity by the fire-side of the enemies of its country: so it was sold for the sum of ten shillings.

It was getting cold, and we all ran off after the bell and the chair, to the opposite side of the gardens. Here, two jackals were the first sold—twenty-four shillings the two. Then a pair of porcupines—good show animals again—eight pounds fifteen shillings. Then an Indian goat, one four-horned sheep, and one Indian sheep—only two guineas the three; cheap, at that rate, even as mutton. Then followed a red hind (who nearly devoured our catalogue while we were looking another way), for two pounds ten shillings. Then followed the sale of six eagles, namely, two golden eagles, a wedge-tailed eagle, a sea eagle, and two from Chili. These sold at prices varying from two pounds to thirteen shillings; and some of the lot, if I mistake not, are by this time full of hay and tow, with glass eyes in their heads.

Now came the five bears,—the first one certainly as fine a specimen of a brown bear as we ever saw, sold for only six

pounds six shillings. The next, also a brown bear, nearly as big, for five pounds. The other two for four pounds, and four pounds ten shillings. Poor things! They also, by this time, are probably defunct; for they were all bought by an eminent hair-dresser in the city.

Shortly afterwards, a hair-dresser with whom we were talking on this subject informed us that some years ago, there was a man in London, who did a good trade in bear's grease, and all with one bear—which one bear he killed three times a week. He kept the bear in an area, where he could be plainly seen by the passers by. At the appointed day the bear was made to retire from the area, and shortly afterwards, were heard the most dreadful yells and roarings, followed by groans as of the poor bear in the agonies of death at last. All was over and the bear's cage was brought out, apparently empty, and taken off to the docks, as the crowd were duly informed. The next morning another bear was brought back from the docks, and deposited in the area, in his turn to be killed, and so on. But the truth was at last discovered. There was a certain Jew fishmonger, who went by the name of Leather-mouthed Jim, on account of his tremendously powerful voice. This man was hired on bear-killing days to produce the roars and groans of the dying animal, which he did with wonderful accuracy. On one unfortunate day, the hair-dresser would not give the accustomed fee of five shillings. Leather-mouthed Jim immediately told the whole conceit, and the hair-dresser was obliged to shut up his shop.

After the sale of the bears came a hybrid (between a zebra and wild ass), this spiteful brute sold for eight pounds, he was formerly the property of Lord Derby, and when brought up per train from that sale kicked the horse-box to pieces and did ten pounds worth of damage, so that he is dear at any price. A fine ostrich sold for twenty-seven pounds, and a nyghau for nine pounds, both fair prices. Then came the lions and tigers. The first, a fine tigress, sold for seventy-nine

guineas, not her value. The second, a very fine lion, for two hundred guineas; just as the hammer was going down this noble brute stood upright in his den, and looking sternly at the crowd gave a roar of indignation, a fine study for an artist.

The evening was now drawing in, but the people did not seem to show signs of impatience, as the elephant and larger animals remained. "Next we will proceed to the elephant," exclaimed Mr. S. The folding doors opened, and gently led by his keeper, the elephant came forth; sad and demure the poor beast looked, never again to draw his cart full of happy, smiling children round the gravel walks of the Surrey Gardens, receiving biscuit contributions from his young employers.

"Trot him out," cried a bidder, as two hundred guineas were bid.

"By your leave," cries the keeper. The crowd cleared away, and the elephant made a sort of a mock trot; his price went up in the market immediately, and he was finally knocked down to Mr. Batty, the circus proprietor, for three hundred and twenty guineas. He will, therefore, be destined to a life of gas-light and saw-dust in the theatre, instead of breathing the fresh air, and parading the grounds of the Regent's Park Gardens, the managers of which we understood were anxious to buy him.

After the elephant came the camels, male and female; being stupid, they looked stupid. Nevertheless, the male was knocked down for sixty-two pounds, the female for fifty pounds, to Mr. Edmunds, late of Wombwell's concern. Lastly, came the giraffe. It was too cold for him to come out, and his house was not big enough to hold the good folks present, so that while he was pacing his stall in solitude, the figures two hundred and fifty pounds were put down opposite his name on the catalogue outside. We have been informed on the best authority that the only animals bought in, were the giraffe and the lions, and that the remainder of the animals realised very fair prices in general.

THE END OF VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

THE HOLLY-TREE INN.

BEING THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF **HOUSEHOLD WORDS.**

CONDUCTED BY **CHARLES DICKENS.**

CONTAINING THE AMOUNT OF ONE NUMBER AND A HALF.

CHRISTMAS, 1855.

Price
3d.

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THE GUEST.

I HAVE kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody ever does suppose it, nobody ever did suppose it. But, I am naturally a bashful man. This is the secret which I have never breathed until now.

I might greatly move the reader, by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, the innumerable people I have not called upon or received, the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am by original constitution and character, a bashful man. But, I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object before me.

That object is, to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertainment for man and beast, I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted for ever from Angela Leath whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. From our school days I had freely admitted Edwin, in my own mind, to be far superior to myself, and, though I was grievously wounded at heart, I felt the preference to be natural, and tried to forgive them both. It was under these circumstances that I resolved to go to America—on my way to the Devil.

Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgiveness, which the steam-tender for shore should carry to the post when I myself should be bound for the New World, far beyond recall;—I say, locking up my grief in my own breast, and consoling myself as I could, with the prospect of being generous, I quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

The dead winter-time was in full dreari-

ness when I left my chambers for ever, at five o'clock in the morning. I had shaved by candle-light, of course, and was miserably cold, and experienced that general all-pervading sensation of getting up to be hanged, which I have usually found inseparable from untimely rising under such circumstances.

How well I remember the forlorn aspect of Fleet Street when I came out of the Temple! The street-lamps flickering in the gusty north-east wind, as if the very gas were contorted with cold; the white-topped houses; the bleak, star-lighted sky; the market people and other early stragglers, trotting, to circulate their almost frozen blood; the hospitable light and warmth of the few coffee-shops and public-houses that were open for such customers; the hard, dry, frosty rime with which the air was charged (the wind had already beaten it into every crevice), and which lashed my face like a steel whip.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The Post-office packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month, and I had the intervening time on my hands. I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot (which I need not name), on the further borders of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a farmhouse in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry leave of it before my expatriation. I ought to explain, that to avoid being sought out before my resolution should have been rendered irrevocable by being carried into full effect, I had written to Angela overnight, in my usual manner, lamenting that urgent business—of which she should know all particulars by-and-by—took me unexpectedly away from her for a week or ten days.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stage-coaches; which I occasionally find myself, in

common with some other people, affecting to lament now, but which everybody dreaded as a very serious penance then. I had secured the box-seat on the fastest of these; and my business in Fleet Street was, to get into a cab with my portmanteau, so to make the best of my way to the Peacock at Islington, where I was to join this coach. But, when one of our Temple watchmen who carried my portmanteau into Fleet Street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in the night and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, Whether the box-seat would not be likely to put a sudden and a frosty end to my unhappiness? I was heart-broken, it is true, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen to death.

When I got up to the Peacock—where I found everybody drinking hot purl in self-preservation—I asked, if there were an inside seat to spare? I then discovered that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well. However, I took a little purl (which I found uncommonly good), and got into the coach. When I was seated, they built me up with straw to the waist, and, conscious of making a rather ridiculous appearance, I began my journey.

It was still dark when we left the Peacock. For a little while, pale uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up, high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and grey. The roads, the trees, thatched roofs of cottages and homesteads, the ricks in farmers' yards. Out-door work was abandoned, horse-troughs at roadside Inns were frozen hard, no stragglers lounged about, doors were close shut, little turnpike-houses had blazing fires inside, and children (even turnpike-people have children, and seem to like them), rubbed the frost from the little panes of glass with their chubby arms, that their bright eyes might catch a glimpse of the solitary coach going by. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but, I know that we were changing horses somewhere when I heard the guard remark, "That the old lady up in the sky was picking her geese pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out as a lonely traveller does. I was warm and valiant after eating and drinking—particularly after dinner; cold and depressed at all other times. I was always bewildered as to time and place, and always more or less out of my

senses. The coach and horses seemed to execute in chorus, Auld Lang Syne, without a moment's intermission. They kept the time and tune with the greatest regularity, and rose into the swell at the beginning of the Refrain, with a precision that worried me to death. While we changed horses, the guard and coachman went stumping up and down the road, printing off their shoes in the snow, and poured so much liquid consolation into themselves without being any the worse for it, that I began to confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places, and we got them up—which was the pleasantest variety I had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing. All night long, we went on in this manner. Thus, we came round the clock, upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Auld Lang Syne by day again. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

I forget now, where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but, I know that we were scores of miles behindhand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one; instead of having fences and hedgerows to guide us, we went crunching on, over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sink beneath us at any moment and drop us down a whole hill-side. Still, the coachman and guard—who kept together on the box, always in council, and looking well about them—made out the track with astonishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, it looked, to my fancy, like a large drawing on a slate, with abundance of slate-pencil expended on the churches and houses where the snow lay thickest. When we came within a town, and found the church clocks all stopped, the dial-faces choked with snow, and the Inn-signs blotted out, it seemed as if the whole place were overgrown with white moss. As to the coach, it was a mere snowball; similarly, the men and boys who ran along beside us to the town's end, turning our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us, was a snowy Sahara. One would have thought this enough; notwithstanding which, I pledge my word that it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing, out of towns and villages, but the track of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my

drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute: "What Inn is this?"

"The Holly-Tree, sir," said he.

"Upon my word, I believe," said I, apologetically to the guard and coachman, "that I must stop here."

Now, the landlord, and the landlady, and the ostler, and the postboy, and all the stable authorities, had already asked the coachman, to the wide-eyed interest of all the rest of the establishment, if he meant to go on? The coachman had already replied, "Yes, he'd take her through it"—meaning by Her, the coach—"if so be as George would stand by him." George was the guard, and he had already sworn that he *would* stand by him. So, the helpers were already getting the horses out.

My declaring myself beaten, after this parley, was not an announcement without preparation. Indeed, but for the way to the announcement being smoothed by the parley, I more than doubt whether, as an innately bashful man, I should have had the confidence to make it. As it was, it received the approval, even of the guard and coachman. Therefore, with many confirmations of my inclining, and many remarks from one bystander to another, that the gentleman could go for'ard by the mail to-morrow, whereas to-night he would only be froze, and where was the good of a gentleman being froze—ah, let alone buried alive (which latter clause was added by a humorous helper as a joke at my expense, and was extremely well received), I saw my portmanteau got out stiff, like a frozen body; did the handsome thing by the guard and coachman; wished them good night and a prosperous journey; and, a little ashamed of myself after all, for leaving them to fight it out alone, followed the landlord, landlady, and waiter of the Holly-Tree, up-stairs.

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark red curtains that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose), engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me, roasting whole before an immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase, at the end of a long gallery; and nobody knows what a misery this is to a bashful man who would rather not meet people on the stairs. It was the

grimmiest room I have ever had the nightmare in; and all the furniture, from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull; if I stuck to my arm-chair, the fire scorched me to the colour of a new brick. The chimney-piece was very high, and there was a bad glass—what I may call a wavy glass—above it, which, when I stood up, just showed me my anterior phrenological developments—and these never look well, in any subject, cut short off at the eyebrow. If I stood with my back to the fire, a gloomy vault of darkness above and beyond the screen insisted on being looked at; and, in its dim remoteness, the drapery of the ten curtains of the five windows went twisting and creeping about, like a nest of gigantic worms.

I suppose that what I observe in myself must be observed by some other men of similar character in *themselves*; therefore I am emboldened to mention, that when I travel, I never arrive at a place but I immediately want to go away from it. Before I had finished my supper of broiled fowl and mulled port, I had impressed upon the waiter in detail, my arrangements for departure in the morning. Breakfast and bill at eight. Fly at nine. Two horses, or, if needful, even four.

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. In cases of nightmare, I thought of Angela, and felt more depressed than ever by the reflection that I was on the shortest road to Gretna Green. What had I to do with Gretna Green? I was not going *that* way to the Devil, but by the American route, I remarked, in my bitterness.

In the morning I found that it was snowing still, that it had snowed all night, and that I was snowed up. Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by laborers from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree, nobody could tell me.

It was now Christmas Eve. I should have had a dismal Christmas-time of it anywhere, and, consequently, that did not so much matter; still, being snowed up, was, like dying of frost, a thing I had not bargained for. I felt very lonely. Yet I could no more have proposed to the landlord and landlady to admit me to their society (though I should have liked it very much), than I could have asked them to present me with a piece of plate. Here my great secret, the real bashfulness of my character, is to be observed. Like most bashful men, I judge of other people as if they were bashful too. Besides being far too shame-faced to make the proposal myself, I really had a delicate misgiving that it would be in the last degree disconcerting to them.

Trying to settle down, therefore, in my solitude, I first of all asked what books there were in the house? The waiter brought me a Book of Roads, two or three old Newspapers, a little Song-book terminating in a collection of Toasts and Sentiments, a little Jest-book, an odd volume of *Peregrine Pickle*, and the *Sentimental Journey*. I knew every word of the two last already, but I read them through again; then tried to hum all the songs (*Auld Lang Syne* was among them); went entirely through the jokes—in which I found a fund of melancholy adapted to my state of mind; proposed all the toasts, enunciated all the sentiments, and mastered the papers. The latter had nothing in them but Stock advertisements, a meeting about a county rate, and a highway robbery. As I am a greedy reader, I could not make this supply hold out until night; it was exhausted by tea-time. Being then entirely cast upon my own resources, I got through an hour in considering what to do next. Ultimately, it came into my head (from which I was anxious by any means to exclude Angela and Edwin), that I would endeavour to recall my experience of Inns, and would try how long it lasted me. I stirred the fire, moved my chair a little to one side of the screen—not daring to go far, for I knew the wind was waiting to make a rush at me—I could hear it growling—and began.

My first impressions of an Inn, dated from the Nursery; consequently, I went back to the Nursery for a starting-point, and found myself at the knee of a sallow woman with a fishy eye, an aquiline nose, and a green gown, whose speciality was a dismal narrative of a landlord by the roadside, whose visitors unaccountably disappeared for many years, until it was discovered that the pursuit of his life had been to convert them into pies. For the better devotion of himself to this branch of industry, he had constructed a secret door behind the head of the bed; and when the visitor (oppressed with pie), had fallen asleep, this wicked landlord would look softly in with a lamp in one hand and a knife in the other, would cut his throat, and would make him into pies; for which purpose he had coppers underneath a trap-door, always boiling; and rolled out his pastry in the dead of the night. Yet even he was not insensible to the stings of conscience, for he never went to sleep without being heard to mutter, "Too much pepper!"—which was eventually the cause of his being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, housebreaking; in the pursuit of which art he had had his right ear chopped off one night as he was burglariously getting in at a window, by a brave and lovely servant-maid (whom the aquiline-nosed woman, though not at all answering the description, always mysteriously implied to be herself). After several years, this brave and lovely servant-maid was married to the land-

lord of a country Inn: which landlord had this remarkable characteristic, that he always wore a silk nightcap, and never would, on any consideration, take it off. At last, one night, when he was fast asleep, the brave and lovely woman lifted up his silk nightcap on the right side, and found that he had no ear there; upon which, she sagaciously perceived that he was the clipped housebreaker, who had married her with the intention of putting her to death. She immediately heated the poker and terminated his career, for which she was taken to King George upon his throne, and received the compliments of royalty on her great discretion and valour. This same narrator, who had a Ghoulish pleasure, I have long been persuaded, in terrifying me to the utmost confines of my reason, had another authentic anecdote within her own experience, founded, I now believe, upon Raymond and Agnes or the Bleeding Nun. She said it happened to her brother-in-law, who was immensely rich—which my father was not; and immensely tall—which my father was not. It was always a point with this Ghoule to present my dearest relations and friends to my youthful mind, under circumstances of disparaging contrast. The brother-in-law was riding once, through a forest, on a magnificent horse (we had no magnificent horse at our house), attended by a favourite and valuable Newfoundland dog (we had no dog), when he found himself benighted, and came to an Inn. A dark woman opened the door, and he asked her if he could have a bed there? She answered yes, and put his horse in the stable, and took him into a room where there were two dark men. While he was at supper, a parrot in the room began to talk, saying, "Blood, blood! Wipe up the blood!" Upon which, one of the dark men wrung the parrot's neck, and said he was fond of roasted parrots, and he meant to have this one for breakfast in the morning. After eating and drinking heartily, the immensely rich tall brother-in-law went up to bed; but, he was rather vexed, because they had shut his dog in the stable, saying that they never allowed dogs in the house. He sat very quiet for more than an hour, thinking and thinking, when, just as his candle was burning out, he heard a scratch at the door. He opened the door, and there was the Newfoundland dog! The dog came softly in, smelt about him, went straight to some straw in a corner which the dark men had said covered apples, tore the straw away, and disclosed two sheets steeped in blood. Just at that moment the candle went out, and the brother-in-law, looking through a chink in the door, saw the two dark men stealing up-stairs; one armed with a dagger, that long (about five feet); the other carrying a chopper, a sack, and a spade. Having no remembrance of the close of this adventure, I suppose my faculties to have been always so frozen with terror at this stage of it, that the power of listening

stagnated within me for some quarter of an hour.

These barbarous stories carried me, sitting there on the Holly-Tree hearth, to the Road-side Inn, renowned in my time in a sixpenny book with a folding plate, representing in a central compartment of oval form the portrait of Jonathan Bradford, and in four corner compartments four incidents of the tragedy with which the name is associated—coloured with a hand at once so free and economical, that the bloom of Jonathan's complexion passed without any pause into the breeches of the ostler, and, smearing itself off into the next division, became rum in a bottle. Then, I remembered how the landlord was found at the murdered traveller's bedside, with his own knife at his feet, and blood upon his hand; how he was hanged for the murder, notwithstanding his protestation, that he had indeed come there to kill the traveller for his saddle-bags, but had been stricken motionless on finding him already slain; and how the ostler, years afterwards, owned the deed. By this time I had made myself quite uncomfortable. I stirred the fire, and stood with my back to it, as long as I could bear the heat, looking up at the darkness beyond the screen, and at the wormy curtains creeping in and creeping out, like the worms in the ballad of Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene.

There was an Inn in the cathedral town where I went to school, which had pleasanter recollections about it than any of these. I took it next. It was the Inn where friends used to put up, and where we used to go to see parents, and to have salmon and fowl, and be tipped. It had an ecclesiastical sign—the Mitre—and a bar that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so snug. I loved the landlord's youngest daughter to distraction—but let that pass. It was in this Inn that I was cried over by my rosy little sister, because I had acquired a black eye in a fight. And though she had been, that Holly-Tree night, for many a long year where all tears are dried, the Mitre softened me yet.

"To be continued, to-morrow," said I, when I took my candle to go to bed. But, my bed took it upon itself to continue the train of thought that night. It carried me away, like the enchanted carpet, to a distant place (though still in England), and there, alighting from a stage-coach at another Inn in the snow, as I had actually done some years before, I repeated in my sleep, a curious experience I had really had there. More than a year before I made the journey in the course of which I put up at that Inn, I had lost a very near and dear friend by death. Every night since, at home or away from home, I had dreamed of that friend; sometimes, as still living; sometimes, as returning from the world of shadows to comfort me; always, as being beautiful, placid, and happy; never in association with any approach to fear or

distress. It was at a lonely Inn in a wide moorland place, that I halted to pass the night. When I had looked from my bedroom window over the waste of snow on which the moon was shining, I sat down by my fire, to write a letter. I had always, until that hour, kept it within my own breast that I dreamed every night of the dear lost one. But, in the letter that I wrote, I recorded the circumstance, and added that I felt much interested in proving whether the subject of my dream would still be faithful to me, travel-tired, and in that remote place. No. I lost the beloved figure of my vision in parting with the secret. My sleep has never looked upon it since, in sixteen years, but once. I was in Italy, and awoke (or seemed to awake), the well-remembered voice distinctly in my ears, conversing with it. I entreated it, as it rose above my bed and soared up to the vaulted roof of the old room, to answer me a question I had asked, touching the Future Life. My hands were still outstretched towards it as it vanished, when I heard a bell ringing by the garden wall, and a voice, in the deep stillness of the night, calling on all good Christians to pray for the souls of the dead; it being All Souls Eve.

To return to the Holly-Tree. When I awoke next day, it was freezing hard, and the lowering sky threatened more snow. My breakfast cleared away, I drew my chair into its former place, and, with the fire getting so much the better of the landscape that I sat in twilight, resumed my Inn remembrances.

That was a good Inn down in Wiltshire where I put up once, in the days of the hard Wiltshire ale, and before all beer was bitterness. It was on the skirts of Salisbury Plain, and the midnight wind that rattled my lattice window, came moaning at me from Stonehenge. There was a hanger-on at that establishment (a supernaturally-preserved Druid, I believe him to have been, and to be still), with long white hair, and a flinty blue eye always looking afar off: who claimed to have been a shepherd, and who seemed to be ever watching for the re-appearance on the verge of the horizon, of some ghostly flock of sheep that had been mutton for many ages. He was a man with a weird belief in him that no one could count the stones of Stonehenge twice, and make the same number of them; likewise, that any one who counted them three times nine times, and then stood in the centre and said "I dare!" would behold a tremendous apparition, and be stricken dead. He pretended to have seen a bustard (I suspect him to have been familiar with the dodo), in manner following: He was out upon the plain at the close of a late autumn day, when he dimly discerned, going on before him at a curious fitfully bounding pace, what he at first supposed to be a gig-umbrella that had been blown from some conveyance, but what he presently believed to be a lean dwarf man upon a little pony.

Having followed this object for some distance without gaining on it, and having called to it many times without receiving any answer, he pursued it for miles and miles, when, at length coming up with it, he discovered it to be the last bustard in Great Britain, degenerated into a wingless state, and running along the ground. Resolved to capture him or perish in the attempt, he closed with the bustard; but, the bustard, who had formed a counter-resolution that he should do neither, threw him, stunned him, and was last seen making off due west. This weird man at that stage of metempsychosis, may have been a sleep-walker, or an enthusiast, or a robber; but, I awoke one night to find him in the dark at my bedside, repeating the Athanasian Creed in a terrific voice. I paid my bill next day, and retired from the county with all possible precipitation.

That was not a common-place story which worked itself out at a little Inn in Switzerland, while I was staying there. It was a very homely place, in a village of one narrow, zig-zag street among mountains, and you went in at the main door through the cow-house, and among the mules and the dogs and the fowls, before ascending a great bare staircase to the rooms: which were all of unpainted wood, without plastering or papering—like rough packing-cases. Outside, there was nothing but the straggling street, a little toy church with a copper-coloured steeple, a pine forest, a torrent, mists, and mountain-sides. A young man belonging to this Inn, had disappeared eight weeks before (it was winter-time), and was supposed to have had some undiscovered love affair, and to have gone for a soldier. He had got up in the night, and dropped into the village street from the loft in which he slept with another man; and he had done it so quietly, that his companion and fellow-laborer had heard no movement when he was awakened in the morning, and they said "Louis, where is Henri?" They looked for him high and low, in vain, and gave him up. Now, outside this Inn there stood, as there stood outside every dwelling in the village, a stack of firewood; but, the stack belonging to the Inn was higher than any of the rest, because the Inn was the richest house and burnt the most fuel. It began to be noticed, while they were looking high and low, that a Bantam cock, part of the live-stock of the Inn, put himself wonderfully out of his way to get to the top of this wood-stack; and that he would stay there for hours and hours, crowing, until he appeared in danger of splitting himself. Five weeks went on—six weeks—and still this terrible Bantam, neglecting his domestic affairs, was always on the top of the wood-stack, crowing the very eyes out of his head. By this time it was perceived that Louis had become inspired with a violent animosity towards the terrible Bantam, and one morning he was seen by a woman who sat nursing her goitre

at a little window in a gleam of sun, to catch up a rough billet of wood, with a great oath, hurl it at the terrible Bantam crowing on the wood-stack, and bring him down dead. Hereupon, the woman, with a sudden light in her mind, stole round to the back of the wood-stack, and, being a good climber, as all those women are, climbed up, and soon was seen upon the summit, screaming, looking down the hollow within, and crying, "Seize Louis, the murderer! Ring the church bell! Here is the body!" I saw the murderer that day, and I saw him as I sat by my fire at the Holly-Tree Inn, and I see him now, lying shackled with cords on the stable litter, among the mild eyes and the smoking breath of the cows, waiting to be taken away by the police, and stared at by the fearful village. A heavy animal—the dumbest animal in the stables—with a stupid head, and a lumpish face devoid of any trace of sensibility, who had been, within the knowledge of the murdered youth, an embezzler of certain small moneys belonging to his master, and who had taken this hopeful mode of putting a possible accuser out of his way. All of which he confessed next day, like a sulky wretch who couldn't be troubled any more, now that they had got hold of him and meant to make an end of him. I saw him once again, on the day of my departure from the Inn. In that Canton the headsmen still does his office with a sword; and I came upon this murderer sitting bound to a chair, with his eyes bandaged, on a scaffold in a little market-place. In that instant, a great sword (loaded with quicksilver in the thick part of the blade), swept round him like a gust of wind, or fire, and there was no such creature in the world. My wonder was—not that he was so suddenly dispatched, but that any head was left uncreaped, within a radius of fifty yards of that tremendous sickle.

That was a good Inn, too, with the kind, cheerful landlady and the honest landlord, where I lived in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and where one of the apartments has a zoological papering on the walls, not so accurately joined but that the elephant occasionally rejoices in a tiger's hind legs and tail; while the lion puts on a trunk and tusks; and the bear, moulting as it were, appears as to portions of himself like a leopard. I made several American friends at that Inn, who all called Mont Blanc, Mount Blank—except one good-humored gentleman, of a very sociable nature, who became on such intimate terms with it that he spoke of it familiarly as "Blank;" observing at breakfast, "Blank looks pretty tall this morning;" or considerably doubting in the court-yard in the evening, whether there warn't some go-ahead naters in our country, sir, that would make out the top of Blank in a couple of hours from first start—now!

Once, I passed a fortnight at an Inn in the North of England, where I was haunted by

the ghost of a tremendous pie. It was a Yorkshire pie, like a fort—an abandoned fort with nothing in it; but the waiter had a fixed idea that it was a point of ceremony at every meal, to put the pie on the table. After some days, I tried to hint, in several delicate ways, that I considered the pie done with; as, for example, by emptying fag-ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it, as into a basket; putting wine-bottles into it, as into a cooler; but always in vain, the pie being invariably cleaned out again and brought up as before. At last, beginning to be doubtful whether I was not the victim of a spectral illusion, and whether my health and spirits might not sink under the horrors of an imaginary pie, I cut a triangle out of it, fully as large as the musical instrument of that name in a powerful orchestra. Human prevision could not have foreseen the result—but the waiter mended the pie. With some effectual species of cement, he adroitly fitted the triangle in again, and I paid my reckoning and fled.

The Holly-Tree was getting rather dismal. I made an overland expedition beyond the screen, and penetrated as far as the fourth window. Here, I was driven back by stress of weather. Arrived at my winter quarters once more, I made up the fire, and took another Inn.

It was in the remotest part of Cornwall. A great annual Miners' Feast was being holden at the Inn, when I and my travelling companions presented ourselves at night among the wild crowd that were dancing before it by torchlight. We had had a break-down in the dark, on a stony morass some miles away; and I had the honor of leading one of the unharnessed post-horses. If any lady or gentleman on perusal of the present lines, will take any very tall post-horse with his traces hanging about his legs, and will conduct him by the bearing-rein into the heart of a country dance of a hundred and fifty couples, that lady or gentleman will then, and only then, form an adequate idea of the extent to which that post-horse will tread on his conductor's toes. Over and above which, the post-horse, finding three hundred people whirling about him, will probably rear, and also lash out with his hind legs, in a manner incompatible with dignity or self-respect on his conductor's part. With such little drawbacks on my usually impressive aspect, I appeared at this Cornish Inn, to the unutterable wonder of the Cornish Miners. It was full, and twenty times full, and nobody could be received but the post-horse—though to get rid of that noble animal was something. While my fellow-travellers and I were discussing how to pass the night and so much of the next day as must intervene before the jovial blacksmith and the jovial wheelwright would be in a condition to go out on the morass and mend the coach, an honest man stepped forth

from the crowd and proposed his unlet floor of two rooms, with supper of eggs and bacon, ale and punch. We joyfully accompanied him home to the strangest of clean houses, where we were well entertained to the satisfaction of all parties. But, the novel feature of the entertainment was, that our host was a chairmaker, and that the chairs assigned to us were mere frames, altogether without bottoms of any sort; so that we passed the evening on perches. Nor was this the absurdest consequence; for when we unbent at supper, and any one of us gave way to laughter, he forgot the peculiarity of his position, and instantly disappeared. I myself, doubled up into an attitude from which self-extrication was impossible, was taken out of my frame, like a Clown in a comic pantomime who has tumbled into a tub, five times by the taper's light during the eggs and bacon.

The Holly-Tree was fast reviving within me a sense of loneliness. I began to feel conscious that my subject would never carry me on until I was dug out. I might be a week here—weeks!

There was a story with a singular idea in it, connected with an Inn I once passed a night at, in a picturesque old town on the Welch border. In a large, double-bedded room of this Inn, there had been a suicide committed by poison, in one bed, while a tired traveller slept unconscious in the other. After that time, the suicide bed was never used, but the other constantly was; the disused bedstead remaining in the room empty, though as to all other respects in its old state. The story ran, that whosoever slept in this room, though never so entire a stranger, from never so far off, was invariably observed to come down in the morning with an impression that he smelt Laudanum; and that his mind always turned upon the subject of suicide; to which, whatever kind of man he might be, he was certain to make some reference if he conversed with any one. This went on for years, until it at length induced the landlord to take the disused bedstead down, and bodily burn it—bed, hangings, and all. The strange influence (this was the story), now changed to a fainter one, but never changed afterwards. The occupant of that room, with occasional but very rare exceptions, would come down in the morning, trying to recall a forgotten dream he had had in the night. The landlord, on his mentioning his perplexity, would suggest various common-place subjects, not one of which, as he very well knew, was the true subject. But the moment the landlord suggested "Poison," the traveller started, and cried "Yes!" He never failed to accept that suggestion, and he never recalled any more of the dream.

This reminiscence brought the Welch Inns in general, before me; with the women in their round hats, and the harpers with their white beards (venerable, but humbugs, I am afraid), playing outside the door while I took

my dinner. The transition was natural to the Highland Inns, with the oatmeal bannocks, the honey, the venison steaks, the trout from the loch, the whiskey, and perhaps (having the materials so temptingly at hand) the Athol brose. Once, was I coming south from the Scottish Highlands in hot haste, hoping to change quickly at the station at the bottom of a certain wild historical glen, when these eyes did with mortification see the landlord come out with a telescope and sweep the whole prospect for the horses: which horses were away picking up their own living, and did not heave in sight under four hours. Having thought of the loch-trout I was taken by quick association to the Anglers' Inns of England (I have assisted at innumerable feats of angling, by lying in the bottom of the boat, whole summer days, doing nothing with the greatest perseverance: which I have generally found to be as effectual towards the taking of fish as the finest tackle and the utmost science); and to the pleasant white, clean, flower-pot-decorated bed-rooms of those inns, overlooking the river, and the ferry, and the green ait, and the church-spire, and the country bridge; and to the peerless Emma with the bright eyes and the pretty smile, who waited, bless her! with a natural grace that would have converted Blue Beard. Casting my eyes upon my Holly-Tree fire, I next discerned among the glowing coals, the pictures of a score or more of those wonderful English posting-inns which we are all so sorry to have lost, which were so large and so comfortable, and which were such monuments of British submission to rapacity and extortion. He who would see these houses pining away, let him walk from Basingstoke or even Windsor to London, by way of Hounslow, and moralise on their perishing remains; the stables crumbling to dust; unsettled laborers and wanderers bivouacing in the outhouses; grass growing in the yards; the rooms where erst so many hundred beds of down were made up, let off to Irish lodgers at eighteen-pence a-week; a little ill-looking beer-shop shrinking in the tap of former days, burning coach-house gates for fire-wood, having one of its two windows bunged up, as if it had received punishment in a fight with the Railroad; a low, bandy-legged, brick-making bulldog standing in the door-way. What could I next see in my fire, so naturally, as the new railway-house of these times near the dismal country station; with nothing particular on draught but cold air and damp, nothing worth mentioning in the larder but new mortar, and no business doing, beyond a conceited affectation of luggage in the hall? Then, I came to the Inns of Paris, with the pretty appartement of four pieces up one hundred and seventy-five waxed stairs, the privilege of ringing the bell all day long without influencing anybody's mind or body but your own, and

the not-too-much-for-dinner, considering the price. Next, to the provincial Inns of France, with the great church-tower rising above the courtyard, the horse-bells jingling merrily up and down the street beyond, and the clocks of all descriptions in all the rooms, which are never right, unless taken at the precise minute when by getting exactly twelve hours too fast or too slow, they unintentionally become so. Away I went, next, to the lesser road-side Inns of Italy; where all the dirty clothes in the house (not in wear) are always lying in your ante-room; where the mosquitoes make a raisin pudding of your face in summer, and the cold bites it blue in winter; where you get what you can, and forget what you can't; where I should again like to be boiling my tea in a pocket-handkerchief dumpling, for want of a tea-pot. So, to the old palace Inns and old monastery Inns, in towns and cities of the same bright country; with their massive quadrangular stair-cases whence you may look from among clustering pillars high into the blue vault of Heaven; with their stately banqueting-rooms, and vast refectories; with their labyrinths of ghostly bed-chambers, and their glimpses into gorgeous streets that have no appearance of reality or possibility. So, to the close little Inns of the Malaria districts, with their pale attendants, and their peculiar smell of never letting in the air. So, to the immense fantastic Inns of Venice, with the cry of the gondolier below, as he skims the corner; the grip of the watery odors on one particular little bit of the bridge of your nose (which is never released while you stay there); and the great bell of St. Mark's Cathedral tolling midnight. Next, I put up for a minute at the restless Inns upon the Rhine, where your going to bed, no matter at what hour, appears to be the tocsin for everybody else's getting up; and where, in the table d'hôte room at the end of the long table (with several Towers of Babel on it at the other end, all made of white plates), one knot of stoutish men, entirely drest in jewels and dirt, and having nothing else upon them, will remain all night, clinking glasses, and singing about the river that flows and the grape that grows and Rhine wine that beguiles and Rhine woman that smiles and hi drink drink my friend and ho drink drink my brother, and all the rest of it. I departed thence, as a matter of course, to other German Inns, where all the eatables are sodden down to the same flavor, and where the mind is disturbed by the apparition of hot puddings, and boiled cherries sweet and slab, at awfully unexpected periods of the repast. After a draught of sparkling beer from a foaming glass jug, and a glance of recognition through the windows of the student beer-houses at Heidelberg and elsewhere, I put out to sea for the Inns of America, with their four hundred beds a-piece, and their eight or nine hundred ladies and gentlemen at dinner every day. Again, I stood in the bar-

rooms thereof, taking my evening cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail. Again, I listened to my friend the General—whom I had known for five minutes, in the course of which period he had made me intimate for life with two Majors, who again had made me intimate for life with three Colonels, who again had made me brother to twenty-two civilians—again, I say, I listened to my friend the General, leisurely expounding the resources of the establishment, as to gentlemen's morning-room, sir; ladies' morning-room, sir; gentlemen's evening-room, sir; ladies' evening-room, sir; ladies' and gentlemen's evening reuniting-room, sir; music-room, sir; reading room, sir; over four-hundred sleeping-rooms, sir; and the entire planned and finited within twelve calendar months from the first clearing off of the old incumbrances on the plot, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, sir. Again I found, as to my individual way of thinking, that the greater, the more gorgeous, and the more dollarous, the establishment was, the less desirable it was. Nevertheless, again I drank my cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail, in all good-will, to my friend the General, and my friends the Majors, Colonels, and civilians, all; full-well knowing that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large-hearted, and great people.

I had been going on lately, at a quick pace, to keep my solitude out of my mind; but, here I broke down for good, and gave up the subject. What was I to do? What was to become of me? Into what extremity was I submissively to sink? Supposing that, like Baron Trenck, I looked out for a mouse or spider, and found one, and beguiled my imprisonment by training it? Even that might be dangerous with a view to the future. I might be so far gone when the road did come to be cut through the snow, that, on my way forth, I might burst into tears, and beseech, like the prisoner who was released in his old age from the Bastille, to be taken back again to the five windows, the ten curtains, and the sinuous drapery.

A desperate idea came into my head. Under any other circumstances I should have rejected it; but, in the strait at which I was, I held it fast. Could I so far overcome the inherent bashfulness which withheld me from the landlord's table and the company I might find there, as to make acquaintance, under various pretences, with some of the inmates of the house, singly—with the object of getting from each, either a whole autobiography, or a passage or experience in one, with which I could cheat the tardy time: first of all by seeking out, then by listening to, then by remembering and writing down? Could I, I asked myself, so far overcome my retiring nature as to do this. I could. I would. I did.

The results of this conception I proceed to give, in the exact order in which I attained

them. I began my plan of operations at once, and, by slow approaches and after overcoming many obstacles (all of my own making, I believe), reached the story of:

THE OSTLER.

I FIND an old man, fast asleep, in one of the stalls of the stable. It is mid-day, and rather a strange time for an ostler to devote to sleep. Something curious, too, about the man's face. A withered woe-begone face. The eyebrows painfully contracted; the mouth fast set, and drawn down at the corners; the hollow cheeks sadly, and, as I cannot help fancying, prematurely wrinkled; the scanty, grizzled hair, telling weakly its own tale of some past sorrow or suffering. How fast he draws his breath, too, for a man asleep! He is talking in his sleep.

"Wake up!" I hear him say, in a quick whisper through his fast-clenched teeth. "Wake up there! Murder! O Lord help me! Lord help me, alone in this place!"

He stops, and sighs again—moves one lean arm slowly, till it rests over his throat—shudders a little, and turns on his straw—the arm leaves his throat—the hand stretches itself out, and clutches at the side towards which he has turned, as if he fancied himself to be grasping at the edge of something. Is he waking? No—there is the whisper again; he is still talking in his sleep.

"Light grey eyes," he says now, "and a droop in the left eyelid. Yes! yes!—flaxen hair with a gold-yellow streak in it—all right, mother—fair, white arms with a down on them—little lady's hand, with a reddish look under the finger-nails—and the knife—always the cursed knife—first on one side, then on the other. Aha! you she-devil, where's the knife? Never mind, mother—too late now. I've promised to marry, and marry I must. Murder! wake up there! for God's sake, wake up!"

At the last words his voice rises, and he grows so restless on a sudden, that I draw back quietly to the door. I see him shudder on the straw—his withered face grows distorted—he throws up both his hands with a quick, hysterical gasp; they strike against the bottom of the manger under which he lies; the blow awakens him; I have just time to slip through the door, before his eyes are fairly open and his senses are his own again.

What I have seen and heard has so startled and shocked me, that I feel my heart beating fast, as I softly and quickly retrace my steps across the inn-yard. The discomposure that is going on within me, apparently shows itself in my face; for, as I get back to the covered way leading to the Inn stairs, the landlord, who is just coming out of the house to ring some bell in the yard, stops astonished, and asks what is the matter with me? I tell him what I have just seen.

"Aha!" says the landlord, with an air of relief. "I understand now. Poor old chap! He was only dreaming his old dream over again. There's the queerest story—of a dreadful kind, too, mind you—connected with him and his dream, that ever was told."

I entreat the landlord to tell me the story. After a little hesitation, he complies with my request.

Some years ago, there lived in the suburbs of a large sea-port town, on the west coast of England, a man in humble circumstances, by name Isaac Scatchard. His means of subsistence were derived from any employment that he could get, as an ostler; and, occasionally, when times went well with him, from temporary engagements in service, as stable-helper in private houses. Though a faithful, steady, and honest man, he got on badly in his calling. His ill-luck was proverbial among his neighbours. He was always missing good opportunities, by no fault of his own; and always living longest in service with amiable people who were not punctual payers of wages. "Unlucky Isaac" was his nickname in his own neighbourhood—and no one could say that he did not richly deserve it.

With far more than one man's fair share of adversity to endure, Isaac had but one consolation to support him—and that was of the dreariest and most negative kind. He had no wife and children to increase his anxieties and add to the bitterness of his various failures in life. It might have been from mere insensibility, or it might have been from generous unwillingness to involve another in his own unlucky destiny—but the fact undoubtedly was, that he arrived at the middle term of life without marrying; and, what is much more remarkable, without once exposing himself, from eighteen to eight and thirty, to the genial imputation of ever having had a sweetheart. When he was out of service, he lived alone with his widowed mother. Mrs. Scatchard was a woman above the average in her lowly station, as to capacities and manners. She had seen better days, as the phrase is; but she never referred to them in the presence of curious visitors; and, though perfectly polite to every one who approached her, never cultivated any intimacies among her neighbours. She contrived to provide, hardly enough, for her simple wants, by doing rough work for the tailors; and always managed to keep a decent home for her son to return to, whenever his ill-luck drove him out helplessly into the world.

One bleak autumn, when Isaac was getting on fast towards forty, and when he was, as usual, out of place, through no fault of his own, he set forth from his mother's cottage on a long walk inland to a gentleman's seat, where he had heard that a stable-helper was required. It wanted then but two days of his birth-

day; and Mrs. Scatchard, with her usual fondness, made him promise, before he started, that he would be back in time to keep that anniversary with her, in as festive a way as their poor means would allow. It was easy for him to comply with this request, even supposing he slept a night each way on the road. He was to start from home on Monday morning; and, whether he got the new place or not, he was to be back for his birthday dinner on Wednesday at two o'clock.

Arriving at his destination too late on the Monday night to make application for the stable-helper's place, he slept at the village-inn, and, in good time on the Tuesday morning, presented himself at the gentleman's house, to fill the vacant situation. Here, again, his ill-luck pursued him as inexorably as ever. The excellent written testimonials, as to character, which he was able to produce, availed him nothing; his long walk had been taken in vain—only the day before, the stable-helper's place had been given to another man.

Isaac accepted this new disappointment resignedly, and as a matter of course. Naturally slow in capacity, he had the bluntness of sensibility and phlegmatic patience of disposition which frequently distinguish men with sluggishly-working mental powers. He thanked the gentleman's steward, with his usual quiet civility, for granting him an interview, and took his departure with no appearance of unusual depression in his face or manner. Before starting on his homeward walk, he made some enquiries at the inn, and ascertained that he might save a few miles, on his return, by following a new road. Furnished with full instructions, several times repeated, as to the various turnings he was to take, he set forth for his homeward journey, and walked on all day with only one stoppage for bread and cheese. Just as it was getting towards dark, the rain came on and the wind began to rise; and he found himself, to make matters worse, in a part of the country with which he was entirely unacquainted, though he knew himself to be some fifteen miles from home. The first house he found to inquire at was a lonely road-side inn, standing on the outskirts of a thick wood. Solitary as the place looked, it was welcome to a lost man who was also hungry, thirsty, footsore, and wet. The landlord was a civil, respectable-looking man; and the price he asked for a bed was reasonable enough. Isaac, therefore, decided on stopping comfortably at the inn for that night.

He was constitutionally a temperate man. His supper simply consisted of two rashers of bacon, a slice of home-made bread, and a pint of ale. He did not go to bed immediately after this moderate meal, but sat up with the landlord talking about his bad prospects and his long run of ill-luck, and diverging from these topics to the subject of horse-flesh and racing. Nothing was said either by himself, his host,

or the few labourers who strayed into the tap-room, which could, in the slightest degree, excite the very small and very dull imaginative faculty which Isaac Scatchard possessed.

At a little after eleven the house was closed. Isaac went round with the landlord and held the candle while the doors and lower-windows were being secured. He noticed with surprise the strength of the bolts, bars, and iron-sheathed shutters.

"You see, we are rather lonely here," said the landlord. "We never have had any attempts made to break in yet, but it's always as well to be on the safe side." When nobody is sleeping here, I am the only man in the house. My wife and daughter are timid, and the servant-girl takes after her missuses. Another glass of ale, before you turn in?—No!—Well, how such a sober man as you comes to be out of place is more than I can make out, for one.—Here's where you're to sleep. You're our only lodger to-night, and I think you'll say my missus has done her best to make you comfortable. You're quite sure you won't have another glass of ale?—Very well. Good night."

It was half-past eleven by the clock in the passage as they went up-stairs to the bedroom, the window of which looked on to the wood at the back of the house. Isaac locked the door, set his candle on the chest of drawers, and wearily got ready for bed. The bleak autumn wind was still blowing, and the solemn, monotonous, surging moan of it in the wood was dreary and awful to hear through the night-silence. Isaac felt strangely wakeful, and resolved, as he lay down in bed, to keep the candle a-light until he began to grow sleepy; for there was something unendurably depressing in the bare idea of lying awake in the darkness, listening to the dismal, ceaseless moaning of the wind in the wood.

Sleep stole on him before he was aware of it. His eyes closed, and he fell off insensibly to rest, without having so much as thought of extinguishing the candle.

The first sensation of which he was conscious after sinking into slumber, was a strange shivering that ran through him suddenly from head to foot, and a dreadful sinking pain at the heart, such as he had never felt before. The shivering only disturbed his slumbers—the pain woke him instantly. In one moment he passed from a state of sleep to a state of wakefulness—his eyes wide open—his mental perceptions cleared on a sudden as if by a miracle.

The candle had burnt down nearly to the last morsel of tallow; but the top of the un-snuffed wick had just fallen off, and the light in the little room was, for the moment, fair and full. Between the foot of his bed and the closed door there stood a woman with a knife in her hand, looking at him. He was stricken speechless with terror, but he did not

lose the preternatural clearness of his faculties; and he never took his eyes off the woman. She said not one word as they stared each other in the face; but she began to move slowly towards the left-hand side of the bed.

His eyes followed her. She was a fair, fine woman, with yellowish flaxen hair, and light grey eyes, with a droop in the left eyelid. He noticed those things and fixed them on his mind, before she was round at the side of the bed. Speechless, with no expression in her face, with no noise following her footfall,—she came closer and closer—stopped—and slowly raised the knife. He laid his right arm over his throat to save it; but, as he saw the knife coming down, threw his hand across the bed to the right side, and jerked his body over that way, just as the knife descended on the mattress within an inch of his shoulder.

His eyes fixed on her arm and hand, as she slowly drew the knife out of the bed. A white, well-shaped arm, with a pretty down lying lightly over the fair skin. A delicate, lady's hand, with the crowning beauty of a pink flush under and round the finger-nails.

She drew the knife out, and passed back again slowly to the foot of the bed; stopped there for a moment looking at him; then came on—still speechless, still with no expression on the blank, beautiful face, still with no sound following the stealthy footfalls—came on to the right side of the bed where he now lay. As she approached, she raised the knife again, and he drew himself away to the left side. She struck, as before, right into the mattress, with a deliberate, perpendicularly-downward action of the arm. This time his eyes wandered from her to the knife. It was like the large clasp knives which he had often seen labouring men use to cut their bread and bacon with. Her delicate little fingers did not conceal more than two thirds of the handle; he noticed that it was made of buck-horn, clean and shining as the blade was, and looking like new.

For the second time she drew the knife out, concealed it in the wide sleeve of her gown, then stopped by the bedside, watching him. For an instant he saw her standing in that position—then the wick of the spent candle fell over into the socket. The flame diminished to a little blue point, and the room grew dark. A moment, or less, if possible, passed so—and then the wick flamed up, smokily, for the last time. His eyes were still looking eagerly over the right-hand side of the bed when the final flash of light came, but they discerned nothing. The fair woman with the knife was gone.

The conviction that he was alone again, weakened the hold of the terror that had struck him dumb up to this time. The preternatural sharpness which the very intensity of his panic had mysteriously imparted

to his faculties, left them suddenly. His brain grew confused—his heart beat wildly—his ears opened for the first time since the appearance of the woman, to a sense of the woful, ceaseless moaning of the wind among the trees. With the dreadful conviction of the reality of what he had seen, still strong within him, he leapt out of bed, and screaming—"Murder!—Wake up, there, wake up!"—dashed headlong through the darkness to the door.

It was fast locked, exactly as he had left it on going to bed.

His cries on starting up, had alarmed the house. He heard the terrified, confused, exclamations of women; he saw the master of the house approaching along the passage, with his burning rush-candle in one hand and his gun in the other.

"What is it?" asked the landlord, breathlessly.

Isaac could only answer in a whisper: "A woman, with a knife in her hand," he gasped out. "In my room—a fair, yellow-haired woman; she jobbed at me with the knife, twice over."

The landlord's pale cheeks grew paler. He looked at Isaac eagerly by the flickering light of his candle; and his face began to get red again—his voice altered, too, as well as his complexion.

"She seems to have missed you twice," he said.

"I dodged the knife as it came down," Isaac went on, in the same scared whisper. "It struck the bed each time."

The landlord took his candle into the bedroom immediately. In less than a minute he came out again into the passage in a violent passion.

"The devil fly away with you and your woman with the knife! What do you mean by coming into a man's place and frightening his family out of their wits about a dream?"

"I'll leave your house," said Isaac, faintly. "Better out on the road, in rain and dark, on my way home, than back again in that room after what I've seen in it. Lend me a light to get on my clothes by, and tell me what I'm to pay."

"Pay!" cried the landlord, leading the way with his light sulkily into the bedroom. "You'll find your score on the slate when you go down stairs. I wouldn't have taken you in for all the money you've got about you, if I'd known your dreaming, screeching ways beforehand. Look at the bed. Where's the cut of a knife in it? Look at the window—is the lock bursted? Look at the door (which I heard you fasten myself)—is it broke in? A murdering woman with a knife in my house! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Isaac answered not a word. He huddled on his clothes; and then they went down stairs together.

"Nigh on twenty minutes past two!" said

the landlord, as they passed the clock. "A nice time in the morning to frighten honest people out of their wits!"

Isaac paid his bill, and the landlord let him out at the front door, asking, with a grin of contempt, as he undid the strong fastenings, whether "the murdering woman got in that way?" They parted without a word on either side. The rain had ceased; but the night was dark, and the wind bleaker than ever. Little did the darkness, or the cold, or the uncertainty about his way home, matter to Isaac. If he had been turned out into a wilderness in a thunder-storm, it would have been a relief, after what he had suffered in the bedroom of the inn.

What was the fair woman with the knife? The creature of a dream, or that other creature from the unknown world called among men by the name of ghost? He could make nothing of the mystery—had made nothing of it, even when it was mid-day on Wednesday, and when he stood, at last, after many times missing his road, once more on the doorstep of home.

His mother came out eagerly to receive him. His face told her in a moment that something was wrong.

"I've lost the place; but that's my luck. I dreamed an ill dream last night, mother—or, may be, I saw a ghost. Take it either way, it scared me out of my senses, and I'm not my own man again yet."

"Isaac! your face frightens me. Come in to the fire. Come in, and tell mother all about it."

He was as anxious to tell as she was to hear; for it had been his hope, all the way home, that his mother, with her quicker capacity and superior knowledge, might be able to throw some light on the mystery which he could not clear up for himself. His memory of the dream was still mechanically vivid, though his thoughts were entirely confused by it.

His mother's face grew paler and paler as he went on. She never interrupted him by so much as a single word; but when he had done, she moved her chair close to his, put her arm round his neck, and said to him:

"Isaac, you dreamed your ill dream on this Wednesday morning. What time was it when you saw the fair woman with the knife in her hand?"

Isaac reflected on what the landlord had said when they passed by the clock on his leaving the inn—allowed as nearly as he could for the time that must have elapsed between the unlocking of his bedroom door and the paying of his bill just before going away, and answered:

"Somewhere about two o'clock in the morning."

His mother suddenly quitted her hold of his neck, and struck her hands together with a gesture of despair.

"This Wednesday is your birthday Isaac;

and two o'clock in the morning was the time when you were born!"

Isaac's capacities were not quick enough to catch the infection of his mother's superstitious dread. He was amazed and a little startled also, when she suddenly rose from her chair, opened her old writing-desk, took out pen and ink and paper, and then said to him:

"Your memory is but a poor one, Isaac, and now I'm an old woman, mine's not much better. I want all about this dream of yours to be as well known to both of us, years hence, as it is now. Tell me over again all you told me a minute ago, when you spoke of what the woman with the knife looked like."

Isaac obeyed, and marvelled much as he saw his mother carefully set down on paper the very words that he was saying. "Light grey eyes," she wrote, as they came to the descriptive part, "with a droop in the left eyelid. Flaxen hair, with a gold-yellow streak in it. White arms, with a down on them. Little lady's hand, with a reddish look about the finger-nails. Clasp knife with a buck-horn handle, that seemed as good as new." To these particulars, Mrs. Scatchard added the year, month, day of the week, and time in the morning, when the woman of the dream appeared to her son. She then locked up the paper carefully in her writing-desk.

Neither on that day, nor on any day after, could her son induce her to return to the matter of the dream. She obstinately kept her thoughts about it to herself, and even refused to refer again to the paper in her writing-desk. Ere long, Isaac grew weary of attempting to make her break her resolute silence; and time, which sooner or later, wears out all things, gradually wore out the impression produced on him by the dream. He began by thinking of it carelessly, and he ended by not thinking of it at all. This result was the more easily brought about by the advent of some important changes for the better in his prospects, which commenced not long after his terrible night's experience at the inn. He reaped at last the reward of his long and patient suffering under adversity, by getting an excellent place, keeping it for seven years, and leaving it, on the death of his master, not only with an excellent character, but also with a comfortable annuity bequeathed to him as a reward for saving his mistress's life in a carriage accident. Thus it happened that Isaac Scatchard returned to his old mother, seven years after the time of the dream at the inn, with an annual sum of money at his disposal, sufficient to keep them both in ease and independence for the rest of their lives.

The mother, whose health had been bad of late years, profited so much by the care bestowed on her and by freedom from money anxieties, that when Isaac's next birthday came round, she was able to sit up comfortably at table and dine with him.

On that day, as the evening drew on, Mrs. Scatchard discovered that a bottle of tonic medicine—which she was accustomed to take, and in which she had fancied that a dose or more was still left—happened to be empty. Isaac immediately volunteered to go to the chemist's, and get it filled again. It was as rainy and bleak an autumn night as on the memorable past occasion when he lost his way and slept at the roadside inn.

On going into the chemist's shop, he was passed hurriedly by a poorly-dressed woman coming out of it. The glimpse he had of her face struck him, and he looked back after her as she descended the door-steps.

"You're noticing that woman?" said the chemist's apprentice behind the counter. "It's my opinion there's something wrong with her. She's been asking for laudanum to put to a bad tooth. Master's out for half an hour; and I told her I wasn't allowed to sell poison to strangers in his absence. She laughed in a queer way, and said she would come back in half an hour. If she expects master to serve her, I think she'll be disappointed. It's a case of suicide, sir, if ever there was one yet."

These words added immeasurably to the sudden interest in the woman which Isaac had felt at the first sight of her face. After he had got the medicine-bottle filled, he looked about anxiously for her, as soon as he was out in the street. She was walking slowly up and down on the opposite side of the road. With his heart, very much to his own surprise, beating fast, Isaac crossed over and spoke to her.

He asked if she was in any distress. She pointed to her torn shawl, her scanty dress, her crushed, dirty bonnet—then moved under a lamp so as to let the light fall on her stern, pale, but still most beautiful face.

"I look like a comfortable, happy woman—don't I?" she said with a bitter laugh.

She spoke with a purity of intonation which Isaac had never heard before from other than ladies' lips. Her slightest actions seemed to have the easy negligent grace of a thorough-bred woman. Her skin, for all its poverty-stricken paleness, was as delicate as if her life had been passed in the enjoyment of every social comfort that wealth can purchase. Even her small, finely-shaped hands, gloveless as they were, had not lost their whiteness.

Little by little, in answer to his question, the sad story of the woman came out. There is no need to relate it here; it is told over and over again in Police Reports and paragraphs about Attempted Suicides.

"My name is Rebecca Murdoch," said the woman, as she ended. "I have ninepence left, and I thought of spending it at the chemist's over the way in securing a passage to the other world. Whatever it is, it can't be worse to me than this—so why should I stop here?"

Besides the natural compassion and sadness moved in his heart by what he heard, Isaac felt within him some mysterious influence at work all the time the woman was speaking, which utterly confused his ideas and almost deprived him of his powers of speech. All that he could say in answer to her last reckless words was, that he would prevent her from attempting her own life, if he followed her about all night to do it. His rough, trembling earnestness seemed to impress her.

"I won't occasion you that trouble," she answered, when he repeated his threat. "You have given me a fancy for living by speaking kindly to me. No need for the mockery of protestations and promises. You may believe me without them. Come to Fuller's Meadow to-morrow at twelve, and you will find me alive, to answer for myself. No!—no money. My ninepence will do to get me as good a night's lodging as I want."

She nodded and left him. He made no attempt to follow—he felt no suspicion that she was deceiving him.

"It's strange, but I can't help believing her," he said to himself—and walked away, bewildered, towards home.

On entering the house his mind was still so completely absorbed by its new subject of interest, that he took no notice of what his mother was doing when he came in with the bottle of medicine. She had opened her old writing-desk in his absence, and was now reading a paper attentively that lay inside it. On every birthday of Isaac's since she had written down the particulars of his dream from his own lips, she had been accustomed to read that same paper, and ponder over it in private.

The next day he went to Fuller's Meadow. He had done only right in believing her so implicitly—she was there, punctual to a minute, to answer for herself. The last-left faint defences in Isaac's heart against the fascination which a word or look from her began inscrutably to exercise over him, sank down and vanished before her for ever on that memorable morning.

When a man, previously insensible to the influence of women, forms an attachment in middle life, the instances are rare indeed, let the warning circumstances be what they may, in which he is found capable of freeing himself from the tyranny of the new ruling passion. The charm of being spoken to familiarly, fondly, and gratefully by a woman whose language and manners still retained enough of their early refinement to hint at the high social station that she had lost, would have been a dangerous luxury to a man of Isaac's rank at the age of twenty. But it was far more than that—it was certain ruin to him—now that his heart was opening unworthily to a new influence, at that middle time of life when strong feelings of all kinds, once implanted, strike root most stubbornly

in a man's moral nature. A few more stolen interviews after that first morning in Fuller's Meadow completed his infatuation. In less than a month from the time when he first met her, Isaac Scatchard had consented to give Rebecca Murdoch a new interest in existence, and a chance of recovering the character she had lost, by promising to make her his wife.

She had taken possession, not of his passions only, but of his faculties as well. All arrangements for the present and all plans for the future were of her devising. All the mind he had he put into her keeping. She directed him on every point; even instructing him how to break the news of his approaching marriage in the safest manner to his mother.

"If you tell her how you met me and who I am at first," said the cunning woman, "she will move heaven and earth to prevent our marriage. Say I am the sister of one of your fellow-servants—ask her to see me before you go into any more particulars—and leave it to me to do the rest. I want to make her love me next best to you, Isaac, before she knows anything of who I really am."

The motive of the deceit was sufficient to sanctify it to Isaac. The stratagem proposed relieved him of his one great anxiety, and quieted his uneasy conscience on the subject of his mother. Still, there was something wanting to perfect his happiness, something that he could not realise, something mysteriously untraceable, and yet, something that perpetually made itself felt; not when he was absent from Rebecca Murdoch, but, strange to say, when he was actually in her presence! She was kindness itself with him; she never made him feel his inferior capacities, and inferior manners,—she showed the sweetest anxiety to please him in the smallest trifles; but, in spite of all these attractions, he never could feel quite at his ease with her. At their first meeting, there had mingled with his admiration when he looked in her face, a faint involuntary feeling of doubt whether that face was entirely strange to him. No after familiarity had the slightest effect on this inexplicable, wearisome uncertainty.

Concealing the truth as he had been directed, he announced his marriage engagement precipitately and confusedly to his mother, on the day when he contracted it. Poor Mrs. Scatchard showed her perfect confidence in her son by flinging her arms round his neck, and giving him joy of having found at last, in the sister of one of his fellow-servants, a woman to comfort and care for him after his mother was gone. She was all eagerness to see the woman of her son's choice; and the next day was fixed for the introduction.

It was a bright sunny morning, and the little cottage parlour was full of light, as Mrs. Scatchard, happy and expectant, dressed for the occasion in her Sunday gown,

sat waiting for her son and her future daughter-in-law. Punctual to the appointed time, Isaac hurriedly and nervously led his promised wife into the room. His mother rose to receive her—advanced a few steps, smiling—looked Rebecca full in the eyes—and suddenly stopped. Her face, which had been flushed the moment before, turned white in an instant—her eyes lost their expression of softness and kindness, and assumed a blank look of terror—her outstretched hands fell to her sides, and she staggered back a few steps with a low cry to her son.

"Isaac!" she whispered, clutching him fast by the arm, when he asked alarmedly if she was taken ill. "Isaac! Does that woman's face remind you of nothing?"

Before he could answer; before he could look round to where Rebecca, astonished and angered by her reception, stood, at the lower end of the room; his mother pointed impatiently to her writing-desk, and gave him the key.

"Open it," she said, in a quick, breathless whisper.

"What does this mean? Why am I treated as if I had no business here? Does your mother want to insult me?" asked Rebecca, angrily.

"Open it, and give me the paper in the left-hand drawer. Quick! quick, for Heaven's sake!" said Mrs. Scatchard, shrinking further back in terror. Isaac gave her the paper. She looked it over eagerly for a moment—then followed Rebecca, who was now turning away haughtily to leave the room, and caught her by the shoulder—abruptly raised the long, loose sleeve of her gown, and glanced at her hand and arm. Something like fear began to steal over the angry expression of Rebecca's face as she shook herself free from the old woman's grasp. "Mad!" she said to herself; "and Isaac never told me." With these few words she left the room.

Isaac was hastening after her when his mother turned and stopped his further progress. It wrung his heart to see the misery and terror in her face as she looked at him.

"Light grey eyes," she said, in low, mournful, awe-struck tones, pointing towards the open door. "A droop in the left eyelid. Flaxen hair with a gold-yellow streak in it. White arms with a down on them. Little, lady's hand, with a reddish look under the finger-nails. *The woman of the dream!*—Oh, Heaven! Isaac, the woman of the dream!"

That faint cleaving doubt which he had never been able to shake off in Rebecca Murdoch's presence, was fatally set at rest for ever. He *had* seen her face, then, before—seven years before, on his birthday, in the bedroom of the lonely inn. "The woman of the dream!"

"Be warned, Oh, my son! be warned! Isaac! Isaac! let her go, and do you stop with me!"

Something darkened the parlour window, as those words were said. A sudden chill ran through him; and he glanced sidelong at the shadow. Rebecca Murdoch had come back. She was peering in curiously at them over the low window blind.

"I have promised to marry, mother," he said, "and marry I must."

The tears came into his eyes as he spoke, and dimmed his sight; but he could just discern the fatal face outside moving away again from the window.

His mother's head sank lower.

"Are you faint?" he whispered.

"Broken-hearted, Isaac."

He stooped down and kissed her. The shadow, as he did so, returned to the window; and the fatal face peered in curiously once more.

Three weeks after that day, Isaac and Rebecca were man and wife. All that was hopelessly dogged and stubborn in the man's moral nature, seemed to have closed round his fatal passion, and to have fixed it unassailably in his heart.

After that first interview in the cottage parlour, no consideration would induce Mrs. Scatchard to see her son's wife again, or even to talk of her when Isaac tried hard to plead her cause after their marriage. This course of conduct was not in any degree occasioned by a discovery of the degradation in which Rebecca had lived. There was no question of that between mother and son. There was no question of anything but the fearfully exact resemblance between the living breathing woman and the spectre woman of Isaac's dream. Rebecca, on her side, neither felt nor expressed the slightest sorrow at the estrangement between herself and her mother-in-law. Isaac, for the sake of peace, had never contradicted her first idea that age and long illness had affected Mrs. Scatchard's mind. He even allowed his wife to upbraid him for not having confessed this to her at the time of their marriage engagement, rather than risk anything by hinting at the truth. The sacrifice of his integrity before his one all-mastering delusion, seemed but a small thing, and cost his conscience but little, after the sacrifices he had already made.

The time of waking from his delusion—the cruel and the rueful time—was not far off. After some quiet months of married life, as the summer was ending, and the year was getting on towards the month of his birthday, Isaac found his wife altering towards him. She grew sullen and contemptuous—she formed acquaintances of the most dangerous kind, in defiance of his objections, his entreaties, and his commands,—and, worst of all, she learnt, ere long, after every fresh difference with her husband, to seek the deadly self-oblivion of drink. Little by little, after the first miserable discovery that his wife was keeping company with drunkards, the shocking certainty forced itself on Isaac

that she had grown to be a drunkard herself.

He had been in a sadly desponding state for some time before the occurrence of these domestic calamities. His mother's health, as he could but too plainly discern every time he went to see her at the cottage, was failing fast; and he upbraided himself in secret as the cause of the bodily and mental suffering she endured. When, to his remorse on his mother's account, was added the shame and misery occasioned by the discovery of his wife's degradation, he sank under the double trial—his face began to alter fast, and he looked what he was, a spirit-broken man. His mother, still struggling bravely against the illness that was hurrying her to the grave, was the first to notice the sad alteration in him, and the first to hear of his last bitterest trouble with his wife. She could only weep bitterly, on the day when he made his humiliating confession; but on the next occasion when he went to see her, she had taken a resolution, in reference to his domestic afflictions, which astonished, and even alarmed him. He found her dressed to go out, and on asking the reason, received this answer:

"I am not long for this world, Isaac," said she; "and I shall not feel easy on my death-bed, unless I have done my best to the last, to make my son happy. I mean to put my own fears and my own feelings out of the question, and to go with you to your wife, and try what I can do to reclaim her. Give me your arm, Isaac; and let me do the last thing I can in this world to help my son before it is too late."

He could not disobey her: and they walked together slowly towards his miserable home. It was only one o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the cottage where he lived. It was their dinner-hour, and Rebecca was in the kitchen. He was thus able to take his mother quietly into the parlour, and then prepare his wife for the interview. She had fortunately drank but little at that early hour, and she was less sullen and capricious than usual. He returned to his mother, with his mind tolerably at ease. His wife soon followed him into the parlour, and the meeting between her and Mrs. Scatchard passed off better than he had ventured to anticipate: though he observed, with secret apprehension, that his mother, resolutely as she controlled herself in other respects, could not look his wife in the face when she spoke to her. It was a relief to him, therefore, when Rebecca began to lay the cloth.

She laid the cloth—brought in the bread-tray, and cut a slice from the loaf for her husband—then returned to the kitchen. At that moment, Isaac, still anxiously watching his mother, was startled by seeing the same ghastly change pass over her face, which had altered it so awfully on the morning when Rebecca and she first met. Before he could

say a word she whispered with a look of horror:—

"Take me back!—home, home, again, Isaac! Come with me, and never come back again."

He was afraid to ask for an explanation,—he could only sign to her to be silent, and help her quickly to the door. As they passed the bread-tray on the table she stopped and pointed to it.

"Did you see what your wife cut your bread with?" she asked, in a low, still whisper.

"No, mother,—I was not noticing—what was it?"

"Look!"

He did look. A new clasp-knife, with a buck-horn handle lay with the loaf in the bread-tray. He stretched out his hand, shudderingly, to possess himself of it; but, at the same time, there was a noise in the kitchen, and his mother caught at his arm.

"The knife of the dream!—Isaac, I'm faint with fear—take me away! before she comes back!"

He was hardly able to support her—the visible, tangible reality of the knife struck him with a panic, and utterly destroyed any faint doubts that he might have entertained up to this time, in relation to the mysterious dream-warning of nearly eight years before. By a last desperate effort, he summoned self-possession enough to help his mother quietly out of the house,—so quietly, that the "dream-woman" (he thought of her by that name, now!) did not hear them departing, from the kitchen.

"Don't go back, Isaac,—don't go back!" implored Mrs. Scatchard, as he turned to go away, after seeing her safely seated again in her own room.

"I must get the knife," he answered, under his breath. She tried to stop him again; but he hurried out without another word.

On his return, he found that his wife had discovered their secret departure from the house. She had been drinking, and was in a fury of passion. The dinner in the kitchen was flung under the grate; the cloth was off the parlour-table. Where was the knife? Unwisely, he asked for it. She was only too glad of the opportunity of irritating him, which the request afforded her. "He wanted the knife, did he? Could he give her a reason why?—No!—Then he should not have it,—not if he went down on his knees to ask for it." Further recriminations elicited the fact that she had bought it a bargain—and that she considered it her own especial property. Isaac saw the uselessness of attempting to get the knife by fair means, and determined to search for it, later in the day, in secret. The search was unsuccessful. Night came on, and he left the house to walk about the streets. He was afraid now to sleep in the same room with her.

Three weeks passed. Still sullenly enraged with him, she would not give up the knife; and still that fear of sleeping in the same room with her, possessed him. He walked about at night, or dozed in the parlour, or sat watching by his mother's bed-side. Before the expiration of the first week in the new month his mother died. It wanted then but ten days' of her son's birthday. She had longed to live till that anniversary. Isaac was present at her death; and her last words in this world were addressed to him: "Don't go back, my son, don't go back!"

He was obliged to go back, if it were only to watch his wife. Exasperated to the last degree by his distrust of her, she had revengefully sought to add a sting to his grief, during the last days of his mother's illness, by declaring that she would assert her right to attend the funeral. In spite of all that he could do, or say, she held with wicked pertinacity to her word; and, on the day appointed for the burial, forced herself—infamed and shameless with drink—into her husband's presence, and declared that she would walk in the funeral procession to his mother's grave.

This last worst outrage, accompanied by all that was most insulting in word and look, maddened him for the moment. He struck her. The instant the blow was dealt, he repented it. She crouched down, silent in a corner of the room, and eyed him steadily; it was a look that cooled his hot blood, and made him tremble. But there was no time now to think of a means of making atonement. Nothing remained, but to risk the worst till the funeral was over. There was but one way of making sure of her. He locked her into her bed-room.

When he came back some hours after, he found her sitting, very much altered in look and bearing, by the bedside, with a bundle on her lap. She rose, and faced him quietly, and spoke with a strange stillness in her voice, a strange repose in her eyes, a strange composure in her manner.

"No man has ever struck me twice," she said, "and my husband shall have no second opportunity. Set the door open and let me go. From this day forth we see each other no more."

Before he could answer she passed him, and left the room. He saw her walk away up the street.

Would she return? All that night he watched and waited; but no footstep came near the house. The next night, overpowered by fatigue, he lay down in bed, in his clothes, with the door locked, the key on the table, and the candle burning. His slumber was not disturbed. The third night, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, passed, and nothing happened. He lay down on the seventh, still in his clothes, still with the door locked, the key on the table, and the candle burning; but easier in his mind.

Easier in his mind, and in perfect health of body, when he fell off to sleep. But his rest was disturbed. He woke twice, without any sensation of uneasiness. But the third time it was that never-to-be-forgotten shivering of the night at the lonely inn, that dreadful sinking pain at the heart, which once more aroused him in an instant.

His eyes opened towards the left hand side of the bed, and there stood—The woman of the dream, again?—No! His wife; the living reality, with the dream-spectre's face—in the dream-spectre's attitude; the fair arm up—the knife clasped in the delicate, white hand.

He sprang upon her, almost at the instant of seeing her, and yet not quickly enough to prevent her from hiding the knife. Without a word from him—without a cry from her—he pinioned her in a chair. With one hand he felt up her sleeve—and, there, where the dream-woman had hidden the knife, she had hidden it,—the knife with the buck-horn handle, that looked like new.

In the despair of that fearful moment his brain was steady, his heart was calm. He looked at her fixedly, with the knife in his hand, and said these last words:

"You told me we should see each other no more, and you have come back. It is my turn, now, to go, and to go for ever. I say that we shall see each other no more; and my word shall not be broken."

He left her, and set forth into the night. There was a bleak wind abroad, and the smell of recent rain was in the air. The distant church-clocks chimed the quarter as he walked rapidly beyond the last houses in the suburb. He asked the first policeman he met, what hour that was, of which the quarter past had just struck.

The man referred sleepily to his watch, and answered: "Two o'clock." Two in the morning. What day of the month was this day that had just begun? He reckoned it up from the date of his mother's funeral. The fatal parallel was complete—it was his birthday!

Had he escaped the mortal peril which his dream foretold? or had he only received a second warning? As that ominous doubt forced itself on his mind, he stopped, reflected, and turned back again towards the city. He was still resolute to hold to his word, and never to let her see him more; but there was a thought now in his mind of having her watched and followed. The knife was in his possession—the world was before him; but a new distrust of her—a vague, unspeakable, superstitious dread—had overcome him.

"I must know where she goes, now she thinks I have left her," he said to himself, as he stole back wearily to the precincts of his house.

It was still dark. He had left the candle burning in the bedchamber: but when he

looked up at the window of the room now, there was no light in it. He crept cautiously to the house-door. On going away, he remembered to have closed it: on trying it now, he found it open.

He waited outside, never losing sight of the house, till daylight. Then he ventured indoors—listened, and heard nothing—looked into kitchen, scullery, parlour; and found nothing; went up, at last, into the bedroom—it was empty. A pick-lock lay on the floor, betraying how she had gained entrance in the night; and that was the only trace of her.

Whither had she gone? That no mortal tongue could tell him. The darkness had covered her flight; and when the day broke, no man could say where the light found her.

Before leaving the house and the town for ever, he gave instructions to a friend and neighbour to sell his furniture for anything that it would fetch, and apply the proceeds to employing the police to trace her. The directions were honestly followed, and the money was all spent; but the enquiries led to nothing. The pick-lock on the bedroom floor remained the one last useless trace of her.

At this point of the narrative the landlord paused, and looked towards the stable-door.

"So far," he said, "I tell you what was told to me. The little that remains to be added lies within my own experience. Between two and three months after the events I have just been relating, Isaac Scatchard came to me, withered and old-looking before his time, just as you saw him to-day. He had his testimonials to character with him, and he asked for employment here. I gave him a trial, and liked him in spite of his queer habits. He is as sober, honest, and willing a man as there is in England. As for his restlessness at night, and his sleeping away his leisure time in the day, who can wonder at it after hearing his story? Besides, he never objects to being roused up, when he's wanted, so there's not much inconvenience to complain of, after all."

"I suppose he is afraid of waking out of that dreadful dream in the dark?" said I.

"No," returned the landlord. "The dream comes back to him so often, that he has got to bear with it by this time resignedly enough. It's his wife keeps him waking at night, as he has often told me."

"What! Has she never been heard of yet?"

"Never. Isaac himself has the one perpetual thought about her, that she is alive and looking for him. I believe he wouldn't let himself drop off to sleep towards two in the morning for a king's ransom. Two in the morning, he says, is the time when she will find him, one of these days. Two in the morning is the time all the year round, when he likes to be most certain that he has

got that clasp-knife safe about him! He does not mind being alone, as long as he is awake, except on the night before his birthday, when he firmly believes himself to be in peril of his life. The birthday has only come round once since he has been here; and then he sat up, along with the night-porter. 'She's looking for me,' he always says, 'when I speak to him on the one theme of his life; 'she's looking for me.' He may be right. She may be looking for him. Who can tell?"

"Who can tell!" said I.

THE BOOTS.

WHERE had he been in his time? he repeated when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had he been? Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most.

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in his way. Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he hadn't seen, than what he had. Ah! A deal, it would.

What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He couldn't momentarily name what was the curiousest thing he had seen—unless it was a Unicorn—and he see *him* once, at a Fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight year old, was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think that a queer start? Certainly! Then, that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on—and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little that he couldn't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven mile from Lunnion. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call Fire about him! He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he didn't spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say my name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about Young May Moons is beaming love, and When he as adores thee has left but the name, and that: still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of

course he couldn't be under-gardener, and be always about, in the summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family.—Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then begun cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but, really it was pretty to see them two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a Lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says—speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds, to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes, sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our Head Gardener when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long bright curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes, they would creep under the Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a reading about the Prince, and the Dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes, he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once, he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head-foremost." And Boots made no question he would have done it, if she hadn't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he didn't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am going on a visit, this present Midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I haven't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers, for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing. "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It wasn't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with humility, "—wasn't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us.—Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a good deal with such a sum of money as that. Couldn't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity of human nature."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face towards the sunset, and then departed with "Good-night, Cobbs. I'm going in."

If I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a going to leave that place just at that present time, well, he couldn't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then and he wanted change. That's what he wanted—change. Mr. Walmers, he said, to him when he give him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anything to complain of? I make the inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anything to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," says Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiwated here as I could hope to be anywheres. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to seek my fortun." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he says; "I hope you may find it." And Boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his boot-jack, as a

salute in the way of his present calling—that he hadn't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so wrapt up in him. What does that Infant do—for Infant you may call him and be within the mark—but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel;—much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humour 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly."

So, Boots goes upstairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a enormous sofa—innumense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankcher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs. "I thought it was you. I thought I couldn't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir?—Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at

Gretna Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank you, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. Did you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honour upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush—seemingly, a doll's. The gentleman had got about half-a-dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, an orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—"in the morning, and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs, "If you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior (myself driving, if you approved), to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em, that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast-and-water. But, Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at

this minute of speaking, as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half-a-dozen rounds with the Governor, than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterwards. However, as it couldn't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half-an-hour.

The way in which the women of that house—without exception—every one of 'em—married and single—took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, Boots went into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but, she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you?"

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and currant jelly, overnight), about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a lying like a Trojan, about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfortunately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But, that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day,

and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and it's getting in her eyes put her out. But, nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast, Boots is inclined to consider that they drew soldiers—at least, he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on—and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighbourhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!"—that was that there boy's expression—"you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," says Cobbs, "there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior."

"Norah, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a Beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know—perhaps I do—but never mind, it don't signify either way—why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them two pretty babies a lying there in the clear still sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep, as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else To-morrow, and never To-day, that's where it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then

one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots : namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmerses Junior's temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he "teased her so ;" and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you ?" she tells him, "Yes ; and I want to go home !"

A biled fowl, and baked bread-and-butter pudding, brought Mrs. Walmers up a little ; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the voice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday ; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night, comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and an elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray ma'am, where is my boy ?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty !" Then, he says to Cobbs, "Ah Cobbs ! I am glad to see you. I understood you was here !" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps ; but, Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door ; "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honour." And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But, Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you !" And, the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then, he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers) ; and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy ! Harry !"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honour of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, Pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more

as he stands at last, a-looking at his father ; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down !—"Please dear Pa—may I—kiss Norah, before I go ?"

"You may, my child."

So, he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom : where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior is fast asleep. There, the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out "It's a shame to part 'em !" But this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior that was never to be, (she married a Captain, long afterwards, and died in India), went off next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions ; firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married, who are half as innocent of guile as those two children ; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

THE LANDLORD.

URIAH TATTENHALL is my elder brother by fifteen years. I am Sam Tattenhall.

My brother Uriah rang at his gate at his snug retreat of Trumpington Cottage, Peckham, near London, exactly at a quarter to six—his regular hour—when the omnibus from the city set him down at the end of the lane. It was December, but the weather was fine and frosty, and as it was within a few days of Christmas, his children—four in number—two boys, just come home from school, and two girls who came home from school every day—were all on the alert to receive him, with a world of schemes for the delectation of the coming holiday-time.

My brother Uriah was an especial family-man. He made himself the companion and play-fellow of his children on all occasions that his devotion to his business in the city would admit of. His hearty, cheery voice was heard as he entered the hall, and while he was busy pulling-off his over-coat, and hanging up his hat : "Well, my boys, well George, well Miss Lucy, there. What are you all about ?

How's the world used you since this morning? Where's mamma? The kettle boiling, eh?" The running fire of hilarity that always animated him seemed to throw sunshine and a new life into the house, when he came in. The children this evening rushed out into the hall, and crowded round him with such a number of "I say, pa's," and "Do you know, pa?" and "Don't tell him now, Mary,—let him guess. Oh! you'll never guess, pa!" that he could only hurry them all into the sitting-room before him like a little flock of sheep, saying, "Well, well, you rogues,—well, well,—let us have some tea, and then all about it."

The fire blazed bonnily, as it was wont, in the bright grate, and that and the candles made the room, with light and warmth, the very paradise of comfort. Mrs. Tattenhall, a handsome woman of five and thirty or so—she might be more, but she did not look it—was just in the act of pouring the water from a very bright little kettle into the equally bright silver tea-pot, and with a sunny, rosy, youthful, and yet matronly face, turned smilingly at his entrance, and said, "Well, my dear, is it not a very cold night?"

"Not in this room, certainly, my dear," said my brother Uriah, "and with such a snugery before one, who cares for cold outside."

Mrs. Tattenhall gave him a brighter smile still, and the neat Harriet coming in with the toast, the whole family group was speedily seated round the tea-table, and the whole flood of anticipated pleasures and plans of the younger population let loose, and cordially entered into, and widened and improved by my brother Uriah. He promised them an early night at the very best pantomime, and they were to read all about all the pantomimes in the newspapers, and find out which was the best. He meant to take them to see all sorts of sights, and right off-hand on Christmas Eve he was going to set up a Christmas-tree, and have Christkindchen, and all sorts of gifts under it for everybody. He had got it all ready done by a German who came often to his warehouse, and it was somewhere, not far off just now.

"Thank you, papa,—thank you a thousand times. Oh! what heaps of fun!" exclaimed the children, altogether.

"Why, really, my dear," said Mrs. Tattenhall, delighted as the children, "what has come to you? You quite out-do yourself, good as you always are. You are quite magnificent in your projects."

"To be sure," said Uriah, taking hold of the hands of little Lucy, and dancing round the room with her. "To be sure; we may just as well be merry as sad; it will be all the same a hundred years hence."

Presently the tea-table was cleared, and, as they drew round the fire, my brother Uriah pulled out a book, and said, "George, there's a

nice book—begin, and read it aloud: it will be a very pleasant book for these winter evenings before all the dissipation begins. It is Pringle's Adventures in South Africa, and is almost as good as Robinson Crusoe. I knew Pringle well; a lame, little man, that you never would dream could sit on a horse, much less ride after lions and elephants in that style."

"Lions and elephants!" all were silent, and George read on. He read till eight o'clock, their bed-time, and the whole group—parents and children—were equally delighted with it. As they closed the book—"Now," said the father, "would it not be grand fun to live out there, and ride after the lions and elephants?"

"Ah! grand fun!" said the boys, but the mother and the girls shuddered at the lions. "Well, you could stay in the house, you know," said Bob.

"Right, my fine fellow," said the father, clapping him on the shoulder. "So now off to bed, and dream all about it."

When the children were gone, my brother Uriah stretched out his feet on the fender and fell into a silence. When my brother's silence had lasted some time his wife said, "Are you sleepy, my dear?"

"No; never was more wakeful," said Uriah; "really, my dear, I never was less inclined to be sprightly: but it won't do to dash the spirits of the children. Let them enjoy the Christmas as much as they can, they will never be young but once."

"What is amiss?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall, with a quick apprehensive look. "Is there something amiss?" Good gracious! "you frighten me."

"Why no, there is nothing exactly amiss; there is nothing new; but the fact is, I have just taken stock, and to-day finished casting all up, and struck the balance."

"And is it bad? Is it less than you expected?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall, fixing her eyes seriously on her husband's face.

"Bad? No, not bad, nor good. I'll tell you what it is. You've heard of a toad in a mud wall. Well, that's me. Twenty years ago, I went into business with exactly three thousand pounds, and here I have been trading, and fagging, and caring, and getting, and losing, business extending, and profits getting less and less, making large sales, and men breaking directly after, and so the upshot is,—twenty years trade, and the balance the same to a pound as that I began with. Three thousand I started with, and three thousand is precisely my capital at this moment."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Tattenhall, wonderfully relieved. "Be thankful, my dear Uriah, that you have three thousand pounds. You have your health wonderfully, we have all our health; we have children, as good and promising children as anybody is blest with, and a happy home, and live as well and

comfortably as any one need to do, or as I wish, I am sure. What do we want more?"

"What do we want more?" said Uriah, drawing up his legs suddenly, and clapping his hands in a positive sort of a way on his knees. "Why, I for one, want a great deal more. We've children, you say, and a home, and all that. Heaven be thanked, so we have! but I want our children to have a home after us. Three thousand pounds divided amongst four, leaves about seven hundred and fifty each. Is it worth while to fag a whole life, and leave them that and a like prospect? No," continued Uriah, in a considering manner, and shaking his head. "No, I want something more; more for myself; more for them; more room, more scope, a wider horizon, and a more proportionate result of a whole human existence. And do you know Maria what I have come to as the best conclusion? To go out to Australia."

"To go out to Australia!" said Mrs. Tattenhall, in astonishment. "My dear Uriah, you are joking. You mean no such thing."

"But that is just what I do mean," said Uriah, taking his wife's hand affectionately; "I have thought of it long, and the toad-in-the-wall balance has determined me. And now what I ask of you is to look at it calmly and earnestly. You know the Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons have gone out. They report the climate delicious, and that wonders are doing. A new country, if it be a good country, is the place to grow and thrive in, without doubt. Look at the trees in a wood. They grow up and look very fine in the mass. The wood, you say, is a very fine wood; but when you have looked at the individual trees, they are crowded and spindled up. They cannot put out a single bough beyond a certain distance; if they attempt it, their presuming twigs are poked back again by sturdy neighbours all round, that are all struggling for light and space like them. Look then at the tree on the open plain,—how it spreads and hangs in grand amplitude its unobstructed boughs and foliage: a lordly object. Just so, this London. It is a vast, a glorious, a most imposing London, but thousands of its individuals in it are pressed and circumscribed to a few square yards and no more. Give me the open plain,—the new country, and then see if I do not put out a better head, and our children too."

Mrs. Tattenhall, now she felt that her husband was in earnest, sat motionless and confounded. The shock had come too suddenly upon her. Her husband, it is true, had often told her that things did not move as he wished; that they seemed fixed, and stereotyped, and stagnant; but then, when are merchants satisfied? She never had entertained an idea but that they should go on to the end of the chapter as they had been going on ever since she was married. She

was bound up heart and soul with her own country; she had her many friends and relations, with whom she lived on the most cordial terms; all her tastes, feelings, and ideas were English and metropolitan. At the very idea of quitting England, and for so new, and so distant a country, she was seized with an indescribable consternation.

"My dear Maria!" said her husband; "mind, I don't ask you to go at first. You and the children can remain here till I have been and seen what the place and prospects are like. My brother Sam will look after business—he will soon be at home in it—and if all is pleasant, why, you will come then, if not I won't ask you. I'll work out a good round sum myself if possible, or open up some connection that will mend matters here. What can I say more?"

"Nothing, dear Uriah, nothing. But those poor children——"

"Those poor children!" said Uriah. "Why my dear Maria, if you were to ask them whether they would like a voyage to Australia, to go and see those evergreen woods, and gallop about all amongst gay parrots, and great kangaroos, they would jump off their seats with joy. The spirits of the young are ever on the wing for adventure and new countries. It is the prompting of that Great Power which has constructed all this marvellous universe, and bade mankind multiply and replenish the earth. Don't trouble yourself about them. You saw how they devoured the adventures at the Cape, and you'll see how they will kindle up in a wonderful enthusiasm at the promise of a voyage to Australia. What are pantomimes to that?"

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Tattenhall. "They know nothing about the reality; all is fairyland and poetry to them."

"The reality! the reality, Maria, will be all fairyland and poetry to them."

Mrs. Tattenhall shook her head, and retired that night—not to sleep, but with a very sad heart to ruminate over this unexpected revelation. My brother's words were realised at the first mention of the project to the children. After the first shock of surprise and doubt whether it were really meant, they became unbouedly delighted. The end of it was, that by the middle of February, my brother Uriah, having had a handsome offer for his business and stock, had wound up all his affairs; and Mrs. Tattenhall having concluded, like a good wife and mother, to go with the whole family, they bade farewell to England, Mrs. Tattenhall with many tears, Uriah serious and thoughtful, the children full of delight and wonder at everything in the ship.

They had a fine voyage, though with very few passengers, for the captain said there was a temporary damp on the Australian colonies. The order of the Government at home to raise the upset price of land to one

pound per acre, had checked emigration, and as there had been a good deal of speculation in Melbourne in town allotments, things just now looked gloomy. This was in eighteen hundred and forty-three. "But it can't last long," said the Captain, "that silly order of raising the price of the land is so palpably absurd; while America is selling land so much nearer at a quarter of the price, that it must be repealed; and then all will be right again."

It was the middle of May when our party arrived in Hobson's Bay. It was very rainy, gloomy weather—the very opposite to all that the climate had been represented in the accounts sent home—but then it was the commencement of winter, the November of our season. Uriah got a boat, and sailed up the winding river to the town. The sail was through a flat tract of land densely overgrown with a mass of close, dark bushes, of some ten feet high, somewhat resembling our sloe-tree, the tea-tree of that country. On reaching the foot of the town, which stood on a range of low hills, Uriah and his companions stepped out into a most appalling slough of black mud, through which they waded till they reached the town, which was of no great extent, scattered over a considerable space, however, for the number of houses, and with great intervals of woodland, and of places where the trees had been felled, and where the stumps, a yard high, remained in unsightly nakedness.

Uriah walked on through a scene which, somehow in keeping with the weather, fell heavily on his spirits. There was nothing doing, or stirring; houses in various degrees of progress stood as they were. There were piles of timber, lime, shingles, posts, and rails, empty wagons and carts, but no people employed about them. On every hand he saw lots marked out for fencing or building upon, but there they remained all stationary.

"Is it Sunday?" Uriah asked himself. No, it was Tuesday. Then why all this stagnation; this solitude? In a lane, or rather deep track of mud and ruts, since known as Flinders' Lane, but then without a name, and only just wide enough between the trees for a cart to pass, Uriah wading and plunging along, the rain meantime pouring, streaming, and drumming down on his umbrella, he came face to face with a large active man in a mackintosh cloak, and an oilskin hood over his head. Neither of them found it very convenient to step out of the middle mud track, because on each side of it rose a perfect bank of sludge raised by the wheels of drays, and stopping to have a look at each other, the strange man suddenly put out a huge red hand warm and wet, and exclaimed:

"What! Tattenhall! You here! In the name of all wonders what could bring you here at this moment?"

"What, Robinson! is that you?" cried Uriah. "Is this your climate? This your paradise?"

"Climate—paradise—be hanged!" said Robinson. "They're well enough. If everything else were as well there would be nought to complain of. But tell me Uriah Tattenhall, with that comfortable Trumpington Cottage at Peckham, with that well-to-do warehouse in the Old Jewry, what could possess you to come here?"

"What should I come for, but to settle?" asked Uriah, somewhat chagrined at this salutation.

"To settle! ha, ha!" burst out Robinson. "Well, as for that, you could not come to a better place. It is a regular settler here. Everything and everybody are settled here out and out. This is a settlement, and no mistake; but it is like a many other settlements, the figures are all on the wrong side the ledger."

"Good gracious!" said Uriah.

"Nay, it is neither good nor gracious," replied Robinson. "Look round. What do you see? Ruin, desertion, dirt and the—devil!"

"Why, how is that?" asked Uriah. "I thought you, and Jones, and Brown, and all of you had made your fortunes."

"So we had, or were just on the point of doing. We had purchased lots of land for building, and had sold it out again at five hundred per cent, when chop! down comes little Lord John with his pound an acre, and, heigh, presto! everything goes topsyturvy. Our purchasers are either in the bankruptcy court, or have vanished. By jingo! I could show you such lots, fine lots for houses and gardens, for shops and warehouses; ay, and shops and warehouses upon them too, as would astonish you."

"Well, and what then?" asked Uriah.

"What then! why man don't you comprehend. Emigration is stopped, broken off as short as a pipe-shank, not a soul is coming out to buy and live in all these houses—not a soul except an odd—excuse me, Tattenhall, I was going to say, except you and another fool or two. But where do you hang out? Look! there is my house," pointing to a wooden erection near. "I'll come and see you as soon as I know where you fix yourself."

"But mind one thing," cried Uriah, seizing him by the arm as he passed. "For heaven's sake, don't talk in this manner to my wife. It would kill her."

"Oh no, mum's the word! There's no use frightening the women," said Robinson. "No, confound it, I won't croak any how. And, after all, bad as things are, why, they can't remain so for ever. Nothing ever does, that's one comfort. They'll mend sometime."

"When?" said Uriah.

"Well," said Robinson, pausing a little, "not before you and I meet again, so I may

leave that answer to another opportunity;" and with a nod and very knowing look he stalked on.

"Odd fellow!" said my brother Uriah. "He is very jocose for a ruined man. What is one to think?" and he waded on. After making a considerable circuit, and actually losing himself in the wood somewhere about where the Reverend Mr. Morrison's chapel now stands in Collins' Street, he again came across Robinson who stood at the door of a considerable erection of wattle-and-dab, that is, a building of boughs wattled on stakes, and dabbled over with mud; then not uncommon in Melbourne, and still common enough in the bush. It stood on the hill-side with a swift muddy torrent produced by the rains rushing down the valley below it, towards the river, as it has often done since it bore the name of Swanston Street.

"Here, Tattenhall! here is a pretty go!" shouted Robinson; "a fellow has cut with bag and baggage to-night who owes me four thousand pounds, and has left me a lot more houses and land. That's the way every day. But look, here is a house ready for you. You can't have a better, and you can pay me any trifle you like, something is better than nothing."

He led Uriah in. The house was thoroughly and comfortably furnished; though, of course, very simply, with beds and everything. Uriah in less than a week, was safely established there, and had time to ramble about with his boys, and learn more fully the condition of the colony. It was melancholy beyond description. Wild, reckless speculation brought to a sudden close by the cessation of immigration, had gone like a hurricane over the place, and had left nothing but ruin and paralysis behind it. No words that Robinson had used, or that any man could use, could overpaint the real condition of prostration and of misery. Two hundred and eighty insolvencies in a population of ten thousand, told the tale of awful reality. Uriah was overwhelmed with consternation at the step he had taken. O! how pleasant seemed that Trumpington Cottage, Peckham, and that comfortable warehouse in the Old Jewry, as he viewed them from the Antipodes in the midst of rain and ruin.

What, however, was my brother Uriah's astonishment to see Robinson stalk in the next day, his tall figure having to stoop at every door, and in his brusque, noisy way, go up to Mrs. Tattenhall, and shaking her hand as you would shake the handle of a pump, congratulate her on her arrival in the colony.

"A lucky hit, madam, a most lucky, scientific hit! Ah! trust Tattenhall for knowing what he is about."

Mrs. Tattenhall stood with a singular expression of wonder and bewilderment on her countenance, for the condition of the place, and the condolings of several female neighbours who had dropped in in Uriah's absence,

had induced her to believe that they had made a fatal move of it.

"Why, sir," said she, "what can you mean, for as I hear, the place is utterly ruined, and certainly it looks like it?"

"Ruined! to be sure it is, at least the people are, more's the pity for me, and the like of me who have lost everything; but for Tattenhall who has everything to gain, and money to win it with, why it is the golden opportunity, the very thing! If he had watched at all the four corners of the world, and for a hundred years, he could not have dropped into such a chance. Ah! trust Tattenhall, make me believe he did not plan it." Thrusting his knuckles into Uriah's side, and laughing with a thunder-clap of a laugh that seemed to come from lungs of leather.

"Why, look here now," he continued, drawing a chair and seating himself on its front edge; "look here now, if you had come six months ago, you could have bought nothing except out of the fire. Town allotments, land, houses, bread, meat, sugar, everything ten times the natural price: and, now! cheap, dog cheap! of no value at all, you might have them for asking for; nay, I could go into a dozen deserted shops, and take any quantity for nothing. And property! why three thousand pounds cash would almost buy all the place—all the colony."

"What is the use," asked Mrs. Tattenhall, "of buying a ruined colony?"

"A ruined colony!" said Robinson, edging himself still more forward in his chair, and seeming actually to sit upon nothing, his huge figure and large ruddy face appearing still larger. "The colony, madam, is not ruined; never was ruined, never can be ruined. The people are ruined, a good lot of them; but the colony is a good and a grand colony. God made the colony, and let me tell you, madam," looking very serious, "Providence is no speculator, up to-day, down to-morrow. What he does he does. Well, the people have ruined themselves; but it is out of their power to ruin the colony; no, nor the town. The town and the colony are sound as a bell, never were sounder, never had more stuff in them; never had so much. There is the land still, not a yard of it is gone; no great fellow has put that on his back and gone off with it. The land is there, and the houses, and the merchandise, and the flocks, and herds, and horses: and—what concerns you—"

He sat and looked at Mrs. Tattenhall, who stood there intently listening, and Uriah stood just behind her listening too, and all the children with their mouths open, gazing on the strange man.

"Well, what—what concerns us?" said Mrs. Tattenhall.

"To get a huge, almighty heap of something for nothing," said the large man,

stretching out his arms in a circular shape, as if he would enclose a whole globe, and in a low, slow, deep tone, calculated to sink deep into the imaginations of the listeners.

"If we did but know when things would mend;" said my brother Uriah, for the first time venturing to put in a word.

"When!" said Robinson starting up so suddenly that his head struck against a beam in the low one-storeyed house. "Confound these low places," said he, turning fiery red, and rubbing his crown, "there will be better anon. When? say ye? Hark ye! this colony is—how old? Eight years! and in eight years what a town! what wealth! what buildings! what a power of sheep and cattle! The place is knocked down, won't it get up again? Ay, and quickly! Here are a pair of sturdy legs," he said, turning to Bob, who flushed up in surprise; "but, Mrs. Tattenhall, you did not teach him to walk without a few tumbles, eh? But he got up again, and how he stands now! what a sturdy young rogue it is! And what made him get up again? Because he was young and strong, and the colony is young and strong, madam. Eight years old! What shall I give you for a three thousand pounds purchase made now, three years hence? Just think of that," said the tall man, "just turn that over a time or two," nodding solemnly to my brother, and then to my sister-in-law, and then cautiously glancing at the menacing beam, and with a low duck diving out of the house.

"What a strange fellow!" said Uriah.

"But how true!" said Mrs. Tattenhall.

"How true! What true?" asked Uriah, astonished.

"Why," said Mrs. Tattenhall, "what he says. It is truth, Uriah; we must buy as much as we can."

"But," said Uriah, "only the other day he said the clean contrary. He said everybody was ruined."

"And he says so still," added Mrs. Tattenhall, enthusiastically, "but not the colony. We must buy! We must buy, and wait. One day we shall reap a grand harvest."

"Ah!" said Uriah; "so you let yourself, my dear Maria, be thus easily persuaded, because Robinson wants to sell, and thinks we have money?"

"Is it not common sense, however? Is it not the plainest sense?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall. "Do you think this colony is never to recover?"

"Never is a long while," said Uriah. "But still—"

"Well, we will think it over, and see how the town lies; and where the chief points of it will be, probably, hereafter; and if this Mr. Robinson has any land in such places, I would buy of him, because he has given us the first idea of it."

They thought and looked, and the end of it was, that very soon they had bought up land

and houses, chiefly from Robinson, to the amount of two thousand pounds. Robinson fain would not have sold, but have mortgaged; and that fact was the most convincing proof that he was sincere in his expectations of a revival. Time went on. Things were more and more hopeless. Uriah, who had nothing else to do, set on and cultivated a garden. He had plenty of garden ground, and his boys helped him, and enjoyed it vastly. As the summer went on, and melons grew ripe, and there were plenty of green peas and vegetables, by the addition of meat, which was now only one penny a-pound, they could live almost for nothing; and Uriah thought they could wait and maintain themselves for years, if necessary. So, from time to time, one tale of urgent starving distress or another lured him on to take fresh bargains, till he saw himself almost penniless. Things still remained as dead as the very stones or the stumps around them. My brother Uriah began to feel very melancholy; and Mrs. Tattenhall, who had so strongly advised the wholesale purchase of property, looked very serious. Uriah often thought: "Ah! she *would* do it; but—Bless her! I will never say so, for she did it for the best." But his boys and girls were growing apace, and made him think. "Bless me! In a few years they will be shooting up into men and women; and if this speculation should turn out all moonshine!—if the place should never revive!"

He sat one day on the stump of a tree on a high ground, looking over the bay. His mind was in the most gloomy, dejected condition. Everything looked dark and hopeless. No evidence of returning life around; no spring in the commercial world; and his good money gone; as he sat thus, his eyes fixed on the distance, his mind sunk in the lowering present, a man came up, and asked him to take his land off his hands: to take it, for Heaven's sake, and save his starving family.

"Man!" said Uriah, with a face and a voice so savage that it made the suppliant start even in his misery, "I have no money! I want no land! I have too much land. You shall have it all for as much as will carry me back to England, and set me down a beggar there!"

The man shook his head. "If I had a single crown I would not ask you; but my wife is down of the fever, and my children are dying of dysentery. What shall I do? and my lots are the very best in the place."

"I tell you!" said my brother Uriah, with a fierce growl, and an angry flash of the eye, "I have no money, and how can I buy?"

He glanced at the man in fury; but a face so full of patient suffering and of sickness—sickness of the heart, of the soul, and, as it were, of famine, met his gaze, that he stopped short, felt a pang of remorse for his anger, and, pointing to a number of bullocks grazing in the valley below, he said, in a softened tone, "Look there! The other day a man

told me such a tale of horror—a sick family, and a gaol staring him in the face, that I gave him my last money—my carefully hoarded money, and of what use are those cattle to me? None whatever: You may have them for your land, if you like. I have nothing else.”

“I will have them,” said the man. “On a distant station I know where I could sell them, if I could only leave my family. But they have no flour, no tea, nothing but meat, meat, meat.”

“Leave them to me,” said Uriah, feeling the warm blood and the spirit of humanity beginning to circulate in his bosom at the sense of what was really suffering around him. “Leave them to me. I will care for them. Your wife and children shall have a doctor. I will find you some provisions for your journey, and if ever your land is worth anything, you shall have it again. This state of things makes monsters of us. It turns our blood into gall, our hearts into stones. We must resist it or we are ruined, indeed!”

“Nay,” said the man, “I won’t impose upon you. Take that piece of land in the valley there; it will one day be valuable.”

“That!” said Uriah, looking. “That! Why, that is a swamp! I will take that—I shall not hurt you there!” And he laughed outright, the first time for two years.

Years went on, and my brother Uriah lived on, but as it were in the valley of the shadow of death. It was a melancholy and dispiriting time. The buoyancy of his soul was gone. That jovial, sunny, ebullient spirit with which he used to come home from the city, in England, had fled, as a thing that had never been. He maintained himself chiefly out of his garden. His children were springing up into long, lanky lads and lasses. He educated them himself, as well as he could; and as for clothes! Not a navy—not a beggar—in the streets of London, but could have stood a comparison with them, to their infinite disparagement. Ah! those good three thousand pounds! How will the balance stand in my brother Uriah’s books at the end of the next twenty years?

But anon there awoke a slight motion in the atmosphere of life. It was a mere flutter of the air, that died out again. Then again it revived—it strengthened—it blew like a breath of life over the whole landscape. Uriah looked around him from the very place where he had sat on the stump in despair. It was bright and sunny. He heard a sound of an axe and a hammer. He looked, and saw a house, that had stood a mere skeleton, once more in progress. There were people passing to and fro with a more active air. What is that? A cart of goods? A dray of building materials. There was life and motion again! The discovery of converting sheep and oxen into tallow had raised the value of stock. The shops and the merchants

were once more in action. The man to whom he had sold the oxen came up smiling—

“Things mend, sir. We shall soon be all right. And that piece of land in the swamp, that you were so merry over, will you sell it? It lies near the wharves, and is wanted for warehouses.”

“Bravo!” cried Uriah, and they descended the hill together. Part of the land was sold; and soon substantial warehouses, of the native trapstone, were rising upon it. Uriah’s old attachment to a merchant’s life came over him. With the purchase-money he built a warehouse too. Labour was extremely low, and he built a large and commodious one.

Another year or two, and behold Uriah busy in his warehouse; his two boys clerking it gravely in the counting-house. Things grew rapidly better. Uriah and his family were once more handsomely clad, handsomely housed, and Uriah’s jolly humour was again in the ascendant. Every now and then Robinson came hurrying in, a very busy man indeed he was now, in the town council, and moreover, mayor; and saying, “Well, Mrs. Tattenhall, didn’t I say it, eh? Is not this boy of a colony on a fine sturdy pair of legs again? Not down? Not dead? Well, well, Tattenhall did me a kindness, then—by ready cash for my land—I don’t forget it; but I don’t know how I am to make him amends, unless I come and dine with him some day.” And he was off again.

Another year or two, and that wonderful crisis, the gold discovery, came. Then, what a sensation—what a stir—what a revolution! what running, and buying and bidding for land, for prime business situations!—what rolling in of people—capital—goods. Heaven and earth!—what a scene—what a place—what a people.

Ten years to a day from the last balance at the Old Jewry, Uriah Tattenhall balanced again, and his three thousand pounds was grown to seventy thousand pounds, and was still rolling up and on like a snow-ball.

There were George and Bob grown into really tall and handsome fellows. George was the able merchant, Bob had got a station out at the Dundenong-hills, and told wonderful stories of riding after kangaroos, and wild bulls, and shooting splendid lyre-birds—all of which came of reading Pringle’s Life in South Africa. There were Mary and Lucy, two handsome girls as any in the colony, and wonderfully attractive to a young Benson and a younger Robinson. Wonders were the next year to bring forth, and amongst them was to be a grand pic-nic at Bob’s station, at the Dundenong, in which they were to live out in real tents in the forest, and cook, and bake, and brew, and the ladies were to join in a bull-hunt, and shoot with revolvers, and nobody was to be hurt, or thrown, or anything to happen, but all sorts of merriment and wild-wood life.

And really my brother's villa on the Yarra River is a very fine place. The house is an Italian villa built of real stone, ample, with large, airy rooms, a broad verandah, and all in the purest taste. It stands on a high bank above the valley, in which the Yarra winds, taking a sweep there, its course marked by a dense body of acacia trees. In the spring these trees are of resplendent gold, loading the air with their perfume. Now they were thick and dark in their foliage, casting their shade on the river deep between its banks. From the house the view presented this deep valley with this curving track of trees, and beyond slopes divided into little farms, with their little homesteads upon them, where Uriah had a number of tenants making their fortunes on some thirty or forty acres each, by hay at forty pounds a ton, and potatoes and onions at one shilling a pound, and all other produce in proportion.

On this side of the river you saw extensive gardens in the hollow blooming with roses and many tropical flowers, and along the hill sides on either hand vineyards and fruit orchards of the most vigorous vegetation, and loaded with young fruit. The party assembled at my brother Uriah's house on that hospitable Christmas day, descended amid a native shrubbery, and Uriah thrust a walking-stick to its very handle into the rich black soil, and when his friends expressed their surprise, he told them that the soil there was fourteen feet deep, and would grow any quantity of produce for ages without manuring. Indeed, they passed through green corn of the most luxuriant character, and, crossing the bridge of a brook which there fell into the river, they found themselves under the acacias; by the river side there lay huge prostrate trunks of ancient gum-trees, the patriarchs of the forest, which had fallen and given place to the acacia, and now reminded the spectators that they were still in the land of primitive woods.

"Why, Tattenhall," said Robinson, to my brother Uriah, "Trumpington Cottage, my dear fellow, would cut a poor figure after this. I'd ask any lord or gentleman to show me a fertile or more desirable place in the tight little island. Bigger houses there may be, and are, but not to my mind more desirable. Do you know, very large houses always seem to me a sort of asylums for supernumerary servants—the master can only occupy a corner there—he cuts out quite small in the bulk. And as to fertility, this beats Battersea Fields and Fulham hollow. Those market-gardeners might plant and plant to all eternity, always taking out and never putting in, and if they could grow peaches, apricots, grapes, figs twice a year, and all that as fine in the open air as they do in hot-houses, and sell their bunches of parsley at sixpence a-piece, and water-melons—gathered from any gravel heap or dry open field—at five shillings a-piece,

plentiful as pumpkins, wouldn't they astonish themselves!

"But what makes you call this place Bowstead?" continued Robinson, breaking off a small wattle-bough to whisk the flies from his face. "Orr has named his Abbotsford—that's because he's a Scotchman; and we've got Cremorne Gardens, and Richmond, and Hawthorne, and all sorts of English names about here;—but Bowstead! I can't make it out."

"You can't?" said Uriah, smiling; "don't you see that the river curves in a bow here, and stead is a place?"

"O! that's it," said Robinson; "I fancied it was to remind you of Bow Bells."

"There you have it," said Bob, laughing. "Bow Bells! but, as there was a bow and no bells, my father put a stead to it, that's instead of the bells, you know."

"Bless me!" said Robinson: "now I should never have thought of that—how very clever!"

And he took the joke in such perfect simplicity, that all burst into a simultaneous laugh; for every one else knew that it was so called in honour of Maria Bowstead, now the universally respected Mrs. Tattenhall.

The whole party were very merry, for they had good cause to be. Mr. and Mrs. Tattenhall, still in their prime, spread out, enlarged every way, in body and estate, rosy, handsomely dressed, saw around them nothing but prosperity. A paradise of their own, in which they saw their children already developed into that manly and feminine beauty so conspicuous in our kindred of the south; their children already taking root in the land and twining their branches amongst those of other opulent families, they felt the full truth of Robinson's rude salutation, as he exclaimed, on coming to a fresh and more striking view of the house and grounds,—

"Ah! Tattenhall, Tattenhall!" giving him one of his jocose pokes in the side, "didn't I say you knew very well what you were about when you came here, eh? Mrs. Tattenhall, ma'am? Who said it? Robinson, wasn't it, eh?"

When they returned to the house, and had taken tea in a large tent on the lawn, and the young people had played a lively game of romps or bo-peep amongst the bushes of the shrubbery, with much laughter, the great drawing-room was lighted up, and very soon there was heard the sounds of violins and dancing feet. My brother Uriah and his wife were at that moment sitting under the verandah, enjoying the fresh evening air, the scent of tropical trees and flowers which stole silently through the twilight, and the clear, deep blue of the sky, where the magnificent constellations of Orion and the Scorpion were growing momentarily into their full nocturnal splendour. As the music broke out my brother Uriah affectionately pressed the hand of his wife, faithful and wise

and encouraging through the times of their difficulty and depression, and saying "Thank God for all this!" the pressure was as affectionately and gratefully returned. Then my brother and his wife rose up, and passed into the blaze of light which surrounded the gay and youthful company within.

THE BARMAID.

SHE was a pretty, gentle girl—a farmer's orphan daughter, and the landlord's niece—whom I strongly suspected of being engaged to be married very shortly, to the writer of the letter that I saw her reading at least twenty times, when I passed the bar, and which I more than believe I saw her kiss one night. She told me a tale of that country which went so pleasantly to the music of her voice, that I ought rather to say it turned itself into verse, than was turned into verse by me.

A little past the village
The inn stood, low and white,
Green shady trees behind it,
And an orchard on the right,
Where over the green paling
The red-cheeked apples hung,
As if to watch how wearily
The sign-board creaked and swung.

The heavy-laden branches
Over the road hung low,
Reflecting fruit or blossom
In the wayside well below;
Where children, drawing water,
Looked up and paused to see,
Amid the apple branches,
A purple Judas Tree.

The road stretch'd winding onward
For many a weary mile—
So dusty footsore wanderers
Would pause and rest awhile;
And panting horses halted,
And travellers loved to tell
The quiet of the wayside inn,
The orchard, and the well.

Here Maurice dwelt; and often
The sunburnt boy would stand
Gazing upon the distance,
And shading with his hand
His eyes, while watching vainly
For travellers, who might need
His aid to loose the bridle,
And tend the weary steed.

And once (the boy remember'd
That morning many a day—
The dew lay on the hawthorn,
The bird sang on the spray)
A train of horsemen, nobler
Than he had seen before,
Up from the distance gallopp'd,
And paused before the door.

Upon a milk-white pony,
Fit for a fairy queen,
Was the loveliest little damsel
His eyes had ever seen;

A servant-man was holding
The leading rein, to guide
The pony and its mistress
Who cantered by his side.

Her sunny ringlets round her
A golden cloud had made,
While her large hat was keeping
Her calm blue eyes in shade;
One hand held firm the silken reins
To keep her steed in check,
The other pulled his tangled mane,
Or stroked his glossy neck.

And as the boy brought water,
And loosed the rein, he heard
The sweetest voice, that thank'd him
In one low gentle word;
She turned her blue eyes from him,
Look'd up, and smiled to see
The hanging purple blossoms
Upon the Judas Tree.

And show'd it with a gesture,
Half pleading, half command,
Till he broke the fairest blossom,
And laid it in her hand;
And she tied it to her saddle
With a ribbon from her hair,
While her happy laugh rang gaily,
Like silver on the air.

But the champing steeds were rested—
The horsemen now spurr'd on,
And down the dusty highway
They vanish'd and were gone.
Years pass'd, and many a traveller
Paused at the old inn-door,
But the little milk-white pony
And the child return'd no more.

Years pass'd, the apple branches
A deeper shadow shed;
And many a time the Judas Tree,
Blossom and leaf lay dead;
When on the loitering western breeze
Came the bells' merry sound,
And flowery arches rose, and flags
And banners waved around.

And Maurice stood expectant,
The bridal train would stay
Some moments at the inn-door,
The eager watchers say;
They come—the cloud of dust draws near—
'Mid all the state and pride,
He only sees the golden hair
And blue eyes of the bride.

The same, yet, ah! still fairer,
He knew the face once more
That bent above the pony's neck
Years past at the inn-door:
Her shy and smiling eyes look'd round,
Unconscious of the place—
Unconscious of the eager gaze
He fix'd upon her face.

He pluck'd a blossom from the tree—
The Judas Tree—and cast
Its purple fragrance towards the bride,
A message from the Past.

The signal came, the horses plunged—
Once more she smiled around :
The purple blossom in the dust
Lay trampled on the ground.

Again the slow years fled,
Their passage only known
By the height the Passion-flower
Around the porch had grown ;
And many a passing traveller
Paused at the old inn-door,
But the bride, so fair and blooming
Return'd there never more.

One winter morning, Maurice,
Watching the branches bare,
Rustling and waving dimly
In the grey and misty air,
Saw blazon'd on a carriage
Once more the well-known shield,
The azure fleurs-de-lis and stars
Upon a silver field.

He looked—was that pale woman,
So grave, so worn, so sad,
The child, once young and smiling,
The bride, once fair and glad ?
What grief had dimm'd that glory
And brought that dark eclipse
Upon her blue eyes' radiance,
And paled those trembling lips ?

What memory of past sorrow,
What stab of present pain,
Brought that deep look of anguish,
That watch'd the dismal rain,
That watch'd (with the absent spirit
That looks, yet does not see)
The dead and leafless branches
Upon the Judas Tree.

The slow dark months crept onward
Upon their icy way,
'Till April broke in showers,
And Spring smiled forth in May,
Upon the apple-blossoms
The sun shone bright again,
When slowly up the highway
Came a long funeral train.

The bells toll'd slowly, sadly,
For a noble spirit fled ;
Slowly, in pomp and honour,
They bore the quiet dead.
Upon a black-plumed charger
One rode, who held a shield,
Where azure fleurs-de-lis and stars
Shone on a silver field.

'Mid all that homage given
To a fluttering heart at rest,
Perhaps an honest sorrow
Dwelt only in one breast.
One by the inn-door standing
Watch'd with fast-dropping tears
The long procession passing,
And thought of bygone years.

The boyish, silent homage
To child and bride unknown,
The pitying tender sorrow
Kept in his heart alone,
Now laid upon the coffin
With a purple flower, might be

Told to the cold dead sleeper ;
The rest could only see
A fragrant purple blossom
Pluck'd from a Judas Tree.

THE POOR PENSIONER.

I MET her in the corridor, walking to and fro, and muttering to herself with a down-looking aspect, and a severe economy of dress, the season considered. I wondered how she came there, and was, to say the least of it, decidedly startled when she stopped directly opposite me, and, lifting a pair of blank, brown eyes to my face, said, in a stern voice :

"He was not guilty, my lord judge. God will right him yet. It will all come out some day. I can wait : yes, I can wait. I am more patient than death : I am more patient than injustice."

I made a hasty and undignified retreat down stairs when she left the passage free, and, meeting the waiter, inquired who the woman was. The man touched his forehead significantly, and said that she was harmless (I was very glad to hear it) ; and that she lived on the broken victuals ; and that his mistress always gave her a dinner on Christmas-day. While we were speaking together, she descended to where we stood, and repeated the exact formula of which she had made use before. She was a tall woman, strong-limbed, and thin to meagreness. She might be fifty, or perhaps fifty-five ; her skin was withered, and tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather, and her uncovered hair was burnt to a rusty iron-grey. The waiter suggested to her to go to the kitchen fire ; at which she broke into a scornful laugh, and reiterated, "I am more patient than death. I am more patient than injustice," and then walked out at the open door into the snow.

"I don't think she feels it, sir," said the waiter, opening my door for me to enter.

I do not think she did. I watched her from my window. She took up a handful of the newly-fallen snow and thrust it into her bosom, then hugged it close, as if it were a living thing, that could be warmed by that eager clasp ; I saw also, as she turned her dark face up towards the sky, that the angry scowl left it. I should imagine that all sensation in her was dead, except in one corner of her heart, to which had gathered the memory of some miserable wrong, whose acuteness would bide with her to the day of her death.

Her name, as I learnt on further inquiry, was Hester. She had been born and bred in the Yorkshire dales ; her parents were of the yeoman class, and poor through improvidence rather than misfortune. As a girl, Hester was remarkable for her pride and her beauty, of which no more relics remained than are left of the summer rose-garden in drear and misty November. She received the scant education common to her condition half-a-

century ago, and grew up a wild, wilful-tempered girl, impatient of all restraint, and eager for change and excitement. At sixteen she married, and very shortly afterwards her husband found it expedient to leave the dales, and to enlist in a regiment which was ordered on foreign service. Hester followed him to India, and led the life of camps for several years. During this interval her family lost sight of her completely; for, having parted in anger, no correspondence was kept up between them. This silence and separation lasted full nine years, during which time, Death dealt hardly with those left at home. Of all the large family of sons and daughters whom the old people had seen grow up to man's and woman's estate, not one survived. Their hearts began to soften towards the offending child, and they made efforts to learn if the regiment to which her husband belonged had returned to England. It had not.

One bleak and wintry night, while the solitary and bereaved couple were sitting by their silent hearth—it was a very lonely and retired spot where the house stood—a heavy step came up the little garden path. Neither of them stirred. They thought it was one of the farm-servants returning from the village, whither he had been sent on some errand. The curtains had not been closed over the window, and all the room, filled with the shine of a yule-tide fire, was visible to the wayfarer without. The mother sat facing the window; lifting her slow, dull gaze from the white wood-ashes on the hearth, she looked across towards it, and uttered a low, frightened cry. She saw a dark face peering in at the glass, which wore the traits of her daughter Hester. She thought it was her wraith, and said so to the old man, who, taking a lantern, went out to see if anybody was lurking about. It was a very boisterous night: loud with wind, and black with clouds of sleety rain. At the threshold he stumbled over a dark form, which had crouched there for the slight shelter afforded by the porch. He lowered the lantern, and threw the light on the face of a woman.

"Dame! dame! It is our bairn: it is lile Hester!"

The mother appeared, and, with a great, gasping cry, recognised her daughter.

They led her into the house, towards the glowing heat of the fire, and set her down by the hearth; for her limbs would scarcely support her. Hester wore a thin and ragged cloak, beneath the folds of which she had hidden her child from the storm. He had fallen asleep in her bosom; but as her mother removed the dripping garment from her shoulders, he woke up with a laugh of childish surprise and pleasure. He was a fine, well-grown boy, of from six to seven years old, and showed none of those signs of want and suffering which had graven premature age upon the wasted features and gaunt

frame of his mother. It was some time before Hester recovered from her frozen exhaustion, and then her first and eager demand was for food for the child.

"O Heaven, pity me!" cried the old woman, who was weeping over the pair. "Hester and her lad starving, while there was to spare at home!"

She supplied their wants soon, and would have taken the boy; but Hester held him to her with a close and jealous grasp, chafing his limbs, warming his little hands in her bosom, and covering his hand with passionate kisses.

He fell asleep in her arms at last; and then she told her brief story. She was widowed; her husband had died in India from wound-fever, and she had been sent home to England; on her arrival there she found herself destitute, and had traversed the country on foot, subsisting by the casual charity of strangers. Thus much she said, and no more. She indulged in no details of her own exquisite sufferings; perhaps they were forgotten, when she ended by saying, "Thank the Lord, the lad is saved!"

Hester lived on at the farm with her parents; and, as the old man failed more and more daily, she took the vigorous management of it upon herself, and things thrived with them. By degrees, her beauty was restored, and then she had repeated offers of marriage; for, the inheritance which would be hers at her father's death was by no means despicable. But, she kept herself single, for the lad's sake. Wilfred grew strong, handsome, and high-spirited—like his mother, indeed, with whom, much as they loved each other, he had many a fierce contention. He never could bear to be thwarted or checked by her, and often Hester, in the bitterness of her unbridled anger, would cry, "O Wilfred! it would have been better for thee and thy mother if we had died on the door-stone in the snow, that night we came home."

Still, she had an intense pride in him; and always, after their quarrels, she allowed his extravagance to have freer scope, though that was what usually led to their disputes. As might have been expected, Wilfred, under such uncertain training, became reckless, wild, and domineering, though he preserved a certain rough generosity and frankness of character which redeemed his faults, and made him a favourite with the country folks, and a sort of king amongst his companions, whose superior in all rustic sports he was.

His grandfather died when he was nineteen; his grandmother, eighteen months later. Then Hester was sole mistress of the little farm. Wilfred soon began to urge his mother to sell the property and leave the dales, whose uneventful quiet fretted his restless disposition. This she absolutely refused to do; and was on one occasion so deeply irritated at his persistence as to say:

"I would sell the Ings to save your life, Wilfred, but for nothing less!"

There was at this time, living on a neighbouring farm, an old man of the name of Price, who had a grand-daughter to keep his house. She was called Nelly; and, besides being a small heiress, was a beauty, and something of a coquette. Nelly had a short, plump little figure; a complexion as soft and clear as a blush-rose, and auburn hair. Wilfred fell in love. He was a tall, hardy, self-willed, and proud young fellow; but in Nelly's hands he was plastic as wax, and weak as water. She encouraged him, teased him, caressed him, mocked him, set him beside himself. She played off all her little witcheries and fascinations upon him; looked sweetly unconscious of their mischievous influence; and, when Wilfred stormed and raved, she laughed in his face. He wanted to marry her immediately; she had played with him long enough, he thought; and one evening when she had been soft and coy, rather than teasing, he put his fortune to the proof. She told him flatly she did not like him—wherein Nelly told anything but the truth, as perhaps better women have done under like circumstance.

Wilfred took her reply in earnest, and went away in a rage—mad, jealous, and burning with passionate disappointment. Hester hated Nelly, and gave her not a few hard words; for in her camp life, the mother had culled some epithets, more expressive than polite, which she used with vigorous truth when her wrath was excited. She kept her son's wound raw and sore by frequent scornful allusions to his "Nelly Graceless," and did her best to widen the breach between them with ample success.

Wilfred stayed away from the Prices for ten whole days.

This desertion did not suit the golden-headed but tinsel-hearted little coquette. She contrived to meet him in a shady wood-walk, where they had often loitered together. He was out with his dog and gun; very ill at ease in mind, for his handsome face looked sullen and dangerous, and he would not see her as she passed by. Mortified and angry, Nelly went home and cried herself ill. Wilfred heard she had caught a fever, and must needs go to ask. She met him at the garden gate, with a smile and a blush; whereat Wilfred was so glad, that he forgot to reproach her. There was, in consequence, a complete reconciliation, ratified by kisses and promises—light coin with beauty Nell, but real heart-gold with poor, infatuated Wilfred. Hester almost despised her son when she heard of it.

"She is only fooling thee, lad!" said she, indignantly. "Come a richer suitor to the door, she'll throw thee over. She is only a light, false-hearted lass, not worth a whistle of thine."

Therein Hester spake truth.

Nelly played with her lover as a cat plays with a mouse. Wilfred urged their marriage. She would one day, and the next day she would not. Then arose other difficulties. Hester did not want an interloper by her fire-side, and would not give up the farm to her son; in fact, she was so jealous of his affection, that the thought of his marriage was hateful to her. Old Price said the young folks might settle with him, if they would; but Nelly liked the house at the Ings better, and thought Wilfred ought to take her there. When he explained that the property was his mother's for her life, she immediately accused him of not loving her, and assumed a decided coldness and repulsiveness of manner. Wilfred, both hurt and angry, tried to give her up, but his bonds were not so easily escaped. If he stayed away from her two days, on the third he was sure to be at her side, either winning her with tender words, or reproaching her with bitter ones. Nelly must have found the game a pleasant one, for she kept it up a long time, undergoing herself as many changes of hue and form as a bubble blown up into the sunshine.

Frequently, during his lengthy visits at the Glebe Farm, Wilfred had encountered a man, Joseph Rigby by name, a dales-yeoman, and one of considerable wealth, but no education. This man was one of the last in the world to excite jealousy; but presently Wilfred was compelled to see that Nelly gave the coarse-mannered, middle-aged Rigby, more of her attentions than consorted with her position as his promised wife. He charged her with the fact. At first she denied it with blushes, and tears, and loud protestations; but at last confessed that Rigby had proposed to her—she did not dare to add that she had half-accepted him. They parted in mutual displeasure; and old Price said, as they agreed so badly, they had better break off the match, and Nelly should marry Joseph Rigby, who was well-to-do, and would know how to keep his wife in order. Wilfred went near her no more.

Presently, it was rumoured in the countryside that Nelly Price and Mr. Rigby were to be married after the October fairs. Hester sneered, prophesied that the rich yeoman would repent his bargain before Saint Mark's, and rejoiced greatly at her son's escape.

Meanwhile, Wilfred went about the farm and the house, silent, moody, and spiritless. He was quite changed, and, as his mother thought, for the better. Instead of associating with his former companions, he stayed much at home, and again renewed his entreaties that his mother would sell the Ings, and leave the dales altogether. He wanted to emigrate. He did not care where they went, so that they got away from that hateful place. Hester was as reluctant as ever to comply; but she modified her refusal—they would try a year longer: if he were still in the same

mind at the end of that period—well, perhaps she would yield to his urgent wishes.

On the morning of the Leeford Fair he left home early, and returned towards dusk—so it was said by Hester. No other person saw him until noon next day. Joseph Rigby was found murdered, and thrown into a gully by the Leeford road, that night. There were traces of a violent struggle upon the road, and the body had been dragged some distance. It had been rifled of money and watch, but a broad engraved ring which Rigby wore on the fourth finger of his left hand, was not removed. He was known to have left the market-hall at Leeford with a considerable sum in gold upon his person, for his brother-in-law had remonstrated with him about carrying so much; but the doomed man made light of his warnings. The whole country-side was up, for the murder was a barbarous one. Suspicion fell at once on Hester's son. His behaviour at Leeford had attracted observation. He had been seen to use angry gestures to Rigby, who had laughed at him, and had offered the young man his hand, as if wishing to be friends; the other had rejected it, and turned away, shaking his clenched fist. He had also been seen to mount his horse at the inn door, and ride off in the afternoon. Rigby started about an hour later, and alone. He was seen no more until his body was found in the ditch by some men going to their work in the morning.

When Wilfred was taken, he and his mother were sitting by the fireside together; she sewing; he reading. It was towards twilight, and he had not been over the threshold all day. He was very downcast and gloomy; irritable when spoken to, and short in his answers. His mother said to him that he was very strange, and added that she wished he would give over hankering after Nelly Graceless. He laughed painfully, and did not lift his eyes from his book. There was a loud knock at the door. Hester rose and opened it. Three men pushed their way into the house, the foremost asking if her son was at home.

"Yes; he is in there, by the fire. What do you want with him?"

"You must come with us, Mr. Wilfred—nay, it's no use showing fight," cried a burly, muscular fellow, laying his hand heavily on his shoulder; for Wilfred had turned deadly pale, and had attempted to shake off the man's grasp.

"What is it for?" asked Hester, with her eyes on her son.

"God knows.—I don't," said he, quietly.

"Mr. Rigby was robbed and murdered last night, as he came home from Leeford Fair, and suspicion points at your lad, mistress," said the man, who still held his hand on Wilfred's shoulder.

Hester gave utterance to no frantic denials; she laughed, even.

"Why he was at home by this hour yester-

day, in this very room, at his tea. Wasn't he, Jessy?" said she, turning to the maid-servant; who, with a countenance of alarm, stood by the door.

The girl said "Yes;" then hesitated, and added that she didn't see young master when she brought in tea.

"I was up-stairs," said Wilfred.

"You had better keep all that for another time and place: you must go with us now," observed the man.

Wilfred made no resistance. His mother brought him his coat, and helped him to put it on.

"Say thou didn't do it, Willy—only say so?" whispered she, fiercely.

"I didn't mother: so help me, God!" was his fervent reply.

"You hear him!" cried Hester, turning to the men; "you hear him! He never lied in his days. He might have killed Rigby in a fair fight, or in hot blood; but he is not the lad to lie in wait at night, to murder his enemy and rob him! He is not a thief, this son of mine!"

The officers urged their departure. Wilfred was placed in the vehicle which had been brought for the purpose, and driven off.

"I'll follow thee, Willy!" cried his mother. "Keep up thy heart; they can't touch thee! Good-bye, my poor lad!"

They were out of hearing, and Hester turned back into the house, cursing Nelly Graceless in her heart.

Wilfred was committed to take his trial at the winter gaol-delivery on a charge of wilful murder. The evidence against him was overwhelming. Hester sold the Ings and collected all the money she could, that, if gold would buy his redemption, it might be done; for herself, she had a perfect faith in his innocence, and was confident of his acquittal, but few persons, if any, shared her feelings. The best legal advice had been retained for the accused, and the trial came on shortly before Christmas. Hester was the only witness for her son. The woman Jessy's evidence damaged his cause considerably. She contradicted herself over and over again, and at last, flurried and confused, she burst into tears, crying out that she would say anything to get her young master off. There was nobody to speak with certainty as to the prisoner's having been at home by a certain hour but his mother; he had put his horse into the stable himself, the groom being absent at the fair, and Jessy could not swear that he was in to tea; she believed not; only one cup was used.

Two witnesses, labourers on a farm near the Ings, swore to having seen and spoken to the prisoner after the hour stated; they said he was riding fast, and seemed agitated, but it was too dark to see his face. Nelly Price also had her word against him; it was drawn from her reluctantly, in the midst of shame-faced tears and noisy sobs, but it quite over-

threw the attempt to prove an alibi. She stated that she had watched until dark, in the garden, for Wilfred's return from Leeford, and had not seen him go by.* The prisoner never looked towards her, but murmured that he had gone home by the bridle-road and Low Lane to avoid passing the Glebe Farm. The former witnesses, on being recalled, said that it was on the highway, nearly a mile from the place where the lower road branched off, and nearer to the Ings, that they encountered the accused. These two decent men, being strictly cross-examined, never swerved from their first story an iota, and agreed in every particular. They were individuals of decent character; both had worked on the prisoner's farm, and acknowledged him to be a liberal and kind master. Their evidence was not to be shaken. As a final and damning proof of guilt, the watch of which the murdered man had been robbed was produced; it had been found concealed under the thatch of an out-house at the Ings. At this point of the evidence the prisoner was observed to draw himself up and look round defiantly,—despair gave him a fictitious strength, perhaps, or, was it conscious innocence!

Wilfred spoke in his own defence, briefly, but strongly. His life, he said, was sworn away, but he was as guiltless of the crime laid to his charge as any of those gentlemen who sat in judgment upon him. His mother, who had remained in court all the time and had never spoken except when called upon for her evidence, had preserved a stoical calmness throughout. When he ceased to speak however, she cried out in a quivering voice: "My lad, thy mother believes thee!"

Some friend would have led her out, but she refused to go. The jury gave their verdict of guilty without any recommendation to mercy, and the sentence of death was pronounced. Then it was that Hester rose on her feet and faltered that formula of words with which she had startled me in the corridor:

"He is not guilty, my lord judge. God will right him yet. It will all come out some day. I can wait; yes, I can wait. I am more patient than death. I am more patient than injustice."

Wilfred died stubborn and unconfessing; on the scaffold, with his last breath, he persisted in asserting his innocence. His mother bade him farewell, and was carried to this inn, where she had stayed, raving in a frenzy-fit. For many months she was subject to restraint, but, recovering in some measure, she was at length set at liberty. Her mind was still distraught, however; she wandered back to the dales and to her old home, but the new owner had taken possession, and after enduring her intrusions for some time, he was compelled to apply for her removal.

After this, her money being lost or exhausted, she strayed about the country in a purposeless way; begging or doing day's

work in the field, until she strayed here again, and became the Pensioner of the Holly Tree. The poor demented creature is always treated kindly, but her son's sentence has not yet been reversed in men's judgment. Every morning during the time the judges are in the neighbouring Assize town she waits in one of the streets through which they must pass to reach the court; and as the gilt coach, the noisy trumpets, and the decrepit halberdiers, go by, she scowls at them from beneath her shaggy brows, and mutters her formula of defiance. She will die saying it: comforting her poor, worn, wounded heart with its smarting balm.

Will she find, when she comes before the Tribunal of Eternal Decrees that she has leaned thus long upon a broken reed, or will she find her son there, free from the guilt of blood?

The Great Judge only knows.

THE BILL.

I COULD scarcely believe, when I came to the last word of the foregoing recital and finished it off with a flourish, as I am apt to do when I make an end of any writing, that I had been snowed up a whole week. The time had hung so lightly on my hands, and the Holly-Tree, so bare at first, had borne so many berries for me, that I should have been in great doubt of the fact but for a piece of documentary evidence that lay upon my table.

The road had been dug out of the snow, on the previous day, and the document in question was my Bill. It testified, emphatically, to my having eaten and drunk, and warmed myself, and slept, among the sheltering branches of the Holly-Tree, seven days and nights.

I had yesterday allowed the road twenty-four hours to improve itself, finding that I required that additional margin of time for the completion of my task. I had ordered my Bill to be upon the table, and a chaise to be at the door, "at eight o'clock to-morrow evening." It was eight o'clock to-morrow evening, when I buckled up my travelling writing-desk in its leather case, paid my Bill, and got on my warm coats and wrappers. Of course, no time now remained for my travelling on, to add a frozen tear to the icicles which were doubtless hanging plentifully about the farm-house where I had first seen Angela. What I had to do, was, to get across to Liverpool by the shortest open road, there to meet my heavy baggage and embark. It was quite enough to do, and I had not an hour too much time to do it in.

I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree friends—almost, for the time being, of my bashfulness too—and was standing for half a minute at the Inn-door, watching the ostler as he took another turn at the cord which tied my portmanteau on the chaise,

when I saw lamps coming down towards the Holly-Tree. The road was so padded with snow that no wheels were audible; but, all of us who were standing at the Inn-door, saw lamps coming on, and at a lively rate too, between the walls of snow that had been heaped up, on either side of the track. The chamber-maid instantly divined how the case stood, and called to the ostler: "Tom, this is a Gretna job!" The ostler, knowing that her sex instinctively scented a marriage or anything in that direction, rushed up the yard, bawling, "Next four out!" and in a moment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and, therefore, instead of driving off at once, I remained at the Inn-door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow, muffled in a mantle, jumped out so briskly that he almost overthrew me. He turned to apologise, and, by Heaven, it was Edwin!

"Charley!" said he, recoiling. "Gracious powers, what do you do here?"

"Edwin," said I, recoiling, "Gracious powers, what do you do here!" I struck my forehead as I said it, and an insupportable blaze of light seemed to shoot before my eyes.

He hurried me into the little parlor (always kept with a slow fire in it and no poker), where posting company waited while their horses were putting to; and, shutting the door, said:

"Charley, forgive me!"

"Edwin!" I returned. "Was this well? When I loved her so dearly! When I had garnered up my heart so long!" I could say no more.

He was shocked when he saw how moved I was, and made the cruel observation, that he had not thought I should have taken it so much to heart.

I looked at him. I reproached him no more. But I looked at him.

"My dear, dear Charley," said he; "don't think ill of me, I beseech you! I know you have a right to my utmost confidence, and, believe me, you have ever had it until now. I abhor secrecy. Its meanness is intolerable to me. But, I and my dear girl have observed it for your sake."

He and his dear girl! It stealed me.

"You have observed it for my sake, sir?" said I, wondering how his frank face could face it out so.

"Yes!—and Angela's," said he.

I found the room reeling round in an uncertain way, like a laboring humming-top. "Explain yourself," said I, holding on by one hand to an arm-chair.

"Dear old darling Charley!" returned Edwin, in his cordial manner, "consider! When you were going on so happily with Angela, why should I compromise you with the old gentleman by making you a party to our engagement, and (after he had declined my proposals) to our secret intention? Surely it was better that you should be able honorably to say, 'He never took counsel with me, never told me, never breathed a word of it.' If Angela suspected it and showed me all the favor and support she could—God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife!—I couldn't help that. Neither I nor Emmeline ever told her, any more than we told you. And for the same good reason, Charley; trust me, for the same good reason, and no other upon earth!"

Emmeline was Angela's cousin. Lived with her. Had been brought up with her. Was her father's ward. Had property.

"Emmeline is in the chaise, my dear Edwin!" said I, embracing him with the greatest affection.

"My good fellow!" said he, "Do you suppose I should be going to Gretna Green without her!"

I ran out with Edwin, I opened the chaise door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. She was wrapped in soft white fur, like the snowy landscape; but was warm, and young, and lovely. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note a-piece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

I never went to Liverpool. I never went to America, I went straight back to London, and I married Angela. I have never until this time, even to her, disclosed the secret of my character, and the mistrust and the mistaken journey into which it led me. When she, and they, and our eight children and their seven—I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's, whose eldest girl is old enough now to wear white fur herself, and to look very like her mother in it—come to read these pages, as of course they will, I shall hardly fail to be found out at last. Never mind! I can bear it. I began at the Holly-Tree, by idle accident, to associate the Christmas time of year with human interest, and with some inquiry into, and some care for, the lives of those by whom I find myself surrounded. I hope that I am none the worse for it, and that no one near me or afar off is the worse for it. And I say, May the green Holly-Tree flourish, striking its roots deep into our English ground, and having its germinating qualities carried by the birds of Heaven all over the world!





